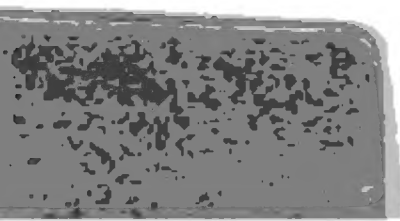


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Hibernian Magazine
or COMPENDIUM
Entertaining Knowledge
Containing
the Greatest Variety of
the most curious & Useful Subjects in every
Polite ^{OF} Literature
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W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For J A N U A R Y, 1789.

D E A T H too many for the D O C T O R.

Embellished with a Humorous Print (from an original Design) by Collins.

IN a late publication "*The Doctor dismissing Death*" (see our Magazine for December last) the artist has whimsically represented the emaciated patient retired to a country village, where the *grim tyrant* pursues him;—however, in this salubrious retreat, the valetudinarian sets him at defiance, whilst the Doctor at his back, like Sterne's sentinel on Pont-neuf, puts on a formidable countenance, and levels his harquebus in the form of a huge syringe at the *impertinent intruder*, who retires from the window, into which he first peeped, with a sarcastic grin at his medical adversary.

In the present scene, however, *Death is too many for the Doctor*, the patient is represented as returned to his town residence, and forgetful of his late wonderful escape, relapses into his former course of dissipation, in consequence of which, notwithstanding his friend the Doctor (armed with a clyster-pipe, and a magazine of nostrums at his back) has victoriously triumphed over cold and vapours; Death attacks him with a host of foes.—First, *Luxury* crowned with a ducal coronet, attended by his constant companion *Apopley*, seizes the terrified Doctor by the throat, and is trampling him to the ground. In the front advances all-conquering *Love*,ipping the gay fantastic-round in a minuet step; his brows adorned with a fashionable plume of feathers *a la Landre*;—this little lind urchin bids defiance to the Doctor's skill, and displays on his banner the well-known motto "*Omnia vincit amor*." In the rear *Fever*, brandishing his flaming torch, leads on a troop of hostile spectres, armed with darts and fiery brands, shouting in triumph at the success of their victorious all-conquering monarch, who, when in downright earnest is not, by

Hib. Mag. Jan. 1789

any means, to be put off.—He is as inexorable and as determined as a *Police Constable* with a preventive commission in his pocket, in an attack upon a wretched pedlar's pack, who could not produce a license; or a four unrelenting Bailiff at the back of an unfortunate defenceless debtor, without the means of making an escape, or money to bribe him.

No doubt on't, a *somnambulizing Esculapius* may put you to sleep with the touch of his *titillating magnet*, inspire you with medical knowledge, and a prophetic spirit, and make you prescribe for yourself; however, even this supernatural Doctor will be of little avail if the *bare-boned spectre* should refuse to coincide.—Some there were, indeed, who have been enamoured with the horrid sprite, and have actually wooed and solicited his acquaintance, and the monster is easy enough of access, for an ounce and a half of *lead*;—a couple of yards of *cordage*;—a certain potion of *liquid laudanum*;—a *poignard*,—or a *pond*, will conduct a poor mortal to his gloomy dominions in a trice. Few, however, covet his company, as the generality of mankind think he is rather too free of his own accord, and makes too quick advances, by sending his odious heralds before him, in the different forms of *asthma*, *coughs*, *gouts*, *fevers*, *agues* and *declines*, which are certain indications of his near approach;—indeed we have known a dance and a glass of cold water to attract his attention as readily as a large quantity of the pernicious *pure native*, which never fails to bring the caitiff forward; indeed he has brought almost as many to his dreary regions by *morning cordials*, often repeated, as by pestilence, war, or famine, especially of the lower orders of people.—Some have been

A

been hardy enough to insinuate that the *medical tribe* themselves are no enemies to this *King of terrors*, and, that many of the faculty bring him on their patients before their time;—*empyrics*, no doubt, frequently do so; for as many people in this age assume the pompous title of *Doctor*, as of *Captain*; every quack is styled *Doctor*, from the *farrier* and illiterate *mortar-pounder*, to the regular bred physician; and every man is dubbed a *Captain*, from the master of a *Potatoe-boat* to the commander of a first-rate man of war, or from a *disbanded Sergeant* to a real commander of a company;—almost every body now a days is either a *Doctor* or a *Captain*.

Anecdotes of the Russian Army, and other curious Military Particulars. Translated from the German of Captain Tielke.

COSSACKS.

THERE are many different colonies of Cossacks, but the largest, and most known are, the Don Cossacks, the Zaporog, or Zaporovian Cossacks, and the Ukrain Cossacks. The Don Cossacks are superior to the rest. General Mannstein speaks in high terms of the bravery which these latter displayed on many occasions, and particularly at the taking of Oczakow, when they fought on foot, and stormed with much intrepidity. However, they were never held in any esteem in the campaigns between the Russians and Prussians, so that, perhaps, one may now apply to them what General Mannstein, who gives an account of the principal colonies of these people, says of the Ukrain Cossacks—"They served in the Russian army against the Turks, but they were of no other use than to encrease the numbers; and one may on good grounds conclude, that their former bravery is totally extinguished."—In their last campaigns almost the only duty that they did was the escorting provision waggons.

Every Cossack carries a pike, a sword, and one or a brace of pistols, in a girdle, or hanging by his side. Some have also a rifle gun. They ride well, manage their pikes dextrously, and are remarkable for their fidelity: but they plunder all the inhabitants who are not their declared friends, and treat them with inhumanity.

The regular Russian troops yield to none in Europe in point of exact discipline, and, perhaps, surpass, in this respect, most armies. The Russian grenadiers, who, in conjunction with the Austrians, under the command of General Laudon, took Schweidnitz by a coup de main, remained on the walls under arms, and not a man moved out of his rank or attempted to run into the houses to plunder. Cyrus's soldiers are said to have done the same at the taking of the city of Sardis; but I doubt whether many such examples are to be met with in history.

RUSSIAN HORSE GRENADIERS.

THE horse-grenadiers are the flower of their dragoons, but they were not better mounted; their horses were weak and small, and very much worked down. Their uniform is like that of the dragoons, viz. blue coats, turned up and lined with red, and straw-coloured waistcoats. They have a cap, which is a good defence against sun and rain, at the same time that it is very ornamental.

General Mannstein, in one part of his account of the Russians, reckons twelve hundred and thirty-one men; and in another, only seven hundred. I have never been able to come at their true strength; but, according to the public accounts, a regiment was only four hundred and fourteen strong. It is certain that they were very weak at the time I allude to in the text.

A clever cavalry officer, who saw the Russian cavalry during their last war* against the Turks, has assured me, that they are very much improved, not only in their horses, which, especially in the Cuirassier regiments, are large and strong, but also particularly in point of manœuvring. He saw them exercise; and asserts, that they are not inferior to any German cavalry.

Russian Grenadiers.

THE grenadiers are very fine, both in point of men and clothing. Their caps, which are a sort of helmet with plumes, give them a Roman appearance. The officers plumes are made of feathers; the soldiers, of yarn. They dress their hair in three curls, which they fasten themselves with little pieces of wood, it is astonishing to see these men, when they come off a fatiguing march, in bad weather, and bad roads, appear perfectly clean and well dressed an hour after their arrival in camp.

The musketeers are very inferior to the grenadiers; and they do not attend so much to their dress.

Every private in the grenadiers wear large ruffles, and has both shoes and boots.

All the infantry wear green coats, turned up and lined with red, and red waistcoats and breeches. On the waistcoats they have little green lappels, and capes. In the summer they go in the waistcoats, and carry their coats on the waggons: they have also cloaks, which they roll and carry on their backs. General Mannstein calls the establishments of a musketeer regiment including officers, 575 men; but he does not reckon this in the field, at above 1000; that is, each battalion 500; and they could not be reckoned at more in this campaign.

N O T E.

* It must be observed, that this was written in the year 1776.

The History of the Reign of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, by John Talbot Dillon, Esq. B. S. R. E. Member of the Royal Irish Academy of Sciences, and honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 2 vols. 8vo. Richardson. 1788.

THE utility and importance of history, is universally acknowledged; by exhibiting in a favourable point of view, the actions of good princes and virtuous men, and by unveiling the crimes and villainy of the bad, it becomes a kind of mirror of human life, which if properly consulted might be of the greatest service to mankind. On this account, therefore every author who adds to the general stock, when his work is executed in a tolerable manner, deserves the thanks of the public, and much more those who make us acquainted with periods, the events of which were before little known, or veiled in obscurity and darkness.

Peter, king of Castile, whom all nations have branded with the detestable epithet of cruel, was the son and heir of Alfonso XI. king of Castile, by Maria, daughter of Alfonso, king of Portugal, and at the age of fifteen succeeded his father, who died of the plague in 1350, while besieging the fortress of Gibraltar, which had been wrested from him by surprise. Soon after his accession to the throne, he sent the bishop of Burgos and Don Alvaro Garcia de Albornoz, to demand in marriage the accomplished Blanche, daughter of the duke of Bourbon, but happening to see the beautiful Donna Maria de Padilla, at the house of Albuquerque, his prime minister, he became so enamoured of her that he could not enjoy a moment's rest till he got possession of her person. While Peter was spending his time in fond dalliance with this beautiful favorite who had been delivered of a daughter, news was brought that Blanche of Bourbon was arrived at Valladolid, where the queen-mother resided. This information gave the amorous monarch great uneasiness, and it was not without much entreaty that Albuquerque prevailed upon him to fulfil his engagement, and espouse the daughter of the duke of Bourbon. Three days however after his nuptials he deserted his new queen, and returned to the arms of his mistress, while the unfortunate Blanche, attended by the queen-mother, retired to Otordeillas, where she wasted her youth in affliction, without any other consolation, than that of being lamented by those who knew the cruel treatment she had met with.

Peter, like most tyrants, was capricious and fickle; enjoyment soon cooled his affection for Padilla, and having seen Jane de Castro, widow of Don Diego de Haro, who

struck his fancy, he married her publicly, and she was proclaimed queen of Castile. With this lady, however, he remained only two nights, after which he abandoned her, as he had done the unfortunate Blanche. His affection for Padilla began now to return, and he hastened once more to the arms of a mistress, who soon recovered all that dominion over him which she seemed to have lost. At length by the instigation of this woman, whom he wished to raise to the throne of Castile, he ordered queen Blanche to be poisoned; who accordingly fell a sacrifice to the wanton caprice of this brutal tyrant, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Padilla did not long enjoy her triumph: she was soon after seized with a fit of illness, which carried her off in the Alcazar of Seville, to the great grief of her paramour, who caused her to be interred with great pomp in a monastery of her own founding.

Among many other acts of cruelty, Peter ordered his two bastard brothers to be put to death, the eldest of whom was only nineteen, and the younger no more than fourteen years of age; but after an unfortunate reign, he himself was murdered by his bastard brother Henry, count of Trastamara, who had taken up arms against him. The account of this event, together with the author's character of Peter, we shall give in his own words as it will serve as a specimen of the work.

As soon as it was known in Henry's army that the King had retreated into the castle of Montiel, orders were given that it should be immediately surrounded with troops, and closely watched, so that nothing could stir out without being instantly perceived. Among the few who got into Montiel with King Peter, there was a knight, whose name was Men Rodriguez de Senabria, who had been taken prisoner at Bribiesca, when Henry was first proclaimed King of Castile, and had been ransomed by De Guesclin, on his telling him he was a native of Trastamara, which county was ceded to De Guesclin, by Henry. This knight hearing that De Guesclin commanded the detachment that lay before the castle of Montiel, sent a message to let him know he wished for a private conference; which De Guesclin consented to. He then offered him two hundred thousand gold doblas, and many lordships and cities in Castile, if he would suffer the King to escape. De Guesclin apprised Henry of what had passed, who thanked him, and said he was better able to give that sum and those lordships than Peter, and would reward him with them, and engaged him to accept of the conference, and persuade the King to come to his own tent. For this purpose a safe-conduct was offered on the oath of De Guesclin and others; but this was no soon-

er known in the camp, than rumours of treachery were privately circulated. Be that as it may, the unfortunate King, reduced to the last extremity, scarce any water left, his army defeated, himself deserted by his friends, and the few left unable to assist him, in a fit of despair, finally resolved to go to the tent of De Guesclin. After a few words had passed, Peter suspecting his danger said "It is time to be gone;" and was going to mount, when he was abruptly told to stop. Suddenly Henry appeared, armed at all points, and came close to King Peter, who did not know him again, not having seen him for a long time; though some one said, "Sir, take care; your enemy is coming." Henry on his part exclaimed, "Where is that Jew who calls himself King of Castile?" At this the undaunted Peter roused with indignation instantly replied: "Thou art a traitor; I am Peter, King of Castile: lawful son of King Alfonso;" and at the same moment grappled with Henry, and being the strongest threw him down; then laying his hand on his sword would certainly have killed him, had not at that moment the Viscount Rocaberti (some say it was De Guesclin) seized King Peter by the leg, and turning him on one side, gave an opportunity to Henry to get uppermost; who drawing out a long poignard, plunged it into the bosom of Peter, and, with the assistance of those present immediately killed him.

Thus, by the hands of his bastard brother Henry, was miserably murdered on the 23d of March 1369, in the 36th year of his age, and 19th of his reign, the unfortunate Peter, King of Castile, the last male heir of his line, descended from Raymond, Count of Burgundy, who, about the year 1100, married Urraca, daughter of Alfonso VI. King of Castile.

The body of Peter was left for three days unburied exposed to the people, out of policy, that all ranks might be certain he was no more. With this unfortunate monarch there also fell two gallant Englishmen, who were slain for having drawn their swords in his defence when grappling with Henry. These were Sir Ralph Holmes and James Rowland, whose spirit and bravery deserved a better fate. The life of Fernando de Castro was spared on account of his long attachment and fidelity to his sovereign.

The governor of Montiel immediately surrendered the castle to Henry, who took him into favor, as he did all others who submitted to him, rewarding generously his friends, as well foreigners as his countrymen; and with the title of Henry the Second and the bountiful, began his reign as King of Castile and Leon.

A violent opposition arose from abroad;

the right of Henry to succeed, as a bastard, being strongly called in question; and many Castilians went into voluntary exile rather than submit to him.

The King of Portugal claimed the crown of Castile, as great grandson to King Sancho by Beatrix his daughter, and sent a challenge to Henry. The kings of Navarre and Aragon likewise endeavoured to recover those places which they thought they had a right to; but the greatest storm seemed to be from England, where John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, stiled himself King of Castile; and not only demanded that crown in right of Constance his wife, daughter to Peter, but embarked for Spain, and headed an army to substantiate his claim.

The late Peter, King of Castile, was handsome in person, and of a fair complexion. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and rather stammered. What is singular, the same defect is attributed to his cotemporary Peter King of Portugal. His constitution was robust and free from infirmities, enduring all manner of fatigue without the least inconvenience. Like his father, he was fond of the chase, which was the reigning passion of the age. He was of an amorous disposition, and extremely inclined to the fair sex; suspicious, covetous, and sanguine; valiant withal in the field, in contradiction to the general habits of those vices. Historians have said that he was a strict dispenser of Justice; that the country was free from robbers during his reign; that evil-doers stood in dread of him, and many quitted the kingdom; for which his countrymen ought to have acknowledged some obligation in that ferocious age, when robbery and plunder were so common in Europe, and scarcely considered as offences; particularly in England, where they rose to such a height that it was as dangerous to travel there as among the Arabs; insomuch that Peter King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, who visited England about this time, viz. in 1363, had been barbarously robbed on the highway, and stripped of his money and baggage.

King Peter is generally branded with the epithet of Cruel. Foreign writers set no bounds to their acrimony and abuse. Matteo Villani, an Italian writer, calls Peter, "a cruel and beastly King, whose royal mind consisted of the most cruel tyranny; a perverse intoxicated monarch, the tyrant of Spain, unworthy the name of a king." Yet after the passions of men were cooled, and those were no more, who deprived him of his kingdom, and were interested in blackening his fame, he was called *El Justiciero*. The same was also observed with respect to Peter, King of Portugal, of whom the Portuguese historians say, that he was by

some called *The Cruel*, by others *Executor of Justice*; which last title, they add, more properly belonged to him. The fate of both these kings was remarkable; the former was deprived of the realm of Castile, and of his life, by his bastard brother Henry, and the bastard son of the latter got possession of the kingdom of Portugal.

The Theatre.

DRURY Lane has produced no pantomime this season, and the *Lamp of Aladin* exhibited at Covent Garden, glimmers but weakly, so that the manager perhaps will soon be obliged to extinguish it. The composers of this ill constructed piece have totally deviated from the beautiful oriental tale which gives it name, and which certainly contained most excellent materials for an elegant pantomime. The paintings, it is true, have considerable merit, and part of the music is good; but it wants that humour of dumb character, and connection, which alone renders such exhibitions attracting. As an auxiliary to the business, Humphreys and Mendoza, the notorious bruisers, have been introduced upon the stage to shew their dexterity in boxing. This degradation of a theatre royal, was properly reprobated by the audience in general, though supported even with blows by some of the pugilists friends; yet the *argumentum baculinum* did not prevail. Something better must be produced to oppose the attractions of Siddons and Jordan, than rustians beneath the lash of satire.

ABINGTON

Therefore has been again engaged, and forgetting what every one else remembers, and her glass should daily bring to her recollection, that she is not growing younger, she again steps forward in the juvenile characters of antiquated comedies. This conduct in fighting against *Time*, is as absurd as the bruisers in the pantomime boxing against *Death*; and we trust, for the sake of propriety, that this excellent and favourite actress will immediately adopt a cast of parts suitable to that appearance, which the exertions of art can no longer conceal.

MISS WALLACE,

Of whom so much has been said, and from whom so much was expected, has at last made her appearance in the character of *Sigismunda*. We are apprehensive that the sanguine opinion of her friends have led her too early into a profession, which requires maturity of judgment; and we are confirmed in our opinion that nature has not endowed her with qualities for the tragic line.—Her figure and face are well adapted to the

lighter scenes of comedy, but want the dignity of tragedy, though the latter is by no means deficient in expression. In her voice we could distinguish tones of tenderness, but it wanted powers.

Pope in *Tamored* displayed very respectable abilities.

Miss Wallace has since played *Belvidera*, but to this character her powers are very inadequate.

THE CHILD OF NATURE.

We do not mean Miss Wallace, for from what we have heard as yet—she is the child of *art*—that is, she has acquired every embellishment that education can bestow, and her extrinsic accomplishments are great—but we speak of the tragic comedy which came out under the sanction of *Mrs. Inchbald's* name, though the real production of *Miss Elliot*, touched up by the other lady; and *Miss Elliot* has actually claimed the money which *Mrs. Inchbald* received for the copy-right of the manuscript.

KEMBLE

Has attempted two new characters, *Shylock* and *Zanga*. In the first, comparison ruins every effort.—*Macklin* lives in the world as well as in the memory of the audience.—*Kemble* should not have played *Shylock*.—*Kemble* should not have played *Zanga*; in conception and execution, in every thing but figure, *Ryder* exceeded him,—but *Kemble* has this merit “he who dares greatly does greatly.”

KELLY.

His *Macheath* is excellent in the vocal parts, which he gave with the natural simplicity of the old airs.

NEW PIECES.

A comedy called *THE TOY*, said to be written by *O’Keeffe*, and a farce called *HIDE and SEEK*, translated from the French by a Mr. Walter, are preparing at Covent Garden.

THE IMPOSTOR.

This comedy is the avowed production of Mr. Cumberland, and in point of fable and character is at least equal to any of his former productions. The interest of the piece is supported till the opening of the 4th act, where the great art of the drama fails, for from that period the audience are able to anticipate the future events. The language would be chaste, classical, and pointed, if the author had not too often forgotten his own eminence in the literary world, and de-

generated into puns; a fault which he has himself found in the works of Aristophanes. Mr. Cumberland has written most happily to the power of Mrs. Jordan, who with all the other performers did ample justice to their author. The prologue and epilogue appear to be well written, at least they were so well spoken by Palmer and Mrs. Jordan, that every point was received with approbation by the audience.

The Characters are

Lord Janus (alias	} Mr. Palmer.
Harry Singleton)	
Polycarp	Mr. Wroughton.
Sir Charles Freemantle	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Solomon Sapient	Mr. Baddely.
Captain Sapient	Mr. Aickin.
Felliburt —	Mr. Lamash.
Oliver —	Mr. Suet.
Dorothy —	Miss Pope.
Elenor —	Mrs. Jordan.

Sketch of the Fable.

Sir Solomon Sapient resolves his daughter shall marry a nobleman only, which induces Singleton, who had been valet to Lord Janus, to assume his master's title, and introduce himself and Polycarp, another sharper, to Sir Solomon's house. Polycarp pretends an attachment to Dorothy, an old maid and sister to Sir Solomon. Elenor however imbibes a passion for Sir Charles Freemantle, who had saved her life, when endangered by a restive horse; and Sir Charles being invited to dinner, the sharpeners are alarmed, he being an intimate friend to Lord Janus. To prevent his reception Singleton protests against sitting in his company, which being communicated to Sir Charles, he imputes it to jealousy, and resolves to leave the house, first desiring to see Lord Janus. Singleton dresses as a footman, waits upon Sir Charles, calumniates Elenor, and is at last discovered to be the impostor.

This is the ground-work of the fable, in which there appears very little novelty, and indeed it is palpably stolen from an old comedy in Doddsley's collection, from which Johnson borrowed a principal episode, and which also appeared at Covent Garden some time ago, worked into a musical farce, and was played for Mrs. Bannister's benefit under the title of *The Odd Trick*.

Short Account of the Customs, Manners, and Dress of the Inhabitants of the Rosses, on the Coast of Donnegal, in Ireland.

NOTWITHSTANDING the high latitude and bleak situation of these islands, none of the inhabitants wear more than two garments, and those of flannel of their own manufacture: the men, a waistcoat and breeches, the women a gown and

petticoat, but linen is not in common use among them; and very few of the women wear either shifts, shoes, or stockings.

Notwithstanding the seeming neglect of their persons these islanders are not without a spice of vanity; for they have invented dye-stuffs to diversify the colours of their cloaths; and their dying materials are the produce of their own soil; the principal are a kind of mud called mire-black, which makes a very deep and durable black; a kind of stuff called carker scraped off the rocks, a very fine red; and a kind of plant nearly alike and of the same effect as madder. The men's cloaths are of divers colours; the dress of the women are entirely uniform, black gowns with red petticoats; but a distinction is observed in the head-dress of the females. The maidens wear the front part of the hair neatly platted about the face; the rest hanging down long behind in separate locks, platted with hair lace, and adorned at the end with worsted tassels of divers colours: but the matrons do not plat their hair, only tie it with a small string, below which they let it play loose upon their backs.

Their usual summer diet consists of milk, curds and butter, with most excellent fish of several kinds; in winter they live on potatoes, fish, rabbits, and butter; and some of them, but very few, have a little bread made of barley or oaten meal. In one of the largest islands called Oiey, they kill a great number of seals, the flesh of which they salt for winter; and are so fond of it, as to prefer it to any other kind of meat.

Their houses are mere huts, consisting chiefly of one room with the fire in the middle of it, but what is most surprising, is their extraordinary mode of accommodation for the night's repose. All the family lie together in one bed; and if any visitor come in the evening; they sleep with them for they set no bounds to their hospitality. To provide lodgings for the whole company the youngest men are sent out for heath or bent bushes; which they spread across the floor, to a length sufficient for the number present, and in breadth about six feet: over this litter the mistress of the house places part of a long plaid or blanket, on which the others, having slipped off their cloaths, lay down, men and women together, and naked; then the mistress, having drawn the rest of the blanket over them, lays down last herself, also naked. This they call thorough bed. Yet this hospitable people so friendly and generous to all they know appear at first sight to strangers to be fierce and wild; but after a little acquaintance prove gentle and humane, especially to those they were in awe of; for in all their simplicity, there is a strong mixture of cunning.

The

They have very little industry among them; for so well contented are they with the gifts of Providence, wherewith these lands are surrounded, they have no notion of any other necessities of life than what they are already used to; and have time to spare beyond the supply of the present moment: that being answered, their chief care is to provide for their landlord, and to purchase spirits and tobacco, their chief luxuries; of which they are all, both men and women excessively fond. In summer the men gather the wreck of sea weeds, and burn it to make kelp; of which the landlord gets as much as is equivalent to the rent, and if any remained, it is bartered in what they most wanted or desired: the chief of the year the general and principal employ of the men is fishing, except what is necessary for their potatoes and cloathing, and the repairs of their huts and boats. Their boats, called curraghs, are oval baskets, covered with seal skins; and in such weak and tottering vessels, they venture out so far as is necessary to get fish enough for their families. Their shell-fish they get in the following manner: the men go to the rocks, with a stick tied to the end of a strong rod, and with that they pull from under the rocks as many crabs and lobsters as they want, the lobsters commonly weigh from five to twelve pounds each; for scollops and oysters, when the tide is out, the young women wade into the sea where they know the beds of such fish lay; some of them naked, others having stripped off their petticoats, go in with their gowns tucked up about their waist. The scollops weigh from two to four pounds each.

When the weather is favourable the women frequently assemble in some neighbouring field, convenient to their huts, where they amuse themselves with knitting and singing in the sun. The oldest forming a circular group, sit working in the middle; round them the rest in circles, according to their years; the younger surrounding those of greater age, and singing alternate, and sometimes in chorus, while the elder continue knitting. The songs called *speic-seouchs* are mostly of exploits achieved by the giants, heroes, and warriors of old.

sometimes to the number of sixty or eighty.

Anecdote of Alexander the Great. Recorded by Quintus Curtius.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not one of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal

thing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

B O N T O N.

THE Italian Opera house has opened, but with no great prospect of public approbation, though nobly patronized.—The singers and the dancers are far inferior to those of last year; but the band, which was led by *Cramer*, is in every part highly respectable.

The want of the king's presence, which was a host at all musical meetings, has operated as a powerful check. The professional concert however is announced with *Marchesi* as the principal vocal performer, and *Cramer* at the head of the band.

The executive hand of the state being out of action, the death of our cousin of Spain has not yet been mourned—the Prince Regent of course will make her first appearance in fables.—

Abington has an undoubted right to make her appearance under this head, for she may say with the late *Geo. Faulkner*, the printer, of facetious memory, "I know peers and peers know me."—

Abington feels severely for his majesty's illacess, a memorial having been prepared praying a *pension*, and it having been intimated that a provision from the privy purse would be granted in recompence for amulements afforded.—

The ladies of the lords of the bed-chamber, having taken great offence at the inutility applied to their husbands—they may be bad politicians, say the ladies, but they are good men.

Lady *Loughborough's* patronage of Miss *Wallace*, has much merit; but has not the lady chosen a wrong profession for her ward?—The stage is enchanted ground which few women can tread without infinite danger to their honour. Managers are insatiate monsters, who think nothing of devouring virgins, and where will they find heroes or knights errant to protect them?—not on the stage, for their virtue is only represented, and honour and courage are generally fictitious.—

The hard weather at Paris has prevented any recent change in the fashion: long cloaks, with fur linings, cover every thing.—

The Anacreontic society have commenced this year with more than usual vivacity.—Haydn's music had the honour of adoption, and the band was excellent. *Cramer* first violin.—*Clementi*, the *piano forte*.—*Parke*, the hautboy.—*Leanders*, the horns.—*Condell*, Hindmarsh, and *Smith*, violins.—*M.*

Meynel, the *violoncello*.—The principal vocal performers from both theatres contributed; of course the catches, glees, and chorusses were excellent.—But why is ribaldry permitted?—Should the vile weeds of St. Giles's dunghills be interwoven with the roses of Anacreon, plucked from the delightful pastures of Parnassus?—Should gross indecency be substituted for wit, vulgarity for humour?

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

I Present your female readers with the following recipe, not with any expectation that it will become fashionable among them, but rather as a curiosity of the kind.

Recipe for making the Teeth Black, used by the Ladies of the East-Indies.

Take of the pulp of full grown myrobalans	—	—	20 parts
Of green vitriol	—	—	3 parts
Of Iron filings	—	—	6 parts
Of blue vitriol	—	—	1-10th part
Of small unripe myrobalan	—	—	1/2 part
Of gum arabic	—	—	1 part
Of oil of mustard-seed	—	—	5 parts

Macerate the myrobalans for a night in eighty parts of water: in the morning squeeze out the water, and put it on the fire to boil. Pulverise the other ingredients (except the oil) and add them to the infusion while it is boiling: when it acquires a thick consistence, add the oil.

This preparation is spread on a leaf of betel, and applied, at bed time, to the teeth, where it is suffered to remain until morning.

When they wish to give it a reddish tinge, they add to these ingredients a certain proportion of buckum; a porous wood of a red colour, which communicates to water by infusion.

There are many other receipts, but the above is sufficient for a specimen. The basis of them all, is a vegetable astringent combined with some preparation of iron. Nothing can shew the force of habit—determining our ideas of beauty than this receipt. How shocked is a European lady to be told that white teeth are a deformity, and that black teeth are highly beautiful and ornamental! Yet after all, if we disallow the force of habit, and endeavour to prove who is in the right as to this matter, it must be universally acknowledged that what nature has appointed must be most beautiful. European ladies therefore have nature on their side, while the advocates for black teeth can plead only the prejudices of education.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

WHITE TEETH.

Reflection.

Reflections on Winter.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeeful year,
How mighty! how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

THOMSON'S *Winter.*

HOW changed the scene!—The beautiful landscape of nature, where the golden cowslip reared the dewy head, and ten thousand kinds of flowers in gay profusion spread their variegated dyes, delight no more! In vain I look round for the plaited daisy, or the gaudy tulip, for the milkwhite lily, or the sun-flower tinged with gold—in vain seek the humble violet, breathing its odoriferous perfume in the sequestered vale. Alas! they are gone!—they are faded, and will be seen no more, till yonder regent of the day again collects his fructifying beams, and fair-handed Spring returns with benignant smiles.

The gentle zephyrs, which a little while ago, breathing from the warm chambers of the south, bore on their kindly fanning wings the ambrosial odours, exhaled from Flora's rich perfumes, are now driven far away, by stern Winter's howling winds, and boisterous storms.—The waving trees, under whose delightful shade the Muses played, and pensive Solitude sat reclined, are stripped of their verdant honours, and all bare and unlightly, spread their naked arms to the freezing skies, and tempest-fraught heavens. The joyous sun, which a few weeks ago mounted on his refulgent throne, scattered glories as he climbed over the eastern hills, rejoicing the earth, and animating the whole race of organized beings, is now shrouded in thick clouds, or emits a weak and pallid light—

Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays in horizontal lines,
Taro' the thick air, as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;

And soon descending to the long dark night,
Wide shading all the prostrate world resigns.
Not is the night unwith'd, while vital heat,
Life and joy, the duteous day for-

The sportsman now, with his sagacious dogs, traverses the fields, springs the sounding covey, uplifts the tube, and with unerring aim, marking the game, in a moment lays them breathless, fluttering on the ground. Inhuman sport! but much-loved diversion. Ah! now, ye feathered tribes, where will you be safe from the fowler's wily arts, from the terrific thunder of the destructive gun? Hard is your lot, pinched with cold, bitten with hunger, and pursued with dangers from every quarter?

The music of the woods is over; the songsters of the groves are struck dumb; no more they warble forth their sweet notes in strains delightful, nor tune their throats to love: no more they welcome the newborn day with their inimitable harmonies, nor hail the approach of day's great sovereign; but benumb'd with cold, they sit disconsolate among the bushes, or driven by want, croud into the farmers yards, to seek for food and shelter—shelter from the inclemency of the season, and from the death-gripping claws of the rapacious falcon.

Immense flights of field-fares and red-wings now visit our island, driven here by the intense cold of the northern countries, to pick a scanty subsistence from the few berries which yet remain on the hedge-rows and hawthorn bushes. The snipe too is found in our moors and marshes, and with bill ingulphed, seeks its unctuous food, or running along the crystal streams, devours the worms and-insects that it finds on the surface; the few of them that escape the murdering gun return annually with the returning spring.

On the Beauty of the Roman Ladies.

(Translated from the French of the late President Dupaty)

WHY should I not say something of the state of female beauty at Rome; beauty, which is so highly estimated in every country in the world, before which the heart of youth begins to palpitate, the imagination of the mature man is still inflamed when nothing else can warm him, and the memory of which still melts, or makes the old man smile.

Beauty is rare here, as it is every where else. Nature here, in the composition of women, is often deficient in that charming

She is said, however, to compensate for this negligence, or want of industry, with respect to the Roman women, by the perfection of their shoulders ; but I am in reality of opinion, that if the shoulders of the Roman women appear more beautiful, it is because they are more seen ; possibly too the embonpoint that begins to take place very early, does in fact contribute to embellish them.

Be this as it may, nature could not place more happily, nor accord with more effect, the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears and neck, than in the Roman women ; she could not possibly employ purer, softer, or more correct forms ; all the distinct parts, are finished, and the whole is complete. How charming is complexion ! It is impregnated with roses and with lilies. What carnation ! You would think that fair one perpetually blushing.

A fine Roman head never fails to astonish, and, taken altogether, affects the heart : its beauties are perceived at the first glance, and the slightest recollection brings it full into the memory.

But, as every excellence in this world is counterbalanced by its defects ; if a Roman woman receives from nature that beauty which astonishes and excites admiration, she does not obtain from her that grace which charms and inspires love. If she possesses those never failing attractions which form, of a fine woman, but one beauty, she is wanting in those fugitive graces, which, of one amiable person, form twenty. You may contemplate that countenance a whole day in vain, those fine eyes will only have one look, that pretty mouth only one smile ; never will you discover either pain or pleasure passing over that unvaried brow ; nor those accomplished features gently undulating, like water, by the insensible motion of a tender sentiment, or a delicate idea.

It may be observed, indeed, that it is difficult for a woman of much sensibility to be perfectly handsome. Sensibility necessarily deranges, by its delicate motions the proportions of the face ; but, then, it substitutes features expressive of mind, for beauty.

Nothing is more rare than to meet with a face here that moves, or interests ; that bespeaks a soul.

But what lovely hands ! and beautiful

comes disproportionate ; but it is to this very indolence, which, in so short a time, will disguise all the delicacy of her face, that she is indebted for those handsome shoulders, which she displays to view with so much pride.

There is another reason why the beauty of the Roman women decays so rapidly : it is always kept shut up ; it is always in the shade. The bud of beauty, like other flowers, requires the rays of the sun.

I must say a word or too of the voice of the Roman women, for the voice is an essential part of the sex. That of the Roman woman, like their faces, is fine, but it has no soul : it expresses, at times, the bursts of passion, but hardly ever its true accents. Let a Roman woman, in short sing before you, her voice will not originate from her heart, nor will it expire in your's.

There are exceptions, however, among the Roman ladies, to all I have been saying. I am myself acquainted with at least three ; Theresa, Rosalinda, and Palmira P. . .

It is true, that by passing their lives with foreigners, in their father's house, the coquetry natural to their sex and to themselves is continually kept in action.

Theresa is Armida in miniature ; Palmira would have resembled Erminia, in the days of Erminia ; Rosalinda has something of whatever is pleasing in a woman in every country in the world. Each motion of her eye-lid and of her lip is a grace. These three sisters possess accomplishments. They dance—with delicacy—with expression !

But I have said sufficient on the subject of Roman beauty ; the delicate bloom of a flower must be carefully touched, and its perfumes sparingly inhaled.

The Careless Lover.

BY a train of winning attentions and bewitching assiduities, George Davison, a very fashionable young fellow, of a very respectable family, but rather straitened in his circumstances, being a man of ton and taste, as he had only a small post under the government, made himself so agreeable in the eyes—so consequential, indeed, in the eyes of a miss Fenwick, a young heiress, possessed of a considerable fortune in various shapes, that she gave him all the encouragement which

promised herself not a little pleasure in raising a young man of merit, who gave the strongest assurances of a disinterested attachment, to an affluent situation.

Animated by her future prospects, and future designs, she complied with her impatient lover's earnest desire to fix the wedding-day, with a cheerfulness which charmed him, with a satisfaction which she could not conceal.

It may easily be imagined by those who are acquainted with the importance of wealth, that George Davison was not the only man who made his addresses to miss Fenwick. She had, indeed, in her suite many respectable admirers, and many rapturous lovers; but George was the only man that had made an impression upon her heart, as she deemed him, with all his accomplishments and attractions, really deserving of her sensations in his favour.—There was but one man in her suite, except himself, who stood high enough in her esteem to make her believe that he was very well qualified to make the woman who gave him her hand happy in the marriage state. This man was a Mr. Seaton, who with a sound understanding, was a very entertaining companion: who with the most benevolent disposition, was truly polite in his manners, and irreproachable in his moral conduct through life. As he was possessed of all those advantages, though he wanted all his elegant allurements, George could not help looking on him as a formidable rival, till he had secured the nomination of his wedding day: by that nomination he was perfectly satisfied, and gave himself up to the joys of expectation which fluttered in his bosom.

A few days before that which miss Fenwick had fixed for the completion of her lover's felicity, Mr. Seaton, who was always a welcome guest at her house, as she listened at all times with pleasure to his improving and amusing conversation, waited on her.

Soon after his entrance into the room in which she received him, he informed her that he had some intelligence to communicate to her, in which she was deeply concerned.

Amelia was not a little surprised at the solemnity with which Mr. Seaton addressed her, but intreated him, with the strongest marks of curiosity in her countenance, to proceed.

He then told her plainly, that if she married Davison she would certainly repent of her connection with him.

Amelia was very willing to believe that she was going to cherish in her breast an enemy to her peace, and requested Mr. Seaton with additional eagerness, to be more explicit with regard to his most unexpected information.

Before Mr. Seaton could articulate an answer, George entered the room, and having made a cool bow to him, put a little volume into Amelia's hands, telling her that it was the prettiest book of the kind he had ever met with.

As Mr. Seaton left the room soon after George made his appearance, Amelia was, for the first time, embarrassed by the sight of her lover: however, she received the book presented to her with her usual politeness, and gave him no reason by her looks to suppose that she had heard any thing to his disadvantage.—She was indeed very unwilling to give credit to any reports against him: and determined not to believe him unworthy of her affection, until she was certain that his conduct was indefensible.

George took his leave in a few minutes after he had presented his book, and recommended the perusal of it with additional spirit in his manner of speaking.

Amelia was not now in a humour to read; but she put the book recommended to her in her pocket, and strolling to a picturesque part of her extensive grounds, sat down upon a bank.

Taking out her book she began to read, but could not help taking her eyes, now and then, from the page before her, in order to ruminate on what had dropt from Mr. Seaton's lips.

In turning over the leaves she came to one which struck her in a particular manner, a note, written by a female hand, and addressed to the man to whom she was going to be united for life, made her start with surprise. By that note it appeared that a favourite mistress had the full possession of his heart, and that a great part of the fortune arising from his marriage was destined to keep her in the most fashionable style.—The book dropped from her hands, and she probably would have fainted, had not Mr. Seaton who stood concealed not far from the interesting spot, flown to her assistance, and saved her from falling.

As soon as she could find words, she told Mr. Seaton that she was too well convinced of the baseness of her lover's behaviour to think of having any farther connections with him: and shewed him the note which had sufficiently opened her eyes: the conversation which followed between them proved highly satisfactory to Mr. Seaton, as he felt himself in the fairest way to arrive at the summit of his wishes.

Amelia, though she was thoroughly convinced of her lover's unworthiness, determined not to strike the blow of disappointment till the very day appointed for the wedding.

When George appeared, on that day, in his bridal dress; she said, laughing, to him

—“ You fancy now that you really love me better than any woman in the world.”

“ By all that’s good—replied he—I do.”

“ By all that’s good—answered she—’tis false. Read this note, and never let me see you again.”

Histories of the Tete-à-Tete annexed; or, Memoirs of Parson Pasquin and Mrs. D——.

IT has long been matter of surprize to the thinking part of the community, that their reverences the bishops have not taken some means to restrain the daily instances of irreligion and immorality which too often appear among the lower orders of the clergy. To the evil example shewn by many of them, may, in a great measure, be imputed the gross manners as well as dissipated lives both of the upper and lower classes of the people; their doctrines and their actions being generally diametrically opposite to each other. We have at this day parsons teaching deism in academics, and writing pamphlets against civil government, parsons preaching plurality of wives, conducting newspapers, and living continually with players; parsons drinking, cursing, swearing, hunting, cock-fighting, horseracing, boxing, cudgelling, duelling, and mobbing at elections—in short, we find as many exceptionable characters among the members of the church, as among the members of any other profession; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that we have lately seen a parson defendant to an action for *crim. con.*

To enter into the particulars of this gentleman’s life would be irrelevant to this tête-à-tête: it is sufficient to say that after he had taken orders, he became director of a public print, in which situation he fought several duels with great personal bravery, beat his man at boxing, and having been convicted of a libel against a noble duke, which he never wrote, was committed to prison.

Previous to this event the parson became acquainted with Mrs. D—, a lady who once possessed not only beauty and elegance of person, but refined sensibility and manners the most amiable; but it was her misfortune to

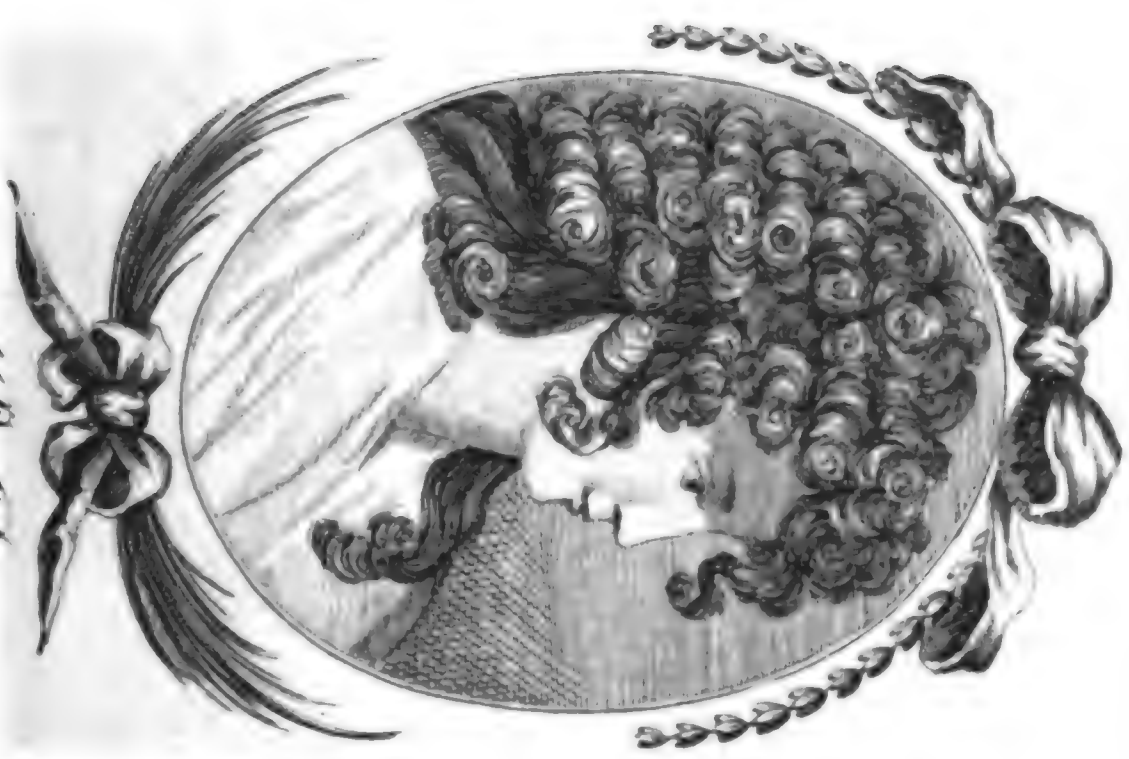
and quarrelled over the flesh of the animal he had been slicing to pieces.

His other favourite amusement, though not quite so horrid, was equally disgusting to a lady bred up with delicacy and neatness. This was the manufacturing of iron; for which purpose, he had caused a forge to be erected, where he worked for hours together, returning to his lady covered with dust and dirt, and sitting down to his meals with unwashed hands. In vain did the lady remonstrate against such nastiness: her spouse continued perfectly inattentive to cleanliness, and it is no wonder if she soon began to draw comparisons between him and those gentlemen of her acquaintance who were attentive to their persons.

Among others who visited this family was a baronet, who had youth and politeness to recommend, and cleanliness to distinguish him from the husband of our heroine. With this gentleman Mr. D— seemed determined to make an experiment upon the frailty of human nature, by trying how far his wife could withstand the temptation of an insinuating lover. The baronet was often invited to the house, and frequently left alone with his fair hostess, while the husband was either employed upon a carcase, or in hammering hot iron. When we consider that the lady had beauty, we cannot wonder at the baronet’s feeling the influence of such a charm: when we consider that the baronet was pleasing, affable, and assiduous, we cannot be surprized that he made a tender impression on the lady’s sensibility. She felt however the danger of her situation. It was an ordeal for virtue, to which every woman was not equal, she felt her own weakness, and resolved, if possible, to pass unscorched the burning plow share which her unworthy spouse had laid across her path. For this purpose she expostulated with him on the meanness and impropriety of his conduct, and requested he would desire the baronet to discontinue his assiduities, for she wished to avoid disgrace to herself, and dishonour to him; and that though perfectly innocent, she knew the world would soon notice, as criminal, the intimacy he allowed the baronet in his family.

Mr. D— treated this candid caution with

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The broad shame came staring in his face, and to keep up appearances he removed his lady to Lille in Flanders. But her mind was now corrupt, and he was of all men the least capable of rectifying it. She soon contracted an intimacy with an officer, carried on her amour openly for two years, and then returned to London. Virtue being now totally eradicated, Mrs. D. became rather indiscriminate in her connections. Among other paramours was old general Desaguliers. While on a visit to him at Woolwich, on board a yacht, Mr. D.—went on shore to amuse himself with firing a gun, and left his lady in care of the veteran, who played his part with so much success, that she not only retired with him into the cabin, for a considerable time, but was so well pleased with her entertainment while there, that she rewarded the servant who stood sentinel, to give notice of her husband's approach.

In the course of last month, Mr. D. brought an action of *crim. con.* against the parson, and what is rather extraordinary, the fact on which he grounded it was upwards of six years standing. As he estimated his damages at three thousand pounds, it can scarcely be presumed that his sole motive was to lay a foundation for obtaining a divorce, but that avarice was the real though latent motive. The evidence given of the trial, clearly shewed that a *friendly intimacy* had subsisted between his reverence and the lady; but as to the fact of criminality it not only failed in evidence, but it was also made clearly to appear that the principal witness for the plaintiff was influenced by resentment to the defendant, who, as a justice of the peace, had refused to grant her a licence for selling liquors. The fact of adultery, given in proof, was also disbelieved by the jury; it appearing that the parson was, at the time it was laid to have been committed in Essex, a prisoner in the king's bench. It is true, however, that Mrs. D. while supposed virtuous, had been acquainted with the parson's lady, who, not without reason, had suspicions of a jealous nature, having once met Mrs. D. on the stairs coming down from her husband's apartments in the King's bench.

This unfortunate meeting produced a quarrel between the enraged wife and exposed mistress, in which each lady exercised their natural weapons, the tongue, with uncommon effect; but after they had discharged a few volleys, were prevented from coming to the last extremity of female engagements, the pulling of caps, by the interposition of the parson himself, who brought about a temporary reconciliation after the manner of Macheath's mediation between Polly and Lucy.

Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

By Dr. Shebbeare.

Now First Published.

FEW men amongst the wisest nations have equalled the Earl of Clarendon in extent of capacity; fewer of such superior understanding have been selected to the superintendency of national concerns; and much less have ever possessed the faculties of the soul in such equipoise of excellence, without enfeebling the energy of each other, or one getting the superiority of the rest.— Though the hate which he had conceived against the sectaries was justly founded on their execrable principles, and the mischiefs they had produced; and his love for the Church of England, on the attachment which it had manifested to the constitution, the aptness which it hath to produce such principles, and its analogy to the nature of the government; yet this aversion from that tribe, and their usurpation, had never driven him into the opposite extreme of adopting absolute monarchy: and though he faithfully adhered to and had constantly served kings as his sovereigns, he never departed from the cause of liberty, and preserving a limited authority in the crown.

He condemned the extensive power of the Council-table, and the Star-chamber in the beginning of the reign of Charles the First became illegal and arbitrary. In like manner consistent in principle, at the Restoration he opposed the settling a revenue of two millions on Charles the Second, to prevent the desire (so natural to sovereigns) of proceeding in wars and other concerns of moment, without the consent of the people's representatives, from being carried into action. He still preferred the preservation of the constitution to the increasing power in his master, and stability of himself as minister; and chose that the king should rather feel himself in some degree dependent on the good will of his people, than, independent on their supplies, be tempted by abundance to waste their blood, sacrifice their treasure, and invade the liberties and privileges of his subjects;—alike strenuous for the king's prerogative and the subjects rights.

No man saw into the distant effects of present causes, or the fatal consequences of destructive principles, more perspicuously than the Lord Chancellor Clarendon; which powers rendered him the fittest statesman to fix whatever might conduce to make the constitution stable and propitious;—a genius of infinite superiority to that which constitutes the mere man of equity.

No man knew the deference which was due

due from an inferior to his sovereign better than Lord Clarendon; yet he never forgot in his obedience to majesty, that though a subject, he was yet a freeman; and, though he received his exaltation from the king, that he was still the servant of the people. For these reasons, he neither menaced his sovereign with deserting him in times of danger, nor preferred adulation before good counsel in his advices, in order to obtain power; nor, during the most zealous services to two princes, did he ever fully, by complaisance to humour, mistaken judgment, or some more culpable design, that reverence which was only sacred to the constitution.

As his expectations were honourably founded on the services which he might render to the state, on those alone, and not on fostering the king's inclinations, he planned the design of his advancement, and fixed the basis of his fame.

Formed with complaisance for virtue alone, he steadily asserted, that crowns afforded no pretext for criminal measures; and that royalty could not alter the ignominious ideas which were originally intended to accompany vice.

No man distinguished the different degrees of men's capacity with a precision equal to this noble Author. He knew the limits of their understanding, and what they were able to conceive; the resolutions of their hearts, and what they were equal to the accomplishing; and therefore was peculiarly happy in the power of selecting and applying to their proper stations, those which government absolutely stands in need of to preserve honour, and derive prosperity to itself; almost the chiefest qualification of a statesman, and the most useful to the state. This truth seems to be incontrovertibly evinced from that perspicuity with which he penetrated the characters of his contemporaries.

Being born a gentleman, and holding money in contempt, he was utterly incapable of meanness or corruption; vices so intimately connected with a base original and avaricious disposition. At the same time deeming the honour and welfare of his country inviolably sacred, he never preferred to embassies, or to the command of fleets and armies, men unequal to their respective duties.

Clarendon saw truth and right by intuition, and the effect which they ought to have in decisions of equity.

The sovereign who neglected his people's welfare was doubly culpable in his eyes, from the greater mischief which must follow such delinquency. In consequence of this manner of conceiving things, no minion of the court found acceptance in his sight, who, by the inticements of wit, licentious railery, or fostering the ruling passion of

his prince, seduced him from the means of rendering the nation great and happy.

Though bred in Courts, he dared not to disguise; and he could not be silent, when the national affairs were neglected. He held it for a sacred rule, that the money levied on the people ought to be spent in their service only: and undoubtedly had Charles the Second, under a distinct title from that of King of England, been the despotic lord of continental slaves and continental dominions; had he maintained with English money armies fighting in their cause, whilst his coffers were avariciously crammed with treasure levied on them and this people; Lord Clarendon would have told him, that Englishmen were born to be free, and not vassals doomed to labour for foreign lands and foreign princes, to the ruin of themselves and progeny. His lips in parliament would have opposed such unnatural squanderings, his heart revoked allegiance to so unworthy a sovereign, and mourned the day of his ascending the throne of his father.

As the hope of exaltation never prompted him to sinister actions, so the dread of falling from the honours he had deserved never induced him to deviate from the pursuit of national advantage. The laws were his rules of action; nor did he ever promote such as by their power would enable him to destroy the constitution, under that specious guise of being made by the people's representatives: to rise or fall by virtue were his fixed resolves; and he constantly preferred being just to being acceptable.

As the necessary result of such disposition, his thirst of fame was undoubtedly great; yet not to be sated by luscious draughts of popular applause, but from the blessings of a righteous administration spread upon his fellow subjects, in whose welfare he delighted, and from the internal sensations of a mind conscientiously right.

Parfimonious of the public revenues, he beheld with sincere concern the profusion which attended the national administration, and frequently interposed between the king's too great liberality, and the insatiate desire of receiving too many favourites.

So highly did he conceive of those titles which kings can bestow, that he held it a profanation of the royal power to squander them on the unworthy; and in each instance respecting himself, accepted with reluctance, what no statesman did ever more righteously deserve, lest he might be deemed rather a minister actuated by mercenary motives, than by the desire of propagating the public good. From such behaviour, it was no wonder he became offensive to the greedy and ambitious.

Steady in his allegiance to the royal family of Stuart, he became the willing partaker of their sufferings. He scorned to live beneath the

of an usurper, whilst his sovereign was in exile and distress; and his whole powers were exerted during that time to render him royal master. During those years of intimacy he necessarily became instructed in the different interests of foreign Courts, intimately as he had been with those of England; which union can only complete his master.

For were his principles of religion and government only founded on the justest examination of those subjects. His friendships were in like manner contracted on long intimacy and knowledge of those with whom he was united. Reason, similar sentiments, and virtuous motives, formed the union of him and his friends. They were steady to him, and he to them.

It must be confessed, his passions in some particulars were rather impetuous: but it must be recollected also, what were the objects of them. As he loved his country beyond all things, he saw its injuries with great indignation; and consequently that hatred, which he ever cherished against Presbyterians, and other sectaries in England and Scotland became a justifiable passion. He had seen the continual witness of their impetuous pursuits to ravish power by blood and rapine; and seen even that violation rendered more detestable by their sacrilegiously avowing religion to be the impious cause of their rebellion against the constitution; denouncing the murder of their lawful Sovereign an act of piety, to enthrone King James in his dominion of righteousness. Notwithstanding this aversion to the destroyers of his country, the Minister never influenced the man of equity; as Lord High Chancellor, his decrees were untainted with partiality; hatred did not aggravate, nor affection soften the justice of his decisions; neither did he, on the seat of judgment, know there was either a Churchman or Presbyterian, a friend or foe, a royalist or rebel.

Hypocrisy, that vice inseparable from the schism, was the peculiar object of his detestation; and perhaps he carried this ab-

where law and religion have made none, between the whoredom of the Royal bed and the common bagnio, unless in his greater disapprobation of the former. He thought a King the most fallen of all human creatures, who, neglecting the public good, spent his hours in the delights of dalliance, the dupe of lasciviousness, the slave of women, and disgrace of royalty: and it was his constant wish that the lure of lewdness might at least desert his master, before old age should render more despicable that failing, for which youth did, in some opinions, plead an excuse. For what object can be more truly contemptible, than a libidinous old King dallying in wantonness, his grey head royally reclining on the bosom of his concubine, his face covered with the wrinkled leer of salacious impotence, whilst his people are running by mal-administration and neglect to that ruin, which he only can, and it is his duty to prevent?

If female favourites found no countenance in the eyes of Lord Clarendon, pimps, pandars, sycophants, and flatterers, however dignified with the superb appellations of Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and Dukes, were not less disgusting and detested. He considered them as the public bane, and beheld them through the medium of their actions, and not of their titles. Their degeneracy was his contempt; and he thought neither descent nor creation could really ennoble those whose actions were a reproach not only to their ancestors, but to human nature, and who had forfeited all claim to honour by the most ignominious behaviour. To those the wrinkled brow, and keen eye of displeasure, spoke his sentiments of their conduct, when his lips were silent; nor did the King himself escape that honest reproof, when he saw him negligent or misguided; so much did he prefer his master's eternal fame to his temporary delights, and the good of his country to every selfish consideration. He had planned a system of reinfusing the happiness of England; from which no lure, nor profitable expedient, could tempt him to recede.

the human mind, he became intimately acquainted with its composition: and in consequence of such a combination of understanding and occasion, no writer has excelled him in the characters which he has drawn. Neglecting the qualities which are in common to all men, he marked his portraits with those distinctions which characterize one person from another. Their virtues and vices, their strength and weakness, have the proper lights and shades distributed upon them, in so skilful a manner, that inconsistency does not imply contradiction, praise impart flattery, nor disapprobation convey malice. His friends, he knew, were men, however exalted, and he never disguised their failings: and from his enemies, however abandoned, he never excluded their defects. Amongst his other excellencies, that are requisite essentially to an historian, veracity was inseparable from his pen. And as few have ever written, whose powers of conception and opportunities of being truly informed were equal to those of this noble author, so in none are the motives to action, the causes of success and misadventure, so distinctly assigned and so faithfully delineated; leaving to unforeseen incidents the production of many events, fatal to his Sovereign, and propitious to his subjects in rebellion; at the same time ascribing to the wisdom, valour, and prudence of man, sufficient to satisfy the vanity of his nature, and resing the ultimate of all on the will of Providence.

His style has in general been thought culpable by the length of his periods; but it ought to be remembered also, that his sense was of the most comprehensive kind, not easily to be inclosed in short sentences, nor, like the present pointed turn of sentiment, to be included in an epigrammatic phrase, which rather pleases by its conceit, than excellence. His diction was strong where it was required, and pathetic, as it becomes an historian; not moving tears by the stealing tenderness which is adapted to the incidents of a novel, but by greatness of expression in the facts which he relates, drying up the sources of that commiserating fluid. The narrative of his history is clear and explicit, the expressions apt, and the images greatly conceived, sublimely expressed, and totally void of all those minutenesses which attend an inferior capacity; which, however the many may admire, are by no means the marks of genius. His imagery, like the Grecian architecture, consisted in simplicity, strength and proportion, decorated with becoming ornaments, into which the Gothic scrolls, unmeaningly and luxuriantly applied, found no admission.

Such were the abilities and dispositions of

Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, equal in power and resolution to the accomplishing every requisite which this land then stood in need of to make it permanently happy.

British Theatre.

OUR prophecy of the Prophet was just, the consequence of repeating it was empty benches. It was too dull even as a medium for music, and failed, though supported by the powers of Billington, and an accumulation of the comic abilities in the theatre. It is extraordinary that the heaviness of this piece was not discovered at rehearsal, or that its absurdities did not condemn it on the reading, but perhaps its lethargic influence operated on the manager, and he sympathetically slumbered with the author. The town are threatened with it for an after piece, but we hope it is only a threat—and that the Prophet will be heard no more.

Mrs. JORDAN

In *Rosalind*, for the first time, and for her own benefit, was exactly on a par with Palmer, who performed *Touchstone*—they were both passable.—*Rosalind* requires infinite polish as well as humour; Mrs. Jordan wants that polish,—Grace is not in all her steps, though there is a considerable portion of Promethean fire in her eye.

ALADDIN, or the WONDERFUL LAMP.

A pantomime with this title could not fail of raising the public expectation, particularly as the songs were by O'Keeffe. The subject was excellent, but required to conduct it what Mr. Delpini, its constructor, seems totally unacquainted with—taste, and dramatic knowledge. The paintings are finely executed, the music well adapted, but it wants those points which should set the million in a roar—Except in the grimace and attitudes of Delpini, who played Pierrot, there was nothing for the groundlings to laugh at.

Miss WALLACE.

This lady who has so long kept expectation upon tip toe is at last announced. She comes forward with great patronage and great promise. Her first appearance was in Ireland when an infant, for the benefit of her father; the character, *The Fine Lady*, in *Lethie*, and we understand from those who saw her, that she acted with ease, sprightliness, and humour astonishing for her years. Since that time she has been liberally instructed in every branch of polite education that England or France could afford.

*New and curious Anecdotes and Observations
in Natural History.*

[Selected from 'The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, in the County of Southampton, by the Rev. Gilbert White,' A. M.]

Natural Affection of Animals.

THE more I reflect on the *sophy* [the natural affection] of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the virago of her yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow in defence of those chickens, which in a few weeks she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus an hen, just become a mother, is no longer that placid bird she used to be, but with feathers standing an end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms at the sight of an hawk, whom they will persecute till he leaves that district. A very exact observer has often remarked, that a pair of ravens nesting in the rock of Gibraltar, would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest near their station, but would drive them from the hill with amazing fury: even the blue thrush at the season of breeding would dart out from the clefts of the rocks to chase away the kestrel, or the sparrow-hawk. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondness, but will wait about at a distance with meat in her mouth for an hour together.

The flycatcher of the Zoology (the *stapara* of Ray) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But an hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded,

Hib. May. Jan. 1780.

and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A farther instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird a friend and myself had observed as she sat in her nest; but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no nest could be found till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were, carelessly thrown over the nest in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder.

A still more remarkable mixture of sagacity and instinct occurred to me one day as my people were pulling off the lining of an hotbed, in order to add some fresh dung. From out of the side of this bed leaped an animal with great agility that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken; when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouse, with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that the desultory and rapid motions of this dam should not have obliged her litter to quit their hold, especially when it appeared that they were so young as to be both naked and blind!

To these instances of tender attachment, many more of which might be daily discovered by those that are studious of nature, may be opposed that rage of affection, that monstrous perversion of the *sophy*, which induces some females of the brute creation to devour their young because their owners have handled them too freely, or removed them from place to place! Swine, and sometimes the more gentle race of dogs and cats, are guilty of this horrid and preposterous murder. When I hear now and then of an abandoned mother that destroys her offspring, I am not so much amazed; since reason perverted, and the bad passions let loose, are capable of any enormity: but why the parental feelings of brutes, that usually flow in one most uniform tenor, should sometimes be so extravagantly diverted, I leave to abler philosophers than myself to determine.

Their social Attachments.

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment; the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only

not

not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so

milk in a spoon, and about the same time a cat kittenned, and the young were dispatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fowl, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency, such as they use towards their kittens, and something like gamboling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predaceous one.

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *Felis*, the *marinus leo*, as Linnæus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kitten had awakened in her breast; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of the strange circumstance which grave historians as well as the poets assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvelous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nurtured by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody graminivorous malkin.

— “ viridi foetam Mavortis in antro
“ Procubuisse lupam: geminos huic ubera
circum

manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it shewed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered: so that the notion, that bats go down chimnies and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion, that bats when down on a flat surface cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more dispatch than I was aware of; but in a more ridiculous and grotesque manner.

Bats drink on the wing, like swallows, by sipping the surface, as they play over pools and streams. They love to frequent waters, not only for the sake of drinking, but on account of insects, which are found over them in the greatest plenty. As I was going, some years ago, pretty late, in a boat from Richmond to Sunbury, on a warm summer's evening, I think I saw myriads of bats between the two places: the air swarmed with them all along the Thames, so that hundreds were in flight at a time.

The great large bat* (which by the by is at present a nondescript in England, and what I have never been able to procure) retires or migrates very early in the summer: it also ranges very high for its food, feeding in a different region of the air; and that is the reason I never could procure one. Now this is exactly the case with the swifts; for they take food in a more exalted region than the other species, and are very seldom seen hawking for flies near the ground, or over the surface of the water. From hence I would conclude that these *hirundines*, and the larger bats, are supported by some kind of high-flying gnats, scarabs, or *phalæna*, that are of short continuance; and that the short stay of these strangers is regulated by the defect of their food.

The summer through I have seen but two of that large species of bat which I call *vespertilio altivolans*, from its manner of feeding high in the air: I procured one of them, and found it to be a male; and made no doubt, as they accompanied together, that

N O T E.

* The little bat appears almost every month in the year; but I have never seen the large ones till the end of April, nor after July. They are common in June, but never in any plenty; are a rare species with

the other was a female: but, happening in an evening or two to procure the other likewise, I was somewhat disappointed, when it appeared to be also of the same sex. This circumstance, and the greatest scarcity of this sort, at least in these parts, occasions some suspicions in my mind whether it may not be the male part of the more known species, one of which may supply many females; as is known to be the case in sheep, and some other quadrupeds. But this doubt can only be cleared by a farther examination, and some attention to the sex, of more specimens: all that I know at present is, that my two were amply furnished with the parts of generation much resembling those of a boar.

In the extent of their wings they measured fourteen inches and an half; and four inches and an half from the nose to the tip of the tail: their heads were large, their nostrils bilobated, their shoulders broad and muscular; and softer than the fur, which was of a bright colour; their maws were full of food, but so macerated that the quality could not be distinguished; their livers, kidneys, and hearts, were large, and their bowels covered with fat. They weighed each, when entire, full one ounce and one drachm. Within the ear there was somewhat of a peculiar structure that I did not understand perfectly; but refer it to the observation of the curious anatomist. These creatures sent forth a very rancid and offensive smell.

Account of Thomas Frye.

IT has been the fate of this ingenious artist to be over-looked in a very extraordinary and very reprehensible manner, by those who have professed to preserve the memory of such persons as have excelled in the arts, and to transmit their names with due honour to posterity. Mr. Walpole omits to mention even his name; and Mr. Strutt, in his imperfect and erroneous work, has shewn in a few lines, that he knew nothing of the person he was writing about. To supply the defects of one Author, and to correct the blunders of the other, would be objects not unworthy the Hibernian Magazine. A better motive, however, actuates us on the present occasion, viz. to do justice to the memory of neglected genius.

Thomas Frye was born in or near Dublin, in the year 1710, and received what education he had in the kingdom of his nativity. It is asserted, that he was indebted to strong and natural genius only for his knowledge in the art he possessed, from which it may be presumed, that his master (for he had one) was neither eminent nor skilful. Certain it is, that he early resorted to London, as the place where

talents were most likely to receive encouragement. The companion of his journey was one Stoppelaer, an artist likewise, who was also a player. It is unnecessary to add, that he was in each profession equally contemptible*. This removal was made at an early period of his life, as we find he was in London in the year 1738, when he had the honour of painting a picture of Frederick Prince of Wales, which afterwards hung in Sadler's Hall, where probably it may be yet seen.

After he had continued to be a painter for some years, a scheme was set on foot to introduce the art of making china into England; and a manufactory was established at Bow, of which Mr. Frye was solicited to undertake the management. This he engaged in with alacrity, and to bring it to perfection, spent fifteen years of his life among furnaces, which had so ill an effect on his health, that he had nearly destroyed his constitution. The undertaking, however, was not prosperous. The white clay used in it, which was brought from South Caro-

N O T E.

* Of this man many whimsical and ridiculous stories are in circulation. The following is one from good authority. It was his custom when any of his brethren died to assert that he had lent them money in their life-times. One night, at the Cyder-Cellar in Maiden-Lane, some persons who were acquainted with this foible in Stoppelaer, told him on his coming down, that Dunstall the Comedian, then in a corner of the room, had died suddenly. The unlucky artist immediately declared, that he should lose some money by the supposed dead man, whose memory he began to make so free with, that Dunstall, who heard him with patience for some time, could contain himself no longer, but rushed out and knocked him down. One time he received some overtures from Rich, the Manager, to whom he sent the following curious letter in answer:

S I R,

I thank you for the fever you intended me; but have had a violent cold and hoarseness upon me this twelve months, which continued above six months, and is not gone yet, and I am apprehensive it will return. I can but just keep my head above water by

lina, had so great a tax laid on it, that china when made, was necessarily obliged to be sold at too high a price. The vessels which were made, were esteemed very fine; particularly in the elegant designs, and manner of painting the figures, which exhibit the abilities of our artist to great advantage. Such of them as remain at this day are highly prized among the curious; and is certain, that he had brought the art to such perfection, that in some particulars he equaled, and in others exceeded the Chinese themselves; particularly in point of transparency and painting. In glazing, his was defective. From the ruins of this manufactory, those of Chelsea and Worcester have their origin.

In the prosecution of this unsuccessful scheme, he impaired his health, and to recover it, determined to go into Wales. During his progress thither, and while he remained there, he painted portraits in order to defray the expences of his journey; and met with so much encouragement, that he saved some money; and what was of more importance to him, entirely re-established his constitution.

On his return to London, he took a house in Hatton-Garden, and resumed his profession with great eagerness. He also excelled the art of scraping metzotinto's, which he brought to great perfection. At the beginning of his present Majesty's reign, he undertook to give the public prints of both the King and Queen, and used to frequent the Playhouse in order to obtain likenesses.

It is reported, that this was perceived, and both their Majesties had the condescension to look towards the artist, in order to afford him an opportunity of perfecting his work. Both these metzotintos were executed in a very superior style; the hair particular may vie with the first engraving and the lace and drapery were equally exquisite. After this he scraped about sixteen heads of the same large size, chiefly from imagination, as the ladies at that time were applied to, would not consent to sit for their portraits, pleading in excuse, that they did not know what company they might be placed in.

It was not long, however, that this ingenious man was permitted to exercise his art. He had been some time at work, and

fellow, and after marrying a pot girl at an alehouse, died in a barn in a state of intoxication. He had also two daughters, who assisted at painting the china at Bow. They both married indiscreetly, and gave their father much uneasiness. Both died in obscurity. The unhappy state of Mr. Frye's family occasioned him to leave the greatest part of his property to his widow.

Mr. Frye possessed many excellent qualities: he was open, affable, and humane, very industrious, and when unsuccessful, or in ill health, patient under the pressures of affliction. He was particularly kind to young artists; whom he often permitted to stand by him, while he was working, in order that they might improve themselves. He was an excellent miniature painter. His pictures in general are well finished, the colouring correct and lasting, and much prized by those who possess them. One of them is that of Mr. Ellis, from which the *Scriviners Company* (of which that Gentleman has been four times master) had a private plate scraped by Mr. Pether. Our artist had the honour to be on terms of familiarity with the present excellent President of the Royal Academy, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Ellis.

After his death the following epitaph appeared in the public papers; but we do not apprehend it has ever been put on his tomb-stone.

To the memory of Thomas Frye, a painter. Ireland gave him birth, and Nature his profession.

To London he very early resorted,
Where his great talents could not long lie undiscovered.

About the age of twenty-eight, he had the honour of painting his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales.

His genius was not confined to that art,
For he was the inventor and first manufacturer of Porcelain in England:

To bring which to perfection

He spent fifteen years among furnaces,
Till his constitution was near destroyed:
He therefore quitted these works, and retired into Wales.

(Expecting with resignation the fate common to all.)

Change of country soon restored him to health;

In twelve months he returned to London,
And resumed his natural profession.

At once he broke out upon the world,
As the sun from behind a cloud,
And sunk as suddenly as that sinks in the deep.

To his beloved art he fell a martyr;
For his intense application

Brought on his dissolution with the haste of the most precipitate consumption!

He waved his hand as if painting,
Till the final gasp put an end to his labours.
This happened on the second day of April 1762,

When he was arrived at his fifty-second year.

No one was more happy in delineating the human countenance:

He had the correctness of Van Dyke, and the colouring of Rubens.

In miniature painting he equalled, if not excelled the famous Cooper;

And left some fine specimens of his abilities of that sort of engraving called *metzotinto*. To say he was an honest man is but barely to do him justice,

For he inherited every social virtue:
And you who are no strangers to the heart-breaking pang

When the ghastly tyrant severs the strongest knot of amity,

Can only know what his friends felt on the loss of him.

Extract of a Memoir on those Filaments, Spots, or Globules, that affect the Eyes. By M. Demours, of Paris.

PERSONS subject to such spots give different accounts of the way in which they perceive them. They appear to some like undulating threads, to others like thin mists, stars with tails, little black tufts of cotton, serpents, small black points floating in the atmosphere, globules, semi-transparent ribbands and knots, or little portions of gum half dissolved in water; never having more opacity than is necessary to make them be distinguished from the mass of the air, especially when they are examined in a clear day.

All these minute appearances ascend when the eyes are suddenly lifted up, for instance, from the ground to the sky; and if the eyes are then fixed on a cloud or other object, they descend slowly to the under part of the eye, and disappear while the same object is kept in view, but upon the least motion of the eye they quit the place they had fallen to by their weight, and are again perceived. Of all these spots, those that appear like threads are the easiest observed by those who are troubled with them. These threads are the easiest observed by those who are troubled with them. These threads or filaments, have vague appearances, according to the motion of the eye they are bent to certain parts, and these changes are most evident, as they descend opposite to the axis of the eye. There are frequently two or three of them more distinct than the rest, but often a infinity of smaller ones not so easily perceived.

ceived, and a prodigious multitude of minute globules, some standing single, others in bundles, that seem, with the filaments, to fall like a very small rain, when, after having suddenly lifted up the eyes, the person directs them to a luminous object, to a white wall; for a certain quantity of light is necessary in order that the shadow of these minute bodies may fall distinctly on the retina, especially as they are not perfectly opaque, and affect but little the transparency of the eye. There are also sometimes little grate-like bodies, some of which are heavier and descend more rapidly; in general, the filaments are the lightest, and are always last in falling; they are like bent barometer tubes, semi transparent, in which there sometimes appear globules obscure toward the centre, and which look like small soap bubbles.

All these appearances are but faint in a chamber which is not very light. In the evening they must be sought for attentively on white paper, and then they appear like little portions of smoke hardly perceptible. It is true, they are observable imperfectly in the flame of a candle, holding the eyes half shut. They are also seen, although faintly, by directing the eyes to the sky in strong sunshine, and lifting them often without opening them. When they are sought for in a clear sky, or when it is covered with white clouds, or in any other place strongly illuminated, they are best perceived when the eyes are half shut. They are seen very distinctly in a fog, from the reflection of water, and on snow. Some see them with both eyes, others however with one eye only.

These minute appearances descend by their gravity to the bottom of the eye when it is directed to an object somewhat elevated: when the face is held downward, and the eye fixed on a white object, they are collected towards the extremity of the axis of the organ, where they are observed more at leisure. When the head is backwards they go to the upper part of the eye, in that position the lowest.

Although these semi opaque atoms are astonishingly minute, they must be possessed of a certain degree of extent, as they exist on the outside of a lenticular-shaped body, which has the property of magnifying objects; and I conceive that they could hardly be seen if they were within it. Their diameter seems to increase in proportion to the distance of the place on which they are examined. A filament viewed on a leaf of white paper in a strong light appears to be about one sixth of a line in diameter, and an inch long. When the eyes are fixed on a white wall distant about 20 or 30 feet, it seems to be two lines in diameter, and more

than a foot long. These phenomena are easily accounted for upon the principles of optics.

An experiment made by de la Hire, throws light on these moveable spots: it consists in receiving on paper, or on white linen, the rays of the sun through a pane of glass, in which are to be found those grains, bubbles and threads, which are so commonly met with in glass, and which, although transparent, give a different refraction from that of the glass in which they are contained. These grains, bubbles and threads, appear on the linen or paper as the little bodies in question on the retina.

The nature of this imperfection in the eye is not well understood. Some attribute it to the insensibility of some of the fibres in the optic nerve, or to the morbid state of part of the retina. Others consider this explication as defective, because these corpuscles that pass, repass, ascend, descend, and evidently swim in a fluid, would be fixed if they were occasioned by the above causes: they have therefore supposed them seated in the aqueous humour: and others again imagine these appearances, in certain cases, to depend on films made by the lacrymal humour on the cornea. But the true cause seems to be weakness in some of the fibres of the optic nerve, or the morbid state of some of the vessels of the retina.

I was almost at the same time consulted by two ladies of high rank, who were affected with this disposition. The confidence they reposed in me redoubled my endeavours to investigate this matter, and the result of my enquiries I now communicate to the public.

M. le Roi (*Hist. de l'Acad. an. 1760. p. 53.*) relates, that a person labouring under this affection consulted many oculists, who were as much divided as to the seat, the nature, and the cause of it, as with regard to the cure. It was proposed to open the cornea, to let out the aqueous humour, which, it was supposed, contained the peccant matter. This was the most plausible of the known doctrines, because these corpuscles appear to swim in a fluid; but it is overturned by the following facts: In certain cases, very rare it is true, these spots increase, sometimes very rapidly, and form a cloud, the mobility of which gradually diminishes, and then they are succeeded by opacity in the crystalline lens. Accordingly Maitre-Jan, who like many others was not acquainted with their motion, says, that "their connection with those imaginations that precede cataracts made him conjecture that they were occasioned by a disease in some of the fibres that compose the exterior pellicles of the crystalline, or by a dilatation of the veins dispersed over its membrane." The
ancients

ancients thought the cataract formed by branched substances swimming in the aqueous humour, and uniting to compose a pellicle which obstructed the pupil. An observation otherwise accurate led them to this erroneous opinion. The crystalline being the true seat of the cataract, it follows that these spots and filaments that, in particular cases, are symptoms of the approach of this disease, should be seated within the capsule which includes the lens. I know a person who for forty years has seen an innumerable quantity of these spots, and who has had the posterior half of the crystalline in the right eye opaque for upwards of thirty. A lady for whom I was consulted has seen them for fifteen years, and there are little opaque bars very visible in the crystalline of both eyes, so that she sees only imperfectly. Another gentleman sees them in both eyes, and in the left they have been recently converted into a cloud, which is distinctly seen through the pupil, and threatens the crystalline with total opacity. Other examples might be cited; though in general these cases are very rare.

That no doubt might remain as to the seat of this affection, I opened the cornea, in similar circumstances, to let out the aqueous humour, as had been proposed: and the very day after this operation the patients saw the same filaments, the same phenomena, and in the same quantity. One of these patients was a very intelligent man, who would have remarked the slightest alteration if it had happened.

For these reasons, and from these experiments, I think myself authorized to conclude that the seat of these corpuscles is in the humour of Morgagni, of which some small portions, without losing much of their transparency, acquire more considerable density, weight, and power of refraction. This humour, which has received its name from the celebrated anatomist who observed it with the greatest accuracy, surrounds the crystalline, and seems destined for the nourishment of that body which is loose in its capsule. It is perfectly diaphanous, and although in small quantity, the portions of it that acquire a certain degree of opacity, being of extreme tenuity, can move freely in a pretty small quantity of fluid. Some anatomists have called in question the existence of this humour, but it may be easily demonstrated by introducing the point of the lancet into the crystalline of a sheep's eye, after having taken off the cornea, removed the uvea, and wiped carefully the capsule of the crystalline with a dry cloth. There instantly exudes a drop of a limpid humour, which is not always equally remarkable. It would appear to be somewhat of its fluidity after death,

old. Besides, upon making the section of the cornea in the operation for the cataract, when the diameter of the pupil has allowed me to plunge the point of the instrument into it, in order to open the capsule of the crystalline, I have often seen a certain quantity of whitish liquor oozing from the small wound made in the capsule, which was the humour of Morgagni become opaque. I know a person troubled with this affection, and capable of very accurate observation, who sees, among other appearances, in a strong light and clear sky, a gummy line (*ligne gommeuse* to use his own expression) which appears luminous, changes its position but slowly, according to the different motions of the eye, and which can be owing only to an extremely slight undulation of the outer stratum of the crystalline, the density of which is little more considerable than that of the humour of Morgagni.

The diagnostic is not difficult, but the disease must be carefully distinguished from those spots that are fixed with regard to the axis of vision, and which, as they are generally occasioned by affections of the optic nerve or retina, are symptoms of an approaching palsy of one or other of these parts, especially when they are recent and increase. These demand immediate attention; but those we speak of are to the cataract what the gravel is to the stone; and though for one person afflicted with the stone there are many subject to the gravel, yet I imagine the proportion in the present case is still more considerable: for of 700 persons affected with these spots, there are scarcely two in whom they indicate a disposition to cataract. However, in practice the proportion does not seem so great: for all who begin to lose their sight immediately apply for advice, while great numbers totally disregard the appearances I have been describing, and never consult the Faculty concerning them. They are exceedingly common, and do not seem to be either caused or continued by intense application of the eyes.

The best remedy is to quiet the fears of such as are alarmed with them, by assuring them that these fancies, which increase but slowly during the first five or six years, continue during the remainder of life without any sort of inconvenience; that they require no remedy, nor even any precautions while they are unaccompanied with other diseases: and that when the mind is once at rest, they are disregarded and never observed but when purposely sought for, except in broad sunshine, when they are very sensible, but without pain. I know many who have seen them for 30 or 40 years without finding their number or figure to alter in any degree.

The experiments I have made and forty cases sent to me from different provinces, added to the answers I have given to eighty-eight persons who have consulted me since I began seriously to investigate the nature of this affection, make me hope that I have discovered it.

Essays on Shakspeare's Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff, and on his Imitation of Female Characters. To which are added, some general Observations on the Study of Shakspeare. By Mr. Richardson, Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.

IT is an attribute peculiar to Shakespeare only of all dramatic writers, that of his characters we may discourse, reason, and infer actions from principles with the same ease and certainty as of our most intimate friends, so deeply did he penetrate, so thoroughly search, and so accurately describe that strange, mysterious, and almost inscrutable labyrinth, the human heart.—Nature herself speaks through him, “*with most miraculous organ* ;” it is not effort, but inspiration: with such ease has he produced what no toil could have extorted, that it may well be questioned if he was himself aware of his own power. No animal is strong, but by comparison with others. Like a Samson in a solitude, without equal or competitor, what he found of such facility, he conceived not to be laborious; and to this may be referred the carelessness and inattention with which his works were during his life-time published, and the consequent difficulties, obscurities, and depravations of his text, to purify and restore which has not been thought a work beneath even the mitre and ermine: a Warburton and a Blackstone may be found in the number of his commentators, and the first critic and the first poet of this nation have been content to borrow some from the illustration of his page.

Shakespeare has been said by Pope, to afford, of all writers, the fullest and fairest object for criticism; not that petty art which bounds itself in the punctuation of a sentence, the restoration of a letter, or an additional various reading to a thousand various readings before; but that noble and manly science which views with the caution, the candour, and the perspicuity of true philosophy, the whole scope and tendency, the delineation and execution, the end and the means which Genius adopts in some grand design, and of which Genius in a high degree contemporaneous should alone presume to judge. When Longinus expands to view the sublime of the great Father of Poetry, when Johnson traces the fiery genius of Shakespeare, the heaven and hell in Ariel and Caliban and the Witches, we feel and

acknowledge that consentaneity of spirit, the basis of true criticism, and scarcely know which to prefer, the bard or his commentator. If such be the honour of the genuine critic, proportionable is his disgrace, who without taste or feeling, without soul or spirit, labours by “*metaphysical aid*,” and abstruse disquisition to cloud the brilliancy, confuse the perspicuity, quench the humour, and blunt the wit of the author whom he purports to illustrate and explain. “*Pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*”—praise either unfounded, or advanced on grounds unintelligible to common understandings, is more prejudicial than direct censure. Woe be to Shakespeare, for Professor Richardson has found, that for a right conception and perfect relish of old Jack Falstaff, it is necessary to betake ourselves to black metaphysics: but still rather woe to the Reader who needs the Professor's book to shew him why he is, or rather should *not* be, pleased with the jolly knight, who, if the Professor's idea of him be correct, is fit to give pleasure only to the sable spectators of the theatre in Pandemonium.

That Sir John is a favourite with the audience, that we regard him *con amore*, that we relish his jests, that we are fond of his company from a principal something better than merely the amusement he affords us; and finally, that we follow him to the Fleet with regret, and hear of his death with a sorrow which even the conviction, “*that he is in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom*,” cannot remove, is a truth which we may call the feelings of every spectator to witness; yet see the monster that we thus admire and love! “The desire of gratifying the grosser and lower appetites, is the ruling and strongest principle in the mind of Falstaff.” He is a coward, “rather from deliberation than constitution; desirous of the appearance of merit, but of the reality quite unconcerned; boastful and vain glorious; where he can venture it insolent, arrogant and overbearing; deceitful, and an hypocrite; injurious, incapable of gratitude or friendship, and vindictive.” Such are the leading qualities of Falstaff in the eyes of the worthy Professor! Let us now contrast this with a sketch by another hand, who is indeed calculated to do justice to “poor old Jack.”

“To me then it appears that the leading quality in Falstaff's character, and that from which all the rest take their colour, is a high degree of wit and humour, accompanied with great vigour and alacrity of mind. This quality so accompanied, led him probably very early into life, and made him highly accep-

N O T E.

§ “*Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*,” 8vo. 1787.

table to society; so acceptable as to make it seem unnecessary for him to acquire any other virtue. Hence perhaps his continued debaucheries and dissipations of every kind: he seems by nature to have had a mind free from malice or any evil principle, but he never took the trouble of acquiring any good one: he found himself esteemed and beloved with all his faults; nay, *for* his faults, which were all connected with humour, and for the most part grew out of it. As he had, possibly, no vices but such as he thought might openly be professed, so he appeared more dissolute through ostentation. To the character of wit and humour, to which all his other qualities seem to have conformed themselves, he appears to have added a very necessary support, that of the profession of a soldier. He had from nature, as I presume to say, a spirit of boldness and enterprise, which in a military age, though employment was only occasional, kept him always above contempt, secured him an honourable reception among the great, and suited best both with his particular mode of humour and of vice. Thus living continually in society, nay even in taverns, and indulging himself, and being indulged by others in every debauchery; drinking, whoring, gluttony and ease; assuming a liberty of fiction necessary perhaps to his wit, and often falling into falsity and lies, he seems to have set by degrees all sober reputation at defiance; and finding eternal resources in his wit, he borrows, shifts, defrauds, and even robs without dishonour: laughter and approbation attend his greatest excesses, and being governed visibly by no settled bad principle or ill design, fun and humour account for and cover all. By degrees, however, and thro' indulgence, he acquires bad habits, becomes an humourist, grows enormously corpulent, and falls into the infirmities of age; yet never quits, all the time, one single levity or vice of youth, or loses any of that cheerfulness of mind which had enabled him to pass through this course with ease to himself, and delight to others; and thus at last mixing youth and age, enterprise and corpulency, wit and folly, poverty and expence, title and buffoonery, innocence as to purpose, and wickedness as to practice; neither incurring hatred by bad principle, or contempt by cowardice, yet involved in circumstances productive of imputation in both; a butt, and a wit, a humourist and a man of humour, a touchstone and a laughing-stock, a jester and a jest; has *Sir John Falstaff*, taken at that period of his life in which we see him, become the most perfect comic character that perhaps ever was exhibited."

Such is the Falstaff of Mr. Morgan, of Shakespeare, of Nature.—What each may be in his social capacity, we confess ourselves

ignorant; but taking their conception of *this* character, as a guide to their own, we believe few of our readers would hesitate between the critics, were they to chuse a friend or a companion: the asperity of the one, the the good-nature (a word honourable to our language as untranslatable) of the other appears on the surface. We have said, that of Shakespeare's Characters we may discuss and reason; still more is it to his honour that from them we can *feel*. So thoroughly are we ourselves attached to "sweet Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff," that we enter heartily into his resentments, and cannot be easily in charity with Professor Richardson, for his attack on our old friend:

"*Had FALSTAFF lived, he durst not so have tempted him.*"

In Mr. Morgan's "Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff," which we have quoted above, and contrasted with Mr. Richardson's, there is one assertion which will probably surprise the generality of our readers; viz. that the knight was valiant, notwithstanding the various judicious appearances of cowardice which beset him through the play. Of this, until our perusal of his admirable essay, we were never conscious; and even yet we know not what to say, *si non è vera è ben trovata*. If his hypothesis be not true, it deserves to be so, from the ingenuity he displays in defence of it; yet one objection we will throw out, which seems to have escaped him. Prince Henry, no ill judge of mankind, and perfectly acquainted with Falstaff, tells him gravely and expressly to his face, that he is "*a natural coward without instinct*;" an opinion which it will not, on Mr. Morgan's principles, be easy to adopt, yet is equally hard to be refuted. For our parts, we must declare with Sir Roger de Coverly, "that much may be said on both sides." The galleries of our theatres are clamorous against the courage of the knight; Mr. Morgan, though alone, is strenuous and "bold in his defence."

"*Fidrix causâ sua Diti placuit, sed vilis Catoni!*"

But we forget Mr. Richardson.—The great objection which we have to his Essay, after its ill-nature to our old friend, is the extreme metaphysical abstruseness of it; Locke and Mallebranche are not more difficult; and to *illustrate and explain* Shakespeare by wrapping him in impenetrable darkness, is a mode more novel than praiseworthy. Of his remarks, very many are just, very many more too profound, and not a few spun of too subtle a thread to be by us disentangled: our immortal bard is wrapped in a critical cobweb, which the besom

of common sense must sweep away into the dust-hole of oblivion!

In one or two places he palpably mistakes his author. Falstaff is, according to Mr. Richardson, even hypocritical, and tells the Chief Justice that he has "*lost his voice SINGING OF ANTHEMS.*" In the original it is, "*HALLOOING and singing of anthems;*" and so far from hypocrisy, Falstaff is fairly employed in bantering the Chief Justice, whom indeed he treats with a levity highly indecent, but by no means hypocritical. "*He that will caper with me,* says the unwieldy Jack, *for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and bawle at him.*" Surely challenging thus indirectly the Chief Justice of England to a game at leap-frog, though sufficiently ludicrous, is very far from hypocrisy; a vie much too difficult of attainment for Falstaff, whose ease is his idol, ever to attempt.

In another place we differ from the Professor.

"Among many others, the first scene between Falstaff and the Chief Justice is highly humorous. It contains no wit in the beginning, which is indeed the most *amusing* part of the dialogue: and the witticisms introduced in the conclusion, excepting the first or second puns, are neither of a superior kind, nor executed with great success." The Justice comes to reprove Falstaff: and the amusement consists in Falstaff's pretending, first of all, not to see him; and then, in pretending deafness, so as neither to understand his message, nor the purport of his conversation.—*Ch. Jus.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.—*Falstaff.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.—*Ch. Jus.* Sir John, I sent for you, before your expedition to Shrewsbury.—*Falstaff.* If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.—*Ch. Jus.* I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.—*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.—*Ch. Jus.* Well, Heaven mend him. I pray, let me speak with you.—*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood; a whoreson tingling.—*Ch. Jus.* What tell you me of it! be it as it is.—*Fal.* It hath its original in much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain, &c.—The Chief Justice becomes at length impatient, and compels Falstaff to hear and give him a direct answer. But the Knight is not without his resources. Driven out of the strong hold of humour, he betakes himself to the weapons of wit.—*Ch. Jus.* Your wazens are very slender, and your waffe great.—*Fal.* I would it were

otherwise. I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.—Falstaff is not unacquainted with the nature and value of his talents. He employs them not merely for the sake of merriment, but to promote some design. *He wishes by his drollery in this scene, to "cajole the Chief Justice."*

In the first part of this passage in italics, surely we need not a critical finger-post to point out the way; the difficulty would be to miss humour so very broad. As a fault of less import, we object to the jejune, pitiful and inadequate word "*amusement,*" applied to the mellow, rich and glowing fancy, fun and wit of the jolly Knight. We cannot but condemn the sincerity of him who is "*amused*" by Falstaff, yet affects to relish Shakespeare. In the second passage we are told, that "*he wishes by his drollery in this scene to cajole the CHIEF JUSTICE.*" Far from it: he banters and laughs at him to his face: he considers himself as entirely his equal; "*his humble duty remembered, he will not be A SUITOR to his lordship:*" he holds him at defiance on another occasion; he retorts the Chief Justice's unpoliteness in not attending to his speaking by similar conduct of his own, when his lordship addresses him; and so far is he from wishing to *cajole* one whom he certainly did not fear, that he tells him his ill manners is "*a trick he learned of one just now,*" meaning his lordship: "*tap for tap, my lord, and so part fair.*" This is a very new mode, and were it not for Professor Richardson's assertion, we would call it a very extraordinary mode of *cajoling* a great man: but the truth is, Falstaff stood on higher ground than he could be raised to by the favour of the Chief Justice, who, though judicially, he might lift him to "*as big a shrow as the ridge of the gallows,*" yet in any other department would find him too hot and too heavy to handle, relying as he did on his courage for protection, and his wit and humour for his defence.

On the whole, we are sorry we cannot applaud this work, of Professor Richardson, though we will not affirm that in our opinion we are not biased by our affection for the chef d'œuvre of Shakespeare. "*We could have better spared a better man;*" and old Jack shall never want an advocate or a defender, while we can brandish the stump of a pen:

"Else wherefore breathe we in a Christian land?"

Substance of the Report of the Physicians, delivered to the House of Lords and Commons, respecting the State of the King's health.

Dr. Warren called in, and examined upon
O. b.

QUESTION.—Do you think his Majesty's present disorder to be such as incapacitates

incapacitates him from meeting his Parliament in the usual manner, and transacting the public business of the nation?

Answer.—I think his Majesty's disorder denies him the capacity of transacting any public business.

Q.—Do you think his Majesty's disorder a curable or incurable malady?

A.—I think the disorder is a curable malady.

Q.—Upon what do you ground your opinion?

A.—Upon experience in some instances—upon the report of physical men in others—many persons in his Majesty's present state having recovered.

Q.—Can you take upon you to say in what time the malady may be removed?

A.—That is impossible for me to ascertain.

Sir George Baker examined upon oath.

His evidence was pretty nearly the same as Doctor Warren's, with the addition that he took upon him to say, that the disorder was curable, from a variety of instances, in which persons labouring under a similar malady were restored to their former health; and that it was his opinion, there was a probability of his Majesty being relieved, and reinstated in a situation of mind and body, equal to what he enjoyed before he was visited by his present illness.

Sir Lucas Pepys examined upon oath.

His opinion in respect to the disorder being curable, confirmed that of the two gentlemen whose examination preceded him. He said, that the malady not being hereditary, made it the more easy to be removed, and that from what he had known in his own practice, and from persons attending different hospitals, there was every reason to believe that his Majesty's disorder would be removed, but as to the time he could not take upon him to ascertain it—it might be weeks or months.

Dr. Reynolds examined upon oath.

The Doctor coincided in opinion, that the disorder was curable, and that there were variety of instances to warrant the justice of that opinion. Every physical man, he said, had in his practice met with one or more of those cases, and they all tended to verify the fact of such a malady being removable.

Dr. Addington examined upon oath.

Q.—Do you think that his Majesty's present disorder incapacitates him for public business?

A.—I do.

Q.—Can you take upon you to say the disorder is of such a nature, that a cure may be perfected?

A.—I can affirm that to be my opinion.

Q.—On what do you ground that opinion?

A.—On similar cases which have come within my own knowledge. I have known many persons labouring under the same disorder, and in a worse state, perfectly cured; and I have every reason to expect such will in time be his Majesty's relief.

Q.—In what time do you suppose this malady may be removed?

A.—I cannot take upon me precisely to determine; it may be in a week, or in a month; some have not been relieved in less than a year. This I can aver, that finding persons in the neighbourhood of Reading much addicted to that unhappy disorder, I built a house there, and at times have had eight or ten under my care, all of whom were perfectly cured within the year. They might indeed have been ill, perhaps, many months before they were sent to me; but this I can aver upon oath, I never knew an instance during my practice, wherein a patient afflicted with that kind of malady, under which his Majesty labours, and whom I deemed curable, that was not restored perfectly to his former state of health, and as capable as ever of transacting business; and, on the contrary, those that I deemed incurable, never did recover.

To each gentleman the leading question was, Whether the King was capable of transacting business? And to which they respectively answered, that he was not.

The Rev. Dr. Francis Willis called in and examined.

Whether, in his opinion, the state of his Majesty's health is, or is not, such as to render his Majesty incapable, either of coming to Parliament, or of attending to public business?

He certainly is not capable.

What hopes has Dr. Willis of his Majesty's recovery?

I have great hopes of his Majesty's recovery. If it were any other person but his Majesty, I should scarce entertain a doubt: when his Majesty reflects upon an illness of this kind, it may depress his spirits, and retard his cure more than a common person.

Can Dr. Willis form any judgment, or probable conjecture, of the time which his Majesty's illness is likely to last?

I cannot.

What degree of experience has Dr. Willis had of the particular species of disorder with which his Majesty is afflicted?

A great deal for twenty-eight years; I imagine I have never had less than thirty patients every year of the time.

Whether Dr. Willis founds his opinion, in his answer to the second question, upon the particular symptoms of his Majesty's case.

or upon his experience of the disorder in general, or upon both?

Upon both.

Whether, in his Majesty's disorder, Dr. Willis sees any present signs of convalescence?

I cannot say that I do; at the same time there is every thing leading towards it, as the irritation has, in a great measure, subsided, which must precede convalescence, or any appearance of it: it must come on very gradually.

Whether Dr. Willis learns from experience, that the greater number of persons, who have been afflicted with this disorder, have recovered?

A very great majority; I do not think I should speak false, if I said nine out of ten, of those that have been put under my care, within three months after they had begun to be afflicted with the disorder.

Whether every cure in the same person, of a disorder which has returned, is included in the calculation of the whole number of cures?

If a person has been twice brought under my care, and twice cured, I reckon two cures, as I should of a fever.

Has the greater number of men, that has been afflicted with this disorder, recovered?

I never calculated that; I did not think there was any difference between the two sexes as to the facility of cure.

What state of his patients does he consider as a cure?

Their being able to take upon themselves the conduct of their own affairs, and to do the same business they were used to do before they fell ill.

What is the shortest space of time within which, in his experience, he has known persons, affected as his Majesty is, restored to health?

Six weeks or two months is the shortest, I believe.

Does Dr. Willis see any thing in his Majesty's case, which enables him to pronounce that his Majesty will be restored to health

How long has Dr. Willis attended his Majesty?

Since Friday morning last.

Whether, from your own observation, from the particulars which have been communicated to you, you can assign any known cause to which, in your judgment, his Majesty's disorder is referable?

From my own experience with regard to his Majesty, I cannot say any thing; but from a very particular detail of his mode and manner of life for twenty-seven years I do imagine, that weighty business, severe exercise, and too great abstemiousness, and little rest, has been too much for his constitution. It is very early to give an opinion, and I may be mistaken; but I am the more inclined to think myself right, because the medicine that has been given his Majesty ever since Sunday morning, and was intended to meet and counteract these causes, has had as much effect as I could wish; and his Majesty has certainly been gradually better from the first six hours of his taking it.

Whether you have reason to believe, that the circumstances you have enumerated are frequently causes of this disorder?

I believe they are very frequently.

Where the disorder has arisen from such causes, have you frequently known it cured?

Very frequently.

Have the greater number of those cases been cured or not?

Certainly. I believe they are more easily to be cured, than where the disorder proceeds from excessive drinking, or other intemperance, or some other causes. [Withdrawn]

Evander and Caramanta:

A Love Romance.

PRINCE Evander, under the name of Cleophilus, and the humble disguise of a shepherd, had retired to Legæum, a small town in Arcadia, where it was his good fortune to meet with the poet Theocritus, and Simas, a faithful servant of the rightful heirs to the throne of Arcadia. To them he made known the state of his affairs.

manta. On the appointed day, the King, his beautiful daughter, and all the ladies placed themselves on scaffolds erected for their better accommodation. Telfander, having entered the lists with his followers, at one gate; I came in at the other, leading my champions dressed in a manner similar to those of the Prince, and passed myself by him, not wishing to tilt with Telfander, lest I should incur his displeasure. My armour was silver, but plain; my shield, of the same metal, represented the blind goddess, holding the plate of steel and a graver, which she offered to the god of love, with this motto, *Whatever you please*: to give the Princess to understand, that however ill I had been treated by fortune, it was in the power of love to better my destiny. That Caramanta might more fully comprehend my meaning, I whispered to her as I passed along; "You see, Madam, this fortune alone is not to blame; it is in the power of love to counteract her malice."

"Telfander was the first to take his career. He fought with advantage against two Argian knights, and a third had just yielded to him, when a stranger made his appearance. He was mounted on a black steed: his armour of polished steel, was set with precious stones: and he had for device on his shield a Cupid in the attitude of tettering an anvil, with this motto;

Of steel I shall a scepter make.

And having obtained leave to enter the lists, he made up towards the place where Telfander waited to receive him, and they began a joust which ended disgracefully for the Prince; his assailant having received the thrust of Telfander's lance on his shield, without so much as being moved, struck at him with such force that he was unhorsed, and so stunned by the fall, that his Esquires were obliged to bear him away from the lists. The intrepid stranger made an easy conquest of those whom he fought after this exploit. He was about to be proclaimed conqueror, when, rushing with impetuosity

better equipped than the stranger was; I gave orders, nevertheless for him to be let in. He ran against me with great impetuosity and seeming anger; it appeared evident that he was not actuated by the love of glory, as our joust resembled a bloody duel between two furious rivals. This unaccountable rage made me not spare him, and gave me great advantage over an enemy who fought with more petulance than courage. I made so desperate a thrust at him, that I beat to the ground the enraged tilter, who fell above ten yards from me. He let up a hideous groan, and the lace of his helmet being broke, every spectator beheld with astonishment the well-known features of the Prince of Argos. I was seized with horror at the sight, and ran to help him up. "Am I then so unfortunate, said I to him, as to dispute any thing against so revered a friend? Believe me, my Lord, the crime is fortune's, not mine; it never shall be said that Evander contended wilfully for a prize which you pretended to. No, my Lord; I give up all claim which may give offence to the son of my benefactor." Telfander could not contain the transports of his rage, and darting at me a most furious look, "Avaunt, said he, preserve thy trophies as thou canst! thy laurels will soon fade, and I hope that a sword shall better answer my purpose than that brittle lance has done." The King overheard these last words with indignation, and having ordered the Prince to withdraw, said to me, "Come, noble Evander, thou hast gained more than one victory this day; be it my care to reward thy deserts:" then laying hold of my hand, he conducted me to the Princess; who, with joy sparkling in her eyes, gave me her picture, set round with most costly brilliants. Great search was made after the stranger whom I had first overcome, but he was gone from Argos; and I, alas! soon reaped the bitter fruits of my fatal triumph.

"Telfander, as soon as he could appear in public, informed his father of all that he knew concerning my love for the Princess; swearing, that were he to lose his life in the

"Caramanta, with an aching heart, gave me an account of the whole transaction.—"My father loves you, said she, for he did not so much as hint that he blamed me for my attachment to Evander." "Notwithstanding, Madam, may he not offer you up a victim on the altar of what he calls the titular god of the state?" "And what if he did?—Hear me, Evander;—I feel for you as much love as I am capable of: the noble sentiments you have ever displayed from your earliest youth, intitle you to this extraordinary instance of female sincerity: but mark me!—I have duties to fulfil from which I shall never swerve; I shall always remain a passive slave to my father's will; and were he to bid his daughter to marry Evander's bitterest foe, Caramanta would obey." "How! not even Palans excepted?"—"No; none." Judge, my dear Simas, what must have been the tortures of thy friend; I was hurt, and yet could not help admiring her for that generous resignation to her father's pleasure.

"The return of the spring summoned all the youth of Argos to the field. The King, at his arrival in the camp, fell dangerously ill; but the attention and skill care of his beloved daughter restored him in a few days to his health and our wishes. A bloody battle was fought near the river Inacus, and had not Providence sent me to his rescue, Caramanta's father must have lost either his life or freedom. "How much am I indebted to you! exclaimed he; but be assured, that in saving me you have preserved not a friend only, but a father; I must and will be your's; and if you really love Caramanta, her hand will be the reward of the eminent service you have done me."

"Teliander, forgetful of what he owed to the King both as his father and sovereign, inveighed in the bitterest terms against, what he called, a mean and disgraceful condescension; blamed his father's gratitude towards me, as the act of an imprudent coward; and, in short, carried his intolerance to

which greatly alarmed us. His physician prescribed his return to Argos, where I was not permitted to follow till a month after his departure. I counted each moment, and every minute of that time was to be a tedious hour; at last I had leave to repair to court. The fair city of Argos, the only one I valued since it contained all that I held dear and lovely, already stood before me and my impatient eye gladdened at the prospect; my faithful steed, as if sharing in my eagerness, had brought me within a few yards of the gate, where they were busy in doubling the guards. I anxiously inquired into the motives of this extraordinary caution. Alas! my friend, the more than father to me, the only man on earth who could make me relish this troublesome life, the good King of Argos, was no more. I flew to the palace; the first person I met was my Caramanta in tears, whom her women had in a manner dragged out of her father's apartment.—"Ah, Prince, cried she, as she passed by me, we are undone!"—She then told me that her father died in such convulsions as gave but too much cause to suspect that some destructive means had been employed to hasten the end of a Prince, who had lived too long for some designing villains, and too little for the honest and worthy part of his subjects. The Princess added, that a few minutes before he expired, he had made his principal ministers and courtiers engage themselves by oath to forward our union, even at the risk of their lives. I was further informed, that the King had hardly breathed his last, when Teliander gave strict orders to guard all the avenues that led to the palace. I thought it my duty to wait on, and condole with him on so heavy a loss. He received me in a manner that shewed me what I was to expect from the barbarous Prince. "My father is dead, said he to me; I now am King and will be obeyed. My first command is that you for ever give up all thoughts of an alliance with me."—"King of Argos, and

shown the most favourable partiality for my unfortunate and deceased father. As they were then at war with the Aborigines, they welcomed me as a Prince who could be of some service to them. I was so successful, that in less than three months I was, by their unanimous choice, invested with the command of their army. One day I was told that a stranger, who said he was bearer of a most important message, desired to see me. He was brought to my tent, and I instantly knew him again for one of Caramanta's confidential servants. He gave me a letter, which was to the following purport:

Caramanta to Evander.

"If fame serve you as faithfully as it has done me since your departure, you must have heard of my present situation, as I have of your exploits. Yet I doubt much whether the advantages which you daily gain in Latium will sufficiently compensate for the loss which you are about to sustain here. There is but one Caramanta, and it is not in the power of the inhabitants of Latium to restore her to your arms, when she once is wedded to Palans."

"How is this? cried I; will the traitor Palans rob me of my love?"—"Prince, replied the messenger, it is but too true. The two Kings have made a peace, and the marriage of my mistress with Palans is the first condition of the treaty." He also informed me of Tullander's voyage to Arcadia before his father's death. It was apprehended that he had then engaged to bestow on the vile usurper the hand of Caramanta, and great rumour prevailed of the barbarous way having hastened, by poison, the death of the late King his father. As the governor of this place owed his fortune to me, he engaged, in case I could carry off the Princess, to let me have a free passage in our way to Latiumus.

"This promise revived my hopes and spirits, and, without considering the dangers which I was about to court, by daring to appear in Argos, where a few days before

you loved Evander, sure you will not give your hand to his worst enemy. Never, no never shall Caramanta be the consort of a tyrant."—"You talk of preventing this union, Evander, as if you had thousands under your command at the gates of Argos. Is Palans in your power, or besieged by your armies? Have you secured the avenues that lead to this capital? In fine, are you in force sufficient to give laws to Tullander in his own palace, and compel him to give you my hand? Alas! my dearest Evander, we have no hopes left, and for ever we must part. That chaste and tender passion which was to have been the source of our mutual felicity, will be the torment of our lives. If there is any comfort left for the forlorn Caramanta, it is the thought that you will live to cherish and preserve the memory of a Princess, who loved you too well." I offered to carry her off. She started; but after hesitating a few minutes, "Be it so, said she; lose no time to have me in your power, before I am intirely in that of Palans; for if I am once his, remember, Prince, that the husband of Caramanta, be he who he may, must be sacred for Evander, and his life respected as you tender my esteem and love." Having thus said, she bade me retire. I instantly mounted my horse, and hastened with all speed to the place where I had left Turnus. He assisted me in making every necessary preparation, and my plan would have succeeded, had I not been stayed by a fit of illness, when every thing was prepared for its execution.—Alas! whilst a lingering fever wasted my strength, the ambassadors of Palans arrived at Argos, and Caramanta was married by proxy. She passed under my very window, and the shouting of the inhabitants warned me that I was completely undone, and I have outlived that fatal day! The angry gods did not in pity to my woes take from me a life which must henceforth be an insupportable burthen, since Caramanta is the wife of a man who has wrested from my hands a sceptre, which I cannot attempt to recover, without depriving the Princess of

assumed garb of a shepherd." "Oh! Theocritus, what a painful recollection! Alas! it is long since death has freed the unfortunate Evander from the pains which you tell me Cleophilus endures. But were he alive, the respect he ever entertained for me, would not permit him to take a step so detrimental to Caramanta's reputation, as that of settling in Arcadia."—"Love," madam, would plead his cause; and, were the death of Prince Evander"—"No more of him, I beseech you, Theocritus; and, if you would oblige me, let me never hear you mention the name of that ill-fated Prince."

Theocritus was about to reply, that a messenger came to acquaint Caramanta, that the shepherds waited only for her Majesty's presence to begin the games in honour of Pan and the nymph Sirinx. The Queen followed her guide to a flowery mead, situated on the banks of the river Alpheus; in the meadow stood the statues of the god and nymph, cast in brass, and supported on a pedestal of white marble. They had erected, on the opposite side, an amphitheatre, where the Queen and her retinue took their places. Caramanta was delighted with the manner in which the inhabitants of Legæum vied with each other to contribute to the entertainment of their beloved Sovereign. Theocritus, standing behind the Queen, whispered to her that this was Cleophilus. From that instant, and as long as the games lasted, Caramanta did not lose sight of him. When the games were over, she ordered him to be called, and asked him what adventure had brought him to Legæum. "The fortunes of a simple shepherd, said Cleophilus, in a trembling accent, are little worthy of the attention of so great a Queen. The loss of a favourite lamb or an ewe, devoured by a wolf, are the greatest accidents that can befall a man in my humble station; and what might be thought by me an insupportable misfortune, would appear to you in a very different light."

This conversation might have been supported for some time longer, had not the Queen, whose mind was tortured by the most distracting reflections, retired to her apartment, where, being left alone—"Is this Evander? said she to herself; surely it is. The propitious gods have restored him to life, that I might see him once more—What thought is this I dare to indulge? How! Evander in disguise in the same place where Caramanta is! Evander in the dominions of Palans! Impossible! No, no; this was only a shadow come to make me feel more sensibly the wretchedness of my present situation, and the consequences of a barbarous brother having tyrannized over my affections." In these melancholy thoughts

did Caramanta spend the sleepless night; and, rising at day-break, went into the forest of Diana, with one of her ladies in waiting. To the same spot Cleophilus had by chance directed his wandering steps, and met Caramanta at the turning of a walk.—"Evander, said she in an angry tone, is this the care you have for Caramanta's reputation? If you love me, be gone." The Prince was so affected to think that he had given offence to her whom he had valued above himself, that he remained motionless, and, leaning against a tree that prevented his fall, could not for some time recover the power of utterance: at last, however, they began a conversation, in which the Queen displayed the most various sentiments, and Evander all the love that fired his breast. Caramanta, lest they should be surprized, put an end to it in these words: "My honour, Prince, must be dearer to you than your own. Leave this country where we are both exposed to the most imminent danger: do not remain an instant after this interview, if you would have me believe that you have for my commands the respect which you promised ever to preserve. Adieu: and let this be our last farewell." So saying, she rose, and seeing that the Prince was on his knees before her, she gently pressed his head between her hands, and leaning towards him, kissed his cheek, and instantly disappeared; as if the shame of having granted such a favour to any man but her husband, had rendered the sight of Evander odious and insupportable.

Whilst the Prince was lost in raptures, which lovers only can feel or account for, a stranger passing by, asked him if he had seen the Queen: his answer was in the negative, but delivered with so much inattention and indifference, that the stranger, not used to be treated so cavalierly, said to him—"Who art thou, discourteous shepherd, that dar'st to answer me so bluntly? Art thou so little acquainted with this country, as not to know me for the reigning King of Arcadia? Never did a harsher sound grate the ear of Evander. Rage and indignation were so visible in his countenance, that Palans must have perceived the alteration, had he not left Evander abruptly to go in search of the Queen. Petrified, as it were, with horror, Cleophilus stood some time motionless, at last he broke into the following soliloquy:—"And is this my happy rival! This Caramanta's husband, and the usurper of my crown! He shall die—Die!—Have I then forgot the commands of Caramanta and do they not forbid all attempts that courage or hatred could suggest to me against the tyrant's life?" Thus a prey to despair the Prince resolved to quit instantly the forest, and in a few hours to fly from Arcadia

As he was following a path which led him the shortest way to the high road, he saw a stream of blood issuing from a bush, and making towards the spot, discovered a dead body mangled in a shocking manner, and not yet cold. But, readers, conceive if ye can his amazement, when, on a nearer inspection, he knew it to be the body of the stranger who called himself Palans! He started back at the sight; and had not yet recovered from his surprize when the King's guards arrived on the spot. They set up the most piteous groans at seeing their master lifeless, and so inhumanly butchered. Then observing Cleophilus, his wild looks, and some marks of blood on his clothes, they concluded he must be the murderer; seized upon him, and dragged him in chains to the palace. The Queen was with Theocritus when the guards entered with their prisoners, whom they charged as the principal, or at least accomplice in the murder of Palans. The Queen was so rapt up in the attention she gave to the sad account, that she did not take at first any particular notice of the culprit who stood before her. But a stranger, whom curiosity had brought into the presence chamber, no sooner cast his eyes on the pretended assassin, than he exclaimed aloud, "Heavens! 'tis Evander!"

The dreadful sound was death to Caramanta's every sense—She fainted away; and, whilst her attendants were administering to her the necessary assistance, Tesselander, her brother, and King of Argos, gave orders to secure the prisoner, and bring to the palace the remains of Palans. Theocritus and Simas retired to consult together on the means of saving their friend from death and infamy; for although the appearances were so strong against him, as to amount almost to a proof, yet they knew Evander too well not to believe him incapable of so atrocious a deed. The world did not think so favourably of the Prince. His rooted antipathy against Palans—his avowed love for Caramanta—his connections and intimacy with Simas, the open and greatest enemy to the tyrant; all to his very disguise deposed against him. Theocritus, nevertheless, re-

a principality belonging to the family of Palans.
(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

Give me leave to send you the following vulgar errors, which I hope to see inserted in your next.

SANABIMUR, SI MODO SE PAREMUS A COETU; NUNC VERO STAT CONTRA RATIONEM, DEFENSOR MALI SUI, POPULUS.

This little article is meant to be continued occasionally—If *dull*, it will always be *short*;—and less time and pains will be required to read it, than have been employed in writing it. The DESIGN will unfold itself.

ERROR FIRST.

"They are very rich (or great) people; for they keep their coach."

This Error is very general; for as a man is judged of from appearances, people usually fancy that they discover *three per cents* in his dress—an independent fortune in his entertainments—bonds in every piece of furniture—government debentures in his liveries—Bank stock in his horses—and a landed estate in his coach.

But experience tells us, that men most frequently set up a coach, as women paint, to conceal defects—give entertainments to hide their poverty—dress gaily to preserve their credit—and keep horses to deceive their creditors;—the coach is an additional blind on such occasions—and the sideboard of plate is the only fund where his money is kept.—Bonds he has which will never be redeemed—and unpaid bills, handsomely bound, sufficient to make a library of curious MSS.

"Woe unto them that stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many," says the wise prophet—and so say I, who am not a prophet—let men not trust to appearances, especially the appearance of wealth, for that is an appearance which men of real worth never have. Suspect him who endeavours to dazzle you with his grand living—Think that you see a *craving* cre-

Nota bene. My readers are not to expect that I shall be witty. I will give them notice when I intend to be so. My chief design is, "A word to the wife."

On the various Modes that have prevailed of communicating Ideas to the Public, particularly on the Art of Printing.

(Continued from our Appendix p. 691.)

THOUGH the history of the art of printing, like all other histories, is in some degree obscure and doubtful at its earliest period; though Strasburg has boasted Mentel, and Haerlem Coster, as the inventor; yet is there great reason to conclude, that the few arguments advanced in their favour are supported only by forgery and falsehood: and we may safely assert, with the majority of writers, and with the general voice of Europe, that the time of the invention was about the year 1440; the place Mentz, and the persons Gutenberg and Faustus and Schaffer, in conjunction.

He who wishes to trace the art in its gradual progress from the wooded and immovable letter to the moveable and metal type, and to the completion of the whole contrivance, will receive satisfactory information from the annals of the elaborate Mattaire.

In the mean time, the essayist will avoid the repetition of facts already too well known and established to admit additional illustration, and will think himself more properly employed in making reflections on the literary, the moral, the political, and the religious effects which have resulted from the invention.

It is, indeed, generally true, that the history of a mechanical art affords but insipid entertainment to minds once tinctured with the liberality of philosophy, and the elegance of classic literature. It often exhibits manual excellence united with a meanness of sentiment and vulgarity of manners, which unavoidably mingles disgust with admiration: but to the truth of this general remark the annals of typography are a singular exception. Many are recorded to have laboured at the press, whose literary attainments would have done honour to a professional chair. By their annotations, they illustrated the sense and spirit of those authors, the letter of whose writings they embellished by beautiful and accurate impressions.

The names of the Aldi, of Robert and Henry Stephens, of Turnebus, and of many more who united mechanical ingenuity with profound erudition, will ever be remembered with respect and gratitude by the votary of ancient learning. Happily for letters, at a time when the valuable works of antiquity were contained in manuscripts

sometimes illegibly written, and often mutilated or corrupted, a number of men arose whose knowledge and sagacity enabled them to ascertain and exhibit, by the newly discovered art, the genuine reading. Such men were greater benefactors to mankind than many who have been celebrated; nor is it a vain glory which Italy derives from her Manutii, Germany from her Frokas, France from her Stephani, the Netherlands from their Plantin, and England from her Caxton.

Every student looks back with regret on those times when an Erasmus corrected what an Aldus printed*; when, like a painter of antiquity, a printer exposed his production to the passenger, and solicited censure; and when the legislature of a great nation, provided by a statute, with a penalty for the incorrectness of publications.

To prefer with implicit attachment all the earlier productions of the art, to the more recent, were to be actuated with the narrow spirit of a typographical virtuoso; yet the truth is, what indeed was to be expected from the superior learning of those who were formerly concerned in the process, they surpass the more splendid editions of later times, in the one great excellence of correctness. It is true, indeed, that the fungous production of the modern scribbler, appears with a splendour of paper, and brilliancy of type, unknown in the fifteenth century; and, if the work is written in the vernacular language and on a familiar object, is perhaps sufficiently correct. It is true likewise, that, considering the expedition of the artisan, the degree of correctness with which the common papers of intelligence appear, is really wonderful, and affords a striking instance how much industry can effect, when stimulated to exertion by the hope of that abundant gain, which our more than Athenian love of political information constantly supplies. Of such dispatch a Plantin would, perhaps, have denied the possibility. Books of learning, however, especially when written in the dead languages, are indeed more slowly brought forth, but hardly with equal perfection. The mistaken avarice, and the gross ignorance of the modern editor, often frustrates all the past labour of printers, correctors, and commentators, who have toiled with aching eyes in the revival of proof-sheets, and in the collation of manuscripts. Amid this lamentable degeneracy, it is happy for

N O T E.

* Scaliger in his Refut. Cic. objects to Erasmus, that he was corrector of the press to Aldus the elder at Venice. Erasmus denies the charge in general, confessing, however, that he did correct the press when his own works were printed.

mankind, that in the most famous asylum of arts and learning in the known world, a press is conducted by those who, in the edition of the best writers, join to the ornamental excellencies of exquisite type and paper, the minutest accuracy.

To this ancient and venerable seat of learning, where (though the clamours for unnecessary innovations are little regarded, real improvement is ever adopted with avidity) the invention of printing was introduced soon after its first appearance. By one of those laudable artifices which prevent private avarice from withholding public benefits, the art was stolen from Haerlem and brought to Oxford. Here it soon flourished with all the luxuriance of a tree transplanted to a soil congenial to its nature. The art, no longer to be considered as a sojourner, found at length a home beneath the roof of the Sheldonian Theatre, and now possesses a mansion appropriated to itself, and adequate to its dignity. Where indeed with more propriety could it have fixed its residence, than in an university whose members are acknowledged to be ever qualified to furnish it with employment, and superintend its operation? Here, however, while we are considering the introduction of printing into England, not to commemorate the names of Bouchier, Turnour, and Caxton, who were most instrumental to it, would be an omission equally negligent and ungrateful. Nor should the tribute of praise be any longer withheld by neglect from earl Tiptoft and earl Rivers, who, at this period, were restorers and patrons of learning, in our own country, and who contributed to its advancement in imitation of their cotemporary, Pius the Second, in Italy, both by their example and munificence.

The literary advantages derived from the invention are so obvious, that to point them out with all the formality of disquisition, were an absurdity like his who should attempt, amid the effulgence of the meridian sun, to facilitate vision by the glimmering of a taper.

But the moralist, no less than the man of letters, finds himself interested in the consequences resulting from the mechanical mode of multiplying the copies of books. To this cause, he attributes that change in the manners and sentiments which has taken place within the interval of a century or two, and which cannot escape even superficial observation. Philosophy, once preserved among a chosen few, with the selfishness of an Alexander, who reprimanded Aristotle for divulging the secrets of science, has now diffused its influence on the mean as well as

N O T E.

Clarendon Press at Oxford.

the great, the gay and the fair as well as the severe and studious, the merchant and manufacturer as well as the contemplative professor. Pamphlets and manuals on every subject of human enquiry are circulated by the assiduous trader, at a small price, among the lowest ranks of the community, the greatest part of whom have been furnished with the ability of reading by eleemosynary education. A tincture of letters, which was once rare and formed a shining character, has pervaded the mass of the people, and in a free country like our own, where it is not checked in its operation by political restraints, has produced remarkable effects on the general system of morality. Much good has resulted from it: happy, if it had not been mixed with that characteristic alloy of human happiness, much evil. Learning thus communicated to the vulgar, has taught the savage ferocity of gross ignorance to yield to gentleness and humanity; but it has also super-induced a general indolence, refinement, and false delicacy. It has been the means of exhibiting to the best advantage the image of virtue in her natural beauty; but it has also held up to view the meretricious charms of vice in the false ornaments superadded by a corrupt imagination. It has been a steady light to lighten men in the path of truth; but it has also been an *ignus fatuus* leading them into the mazes of error, and plunging them at last into the depths of misery. If it has often tempted us to boast of living in an enlightened age, it has no less frequently induced us to regret the old times of ignorant, but innocent simplicity. If we sometimes look back with a mixture of scorn and pity on the unlettered ages that preceded us; we also sometimes confess ourselves ready to renounce the pride of superior knowledge for the solid happiness of that national probity, which, though it may not have receded, has not kept pace with our progress in scientific improvement. Here, however, the old maxim will be suggested to every one, that a good argument against the use of a thing, cannot be drawn from its abuse. It will at the same time be remembered, that the present times are ever seen through the fallacious mediums of prejudice and passion; and that the censures of the satirist may not arise from the real degeneracy, but that common propensity which has, in all ages, given rise to invectives against the prevailing manners. If it is true, that improvement in knowledge is a natural and laudable object of human desires; the more general that improvement, the happier and more perfect is human nature, and the more estimable that art, from which it is principally derived.

But however equivocal the effects of the

universal dissemination of literature, on the morals of those who cannot judge and select with the same ease with which they can procure books; there is no doubt of their being beneficial among others whose judgment is directed by liberal culture, and whose sentiments are undepraved by fashionable dissipation. Before the introduction of printing indeed, the student, who revolted at the idea of languishing in the sloth of Monks, had scarcely any scope for his industry, and talents, but in the puerile perplexities of a scholastic philosophy, as little adapted to call forth the virtues of the heart, as to promote valuable knowledge: but since that important æra in the annals of learning, every individual, even the poorest of the Muse's train, has been enabled to obtain, without difficulty, the works of those great masters in practical and speculative ethics, the Greek and Roman philosophers. He is taught by the same instructors who formed a Xenophon and a Scipio, and can hold converse, in the retirements of his chamber, with the celebrated sages of antiquity, with nearly the same advantages as if he actually sat with Socrates beneath the shade of his plane-tree, walked with Plato in the Lyceum, or accompanied Cicero in his retreat at Tusculum.

Whatever tends to diffuse new light on the understanding of a whole people, or to effect a change in the general system of manners, soon produces a similar revolution in their political character. Airy fabrics, which when seen through the mist of ignorance, were supposed to be realities, vanished at the light of learning, as the enchantment is dissolved by the operation of the Talisman. The sun of science arose, the prospect cleared around, and they who had shuddered at the ideal phantoms of the night, ventured to walk forth and examine every object that solicited attention. To drop the figure; the prejudices on the subject of civil government, formed by ignorance and fostered by the policy of power, when once the art of printing had multiplied books and roused the spirit of enquiry, soon gave way to the dictates of

reason, when men were led, by the ease with which books were procured, to aspire after the fine arts, philosophy, and erudition. Such studies infused a noble generosity of spirit, which scorned to pay an abject homage to ignorant opulence. Ignorant opulence, indeed, could not maintain, or even exact by force, that truly valuable respect which is naturally due and cheerfully paid to personal dignity. Men by reading were led to reflect, and by reflection discovered, that they had been under an error when they looked up to their governors as to a superior order of beings; but at the same time they learned the happiness of living under a well regulated constitution, the duty of obedience in return for protection, and the political necessity of subordination. History, and treatises of politics, suggested just notions of civil society, and a sense of expediency produced at length that voluntary acquiescence which was once exacted by pretensions to divine right, or by the immediate interposition of authority. The lust of dominion which disgraced the iron reign of the sullen unlettered tyrant, was succeeded, in the enlightened father of his people, by a spirit of benevolence and philosophical moderation. That power which was once placed on the sandy foundation of popular prejudice and fear, when those fears and prejudices were dissipated by free disquisition, acquired an establishment on the basis of reason. Nor let it be deemed idle speculation to attribute those salutary consequences to the invention of printing, since to him, who attentively considers all its remote as well as proximate effects, it will appear fully adequate to their production. When all ranks of people on a sudden were enabled to exert with vigour the faculty of thinking, which had only lain dormant for want of opportunity, the effect on the moral and political world must be as striking, as that which takes place in the physical at the return of day after night, and spring after winter. Thus has Faustus of Mentz, by an art invented and exercised with views of private emolument, ultimately contributed more to

been justly remarked, that if the books of Luther had been multiplied only by the process of the hand-writing, they must have been few, and would have been easily sufficed by the combination of wealth and power: but poured forth in abundance from the press, they spread over the land with the rapidity of an inundation, which acquires additional force from the efforts used to obstruct its progress. He who undertook to prevent the dispersion of the books once issued from the press, attempted a task as arduous as the destruction of the Hydra. Resistance was vain, and religion was reformed: and we who are chiefly interested in this happy revolution, must remember, amidst the praises bestowed on Luther, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, unassisted by the invention of Faustus.

How greatly the cause of religion has been promoted by the art, must appear when it is considered, that thereby those sacred books are placed in the hand of every individual which, besides that they were once locked up in a dead language, could not be procured without great difficulty. The numerous comments on them of every kind, which tend to promote piety and to form the Christian philosopher, would probably never have been composed, and certainly would not have extended far their beneficial influence, if typography had still been unknown. By that art, the light, which is to illuminate a dark world, has been placed in a situation more advantageous to the emission of its rays; but it has been the means of illustrating the doctrines, and enforcing the practice of religion, it has also, particularly in the present age, struck at the root of piety and moral virtue, by propagating opinions favourable to the materialist, the sceptic, and the voluptuary. It has enabled modern authors wantonly to gratify their avarice, their vanity, and their misanthropy, in disseminating novel systems subversive of the dignity and happiness of human nature: but though the perversion of the art is lamentably remarkable in those volumes which issue, with offensive profusion, from the vain and hungry book-manufacturers of North Britain and Switzerland, yet this good results from the evil, that as truth is great and will prevail, she will derive fresh lustre by displaying the superiority of her strength in the conflict with sophistry.

Thus the art of printing, in whatever light it is viewed, has deserved respect and veneration. From the ingenuity of the contrivance, it has ever excited mechanical curiosity; from its intimate connection with learning, it has justly claimed historical notice; and from its extensive influence on morality, politics, and religion, it is now become a subject of the most important speculation.

But, however we may felicitate mankind on the invention, there are, perhaps, those who wish, that, together with its compatriot art of manufacturing gun-powder, it had not been brought to light. Of its effects in literature, they assert, that it has increased the number of books until they distract rather than improve the mind; and of its malignant influence on morals, they complain that it has introduced a false refinement incompatible with the simplicity of primitive piety and genuine virtue. With respect to its literary ill consequences, it may be said, that though it produces to the world an infinite number of worthless publications, yet true wit and fine composition will still retain their value, and it will be an easy task for critical discernment to select these from the surrounding mass of absurdity: and though, with respect to its moral effects, a regard to truth extorts the confession, that it has diffused immorality and irreligion, divulged with cruel impertinence the secrets of private life, and spread the tale of scandal through an empire; yet these are evils which will either shrink away unobserved in the triumphs of time and truth over falsehood, or which may, at any time, be suppressed by legislative interposition.

The liberty of the press is a subject not to be touched upon, but with trembling caution. Every student must abhor the thought of erecting the tribunal of a star-chamber, in the republic of letters; every lover of his country must reject with disdain the proposal of silencing the voice of truth by the menace of authority; but at the same time, every true friend to learning and mankind, who, free from the enthusiasm of party, understand their real interests, would rejoice to see the day when the advantages of the liberty of the press shall be unalloyed with those evils of its licentiousness; which, without some expedient of controul, will in a degree prevail, as long as there are, on one hand, indigent and avaricious publishers, and on the other, factious and unprincipled readers.

But innovations in a particular intimately connected with civil liberty, will ever be guarded against in a free country, with all the vigilance of jealous circumspection. Men will often patiently support the present evil, the nature and extent of which is ascertained by experience, rather than incur the hazard of a future detriment, which may possibly outweigh the beneficial ends proposed. If then the unrestrained use of the press is, as it has been commonly termed, the palladium of liberty, may it never be taken from us by fraud or force; and perhaps the evils resulting from the abuse of this privilege are of that kind, which, when permitted to take their course, ultimately remedy themselves:

themselves: for it is certain, that there may be a period, and perhaps our own times approach to it, when the petulant licentiousness of public prints and pamphlets becomes too contemptible to gain attention, and therefore fails of producing a malignant effect. Avarice will cease to publish, when men are too wise to purchase; faction and vanity will be silent, when they no longer find an audience: but penal and coercive measures are known to give weight to the pert nonsense of sedition, by alarming that attention which it could not otherwise excite, and to occasion the evils intended to be obviated; as the means used to extinguish a flame sometimes increase its violence.

But referring the discussion of this complicated subject to legislative wisdom, we may venture to express an honest wish without danger of presumption; and surely all the good and enlightened part of mankind sympathize in the desire, that the time may not be distant, when the qualities of the heart shall be cultivated with the same general ardour as the powers of the understanding; when the affectation of singularity, and the love of money, shall no longer multiply treatises tending to teach the people a false philosophy, an erroneous belief, or a factious conduct: when the art of printing shall no more be perverted to embellish vices and justify folly, but, operating in the accomplishment of its proper purposes, at once promote the interest, which cannot indeed without unnatural violence be separated of sound learning and unsophisticated virtue.

Various Particulars of the Galley Slaves of France and Genoa.

[From 'Sentimental Letters on Italy,' by M. Dupaty.]

The cause of Liberty and Humanity has sustained a great Loss in the recent Death of the excellent Writer of these Letters, M. Dupaty, President of the Parliament of Bourdeaux; a Gentleman, who devoted his whole Life to vindicate Innocence from Oppression, and to administer Consolation to the Wretched. About two Years ago, he published a Memorial in Defence of three poor Men unjustly condemned to be broken upon the Wheel;

and Sprightliness of Expression, we give some Extracts.

Avignon

THE pope is so well pleased with his vice-legatè, that he has just created him candlestick bearer, (*porte chandelle*) of his chapel; this is a real promotion in the holiness's government.

I saw yesterday a man who is just from the galleys, to which he had been justly, and ridiculously, condemned for years, on account of his having been convicted of murder, by this worthy candlestick bearer. This unhappy fellow has undergone his sentence in full, in spite of the efforts of the Intendant de Toulon, the remonstrances of the public in general. His name is Lorenzo, and his innocence has been made manifest in a very extraordinary manner. The following fact was communicated to me by the Intendant M. Malouin, a very humane and sensible gentleman.—Lorenzo was walking one day before the Arsenal of Toulon, another galley-slave said to one of his comrades, 'There's a poor sufferer I cannot bear the sight of; he is here on the supposition of having murdered such a one, but I am the person who committed the crime.' Lorenzo heard these words, what emotions of joy did he not feel at that instant! He runs to the slave, and intreats him to deposit the secret of his innocence in proper hands. The wretch disowns his words, the source of pity no longer flows in his breast, and the terror of condign punishment appals his heart. Lorenzo obtained leave to be the slave's companion, and had the constancy, for two or three years, to continue bound at the same oar with the depository of his innocence. What words—what endearing expressions, did not Lorenzo use, day and night, in hopes of moving the obdurate breast of the murderer: but the wretch was inflexible. At the end of two years, however, affected, perhaps, by Lorenzo's incessant tears, and earnest prayers, he revealed a second time the important secret. Witnesses were placed within hearing, and his confession, taken down in writing, was carried to the Intendant.—The delinquent was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and alas! by this imprudent act of severity, the culprit solemnly denied all that

were found in each man's pocket.—These are the nine louis,' says the judge, 'you belonged to the murdered man, and, consequently, these three must be murderers.' They were condemned to the galleys, and two of them died.

Such was the case in the affair of Langate, whose innocence was discovered afterwards: this is the consequence of judging without proof; and such is the case of all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws of that kingdom are afraid of condemning;—the laws of France are afraid of acquitting.

Our unhappy sufferer is going to Rome, where he hopes to obtain of the Pope a second trial. They say his holiness is very humane. I have observed that men possessed of humanity, or to make use of a simpler expression, *men* are less prone to believe the worst, and not so often deceived. Humanity itself is a light that guides us.

Toulon.

As I have taken Toulon in my way, I must say a word or two of its harbour and town. The latter is pretty enough, regularly built, and watered by a thousand rivulets, falling from the rocks and mountains which surround it. A great number of fountains receive these waters, and distribute them through the streets: the town of Toulon might really be taken for a fountain. Such copious streams render winter a little colder, but in return, allay very much the summer's heat.

The harbour is really wonderful. I have seen *Le Heros*, the flag-ship of M. de Suffren, which certainly did not usurp its name. I paid particular attention to the manner of living in the galleys. The slaves are by no means ill-treated at Toulon: they work, and are paid. How shocking is it to reflect, that there are perhaps ten millions of men in France, who would think themselves happy in rowing at a galley, were it not for the disgrace of being condemned to it! Formerly, at the expiration of the period of their sentence, the galley slaves who were employed in their former courses used to return, but of late, the tribunals that administer justice at Toulon, instead of sending the old offenders to the galleys, ordered them to be hanged.

The number of these people is nearly the same every year; that is to say, pretty much the same number of crimes is committed annually. Thus nearly equal is the quantity of water that enters daily into a vessel, and the working at the pump is still the same; but were the vessel better constructed, the ribs better joined, and the violence greater, much less water would certainly enter. I have run over the list of the galley slaves. Hear them, and shudder—

boys of thirteen condemned to the oar for having been found in company with their fathers, who have been declared by law to be professed smugglers. These are the very words—I have read them—for having been found with their fathers! Had they not been found with them they would have been sent to Bridewell (*à Bicêtre*). This is the equitable code of the treasury! To the treasury is this indulgence given! The blood of the innocent is sold to it,—and yet we are silent!

I have seen many of these children; tears have been ready to drop; indignation kindled at the thought; and my soul could not have regained its wonted calmness, had it not been for the hopes of not dying, without having properly exposed all the horrors of our criminal legislation. Ah! could I but contribute to deliver the young and innocent from those abominable fetters!—I hope to do it.

I likewise read in the register-book, for pilfering, and strong suspicion of murder, to the galleys for ever—for cheating and deceiving a great number of genteel people (*gens honnêtes*), to the galleys for one hundred years. This is a sentence worthy of the tribunal *des Deux Ponts*. France has imparted her manner of punishing to many sovereigns of Germany. I have read again, on strong suspicion of murder and robbery, accompanied with burglary, to the galleys for ever.

I would give a high price for a copy of the galley registers. What intelligence would they not furnish! They might serve to ascertain the bloody harvest annually reaped by the different tribunals of France with the destroying sword of criminal justice.

A singular event plunged, some time ago, the galley-slaves into the deepest despair. The Intendant of marine received orders to separate, into three distinct classes, the deserters, the smugglers, and the malefactors. The deserters and smugglers, one should suppose, would have been overjoyed at this separation. By no means—their grief was inexpressible.

All the galley-slaves in reality look upon one another as in perfect equality; for misfortune, like death, levels all men. They form among themselves a body of unhappy beings, a society of feeble creatures overcome by the stronger. Far from blushing at, and palliating the atrociousness of their crimes, they actually boast of them: 'the enemy,' for instance, 'suffered much in such a case; courage and address succeeded in another.' &c. &c.

Thus the deserters, therefore, and the smugglers, do not despise in the least the malefactors: and by the intended separation they were likely to lose many advantages;

one, for instance, would be deprived of his stout companion; another of the object, whose voice he was accustomed to hear, and whose looks he was pleased to meet; a third would lose the man, who mingled his sorrow with his, and so of the rest. At the approach of such a parting, bitter tears, tears from their hearts, began to flow; grief was painted on every countenance. The Intendant of the marine has allowed several of them to live together, chained at the same oar.—Reflect on this, and search these newly discovered qualities of the human heart!

Genoa.

I have been visiting this morning the galleys. Five kinds of wretched beings are chained promiscuously to the oar; the malefactors, the smugglers, the deserters, the Turks taken by the corsairs, and the volunteers—What! volunteer galley slaves! yes; they are poor, miserable creatures, whom government snuffs in the dreadful situation between famine and death. It is at this narrow passage that government awaits them, watching the favourable opportunity to engage them. These poor wretches, at the dazzling sight of a little money, perceive no longer the galleys: they are enlisted. Misery and crimes bound beside one another, bearing the same chain! The man who serves the republic, partaking the same punishment, as he who has betrayed her!

The Genoese carry their barbarity still farther: when they perceive the period for liberating these poor creatures approaching, they propose to lend them some money. The unhappy greedily embrace the means of enjoyment: the present instant alone is considered by them: they accept the offer, and at a week's end, what is left for them?—Regret and fetters! for at the end of that time, they are forced, in order to discharge their debts, to enlist again, and sell eight years more of their existence. This is the way these volunteers consume, in enlisting and borrowing—in borrowing and enlisting—their whole life at the galleys, in the

covers their ghastly countenances, I find under their coverings! Their looks are at once stupidity and ferociousness!—I eat but of this bread so hard and so—Certainly!—Is this muddy water they drink?—No doubt.—Are they always ing down?—Yes.—How long have been here?—These twenty years—old are they?—Seventy.—What they call them?—Turks.—These unhappy Turks are totally degraded the state of human nature: they are sensible to corporal wants; they have by degrees, in that kind of tomb, the number of ideas, and dear remembrances they brought hither with them, from their country. The other Turks, are not yet sixty years old, are chained in small open niches, at six feet distance one another, against a long wall, that hardly hold them, seated or lying, there they breathe the little air allowed them, or rather the little air they can steal now then. The Genoese, however, notwithstanding the great severity with which they treat their enemies, have given an example of Toleration, one would not have expected from them: they have granted a mosque to the Turks. The protestants in France have no temples.

To the portrait I have drawn of the galley another sad trait may be added—I have seen selling in them, from bench to bench, offals and other aliments that the dogs left in the streets. Such remnants have been coveted, disputed for, and even stolen by these unhappy wretches, the galley-slaves!—Genoa, thy palaces, are not yet large enough, they are not sufficiently extended, nor sufficiently numerous and splendid!—The galleys are seen!

The Fiery Ordeal; a Judicial Anecdote

TOWARDS the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a general, who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the Ordeal by an archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this: three days before



—bes! I'll knock about, oh! there's my Joy! at my back a knapsack like a roving Boy.



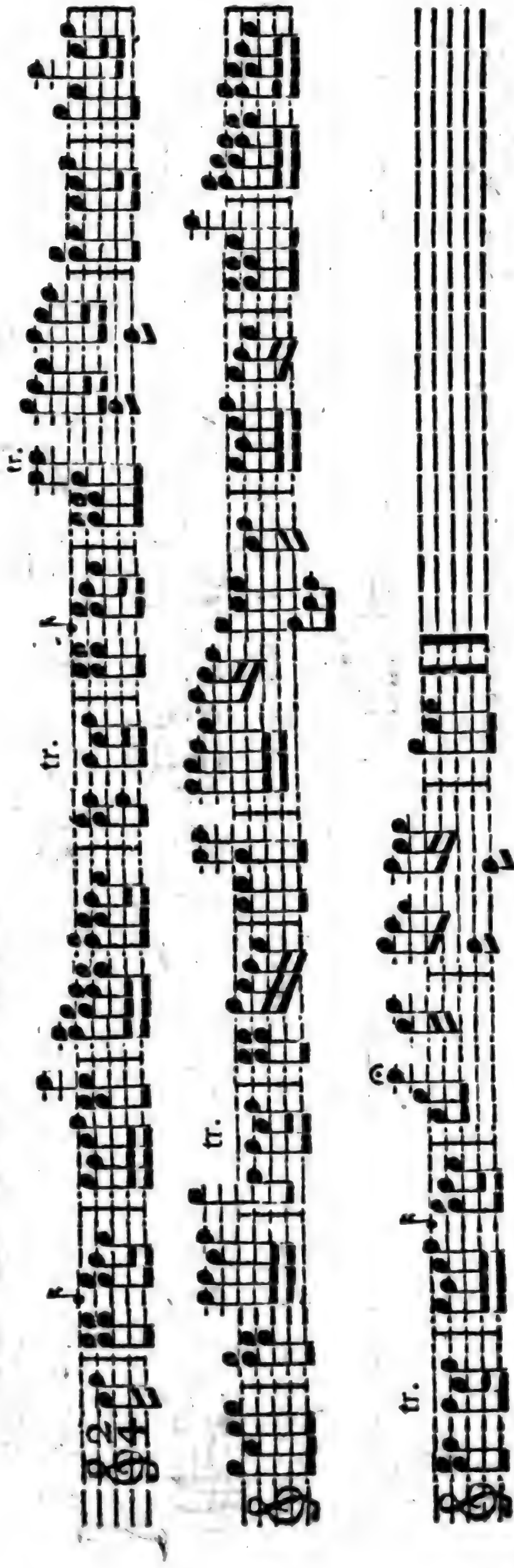
II.

In my Tartan Plaid, a young Soldier view,
 My Phillibeg and Dirk and Bonnet blue,
 Give the word and I'll march where you command,
 Noble Serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand,
 My Captain when he takes his glass,
 May wish to toy with a pretty Lass.
 For such a one I've a roguish eye
 He'll ne'er want a Girl when I am by.
 I'm a Chickabiddy, &c.

III.

Tho' a Barber has never yet mow'd my chin,
 With my great broad sword I long to begin,
 Cut, Slash, Ram, Damn, oh glorious fun
 For a Gun Pip, Pop, change my little Pop-Gun
 My foes shall fly like Geese in flocks
 E'en Turks I'll drive like Turkey-cocks
 Where-ever Quarter'd I shall be;
 Oh! Zounds, how I'll kiss my Landlady.
 I'm a Chickabiddy, &c.

For the GUITAR.



Printed for WALKER's Hibernian Magazine

CUT, SLASH, RAM, DAMN, &c.

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Continued from Dec. Mag. Page 661.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Saturday, March 1, 1788.

TURNPIKE-road bill, given up by Mr. Gardiner, a great majority appearing in favour of Sir Frederick Flood's motion for postponing it to the first of August. It is supposed that it will prove a mortal blow to the measure, and that it will never appear again in any future session.

3.] Hon. Richard Hely Hutchinson presented a petition from the principal brewers of the city and county of Cork, which was received; and the Right Hon. Denis Daly rose to present a petition from John Maxwell, Esq; and after a long conversation, the question "That the petition be now received" was put, and negatived without a division.

4.] Went through some summary business, and adjourned to next day.

5.] Mr. Hayes presented a bill for the better preservation of sheep, and for the more effectually preventing sheep-stealing; which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

Went into a committee on the bill for the better ascertaining the tithes of flax and hemp.

Mr. Mason in the chair.

Went through the same, which was forthwith reported, and ordered to be engrossed, the title to be "a bill for the better ascertaining the tithe of hemp."

Leave given to bring in a bill, to amend the Dunleer turnpike road bill; also, to bring in a bill to continue the several acts now in force respecting bankrupts.

Went into a committee on the bill for the more effectually preventing of deceits and frauds in the manufacture of cordage and shipping, and for preventing the illicit importation of foreign made cordage.

Sir Lucius O'Brien in the chair.

Went through the same, which was forthwith reported, and the bill ordered to be engrossed.

The bill for allowing further time to qualify, was read a second time, and committed for to-morrow.

The bill for regulating the office of Sheriff, and to prevent Sheriffs and Sheriffs Clerks, from serving for more than one year; read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords.

House adjourned.

6.] Mr. Grattan moved for leave to bring in a bill for the better ascertaining the tithe of flax in the province of Munster.—Leave given.

Also, for leave to bring in a bill for the better ascertaining the tithe of rape, and to encourage the improvement of barren land.

Leave given.

Went into a committee on the bill for allowing further time to qualify.

Mr. Day in the chair.

Went through the same, which was forthwith reported, and ordered to be engrossed.

House adjourned.

7.] Mr. Mason presented the revenue bill, *Hib. Mag. Jan. 1789.*

which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

Mr. Grattan presented, pursuant to order, a bill for the better ascertaining the tithe of rape; also, a bill for the encouraging the improvement of barren land; which bills were read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

The bill for the better ascertaining the tithe of hemp, was read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords; as was also the cordage bill.

Went into committee on the bill for the better preservation of sheep, &c. which was forthwith reported, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Bolton, pursuant to order, presented a bill to regulate the admission of freemen into corporations, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

House adjourned.

8.] The bill to regulate the admission of freemen into corporations, and to empower the Justices of the Courts from whence Writs of Mandamus shall issue to a war costs to the party aggrieved, was read a second time, and committed for Monday.

Sir Henry Hartstonge presented a petition from the High Sheriff, and Grand Jury of the county of Limerick; ordered to lie on the table.

Right Hon. Mr. Grattan, pursuant to order, presented a bill for the better ascertaining the tithes of flax in the province of Munster, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

The bill for the relief of insolvent debtors was read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords; as was the bill for the relief of persons who have omitted to qualify themselves according to law; and the bill for the better preservation of sheep.

House adjourned to Monday.

10.] An act to repeal the act of appeals of 28th of Henry the 8th, read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords; also, a bill for repealing the act of the 33d of Henry the 8th, was read a third time, and committed for to-morrow.

Mr. Corry presented a bill for the encouragement of Inland navigation, it was read a first time, and is to receive a second reading to-morrow.

The Malahide turnpike bill read a third time, and passed; after which the House adjourned.

11.] Went into committee on the bill to repeal an act to the 33d of Henry the 8th, for the election of Lords Justices or Chief Governors of this realm, read a third time, and ordered that Mr. Solicitor General do carry the bill to the Lords, and acquaint them that this House had agreed to the same, with some trifling amendments, to which the House desired their concurrence.

House adjourned.

12.] Mr. Hartley presented a bill for the better supplying the city with pipe water, &c. &c. which was read a first time, and is to receive a second reading to-morrow.

Mr. Holmes presented a bill to amend the act for regulating the business of pawnbrokers, which

which was read a first time, and ordered for a second reading to-morrow.

Mr. Stewart moved, that the petition of the Trustees for carrying on the Tyrooe navigation be referred to a committee; ordered accordingly; and postponed the Ulster inland navigation bill; and several orders not proceeded on till Saturday next.

The House adjourned.

15.] Mr. Conolly moved, that the proper officer do lay before this House on the first day of next session, an account of all houses in counties at large in this kingdom paying hearth-money, which are not of greater value than thirty shillings per annum, on the full improved rent, and are inhabited by persons who have not lands, goods, or chattels of the value of five pounds in their possession; and that the Ministers, and Church-wardens of the different parishes in counties at large in this kingdom, do the same.

The Right Hon. John O'Neill seconded the motion, which was opposed by Mr. Bushe and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Stewart, of Killymoon, said a few words in support of the resolution; however on the question being put, the resolutions were negatived without a division; immediately after which the House adjourned.

17.] Mr. Stewart, of Killymoon, reported from the committee on the inland navigation; which being read, he moved that the House do agree to receive the same.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it highly improper that a navigation which was completed at the public expence, should be afterwards kept up by the same; and that twenty thousand pounds of the national money had already been expended on that navigation.

Mr. Stewart declared, that the Right Hon. Gentleman was not master of the subject; for that twenty thousand pounds had not been expended on that navigation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that he had protested against the petition when presented, as being contrary to the resolution that had been passed early in the session.

The Accomptant General then moved the question of adjournment, and on a division, the ayes for adjournment were five, the noes 22; so there not being forty members the adjournment of course took place, according to the standing orders of the House.

18.] Mr. John Thomas Foster moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee on the Droichead turnpike road bill, this was opposed by Mr. Annesley, and the motion was

the corporation for carrying on the Inland navigation.

Went through the bills, which were reported and ordered to be engrossed.

The House adjourned to next day.

20.] A message from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant by Scrope Bernard, Esq; Gentleman Usher of the Black-rod:—

MR. SPEAKER,

"IT is his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure, that this House do attend him immediately in the House of Peers."

Accordingly the Speaker, with the House, went up to attend his Excellency, and being returned Mr. Speaker reported that the House had attended his Excellency to the House of Peers when his Excellency was pleased to give the Royal assent to the following bills:

"Resolved, nem. con. That the thanks of this House be given to the Right Hon. Mr. Speaker for the excellent speech delivered by him at the bar of the House of Peers on presenting the money bills this day, and that he be requested to order the same to be printed.

House adjourned.

21.] The Hon. Richard Annesley moved that the Malahide canal bill be now read a third time passed, and ordered to the Lords by Mr. Annesley; read a second time, the bill for amending the law relative to the discharge of prisoners without fees; agreed to the report of the committee on the bill for amending the bankrupt laws—ordered the bill to be engrossed—reported the pipe-water bill—agreed to the report; and ordered the bill to be engrossed.—House adjourned.

22.] No business of any consequence done House adjourned.

24.] The bill for augmenting the salary of the Chamberlain of the Linen-Hall; as also the Chamberlain of the Yarn-Hall, and the Clerk of the Linen-Board Office, and including several regulations for promoting the linen and bleaching business; was read a third time, and ordered to the Lords.—Adjourned.

25.] A message from the Lords, with the great revenue-bill, which they had passed without any amendment; also with the bill for amending the baking act; the bill for amending the act respecting the registry of freeholders; and the bill for vesting powers in the Lord Lieutenant to appoint Commissioners for enquiring into the grants and donations to diocesan schools; which were ordered to his Excellency, to be certified to the other side.

House adjourned.

of all payments made by the Commissioners of Police, down to the 25th instant March; ordered accordingly.

House adjourned to the 11th of April.

Friday, April 11.] This day the House met, pursuant to adjournment, and as soon as the Speaker took the chair, Mr. Tighe presented a report of the Commissioners of Imprest Accounts, which were ordered to be on the table. Mr. McClean from the Imprest Office, presented several accounts, which were ordered to lie on the table.

Sir Henry Hartstonge now called the attention of the House; he said, that previous to the last adjournment, he had the honour to move, that the grand Committee of Courts of Justice do sit on this day. His motive for moving for that committee was, that the conduct of a learned judge, who went the last Munster circuit, in respect to a trial that took place at Limerick, should be enquired into, a conduct which had given much uneasiness in that part of the country, and which he apprehended was not altogether very legal: the ground of the trial was on an ejectment brought by Crosbie Morgan, Esq. against Mr. David Fitzgerald, of Ballinany, in the county of Limerick, for some houses and lands he held by lease from Alexander Cornwall, Esq. He said that he had a petition from Mr. Fitzgerald, the party aggrieved, to present, stating the whole of the transaction, which he begged might be now received. The petition was accordingly received and read; after which, Sir Henry moved, that it be referred to the grand Committee of the Courts of Justice.

Ordered accordingly.

Mr. Prime Serjeant in the chair:

The petition of David Fitzgerald, which had been referred to the committee, was now read, and Counsellor Calbeck examined, as a witness upon the occasion; when after much debating, the Attorney General said, that the conduct of the learned Judge on that occasion, was such as no man of profession could defend; it was an illegal act; it was without precedent; and as he was satisfied that the proceeding of the learned Judge arose from an error in judgment, he now wished that the whole should be buried in oblivion; and that no resolution should be put on it; for his part, he would never vote for a resolution to pass a censure on a Judge, except he was convinced that he had acted from corrupt motives; he said we are all liable to error; and moved that the chairman do now leave the chair.

Mr. Curran, and Mr. Beresford supported the motion, which was agreed to nem. con. which put an end to the business. After Mr. Curran had severely reprobated the conduct of Mr. Chatterton, an associate Judge, for his discharging a jury in a criminal case at Clonmell, which he declared to be highly illegal: the House, from the nature of the business, getting rather out of humour, Captain Burgh moved the question of adjournment, which after a few words from Mr. Curran, was agreed to.

House adjourned.

12.] No business of any consequence.

House adjourned.

14.] Sir Francis Hutchinson rose to observe on several items in the accounts delivered to the

Commissioners of Police: he thought it strange that a charge should be made for Johnson's Dictionary, Chambers's Dictionary, and other books; all which charges were not only unnecessary, but exorbitant;—the sum of twenty guineas had been charged for a seat in St. Andrew's church; what could this be intended for? Was it to instruct the police in the principles of the Christian religion, which they have all seemed to have forgotten? For looking-glasses, no less than 120l. to four different attornies, who had transacted business for the police, 200l. along with several other most extraordinary items: he therefore moved, "that several accounts delivered in by the Commissioners of Police, are reprehensible; of such a nature as deserve the censure of the House, and ought to be discontinued."

The Right Hon. Mr. Malon, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed, that several of the articles were charged exceedingly high; but could not agree to a general censure like that proposed.

The Right Hon. Mr. Grattan declared, that it would be absurd to say that any establishment should be tolerated in such useless extravagance as that which had been noticed;—for gilt paper, there had been charged 400l. Now if gentlemen would calculate what quantity one hundred pounds would purchase, and divide it among the gentlemen of the Police, who generally made use of gilt paper, and estimate how much a man could write, it must be evident, that if one fourth of the paper charged in the year had been used, the gentlemen of the Police must have written themselves into a consumption. Here was a physical impossibility against the justice of the charge. Other very extraordinary charges had also been made for books; for sets of the statutes; for Bolingbroke's Abridgment, &c. &c. This charge, he observed, was rather inadmissible, because all those Police gentlemen had been Aldermen and Magistrates, prior to the formation of the establishment, and could they be supposed to be totally ignorant of their duty? Could they be supposed to have not a single law book in their possession? The charge of Johnson's Dictionary, he observed, was a laughable expence, what could be the intent of it? Did they want to learn to spell correctly? He asked how would gentlemen like a *mittimus*, made out in the style of Johnson? Upon the whole, he must say, that the quantum of their charges was enormous, and their quality ridiculous; and he thought it most prudent to deter a motion of this kind until next session.

Sir Francis Hutchinson wished for a committee, and moved that the accounts be taken into consideration on the 1st of May next.

Mr. Malon was against the motion, as in the Committee of Accounts next session, all those articles would undergo a scrutiny, and such as should be considered improper, would be pointed out.

Motion withdrawn.

Mr. Grattan now rose, and moved the following resolutions, which he preaced by a fine and elegant speech:

Resolved, that the exemption of barren lands (when improved) for a certain number of years

years from payment of tythe, would contribute greatly to the advantage of this country.

"Resolved, That this House has already assisted that great object of the kingdom, where an exemption from, or small composition for tythe have existed; and that it would much contribute to the extension of this manufacture if said exemption or small composition were made general.

"Resolved, That potatoes are the principal food of the poor of Ireland, and are in the greater part of the kingdom exempted from tithe.

"Resolved, That it would greatly contribute to relieve the poor of the south of Ireland, if the benefit of said exemption was extended to them.

"Resolved, That this House is ready to give the owners of tithe, further and more effectual remedy for the recovery of the same, provided said owners of tithes shall conform to rates to be ascertained by an Act of Parliament.

"Resolved, That the better to secure the residence of the clergy, a moderated tax on non-residents would be expedient."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for adjournment, and was seconded by the Provost; on which the question of adjournment was agreed to.

House immediately adjourned to the 19th.

When his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, escorted in the manner usual on state occasions, proceeded to the House of Peers, where the Commons being summoned, his Excellency gave the royal assent to.

Bill for repealing an Act, passed in the 33d of Henry VIII. entitled "an Act for the election of a Lord Justice or other Chief Governor of the Kingdom"—Bill for regulating the revenue, and for the better prevention of frauds in collection thereon.—Bill for continuing bankrupt laws, and for reviving several temporary statutes.—Bill for amending law for registering of freeholders.—Bill for repealing an Act passed in the 28th of Henry VIII. entitled "an Act of appeals."—Bill for amendment of the law in certain particulars therein mentioned.—Police bill.—Bill for regulating the business of a Pawn-broker.—Bill for the better supplying the city of Dublin with pipe-water.—Dunleer turnpike road bill.—Bill for relief of insolvent debtors.—Bill for securing purchasers under decrees of Courts of Equity.—Bill for regulating the baking trade.—Bill for the better preferment of Green, and for the more speedy deter-

vesting part of the estate of Michael Burke, Esq; of Ballyduggan, county of Galway, in trustees, for payment of debts and other incumbrances.—Bill for vesting part of the estate of Arthur Cooper, Esq; in trustees, for the payment of debts and other incumbrances.

His Excellency was then pleased to make a gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament; after which the Lord Chancellor, by his Excellency's command said,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 17th day of June next, to be then here holden;—and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the 17th day of June next.

(End of the Session.)

Wretched State of Science in Portugal.

WHEN posterity shall peruse the history of the enlightened nations of Europe of the eighteenth century, and shall be told of the happy effects of inoculation, and the successful method then practised of treating the small-pox, they will hardly believe the following account of an extraordinary case which happened in Portugal last September.

The patient was seven-and-twenty years of age, of a corpulent and phlethoric habit, his blood vessels looked as though they would burst with plenitude; he ate enough at every meal, (and he was always eating) to satisfy three or four moderate persons.

This young man was seized with the small pox in the beginning of September, when the weather in that climate is commonly hot: he had used sea bathing for some time before.

The physician who first attended him was at first absolutely ignorant of his disorder; but it was presently discovered, that he had a bad confluent sort. He was immediately confined to his bed, and in an apartment where not a breath of air was admitted; neither the blood vessels nor the intestines were emptied, nor any other powerful or sudden evacuation procured; he was kept the whole time sweating in blankets, and applied occasionally with warm sudorific medicines.

The consequence of this treatment is obvious—his body was covered with one universal scab. At the turn of this disorder a bleeding was attempted, but the patient was then seized

chirurgical skill, he must absolutely perish for want of proper assistance. (In a journey of two hundred miles from north to south, and the most frequented road in Portugal, one scarcely meets with a glazed window, or cultivated spot. All is wretchedness, penury, and want.)

Chemistry and anatomy, which are the very foundation of the healing art, are among the Portuguese totally disregarded: a smattering of them, indeed, is lamely taught the Students at Coimbra; but the application of these noble branches to their respective end is never afterwards thought of.

These are indisputable facts, and a Portuguese, who has a regard to veracity, dare not contradict them.

Happy countrymen! truly happy! if fully sensible of your own superior condition. The lowest class, in sickness or corporal accidents, have more skill employed for their recovery, than crowned heads in many other countries.

Maxims and Observations, moral and physical.

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS,

ON the 5th of January, 1589, Catharine de Medicis departed a world which she seemed born to trouble, unregretted by a people whom she had involved in all the cruellest distresses of a civil war. Her restless ambition would not suffer her to be contented with that share of power which she had obtained by corrupting the minds and morals of her sons, and of her subjects; leading them into the most destructive vices by every art and blandishment; but, finding those vile methods insufficient to secure to her the sole government of the kingdom, she fomented that discord which ended in the ruin of her family.

The duplicity of her conduct prevented her from gaining a friend; and her cruelty rendered every good man her enemy. Daring and presumptuous while unopposed, timorous and confounded when danger approached, her life was a series of alternate desperate undertakings, and mean and treacherous concessions: uniform in the malevolence of her designs, but inconstant in her actions; steady in her aim, but variable in the means she used to attain it; by artifice and subterfuge she sought to ward off, for the present hour, the dangers she had incurred by her rashness, without attending to the new distresses wherein the obliquity of her procedure must involve her. By nature she was endowed with some superiority of talents, which enabled her to become eminently wicked; and the massacre of St. Bartholomew will ever fix an indelible stain on the French nation, and render her memory detestable to all posterity.

TRUTH.

The great and illustrious men of antiquity thought no virtue more commendable than a strict observance of their word. They looked on it as the first foundation of justice, the bond of unity, and the chief support of society. There is nothing in which a wise man is more distinguished from a fool than by his promises.

The indiscreet make them lightly, and as often as they are demanded: the man of judgment weighs within himself before he enters into any

engagement. The one forgets immediately what he has said: the other having once made you depend, will never revolt, what loss or detriment soever it may happen to be to him.

If the show of any thing be good, I am sure sincerity is better; for, why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? to counterfeit and dissemble being to put on the appearance of some real excellency.

Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, when, perhaps, he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

A new Voyage to Otabeite.

Extract of a letter from a midshipman (aged sixteen) on board his Majesty's ship *Bounty*, commanded by Captain Bligh, now on her voyage to Otabeite, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty; for the purpose of conveying from thence, to the islands of St. Vincent and Jamaica, the growing plants of that valuable production of that vegetable kingdom, the *Bread Fruit Tree*, indigenous to that island, and to several of the other isles in the South Seas.

Bounty, Simon's Bay, in False Bay, (Cape of Good Hope) June 17th, 1788.

I SHALL give you a short account of our passage since leaving Teneriffe, and of the exceeding bad weather we experienced off Cape Horn. I do assure you, the account which Lord Anson gave of it is very true, and not in the least exaggerated, as has been generally supposed; and the report which Captain Bligh will give, (as most likely his voyage will be published) will I dare venture to affirm, correspond with mine in every particular; and perhaps deter future navigators from attempting to double that Cape at so improper a season of the year.

We left Teneriffe on Thursday the 10th of January, after staying there four days. I wrote to you from thence by a Spanish packet, which was to have sailed in two days for Cadiz. After we left Santa Cruz, we shaped our course westerly towards the coast of Brazil, and from that road, till we got into the lat. of 30 S. we had the most pleasing weather imaginable, and always plenty of fish. I have drawn one of every sort we caught, and also such birds as I could get a good sight of; so that I hope, by the time I come home I shall have a tolerable collection.

On Saturday morning the 16th of February, we saw a sail, which next morning we came up with, and found her to be a South Sea whalefisherman, bound for the Cape of Good Hope.—In a few days afterwards, we got out of the N. E. trades, entered the Variables, and now and then met with a gale that used us rather roughly.

ly, and which went very much against the grain, being so uncommon in the delightful climate we left behind. The number of large whales which we daily saw, in running down the South American coast, is wonderful; and two or three of them at a time, frequently came along side, to windward of the ship, and blew the water all over us; and were thereby so troublesome, that, to make them set off, we were obliged to fire at them with muskets charged with ball. They frequently bore three shots before they offered to stir. On Sunday morning, the 23d of March, at two o'clock, we made the land of Terra del Fuego, bearing S. E. and by this bearing found ourselves in sight of land above Cape St. Diego, and of course too far to the windward of Staten Land to attempt going through Straits le Maire, as the wind was south west—so we immediately hauled off east.

At noon, the east part of Staten Land made its appearance. This land is exceedingly high; the summits of the mountains are chiefly rocks, most of them entirely covered with snow, and have all together, a very wild and desolate appearance. The only natives belonging to it, and which we saw in vast numbers, are seals, porpoises, and whales; and the birds are wild ducks, albatrosses, quebrantaullies, pattering, and many other sea birds. Cape St. John, which is the east point, is in lat. of 54 47. S. and 63. 47. W.—We had pretty good weather for a day or two after we left the land; but as soon as we were clear of it, we began to feel the effects of the Cape Horn climate!—From the 25th of March, till the 18th of April, was one continued gale, as it seldom ceased for four hours together.

During the 29 days we were beating off the Cape, we had to encounter the most violent storm that I suppose were ever experienced; and I can safely say, the wind was not twelve hours easterly during that time, and we never had more canvas spread than close-reefed top-sails; but most chiefly, when not lying to, reefed courses.—The porpoises were caught off the Cape, were thought delicious morsels; and a sea-pie, made of an albatross, (which, you may judge, must be very fishy, when caught above 100 leagues from the land) went down very well. After beating about three weeks, to no purpose, and the ship at last beginning to be leaky, so as to oblige us to pump every hour; and many of the people being ill, by the severity of the weather, and want of rest, (there being seldom a night but all hands were called three or four times) the Captain, on the 18th of April, in the forenoon, thinking it dangerous, and very improper, to lose so much time, bore down to the Cape of Good Hope, to the great joy of every one on board. From that day, till

We made this land, we had the wind constantly from the westward, so that we have only been a month and three days making the run between the two Capes †, which was, I dare say, as great a run in the time, as ever was performed; and I have the happiness of telling you, that the Bounty is as fine a sea-boat as ever swam. She does not sail very fast; her greatest rate is eight or nine knots; but once she went ten, quartering, which is quite sufficient. We made the Table Land on the 23d of May, and anchored in this bay on the Saturday night following.

We shall leave this place in about a fortnight, and proceed for Dieman's Land, to wood and water; afterwards to New Zealand; and then to Otaheite.

I suppose there never were seas, in any part of the known world, to compare with those we met off Cape Horn, for height, and length of swell: the oldest seaman on board never saw any thing equal to them; yet Mr. Peckover, our gunner, was all the three voyages with Captain Cook.

There are only fourteen buildings in this town; one of them is very long, and consists of store houses. False Bay is only frequented by shipping in the time of the north-east winds; deeming it dangerous to lie in Table Bay after the first of May. Cape False and the Cape of Good Hope form the entrance, which is six leagues across, bearing from each other nearly east and west, by true compass. The bay we are now in lies about eleven miles from the Cape of Good Hope, on the west side of False Bay, and is the only safe one for shipping to be in; for although there is good anchorage without, yet it is too wild and open; and besides, not having it in our power to get necessaries conveniently, and which you may be supplied with plentifully, when within. Few people reside here, therefore every thing of consequence is sent from Cape Town in waggons. There is a convenient wharf built for the use of ships.

I send this by a French merchantman, bound for l'Orient.

We are all well on board.

N O T E.

† The distance from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope is 4052 miles. The run, being performed in thirty three days, is consequently 123 miles each day, or five miles and 1-10th each hour. The distance from the Cape of Good Hope to Adventure Bay in Dieman's land 6032 miles. From Adventure to Cook's Straights in New Zealand, 1262 miles. And from Cook's Straights to Otaheite 2309 miles. The distance therefore from the Cape of Good Hope to Otaheite is 9613 English miles, and from Cape Horn to Otaheite, by the Cape of Good Hope, 13,665 miles.

P O E T R Y.

The Redbreast. By Mrs. Bend Hopkins.

Upon seeing a little Robin in severe Weather.

SWEET bird! who cheer'st the heavy hours
Of Winter's dreary reign;
Oh, shew exert thy tuneful powers
And pour the vocal strain.

Whilst I with gratitude prepare
The food thy wants demand;
Go not to seek a scanty fare
From Nature's frozen hand.

Domestic bird, near me remain,
Until the verdant Spring
Again shall bid the woodland train
Their grateful tribute bring.

Esset Robin, then, thou may'st explore,
And join the feather'd throng,
And every vocal bush shall pour
The energy of song.

May'st thou enjoy the silver scene
Till all its charms are o'er,
And Winter's melancholy reign
My prisoner restore!

N I G H T.

PHOEBUS to distant regions now is fled,
And o'er remoter parts his beams are
spread;

The lowing oxen from the field now throng,
With sluggish steps they tread the way along.
The num'rous host of brilliant stars arise,
And glitter through the concave of the skies;
Their lustre shining in the vast expanse,
Excites man's wonder, and delights his sense.

Now reigns a quiet, undisturbed peace,
Now busy mortals from their labour cease:
The darken'd air a solemn stillness keeps,
Oppress'd with toil, the weary'd ploughman
sleeps.

The moon displays now her resplendent light,
And by her glimm'ring cheers the gloom of
night.

The fearful, wary miser, sordid elf!
With triple bolts makes fast his golden pelf;
His wealth ill gotten, hides from prying eyes,
And nature's cravings to himself denies.

True to his charge, immers'd in dreary dark,
The yelping dog from far is heard to bark;
Warning the daring robber from the ground,
By his alarming roar and well-known sound.
Distant from cities, and in noiseless shade.

The bat on leathern wings is now convey'd.
The feather'd choristers, in solemn lay,
Sing a farewell ode to departing day;
Their weaken'd quiv'ring notes now die away,
And each seeks refuge on his sep'rate pray.

The mottled snake the grass now glides along,
Repeated hisses constitute his song.

The pearly midnight dew-drops now descend,
Alighting on the foliage, there suspend.

Mortals, encircled in sleep's drowsy arms,
No more are prone to fears or dread alarms;
Night's sable curtain o'er their bed is drawn,
And dreams present them with fantastic forms.

The fear-struck booby sees, with horror flies
From the rude vision that assails his eyes;
A ghastly spectre rises to his sight,
A deadly form entrains his mind in fright.

On all sides heaps of snow abound,
Behold it widely spread around,
And clad in purest white the ground.
No more we walk the verdant mead,
Or tread the path where flowers lead;
The sturdy trees, decay'd, are seen,
And cease to boast their pleasing green;
The branches wither'd now appear,
And, leafless, tell the closing year.
The peasant from his toil suspend,
While winds blow bleak, and snow descends;
Forc'd now inactive to remain,
In's cottage, with a num'rous train,
What joys depicted on his face,
Surrounded by a youthful race!
When all around the sparkling fire,
Attend the instructions of their fire.
The frozen blast with keenness blow,
No more the murmur'ing riv'let flows;
Its surface clear as purest glass,
Of ice now grown one solid mass.
See now the garden's beauties fade,
Plants, shrubs, fruits, flowers, all decay'd;
Thus does the frost its power display,
And ruling with tyrannic sway,
Announces us the Shortest Day.
The distant prospect we decry,
No longer charms or feasts the eye;
Barren and desolate the view,
Here's snow in piles where flowers grew.
The shepherd's pipe in pleasant strain
No more is heard across the plain;
His fleecy band we now behold,
To guard against the piercing cold,
Repair in clusters to the fold.
Behold the jovial, merry set,
Around th' enliv'ning fuel met,
The tedious moments to destroy,
In pastime, sport, and mirthful joy.
Repine not, mortals, nor complain,
Of Winter's rude and rig'rous reign;
Its hurricanes will cease to roar,
Frost, snows, storms, tempests be no more;
Its horrors, when all done away,
And Spring its beauties does display,
We'll then forget the Shortest Day.

The Miser's Wonder. An Epigram.

GRIPUS, the greatest gripe alive,
Whose only maxim was to thrive;
The vulgar jest of ev'ry tongue,
The line disgracing whence he sprung:
Tho' grudging e'en of food the charge,
A mansion built immensely large:

Alights, then civilly is shewn,
 The glories of each princely room;
 Paintings from distant countries brought,
 Carpets and silks in Persia wrought:
 The sideboards shone with heaps of plate,
 But there was nothing fit to eat.
 By flights of stairs descending down,
 As last they enter'd the saloon:
 There Gripos thus accosts his guest:
 "Since with your presence I am blest,
 Oblige me, Sir, in this demand;
 These pannels that unfinish'd stand,
 I would have pictur'd with some scene,
 That never had yet painted been;
 Direct my choice; it has been said,
 That two are better than one head."
 "Well, (says the guest) if oddness please,
 E'en paint a man that seems to sneeze."
 "Thy humour, good Gen'rosus change,
 I would have something still more strange."
 "What, stranger yet?—then prithee draw
 Plenty—'tis what you never saw.

Rhapsody to Fashion. By Mr. E. Rhodes.

FASHION, bright arbitress supreme,
 Whilst I thy praise rehearse,
 And make thy magic pow'r my theme,
 O stamp thy sanction on my verse!
 Then, tho' uncouth it roll along,
 Like some rude crier's ill-rhym'd song,
 Devoid of harmony and ease;
 Still, bless'd by thee, my lays shall please.
 Thy vot'ries, then, with raptures near divine,
 Shall praise the charming thought, and sweet
 harmonious line.

Should'st thou refuse thy potent aid,
 Tho' Milton's thought be there,
 And imag'ry like his display'd,
 Still must the sighing bard despair:
 No tongue shall yield him honest praise,
 Nor pretty Muses read his lays:
 In vain, poor fellow! must he write;
 In vain essay to give delight;
 Unless thy fame-bellowing band, O Ton!
 With friendly aid should deign to consecrate his
 song.

On earth thy influence is such,
 So absolute thy sway,
 That, by thy all-commanding touch,
 We swear, and lye, and preach, and pray.
 Revers'd, by thee thou magic sprite,
 Shall right be wrong, and wrong be right;
 Deform'd shall Beauty's self appear,
 And discord charm the ravish'd ear:
 By thee shall dulness triumph, in despite
 Of what declaimers say, or monthly critics
 write.

By thee, O'Keefe, with trite old pun,
 Shall meet the applauding roar
 Of those who hail him Humour's son,
 And crown him with a loud encore:
 By thee his thrice-told obscene jest,
 Tho' in the coarsest language dress'd,
 Aided by Edwin's comic face,
 Shall boast a multitude of graces;

Grimace and jargon pass for sterling wit,
 And senseless ribaldry be deem'd "a damn'd
 good hit."

Like thee, with absolute command,
 Once superstition reign'd;
 And, over Egypt's fertile land,
 A long unrivall'd sway maintain'd:
 As then Religion's name she bore,
 Deluded millions own'd her pow'r;
 She render'd sacred ev'ry sod,
 And rais'd each trifle to a god;
 Bade Egypt's sons, as ignorant as meek,
 Sing hymns to onions, and adore a leek.

H O M E :

*An Extemporary Effusion on returning Home af-
 ter an Absence of some Weeks.*

WHEN *business* calls or *friends* invite me,
 And I am forc'd abroad to roam,
 No objects that I meet delight me
 Like those which I have left at HOME.

Tho' sure to find luxurious dainties,
 And lodge beneath some splendid dome,
 Still, my sorrowful complaint is,
 That I am far, alas, from HOME.

Tho' welcom'd with unfeign'd caresses,
 And *liking* all, nay *loving* some;
 Much, much I fear my look expresses,
 That spite of all I'm *not* at HOME.

What tho' my friends the hours to vary,
 For me select the curious tome!
 Of verse and prose I soon grow weary,
 Not Pope amuses while from HOME.

What tho' to urge my stay's exerted
 The eloquence of Greece and Rome!
 My steady purpose, not diverted,
 Still resolutely leads me HOME.

Ye tranquil gates again receive me,
 Once more your transient wanderer's come;
 From future calls kind fate relieve me,
 And ne'er again I'll quit my HOME.

A Simile.

"**T**HE world's a stage," great Shakespeare
 said,
 How many plays have people play'd,
 In town and city? I declare,
 "Much ado 'bout Nothing," there.
 May we not find too, ev'ry day,
 "All in the Wrong," a favourite play;
 And in the scenes of life we see
 How many characters there be;
 Well tutor'd in his theft and malice,
 Will not a Filch go to the gallows?
 Is there a time but we may meet
 A Tony Lumkin in the street?
 While the Fair Penitent appears,
 And poor Calista sheds her tears,
 And Jessamy we sometimes see,
 Will pick his steps and take rapes.

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Constantinople, October 22, 1788.

LETTERS just arrived from Akilka advise, that the Turks have obtained an important advantage over the joint force of the Russians and Georgians in the neighbourhood of Teflis, in which they have taken a considerable number of prisoners.

Vienna, Nov. 8. Advices are received here, that the emperor, with the main body of the army, having passed the Danube at Surdock, arrived at Semlin the 28th of last month.

The army under the command of marshal Laudon having been obliged, by the overflowing of the river Sava, to desist from any further operations, have fixed their cantonments in the environs of Gradiska. The corps under general Fabris have also retired into winter quarters in Transylvania.

Nov. 10. The Turks have almost entirely evacuated the Bannat; they have abandoned their posts at Mehadia and Schupaneck, and have considerably diminished the number of their troops stationed at Belgrade, which place and Orsova are now their head-quarters.

Nov. 22. On the 11th instant, a skirmish took place in the vicinity of Semlin, between a corps of Austrians and Turks, in which the former, after having lost one lieutenant and 40 men, were at first obliged to retire; but being reinforced by a considerable body of horse, they in their turn compelled the Turkish detachment, amounting to 400 Spahis, and nearly the same number of irregular troops to retreat.

Nov. 29. An armistice was signed on the 22d instant, between general Kinsky, on the part of his Imperial majesty, and the Pacha of Rumelia, by which it was agreed, that neither party should commence hostilities till they had given ten days notice to the other.

Dec. 6. The emperor returned yesterday in perfect health to this capital.

Copenhagen, Nov. 11. Letters from Udevala, of the 6th inst. advise, that a convention had been agreed upon between his Swedish majesty

and the prince of Hesse, by which the armistice is prolonged to the 15th of May next.

Paris, Dec. 15. The assembly of the notables, which met at Versailles on the 6th of November last, was dissolved yesterday, by a speech from the king in person.

The following was his majesty's speech when he dissolved the assembly of the notables:

'Gentlemen,

'In terminating your meetings, I assemble you around me, to testify my satisfaction at the zeal and application which you have observed in the examination of the different objects which I laid before you. I shall weigh with attention the result of your deliberations, and shall prepare every thing which may accelerate the assembly of the States General; a period that I wish for with much impatience, being assured they will provide an efficacious remedy for the evils of the state.'

Dec. 22. The press groans with political pamphlets. Mr. Guillotin, has penned a petition from the merchants of Paris, which is one of the boldest remonstrances ever presented to a king. It was signed by some thousands. The parliament, offended at the citizens petitioning the throne through any other medium than that of their body, ordered the petition to be publicly burnt. This instance of despotism in a description of men who avowed themselves the advocates of liberty, enraged the populace so highly, that they thronged round the forum, with intent to place the civic crown on the head of the writer, if they could have found him. Thus, by an imprudent stretch of power, the parliament has lost much of its popularity.

Amsterdam, Dec. 20. Two booksellers lately taken into custody for vending defamatory libels against her royal highness the princess of Orange, were sentenced the day before yesterday to appear upon a scaffold, with an inscription on their breasts, to see the libels they circulated burnt by the hands of the hangman, then to be whipped, and afterwards banished for ever from the provinces of Holland and West Friesland.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

L O N D O N, Nov. 30, 1788.

LORD George Gordon, of whom we had heard nothing for some time, has lately taken occasion to cause several hand-bills to be distributed, in which many texts of scripture are most scandalously applied to the unhappy state of the king. These applications could have no other tendency than to alienate the affections of the people from their sovereign. And his lordship thought proper to send several of those hand-bills to the present members of administration, avowing himself to be the author.

As this proceeding was of a very criminal nature, orders were immediately sent to the sheriff to search his lordship's apartments, and discover whether he had any means of printing such treacherable libels in Newgate. Accordingly Sir Benjamin Hammet went on Thursday the 28th January, 1789.

day of Nov. to lord George Gordon's apartment on the felon's side of Newgate, and tore down two copies from the walls of the room.—He informed his lordship, that these papers made a great disturbance in the city, and threatened to remove him to a worse room. Lord George told the sheriff, that he was in the power of his enemies, in a loathsome prison, and they might do as they thought most prudent for themselves; as to the printer, he was known to nobody but himself.

Dec. 1.] M. Messier, astronomer of the royal marine and royal academy at Paris, on the 26th of November, at one in the morning, discovered from the observatory of the marine, a new comet in the constellation of the great bear, *Ursa Major*, near the star *psi*.—It may be seen easily with glasses, but is not yet visible to the eyes alone. The middle of this comet is

very brilliant, encircled with different spots, having a tail of between two and three degrees in length, but giving a very feeble light.

At 39 minutes past one in the morning, its direct ascension was 166 degrees 46 minutes, and its declination 47 degrees 29 minutes north.

At 58 minutes past two, its ascension had diminished 1 minute and 30 seconds, and its declination had augmented 14 minutes and 30 seconds. By these observations it appears, that this comet does not set; that its direct ascension is very slow, and that it increases much in declination, rising towards the north pole. It has since been seen in England.

It is remarkable, that the comet in 1759 was seen at the marine observatory in France more than four months before it was seen in England, or even heard of.

4.] A very important and interesting point of law was brought to a decision last month, in the court of Common Pleas, by the spirited and laudable exertions of Mr. Williams, auctioneer, at Lambeth Butts.—Mr. Williams was employed by Mr. Crown of Brompton, to sell his furniture, by auction, on the premises. Mr. Millington, an attorney, who had a claim of five guineas on Crown, had goods knocked down to him at the auction, for which he paid the customary earnest, and next day found means to get the goods loaded and sent off, and then tendered a receipt for the five guineas due to him, with 2l. 4s. and 6d. in cash, as payment to the auctioneer. The auctioneer refused the receipt in payment, paid Crown the full money for the lot, and then brought his action against Millington, and got a verdict in his favour. Millington moved the court to set aside the verdict. The arguments offered by his counsel were principally these, that the auctioneer had himself no property in the goods, and his possession was only a menial one, such as a shopman has from his employers; therefore he could maintain no action in his own name for breach of contract: that the case was totally different from that of a factor for a foreign merchant, who was liable to sue and be sued for the convenience of commerce, because the principal, dwelling in a foreign country, could not be forthcoming; but here the auctioneer's principal being on the spot, removed all responsibility from the servant to himself. When the counsel on the other side had replied, lord Loughborough gave it as his decided opinion, that the auctioneer had not only a clear possession of the goods, but that that possession was also coupled with an interest he had in them as bound not only to defray all expenses incurred by the sale, but the law threw upon him the responsibility for the duty. On this ground the verdict was established.

5.] A cause was tried in the court of Common Pleas, Westminster, between a house-keeper of

19.] This day came on to be tried at Guildhall, before lord Kenyon and a special jury, cause, wherein Henry Lys, the younger, of Gollport, Hants, was plaintiff, and Robert Stace of Botley, Hants, defendant. The attempt made by this was to recover of the defendant seven hundred pounds on a note of hand, formerly given by the defendant for another person, and which ought to have been delivered up about six years ago, another security having been then taken for the same.—When after one witness only being called on the part of the plaintiff, the action appeared to the court: its true colours, and the learned judge (without any witness being called by the defendant) immediately directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, and ordered the note to be cancelled in court.

Portsmouth, Dec. 22.] About one o'clock this morning an express arrived here with the disagreeable account of the Crown man of war being aground on the Goodwin Sands, with the loss of her masts. Such of the officers of the Southampton frigate and Atalanta sloop as were on shore were immediately sent for, and the two ships got under way about three to her relief. It was reported this evening, in the dockyard, that the Crown got off after parting with her rudder.

Chatham, Dec. 24. Yesterday the coroner inquest sat at the Star Inn, near Chatham Hill, on the body of colonel Roper, who was mortally wounded in a duel between him and lieutenant Purefoy on Sunday morning last, in a turnip field near the said inn, and after a long investigation, brought in their verdict with murder against the said lieutenant and his second.

24.] The interview between their Majesty on Saturday se'nnight was, as may be supposed of the most affecting kind. The Queen beheld it with uncommon firmness, but his Majesty felt a very visible mark of perturbation. The period of the interview, as stipulated, was but a quarter of an hour; that expired, Dr W— put his Majesty in mind of his Royal promise but to very little purpose, till he added, "as the room was rather cold, a longer continuance might injure her Majesty's health." This instantly produced the intended effect, and he took his leave in the most affectionate manner.

Though her Majesty, from the exercise of gentleness upon the best and sincerest affection, supported herself with firmness during the above interview, her spirits relaxed the moment she quitted the apartment, and continued in the utmost state of languor the whole day.

26.] This day died, in the 95th year of age, at his apartments in Chelsea College,

and thrown into the Thames,' at the pleasure of the surgeon. The surgeon to whom he has assigned this charge is Mr. Foster, of Union-court, Broad-street.

27.] Monday the prince of Wales gave directions for a large quantity of coals to be provided and given away to the poor of St. James and St. Martin's parishes. At Bagshot his royal highness's liberality has been most salutary: a fox ex was divided among the peasantry in that neighbourhood.

Yesterday the duke of York ordered an additional bushel of coals per week to every married man in his regiment, during the present inclement season.

Yesterday evening at half past ten o'clock, a boat half the eastern terrace at Somerset-place fell to the ground; it had given way some days before, and in consequence, carriages have been prevented driving over it ever since Thursday morning. Upwards of twenty workmen were employed all yesterday in propping and shoring up the arches, and providentially the crash was happily suspended, so that no lives were lost.

30.] The Lord Chancellor in Friday's debate bore honourable testimony to the conduct and accomplishments of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The noble and learned Lord said he had had frequent opportunities of observing his behaviour at Windsor, during the severity of his Majesty's indisposition, and more true, affectionate filial piety and attention, he never witnessed. In the various conferences which he had had the honour, during the present unhappy interruption of the executive government, to have with his Highness, he had discovered in him a manly, open, decisive character—a mind endowed with great capacity, with extensive knowledge, and with sound principles. The noble and learned Lord concluded with saying, that he would not hesitate a moment from the observation that he had made, to confide implicitly in his personal honour, public virtue, and filial duty, for a faithful discharge of the trust to be committed to him.

31.] On Tuesday last, the festival of the lights commenced among the Jews: it consists principally in lighting eight lamps in the apartments of every individual, adding one every night during the eight days of its continuance: they have, from their disposition, a striking appearance. This custom was instituted by the Maccabees, in memory of a victory obtained by them over Antiochus Epiphanes, who had, by polluting the temple, put them to the trouble of cleansing and dedicating it again; when it seems the priests came to light the lamp which was to burn continually, there was no more oil found than would burn one night; but as this small portion was believed to be made by a miracle, to continue eight days, which were expended in procuring a fresh supply, according to the manner commanded, the annual celebration with prayer, &c. was enjoined; where pure oil of olives cannot be obtained, wax is used as a substitute.

Jan. 2, 1789.] Yesterday last night came on to be heard before the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's-Inn Hall, the petition of a lady in the name of ——— Lloyd, Esq. praying that the

Court would prohibit the lunatic's estate from spoil or destruction.

Mr. Mansfield, in support of the petition, observed, that the heir at law to the lunatic was also afflicted with the same unfortunate calamity, and that the next heir was the petitioner. He said, that by an order of the Court referring it to the Master, to inquire and direct what trees on the estate were in a state proper to be felled, an examination had been made; and several timber trees cut down, and sold, that were in growing and improveable state, and a great number of others had been marked for that purpose, which were equally improveable and ornamental to the estate. Of these proceedings the petitioner, who was materially interested, had received no notice.

The Solicitor General opposed the petition.— He contended that the petitioner should have made her application before, which she might have done. He was in possession of evidence to prove that almost all the trees were very old and decayed, and proper to be cut down. Some of them had been lately sold to a fair purchaser; and it would be a material injury to him, if he was delayed in availing himself of his purchase, as he wanted some of them immediately for government, with whom he had contracted. This petitioner, he said, was not known to have any interest, and consequently no notice was given her of the proceedings under this lunacy.

The Lord Chancellor said, in all cases of lunacy he felt it his duty to direct a vigilant eye to the preservation of the lunatic's estate, and the interest of the next heir. He always considered the cutting down timber trees to be a circumstance of great importance to estates. His Lordship also observed, that the lady who had preferred the petition being a stranger, he should have been glad to have heard what claim she could have sustained; but as the petition did not contain a case that was properly supported, and as the proceedings had arrived to a great length, he did not conceive it would be consistent with justice to consent to the prayer of the petition.

5.] Mr. Grenville is appointed Speaker of the House of Commons, in the room of the Right Honourable Charles Wolfrane Cornwall, deceased.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is the first gentleman in England, ranking in the order of precedence immediately after Barons, and before the eldest sons of Viscounts. He also takes place of all Privy Counsellors, and Knights of the Garter (not Peers), Judges, &c. He is likewise reckoned in the old law-books, the mouth-piece of the House of Commons, and is generally finally rewarded with a peerage.

The salary of the Speaker is between seven and eight thousand pounds per year, besides patronage; but then it requires so much parliamentary knowledge, such promptness, evenness of temper, and, above all, such drudging attendance, as can only make it a bait for the most patient ambition.

The present Speaker's father, Mr. Geo. Grenville, it is supposed, was better acquainted with the business of the House of Commons, than any man living of his time.

6.] A remarkable instance of the powers of conscience has occurred within these few days. The Secretary of the Sun Fire Office received a letter, written in a foreign hand, inclosing a bank-note of 100l. which the writer of the letter desired should be carried to the account of the office, and acknowledged in the Public Advertiser, some day the first week of January, which was accordingly done.—There is no other way of accounting for this, but from the remorse of some person who had defrauded that institution.

MARRIAGES.

AT Antigua, Captain Bickerton, of his Majesty's ship Sybil, son of Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart. to Miss Athill, daughter of the late Dr. Athill.—At Wath, the Rev. Mr. Hunter, Rector of Thurnscoe, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam, to Miss Tennant, daughter of Mr. Tennant, merchant, of Wakefield.—Hon. Frederick St. John, brother to Viscount Bolingbroke, to lady Mary Kerr, daughter to the Marquis of Lothian.—William Franklin,

Esq; late Governor of the New Jerseys, to Mrs. De Evelin, a widow lady, of North-street, Marybone.

DEATHS.

LATELY, Admiral Greig, commander in chief of the Russian navy.—Harriet lady Archibald Hamilton.—The Infant don Gabriel third son of Charles III. King of Spain.—Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.—The celebrated French Admiral De Suffrein.—In Prince's-street, Hanover-square, after a severe illness, Percival Potts, Esq; F. R. S.—At his house in Marybone, aged 63, Robert Auchmuty, Esq; late Judge of the Admiralty, in the Court of Appeals, for the four New-England governments in North America.—Lady Fitzroy, at her house in Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Her Ladyship was mother of the present Duke of Grafton, and relict of the late James Jeffereys, Esq; one of the Commissioners of the Customs.—William Viscount Courtney.—Francis Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Kilbeggan, December 21, 1789.

YESTERDAY, Mathias M'Manus, a distiller in this town, was obliged to abscond for the murder of a poor soldier, (one Pell) belonging to the troop, quartered at Tullamore;—the soldier originally belonged to the band, and was deemed a quiet, inoffensive man—he was butchered in a cruel manner, by not only Mac-Manus, but by all the swabs and labourers, who attend at his distillery and malt-house—it is thought, however, that he will be apprehended, as every means are taken by the Magistrates, to have him secured.

Waterford, Dec. 24. Last Saturday, Mr. William Power, of Passage, Waterford, fell off Craven Head, and was unfortunately killed on the spot.

Cork, Jan. 1. Last week the remains of the Rev. Dr. Mann, late Bishop of Cork and Ross, were landed here from Bristol, and deposited at the Bishop's Palace until yesterday, when they were interred at Ballinaspig. The funeral was superb, every Clergyman in the city attended, wearing scarfs, and there were upwards of fifty carriages.

Jan. 10. On Sunday night the 28th ult. a most daring outrage was committed on the person of Mr. Timothy Mahony by a number of armed villains, but we have the satisfaction to hear, that nineteen of the most desperate and

him on a horse about four miles, then put a stick into his mouth, pulled out his tongue and cut the end off it; they also cut a joint of each finger off his right hand, and broke his left arm; afterwards they beat him severely with whips and sticks, telling him they would treat all persons so that would presume to collect rents in that neighbourhood—Mr. Mahony having come there to collect the last May rents due by the tenants of Christopher H—— Earberry, Esq; for whom Mr. Mahony is agent.—It is apprehended he cannot survive such savage treatment, being upwards of seventy years old;—but it is sincerely to be hoped, the perpetrators will meet with a punishment they so justly merit.

Jan. 15. Last Saturday night, or Sunday morning, the house of Mr. Francis Hore, in George's street, was broke into by some nefarious villain or villains, and out of the office belonging thereto were stolen bank notes, bank receipts, and other articles, to a large amount, together with a brass box, about three inches over, on one side was a sun and moon, which moved round, and Thomas Hore, 1700, engraved.

The following is an extract from the proceedings of an occasional meeting of the General Synod of Ulster and Presbytery of Antrim:

Dungannon, Jan. 2, 1789. "Resolved unanimously, That the Moderator be ordered to enquire, if from the subject to the

of which communicating to some flax, set that and an adjoining cabin in flames, in which the youngest child, a girl about three years old perished.

Kilkenny, Jan. 21. The heavy fall of snow during the day and night of Monday, has rendered travelling so difficult, that the Munster mail, due yesterday morning at eight o'clock, did not arrive till past three in the afternoon: and the Dublin mail, due yesterday evening, had not arrived at 3 o'clock this morning.

Canal, Jan. 21. Committed yesterday to the county gaol, by John Luther, Esq; Mayor, Edward Tobin and Alice Daniel, charged with being concerned in conveying a quantity of yellow arsenic into the gaol of this town, and conspiring with others, to have the same mixed with flour, which was eaten by Dennis Guirey, a prisoner, with intent to deprive said Guirey of life.

DUBLIN, Jan. 2. 1789.

YESTERDAY at noon, a messenger with an express for the Marquis of Buckingham, landed here from on board a wherry from Holyhead.

On Tuesday night last, at about ten o'clock, a genteel looking young woman was stopped by two fellows and a woman, in Townsend-street, and robbed of her cloak, hat, silk petticoat and pockets, in which were some trifle of silver, (a few shillings,) a pocket-book, and a tortoise shell snuff-box;—the triumvirate did not attempt to ill use the young woman;—the she-footpad stripped her of the articles we have mentioned, and handed them to her male freebooters, after which they bid the young woman good night, and ran off towards Irishtown or Ringsend;—the lady seemed very dextrous at her profession, and really polite, as she made several apologies for being obliged to strip the lady of her silk petticoat, which she declared she would not do, but that she saw she had three besides, exclusive of the one appertaining to her gown, and that, for her own part, she had scarcely one to cover her ——— delicacy won't permit us to make use of the lady's last expression, which was rather a little coarse.

5.] Last Saturday, a woman who sold china oranges, got herself intoxicated in some shop in Townsend-street; and after coming out, reeled into a ground cellar, and was terribly bruised, but so much in liquor, that when she awoke in

was unfortunately drowned in the quarry hole near the gallows, where he took his horse to water, as he was returning from some errand he had been sent upon; he was a harmless inoffensive honest fellow, who had lived in her ladyship's service several years.

The following notice was filed on Saturday last in the different mercantile coffee-houses in this city.

"A most melancholy scene presented itself here last Tuesday; a fine brig appeared in the Offing, not above a mile and a half from the harbour's mouth, with her main-mast cut away, and while we were preparing to get some boats to venture out in a heavy gale, and more heavy sea; she went down head foremost, in the view of hundreds from the shore; ten men were drowned, and one saved; the master and mate among the former. She was the *Ebenezer* of and from Arundel, Law. Westley, master. Six weeks from Ubes; her cargo salt.

Signed, JOHN GAHAN."

Dated, Castle Townsend,
20th Dec. 1788.

7.] His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has given the living of St. Nicholas Without to the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, in addition to the Prebendary of Howth.

It is remarkable enough, that of the two churches to whose livings the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan is collated, one has been roofless for half a century, and the other lies so prostrate in a heap of ruins; divine service for the first, (St. Mary's, at Howth) is casually performed in Lord Howth's house, and for the latter, (St. Nicholas Without) in the French Episcopal Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at St. Patrick's.

Monday, the Right Hon. John Beresford was elected a Director, under the Act for paving, cleansing, and lighting the streets of Dublin, in the room of Lord Viscount Clifden, deceased.

Monday the Royal College of Surgeons held their annual election of officers, when William Dease, Esq. was elected President; Robert Bower, S. C. King, George Stewart, R. S. Obre, Phil. Woodroffe, and Francis M'Evoy, Esqrs. Censors; and James Henthorn, P. L'Estrange, George Renny, Edward Kent, Paul Houlton, R. M. Peile, Thos. Edwards, William Hartigan, Sol. Richards, Arthur Winter, Richard Sparrow, and John Doyle, Esqrs. Assistants. Mr. Henthorn was elected Secretary, and Mr. Woodroffe, Treasurer, for the year en-

threatened the destruction of the whole neighbourhood. A large hay-rick in an adjoining yard, caught the flames—this, along with the blaze of the timber, seemed to have formed a pyramid of fire; the engines attended and made every exertion, but to little purpose; the concerns were almost consumed, and the whole yesterday presented a heap of smouldering ruins.

Early on Monday morning last, an accidental fire broke out in the house of Mr. William Hammond, of Coolnapoge, in the county of Waterford, which entirely consumed the same; but happily no other damage was sustained.

Yesterday evening about duskish, Mr. Nicholas Mahon of this city, returning from Castleknock, was stopped in the Phoenix Park, by two footpads, who robbed him of his watch, silver shoe and knee buckles, and half a guinea in gold, with which they effected their escape.

Last Monday, a dispute happened between one of the unfortunate females confined in the Bridewell in Smithfield, and a Police-man, when the former received a blow from her antagonist, which put an end to her existence. The Coroner's Inquest brought in a verdict wilful murder. The Police-man has absconded.

Yesterday morning, a handsome looking young woman was found lying at the corner of Northumberland-street, murdered in a shocking manner; her skull was fractured, and several stabs appeared on different parts of her body; she wore a blue rug cloak, silk hat, satinet shoes, and black stockings:—It is supposed she was a servant, who was sent of a message, and unfortunately met with some of the prowling villains, who infest all parts of this city.

Wednesday night last, about twelve o'clock, some fellows broke into the house of a dairyman in Patrick-street;—the noise of a faithful dog, however, alarmed the family before the fellows made good their booty, and two of them were secured, and next morning committed to the New Prison.

Early on Sunday morning last, some villains broke into the house of Mr. Le Fevre of Anglesea-street, by tearing out a pannel of the parlour window shutter, breaking the glass and lifting up the lath, when they carried off with them a large pier-glass, a musket, some chair covers, and the greatest part of the servant maid's cloaths; some of them must have been desperately cut about the hands in breaking the glass, as a stream of blood was discovered from where they entered to several other parts of the house; the miscreants did not seem to be apprehensive of danger, as they took time to regale themselves with some cold beef, a bottle of claret, and a few bottles of cider; they had several articles packed ready to take away, but it is supposed they were alarmed by a servant maid who got up to strike a light.

13.] Sir John Blaquiere, we hear, is preparing a bill for Parliament, to compel the Lord Mayor of Dublin to publish the name of every baker, whose bread shall three times be seized for deficiency of weight.

There is perhaps no circumstance on earth so favourable to frauds, as the inexcusable custom common amongst persons, even in genteel life, of sending verbal messages by servants to their friends; so that written messages, even in matters

of importance, are never expected; and a servant who lives any time in a family, becomes thus perfectly acquainted with all the intimacies of his master; and the moment he is discarded, perhaps for his roguery, he has opportunity to forge pretences in the name of his master or mistress, and plunder their friends under an idea of borrowing articles of value.

A circumstance of this nature recently occurred to a gentleman of property on the Coombe.—A cadet servant who had lived seven years with an intimate friend of his, and had been just turned away for his dishonesty, came with the compliments of his late mistress to borrow a pair of large silver candlesticks, a dozen of dessert spoons, and several other valuable articles of plate, which were given without hesitation, and the fellow made off with his prize, nor was the fraud discovered before the end of a week; the articles and the thief were then advertised, and the former very fortunately stopped by a Pawn-broker, above three weeks after the fraud, and sent to the office of Mr. Alderman Emmerton, who immediately returned them to the right owner.

14.] Last Monday, Thomas Henderson, a bricklayer, fell from a wall in Townsend-street, where he was at work, and had his leg broke.

Same day, a fine boy of five years old, fell into the fire in a room in Fordam's-alley, and was burnt in a shocking manner;—proper applications being instantly applied, it is thought he will recover.

16.] Yesterday, at the City Quarter Assembly, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Board of Aldermen, Sheriff, and Commoners, and Citizens of Dublin, unanimously voted the freedom of this city to John Philpot Curran, Esq; one of his Majesty's Council at Law, and member of Parliament for the Borough of Kilbeggan, in consideration of his laudable, spirited, and patriotic conduct, so becomingly exerted on all occasions, as well as for his zealous and able support in Parliament, of the trade, independence, and interests of Ireland.

We have the pleasure to acquaint the public, that by order of his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, a Nautical observatory has been erected at the Pigeon House. The Rev. Mr. Mac Mahon has been employed in the construction. The instrument for ascertaining the exact time of high-water, the velocity of the ebb and flood, at all periods, does great credit to the mechanical and philosophical genius of Mr. Mac Mahon, whom his Excellency has appointed to make observations during the year 1789.

Yesterday a petition was preferred, for granting the freedom of the city to Hamilton Rowan, Esq; which was rejected by the Lord Mayor and Board of Aldermen. A vote of thanks was afterwards returned to Mr. Rowan, for his conduct, by the Common Council.

Same day, the Sheriffs and Commons passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Alderman Carleton, for his active exertions to suppress gambling within his ward.

At the Quarter Assembly held on Friday last, the long contended point for the reduction of the fine of admission to the freedom of this city by grace especial, was agreed to by both the Board of Aldermen and Commoners, which must afford

the greatest pleasure to every person who wishes well to the interests of the capital of this kingdom, as instead of decreasing in number, as had been the case these several years past, the freemen will considerably increase every year, and exhibit a truly respectable and independent body of people.

On Tuesday night last, before the hour of eight o'clock, as a poor countryman was passing through Thomas-street to go to Longford Inn, where he set up, he was suddenly stopped by a ruffianly looking fellow at the passage leading to the Ram Inn, opposite the Marshalsea-lane, when three other villains rushing out, dragged him forcibly into the passage, and after robbing him of five shillings and his coat, knocked him down, and cut him most desperately over the eye. The terror into which the poor man was thrown, prevented him from giving an alarm time enough for securing the robbers, who ran precipitately towards James's-street, and got clear of with their booty.

Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, a fellow of the name of Michael Keogh, jostled against a gentleman in Copper-Alley, and made a pull at his watch, the chain of which broke, and the fellow being pursued, he was instantly taken, and this morning committed to the New-Prison by Alderman Carleton.

Yesterday morning, a police-man stopped two fellows at the corner of Grafton-street, with several pieces of ship ropes in their possession; one of the fellows made his escape, but the other was taken, and this morning committed to the New Prison. A shipping are in the utmost danger when robbed of their mooring, the exertions of the policeman in apprehending this notorious culprit, justly entitle him to the reward recently offered by the Directors of the Ballast Board, for apprehending such notorious offenders.

21.] Yesterday morning, a poor woman seemingly in perfect health, dropped suddenly dead at the corner of Clarendon-street, near Exchequer-street, and lay there for a considerable time; as she seemed not to be known to any person, 'tis thought the poor creature died through want. Alas! alas! think of this, ye who are revelling in excesses, and divide with your fellow-creatures.

On Monday night last, a gentleman was stopped in Clare-street by two footpads, and robbed of his watch, two guineas, some silver, and his hat and wig; the villains after committing the robbery, politely wished the gentleman good night, and made towards Nassau-street; this transaction happened about eight o'clock, and though the gentleman walked from Clare-street to Capel-street, he saw no police-man till he got to College-green;—how charmingly we are guarded!

Last week, seven women in Clarendon street were delivered of fourteen daughters; five of them had twins, one had three daughters, and the other one.

During the last frost, a young man skating on one of the ponds in the Phoenix-park, where the ice was thin, fell into the water and was drowned. Every endeavour was made by the persons present to save him, but no rope was to be got,

and all means that could be devised proved ineffectual.

26.] Last Saturday morning, a race was run on the Strand, from Irish-town to the Black-rock, for sixty guineas, by three gentlemen, who rode themselves; one of the horses, who is a remarkable galloper, distanced the other two with the greatest ease.

On Friday night last, a gentleman was knocked down just by Sheriff Fleming's door in Smock-alley, by three foot-pads, and robbed of his hat and wig: the villains had not time to proceed further, as some persons came up just as they had picked up the hat and wig, on which they made a precipitate escape;—it was about twelve o'clock.

Yesterday, at St. Peter's Church, an excellent Charity Sermon was preached for the benefit of the school belonging to St. Nicholas without, by the Rev. Mr. Walter Blake Kirwan, who took his text from the epistle of Paul the Apostle, to the Ephesians, chap. vi. verse iv. "And ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." All the avenues of the church were crowded at an early hour, to hear this great preacher, who delivered one of the best discourses we ever heard, with that surprising energy and elocution that elegant Divine is so remarkable for. The sum collected was 352l.——Indeed some credit is due to the governors of the charity, who took much pains to advertise the public on the occasion which must always tend to advantage; and most of our public charities lose considerably by such indolence and neglect of the governors and managers thereof.

The Collection at St. Peter's on Sunday last, for the benefit of the boys school in that parish, amounted to 352l. notwithstanding most of the wealthiest parishioners are still in the country; as it is expected they will be in town on Sunday next, it is more than probable, the orphan girls of St. Kevin's (which is an appendage of St. Peter's parish) will have equal reason to "rejoice." The Rev. Mr. Kirwan is to be their advocate on that day, and in the church of St. Peter.

B I R T H S for Jan. 1789.

Dec. 31st, **H**ER Excellency the Marchioness of Buckingham, Lady of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, was safely delivered of a son.—In Leeson-street, the Lady of John Kirwan, Esq; of a daughter.—In Henrietta-street, the lady of Sir Edward Croston, Bart. of a daughter.—In Fleet-street, the Lady of Captain Wright, of the Royal Irish Artillery, of a son.—The lady of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Waterford, of a son.—In North King-street, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Morgan, of three daughters.—In North Great-George's-street, the Honourable Mrs. Browne, lady of the Honourable Mr. Browne, eldest son of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Kenmare, of a son.—In Gloucester-street, the lady of the Rev. John Ball, of a son.—At Rathcoffey, co. of Kildare, the lady of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq; of two sons.—In Merrion-street, the

the lady of Sir Charles Desvoeux, Bart. of a daughter.—In Dorset-Street, the lady of John Bayly, of Pinglass, Esq; of a son and heir.—At Tervoe, the lady of William Thomas Monfell, Esq; of a daughter.—At Stephen's-Green, the lady of Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, Bart. of a son and heir.—In Grafton-Street, the Hon. Mrs. Jocelyn, of a son.

MARRIAGES for Jan. 1789.

AT Cork, Anthony Mann, Esq; M. D. to Miss Rugge, daughter of the late — Rugge, of Baldaniel, Esq;—George Reade, of Bloomfield, county of Kilkenny, Esq; to Miss Massey, only daughter of Hugh Massey, of the county of Tipperary, Esq;—At Corke, Giles Daunt, Esq; to Miss Daunt, of Tracon Abbey.—Henry Haughton, of Summerhill, Esq; to Miss Williams, daughter of the late James Williams, of Dame-Street, Esq;—At Ennis, county of Clare, Robert Crowe, Esq; Barrister at Law, to Miss Wolfe, eldest daughter of Anthony Wolfe, Esq;—At Bath, Nicholas Calvert, Esq; eldest son of P. Calvert, of Portland Place, London, Esq; to the Hon. Miss Perry, youngest daughter of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Perry.—At Kinsale, James O'Hara, of Galway, Esq; to Miss Moore, eldest daughter of Counsellor Moore.—Roger Hendley, Esq, Lieutenant in the 1st Royal, to Miss Hendley, only daughter of the late Earbery Hendley, of Ellen Grove, county of Carlow, Esq;—Gerald Fitzgerald, of Spawgreen, Esq; to Miss Elinor Seanna.—At Castle Connell, the Rev. William Sandford, of Castlereagh, county of Roscommon, to Miss Oliver, daughter of the Right Hon. Silver Oliver.—The Rev. John Crosby Seymour, of Abington, county of Limerick, to Miss Wright, daughter of the late Rev. Doctor Edward Wright.—John Massey, of Prospect Hill, Esq; to Miss Smith, daughter of Thomas Smith, of Clooney, county of Clare, Esq;

DEATHS for Jan. 1789.

ON the 30th December last, at her house in Moleworth-Street, Dublin, aged 85, Mrs. St. George, widow of the late Dean St. George, and sister of the Right Hon. Sir Capel Molyneux, Bart. who enjoyed uninterrupted health and the highest flow of spirits to the last days of her life.—In his 70th year, Mr. Henry Joy, sen. of Belfast. To speak of him as he deserved, is a task of no small difficulty. In private life, his manners were correct, amiable, and engaging. Too modest to court the attention of any, he was beloved by all. In the uniform tenor of his conduct to a numerous family, he displayed all the tenderness and delicacy which do honour to the parental heart; and they looked up to him with gratitude and duty;—the whole was a family of mutual love and mutual confidence. But the character of this good man is not to be confined to his domestic station. The rule of equal conduct was the law of his life; and this law he pursued with such unremitting attention, and almost unexampled prudence, as to be the delight and confident of all with whom he was connected.—The sphere in which he principally moved had an intimate relation to law proceedings; in this character

he was the blessing of the town and neighbourhood. He prevented law-suits, composed differences, and gave opinions which were received with almost unbounded confidence; because they were known to proceed from enlarged ideas, and inflexible integrity.—Benevolence seemed to be his leading feature: to his latest hour he was more attentive to serve others than to consult either his own interest or his health.—It was remarkable in this excellent man, that while every other person admired his prudence and revered his knowledge, he alone beheld them with diffidence; for every virtue of his soul, every action of his life, declared the native modesty of his heart.—In one word: he lived the wise, the kind, the invaluable friend of all, and died without the enmity of any.—In Dame-Street, the wife of Mr. Robert Marchbank, printer and bookseller, who in all the duties of her sex and relative situations was truly exemplary.—In Dame Street, aged 85, Mrs. Sarah Drury.—In Prussia Street, Mrs. Tracy, mother-in-law to Henry Stevens Reilly, Esq.—At Mountpleasant, near Ranelagh, Neville Bland, Esq.—At Bath, James Browne, of Cork, Esq.—In Cork, Mrs. Anderson, lady of John Anderson, Esq.—Sir William Montgomery, Bart. member of Parliament for the Borough of Ballynakill, and a very eminent Army Agent, and Joint Auditor of Imprests: he was father to the present Marchioness Townsend, and Mrs. Beresford, lady of the Right Hon. John Beresford, and the late Mrs. Gardiner.—In London, the Hon. James Luttrell, youngest brother to the Earl of Carhampton, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, one of the representatives in the Parliament of Great Britain, for Dover, Surveyor General of the Ordnance, and a Captain in the navy.—In Dominick-Street, Francis Dermott, Esq.—At his seat at Gowran, in the county of Kilkenny, the Right Honourable James, Lord Viscount Clifden, Joint Postmaster General of Ireland, one of the Lords of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council, and elder brother to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cashel; his Lordship is succeeded in titles and estate by his eldest son, the Honourable Henry Welbore Agar, one of the present Knights of the Shire for the county of Kilkenny, and Clerk of the Council.—In Thomas-Street, Wm. Dexter, Esq. Marshal keeper of the Four Courts.—In James'-Street, Mrs. Ellis, relict of the late Rev. Dr. John Ellis.—In the county of Carlow, the Hon. John O'Brien, brother to the Earl of Inchiquin.—At Armagh, John Mee, Esq. an eminent Barrister at Law.—William Sheridan, of Lattaritt, county of Cavan, Esq.—At Mount Ophaly, county of Kildare, Joseph Higginson, Esq.—In Jervis-Street, Matthew Murphy, Esq. Solicitor to the General Post Office.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Right Honourable Lord Loftus to be Joint Postmaster General of Ireland (the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Clifden deceased.)—The Right Honourable Lord Viscount Delvin, to be Auditor of Imprest Accounts, (Sir William Montgomery, Bart. deceased.)—Mac-thias Scott, Esq. to be Collector of the customs of Dublin Excise, (Lord Viscount Delvin promoted.)

W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,
For FEBRUARY, 1789.

Some Memoirs of Thomas King, Esq; late Deputy Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, London; with an elegant full-length Portrait of that Capital Actor, in the Character of Touchstone, in Shakspeare's much admired Comedy of "As you Like It."

THIS truly celebrated comedian sprang from a very respectable family in England, and served part of his time to an Attorney, however, being wild and dissipated he betook himself early in life to the stage, and on his first *entré* encountered many difficulties and much distress in different poor itinerant companies, having frequently played in Barns and Malt-houses an entire week for about three-shillings and four-pence, nay he has been heard to declare in the Green-room, with much humour, that he once performed the parts of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, and Sharp, and repeat a prologue and an epilogue for four-pence, and that he has been in many companies that never shared at the utmost above eight-pence a night, and particularly, that once in a country town in England, where he was a very great favourite, (but where was he otherwise) he was nevertheless in a smiling situation, not having broken his *hit* for two days and nights. However such *calamities* as his could not long be concealed, the fame of his theatrical powers soon reached the ears of little David, who immediately engaged him at a very great salary, and so high was his opinion of Mr. King's merit, that tho' the part of lord Ogleby

with a Miss Cole, engaged with the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq; and proved his principal novelty, indeed he drew them, though a very young man, several great houses. He was allowed to possess an extraordinary share of merit, and was deemed a most valuable acquisition to any theatre:—his first appearance, or *debut*, at that time was in *Ranger*, in the *Suspicious Husband*, in which character he met with the general approbation of the town;—"This excellent comedian (see Hitchcock's view of the Irish stage) remained several years in Ireland, improving every day in his profession, and in the esteem of the public!—His many virtues in private life, joined to his abilities on the stage, deservedly gained him the esteem and friendship of all who were so fortunate as to be intimate with him."—Some years after Mr. King's return to London, he undertook to be deputy manager of Drury-lane theatre, which arduous task he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction and approbation of every body;—and

"Hard is the task who strives to please
them all"

Yet so it was, Tom King pleased every body, he was, and is the favourite of the

doubt; for if report speaks truth, he, in the course of last winter, lost several thousands at play. Indeed he has been generally unlucky, the fickle goddess, in gaming, never proved his friend, in fact he was too honest to follow the practice, and was generally gulled by Swindlers and Black-legs.

—About five months ago (on some disagreement with the patentees of Drury-lane, of which we have given an account in Mr. King's own address to the public), he engaged with the manager of the theatre royal here, at half the profits of the house, and has drawn an overflow every night he performed; in fact one would suppose it was unfashionable to appear at the theatre but on King's nights, he is quite the *rage*, the *ton*, and nothing else will fill the house; —The characters he has appeared in since his arrival here were lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage*; —Sir Peter Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*; —Cadwallader, in the *Author*; —Sir Bashful Constant, in the *Way to keep Him*; —Touchstone, (in which we have presented him to our readers) in Shakespeare's inimitable comedy of *As you Like It*; —Jack Stocks, in the *Lottery*; —The Mock-Doctor, in the farce of that name; —Sharp, in the *Lying Valet*; —Marplot, in the *Busy Body*; —Puff, in the *Critic*; —Sir John Trotley, in *Bon Ton*; —Sir John Reffless, in *All in the Wrong*; &c. &c. &c. in all which characters he met with unbounded and deserved applause; —Mr. King's private character is most amiable, he is an entertaining agreeable companion, abounds with humorous stories and anecdotes of himself and others, is the delight of the green-room, and of every circle he enlivens with his society.

An original Anecdote of Peter the Great.

THE czar, who always observed the strictest incognito in his travels, on his journey to Holland, in 1716, entered Nimeguen with his little suite at the close of the day. He went to an inn, and wishing to

no abatement. That officer, afraid to insert so weighty an article in his disbursements without his master's knowledge, went and informed the emperor. Well persuaded that he was not known, he came down, and if accidentally, into the court-yard, the gates of which he found shut by the innkeeper, whom he asked in Dutch, in how way, how he could presume to exact so large a sum for such slender fare? — 'An hundred ducats a large sum!' said the landlord: if I was emperor of Russia I would give a thousand.' — On hearing this, the czar turned his back, without saying a word, made sign to the purveyor to pay, and walked away. The Dutchman would not open the gates of the yard till he received his hundred ducats, and wished the gentleman a good journey.

The Philosophical Dancer; an Anecdote.

A Celebrated female dancer in Italy, desirous of signing to perform at a certain capital, wrote to her correspondent there to provide her an apartment suitable to the genteel figure she had always made in life. On her arrival her acquaintance seeing she had brought nothing with her, but her own person and two servants, asked her when she expected her baggage? She answered with a smile, 'I expect you come to-morrow morning and breakfast with me, you, and whoever you will bring with you, shall see it; and I promise you it is worth your seeing, being a sort of merchandize that is very much in fashion.'

Curiosity carried a number early to the rendezvous, where, after an elegant breakfast she danced before them in a most surprizingly charming manner. 'These,' said she (pointing to her legs) are all the baggage I have left; the Alps have swallowed up all the rest.' The truth was she had really been robbed of her baggage in her journey, and the merchandize on which she now depended, was her talent at dancing. Nor was she deceived, for her inimitable performance joined with the vivacity with which she bore her misfortune in the spirit of the old whi-

The affecting story of Gabrielle de Vergy. From Mr. St. John's Letters from France, lately published, in 2 Vols.

GABRIELLE de Vergy lived in the reign of Philip II. of France, the age of romance and chivalry. She was the most beautiful woman of her time, and was as admirable in disposition as she was lovely in person,

————— ‘adorned
‘With what all earth or Heaven could bestow
‘To make her amiable’ —————

Raoul de Coucy, a most gallant and accomplished knight, and the lovely Gabrielle, from a sympathy of soul, fell deeply in love with one another. The Seigneur Fayel, one of the fierce and haughty barons not uncommon in that age, beheld the fair Gabrielle, and was smitten with her charms. In short, he passionately loved, and offered her his hand in marriage. But Gabrielle de Vergy having centered all her affections in Raoul de Coucy, declined his offer, and even persuaded her parents to refuse an alliance with him, a lord of far greater fortune and consequence than they. The impetuous temper of Fayel could not brook a refusal: he loved her to distraction, and the thought of a successful rival inspired him with rage and fury; and he resolved, should he not succeed by gentler methods, to possess by open violence and force the lovely object of his desires.

He knew his authority with king Philip; and there was scarce a favour he could ask, his sovereign would refuse: For Fayel though tyrannical and fierce, was a valiant soldier; and Philip had found him to be brave and loyal. In short, the sovereign authority interposed; and the solicitations of Fayel, the parents of Gabrielle de Vergy were forced, to surrender up their lovely daughter, to be the spouse of a man she dreaded and abhorred. Her esteem for Raoul de Coucy, her plighted faith, and her recollection of the many tender assurances of inviolable love which they had mutually given, made her incapable of a second passion, and she thought it criminal and base to have any love for another. Reluctant and drowned in tears, she was forced to undergo the ceremony of marriage, and was then carried off by Fayel to his castle, where strongly fortified, he confided in his strength, and defied the neighbouring lords.

The lovely Gabrielle almost mad in love with de Coucy, could feel no tender affection for Fayel, and never beheld him without terror and grief. Her lord finding her ever sad and melancholy, and averse to his embraces, began to be jealous and severe. And yet he loved her almost to madness, but think-

ing that her heart still burned for another, and that he could have no place in her affections, he grew still more fierce and cruel, and often wreaked his anger on his vassals. For ever dark and gloomy he spent his time reserved within his castle walls, and refused all commerce with the surrounding barons. The passions of Fayel were in all things ungovernable and fierce; and jealousy, often the attendant on the most violent love, now harrowed up his soul. And yet, the most virtuous, as well as the most beautiful of women, the lovely Gabrielle, was conscious of all the duties of a wife, of her honour, and the honour of her lord; but to love him, she found impossible, and to forget de Coucy, was what nothing but a miracle could force her to. The jealousy of Fayel, as an ardent fire is but augmented by showers of rain, was fed and nourished by the tears of his unhappy wife, until violence of passion almost deprived him of his reason. He kept the fair Gabrielle confined to an apartment in the castle, and fancied every stranger he saw, was a rival who came to steal a private meeting with his wife. — Distracted by ungovernable jealousy and love, he spent his nights in restless agitation, and kept the draw-bridge of his castle almost continually hauled up, and his vassals in arms on the castle walls. — The cruelty of Fayel only served to make him appear more dreadful to his unhappy wife, and she almost melted away, devoured by sorrow and despair.

Raoul de Coucy had now heard, that Gabrielle de Vergy had given her hand in marriage to a lord of the greatest consequence and fortune. Almost frantic at the thought, he immediately took horse, and journed night and day, until he arrived at the castle of Fayel; where, to his infinite sorrow and astonishment, he was informed, that she absolutely had become the wife of Fayel. Wild and furious, he almost knew not what he said or did: at length he went and demanded admittance at the castle, desiring the wife of Fayel to be informed, that it was Raoul de Coucy who wished to see her. Within his heart, all was despair and horror, and in the first access of his rage, he had resolved, to upbraid her with her baseness and cruelty, lay violent hands upon himself, and expire in her presence. He was soon informed, that the wife of Fayel was not to be seen by Raoul de Coucy, nor should he ever see her more. This news completed his distress, and he defied even fate to make him more wretched than he was. He began to curse himself and all mankind in the bitterness of his despair. Life he esteemed as the greatest curse, and the whole world appeared to him as one extended grave. — Resolving not to live, quite savage in his intentions, he joined the Crusado, and marched against the Saracens to the

siege of Acre. In the first encounter with the Turks, he spurred forward before the other knights, and threw himself into the midst of the enemy; where fighting in despair, and seeking death on every side, he performed prodigies of valour. With the evening sun the Turks retreated from the field, and Raoul de Coucy was found by his squire, as yet alive, and exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood. His faithful squire was almost petrified with grief, on beholding the gallant de Coucy ready to expire. De Coucy knew his squire, and while the cold sweat and blood trickled down his pale body, attempted in vain to rise. He wrote some lines in his blood upon a scroll of parchment, which he addressed to Gabrielle de Vergy. He then conjured his squire, as soon as the life should depart from his body, to cut out his heart, and carry with it his letter to Gabrielle de Vergy, that she might pity him, and receive it when he should be no more, although she scorned it when he was alive. The squire, while the tears fell fast from his eyes, swore to obey him; and beheld the unfortunate de Coucy give his last sigh, in mentioning Gabrielle de Vergy!

The squire bore the pale corpse of de Coucy from the field; and with real anguish and sorrow in the most decent manner, cut out the heart and covered it with embalmments. As soon as he had seen the last sad honours paid to his departed friend, by the King and the whole army, who looked upon him as a miracle of valour, and one who had been worthy of a happier fate; he set off with the mournful present, to perform the last commands of his lamented friend.

Arriving at the castle he made many enquiries, and was informed that Fayel had become a most cruel tyrant, and was feared and hated by his vassals and all who knew him: that he lived immured within his castle, and kept his lovely wife confined in the gloomiest part of his mansion. The Squire finding it impossible to gain an interview with the wife of Fayel, still hoped to be able to convey to her the letter and melancholy present, if she should happen to perceive him from the windows of her prison.

The jealous Fayel, ever liable to be roused by the smallest suspicion, observing a stranger silently walking round the castle, and seemingly making his remarks, immediately began to suppose him a rival, and that he had some design upon his wife. Giving way to the first impulse of his passion, at the head of a chosen party of his vassals, he rushed upon the unfortunate Squire, and slew him. He then examined the letter, written in the blood of de Coucy; and fastened his eyes with the sight of his rival's heart.

his cruelty was not satisfied even here?

and he resolved to triumph in a most brutal manner, in the agonies the unhappy Gabrielle should feel from the manner in which he intended to inform her of de Coucy's death.

With a horrid, savage joy expressed in his countenance he returned to the castle. Enquiring with seeming affection for his wife, he sent in a polite manner to inform her, that at length his jealousy had vanished, and that he should have never more cause to oppress her, or fear a rival; and invited her to sit with him at supper. Agreeably surprized to find her lord on a sudden so altered, she thanked him for his politeness, and felt uncommon pleasure at so happy a change. At table her husband pressed her very much to eat, especially of a certain dish; which dreading to refuse, she did, and even with unusual appetite. The cruel Fayel then produced the letter written in the blood of de Coucy; and told her, that she had been eating the heart of her lover. The lovely, the virtuous, the unhappy Gabrielle de Vergy, overwhelmed with horror, love, pity, and remorse, refusing to take any nourishment, in a few days expired, and left her tyrant Fayel, to be as wretched as he had been jealous and cruel.

Anecdotes of Thomas Amory, Esq.

THIS Gentleman, who is yet living at the age of 97 years, was the son of Counsellor Amory, who attended King William in Ireland, and was appointed Secretary for the forfeited estates in that kingdom, where he was possessed of a very extensive property in the County of Clare. Our author was not born in Ireland, as it has been suggested. It has been conjectured that he was bred to some branch of the profession of Physic. Whether, says a person who appears to have known him, he ever followed that or any other profession I have not heard. When I knew him (i. e. about 1757) he lived in a very recluse way on a small fortune, and his residence was in Orchard-street, Westminster*. At that time also he had a country lodging for occasional retirement in the summer, at Belfont, near Hounslow, he had then a wife, who had a very respectable character; and by whom he had a son, who, if living, is a Physician somewhere in the north of England†.

N O T E S.

* Dr. Amory says his father lived at Milbank, and rented a house some time at Belfont.

† This gentleman, Dr. Robert Amory, is now living at Wakefield, where he has practised physic above 27 years. He has three sons: Robert, a cripple from an injury received in the action under Lord Rodney.

nev.

On the same authority we are told, that he was a man of very peculiar look and aspect, tho' at the same time he bore quite the appearance of a gentleman. He read much, and scarce ever stirred abroad, but like a bat in the dusk of the evening, and then he would take his usual walk; but seemed always to be ruminating on speculative subjects, even when passing along the most crowded streets.

From the many strong marks of genius as well as whimsical peculiarities to be found in his writings, it would be very acceptable to the public to have a more particular account of him and his works. Of the latter we shall endeavour to collect what is at present known, and shall be glad to receive more information.

In the year 1751, on the publication of Lord Orrery's "Remarks on the life and Writings of Dr. Swift," the following Advertisement appeared in the Whitehall Evening-Post, Dec. 12. 1751; but we have not been able to discover that the Pamphlet was ever printed.

"Soon will be published"

"A Letter to Lord Orrery, in Answer to what his Lordship says in his late Remarks in Praise of Swift's Sermon on the Trinity; being an attempt to vindicate the Divinity of God, the Father almighty; and to convince his lordship, if he has a Mind open to Conviction, that the Tritheistic discourse preached by the Dean of St. Patrick's, is so far from being that Masterpiece my Lord Orrery calls it, that it is in reality the most senseless and despicable Performance that ever was produced by Orthodoxy to corrupt the divine Religion of the Blessed Jesus. By Thomas Amory, Esq."

In 1755, he published "Memoirs containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great-Britain. A History of Antiquities, Productions of Nature, and Monuments of Art. Observations on the christian Religion, as professed by the established Church and Dissenters of every Denomination. Remarks on the Writings of the greatest English Divines; and a review of the Works of the Writers called Infidels, from Lord Herbert,

Unitarians in a very high degree, as is the Author himself. At the end of the history of these Memoirs, he promised a continuation of them, which was to contain what the public would then have received with great satisfaction, and certainly would still, should the MSS. luckily remain in being. His words are as follow:

"N. B. In an Appendix to the second volume of this work, the reader will find an account of two very extraordinary persons, Dean Swift, and Mrs. Constantia Grierison, of Dublin.

"As to the Dean, we have four histories of him, lately published; to wit, by Lord Orrery, the Observer on Lord Orrery's, Dean Swift, Esq. and Mrs. Pilkington; but after all the man is not described. The ingenious female writer comes nearest to his character, so far as she relates; but her relation is an imperfect piece. My Lord and the Remarker on his Lordship have given us mere critiques on his writings, and not so satisfactory as one could wish. They are not painters. As to Mr Swift, the Dean's cousin, his Essays are an odd kind of history of the Doctor's family, and vindication of the Dean's high birth, pride and proceedings. His true character is not attempted by this writer. He says it never can be drawn up with any degree of accuracy, so exceedingly strange, various, and perplexed it was; and yet the materials are to be gathered from his writings. All this I deny. I think I can draw his character; not from his writings, but from my own near observations on the man. I knew him well, though I never was within-side of his house, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagancies of any man. I am sure I knew him better than any of those friends he entertained twice a week at the Deanery, Stella excepted. I had him often to myself in his rides and walks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year without a few doors of him, I knew his time of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity. He was fond of company upon these occasions; and glad to have any

factions and religion, states and revolutions, leaders and parties. Sometimes we had other subjects. Who I was he never knew; nor did I seem to know he was the Dean for a long time, not till one Sunday evening that his Verger put me into his seat at St. Patrick's prayers, without my knowing the Doctor sat there. Then I was obliged to recognize the great man, and seemed in a very great surprize. This pretended ignorance of mine as to the person of the Dean had given me an opportunity of discoursing more freely with, and of receiving more information from, the Doctor than otherwise I could have enjoyed. The Dean was proud beyond all other mortals that I have seen, and quite another man when he was known.

"This may seem strange to many, but it must be to those who are not acquainted with me. I was so far from having a vanity to be known to Dr. Swift, or to be seen among the fortunate at his house (as I have heard those who met there called) that I am sure it would not have been in the power of any person of consideration to get me there. What I wanted in relation to the Dean I had. This was enough for me. I desired no more of him. I was enabled by the means related to know the excellencies and the defects of his understanding; and the picture I have drawn of his mind, you shall see in the Appendix aforementioned; with some remarks on his writings, and on the cases of Vanessa and Stella.

"As to Mrs. Grierson, Mr. Ballard's account of her in his Memoirs of some English Ladies, lately published, is not worth a rush. He knew nothing of her: and the imperfect relation he got of Mrs. Barber is next to nothing. I was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Grierson, and have passed a hundred afternoons with her in literary conversations in her own parlour. Therefore it is in my power to give a very particular and exact account of this extraordinary woman. In the Appendix you shall have it."

These promised accounts, however pleasing they would be to every reader, have not yet appeared.

The Monthly Reviewers of the time having given an account of this work unsatisfactory to the Author, he published (for there can be little doubt but he was the Author) a pamphlet intitled, "A Letter to the Reviewers, occasioned by their Account of a Book called Memoirs. By a Lady." 8vo. 1755. This Lady signs herself *Maria de Large*; and subjoined, are some remarks signed *Anna Maria Cornwallis*.

In 1756 he published the first volume of "The Life of John Bunce, Esq. containing various Observations and Reflections made in several Parts of the world; and many extraordinary Relations," 8vo. which

may be considered in some measure as a supplement to the Memoirs; and in 1766 appeared the second volume. Both parts exhibit the same beauties, the same blemishes, and the same eccentricities. It has been thought, that in the character and adventures of Mr. Bunce, the author intended to sketch his own picture, and perhaps there may be some truth in the conjecture. Both the Memoirs and Life have been reprinted in 12mo. the former in two volumes the latter in four.

Dr. Amory, in the Letter already quoted, says, that his father never had but one wife; when young, was a very handsome man; at present will not see any company, nor ever comes out of his room; and that he has published many political and religious Tracts, Poems and Songs.

Counsellor Amory, the grandfather of the Doctor, and father of our Author, was the youngest brother of Amory, or Damer, the Miser, whom Pope calls the wealthy and the wise, from whom came Lord Milton, &c. He married the daughter of Fitz Maurice, Earl of Kerry; Sir William Petty, another daughter; and the grandfather of the Duke of Leinster, a third.

Memoirs of his Majesty George the Third.

GEORGE the Second died on the twenty-fifth of October 1760: at a time when Great Britain, by the wisdom of her councils, and brilliancy of her conquests, had impressed terror upon her enemies, and acquired the highest degree of glory to her character.

This prince had entered into a war with France, which at its commencement was so unpropitious, that the people whose pride and impetuosity would not stoop to the cool investigation of causes and events, imputed the whole of the national disgrace to the weakness, and as they boldly added, the wickedness of administration. Their clamours on this account were not only loud and continued, but threatened insurrection; and the king found himself forced by necessity to accept, as minister, Mr. William Pitt, the man of their choice.

From the instant this great man entered into office, the national clamour subsided, and satisfaction became universal. The spirit of the minister pervaded the people; inspiration succeeded to despondency, and the war was pursued every where with vigour and success. Nor was confidence less evident in parliament than among the people at large. The former practices of corruption were exposed, and considered no longer necessary to the obtaining of majorities. A militia of freemen was formed and trained to discipline for the internal security of the country; and every subsidy demanded, was granted.

granted with cheerfulness, though considerable sums were openly appropriated to the support of foreign alliances, and the national debt amounted to the enormous sum of one hundred millions. Commerce, through the whole course of his reign, had increased with excessive rapidity, though the necessities of government had loaded the merchant with an increase of impositions; but industry had become general, and a spirit of adventure had sprung up in every sea-port. At this æra eight thousand merchant-men were employed in trade, and the produce of the sinking fund exceeded annually three millions sterling.

In this reign philosophy contributed its influence, and enlightened the minds of men. Considerable progress was also made in mathematics, astronomy, and chemistry. Natural philosophy became a polite study, and electricity grew into fashion. Among churchmen, learning and piety were conspicuous; yet fanaticism spread their baneful influence with alarming rapidity, while popery decreased in proportion, and every idea of renewing the pretensions of the male line of the Stuarts were given up by their most zealous supporters.

Many ingenious treatises, in metaphysics and morality, also appeared in this reign. Improvements in agriculture were every where extended; mechanics obtained perfection; and indeed, art, science, and every branch of literature, flourished, and were encouraged by the nobility, and the people at large, though not by the prince.

In this enviable situation of glory, honour and respect, was Great Britain, when George the Third ascended to the throne; and who, being a Briton born, was immediately surnamed by the people, the Patriot King; a circumstance, of which his majesty ingeniously availed himself, in the first speech he made to the privy council; after consoling with them, on the loss of his grandfather, he added, that "animated by the tenderest affection for his native country, and depending on the advice, experience, and abilities of their lordships, and the support and assistance of every honest man; he entered with cheerfulness into the arduous situation, and should make it the business of his life to promote in every thing, the glory and happiness of these kingdoms; to preserve and strengthen the constitution, both in church and state; and as he mounted the throne in the midst of an expensive, but just and necessary war, he should endeavour to prosecute it, in the manner the most likely to bring about an honourable and lasting peace, in concert with his allies."

The people, who dreaded a change in the ministry, were delighted at the publication

of this speech; it was read with enthusiastic joy. The Duke of York, and the Earl of Bute, were sworn of the privy council. A proclamation was issued, ordering all persons in office to execute the same; and another for the encouragement of piety, and suppression of vice. Addresses were presented from all parts of the country, from the clergy, the two universities, and from every county, city, and body politic in the three kingdoms, breathing love, loyalty, and affection, in terms of the warmest zeal and patriotism.

But in the midst of this tumultuous joy, this intoxication of loyalty and affection, there were many wise men, who considered the happiness of the people as the mere transitory emotion of the crisis. They reflected, with concern, on the mode of education which the king had experienced. He had been brought up immediately under the eye of his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, in rather a solitary manner for a prince, who was to rule a free and active people. The princess was a foreigner, and strongly possessed pride of birth, and obstinacy of disposition; qualities which, it was much to be apprehended, she had strongly instilled into her son. The Earl of Bute, her favourite, and her creature, had been the prince's tutor: a man who, though amiable and benign in his private conduct, was the most improper person, perhaps, that could have been chosen, to instruct in politics, an heir apparent to the English crown. The Earl was a Scotchman, and possessed a strong predilection for his country and his countrymen; and Dr. Thomas, now bishop of Winchester, who assisted in this arduous task, was not one of those churchmen who have signalized themselves in either the cause of literature or liberty. From the precept of his tutors, then, it was not to be expected that his majesty had been taught the real duties of the kingly office; but rather to be dreaded, that claims founded on the obsolete doctrines of prerogative, would be opposed to the indubitable rights of the people, as if subjects were made for kings, not kings for subjects.

The apprehensions of the cautious, arising from these grounds, were considerably increased by the admission of the Earl of Bute into the privy-council. This nobleman, who had been so long tutor to the prince, now appeared the confidant and bosom counsellor to the king; and it was evident, that change of situation in the pupil, had not in the least decreased the influence of the preceptor.

In tracing the minority of this prince, we scarcely meet with an anecdote worth relating. If, in his juvenile days, he shewed no tendency, or disposition to the indulgence of

any particular vice, neither does it appear that he shone conspicuous in the exercise of any particular virtue: but this is not the time to inquire into his character—though the proper period to shew that the causes which produced the various political events of his reign, originated with those who had the early care of his education while prince, and who influenced his mind long after he became king.

The system of politics, which had been adopted previous to his majesty's ascending the throne, could not be suddenly renounced. The national faith was pledged to support the German allies of Great Britain, and it was therefore determined to pursue the war with vigour, till a general peace could be procured.

The first extraordinary act of this reign, was an affectation of disregarding party, under pretence of combining ability; and men of all denominations were called to the councils of the state. From the deliberations of such men, confusion only could be expected. Their principles being heterogeneous, could produce no stable measure; but the favourite earl had his ends in view, and these were, to weaken all existing parties, for the purpose of forming a new one, subservient to his own designs. Under a pretence of liberality, it was also attempted to level all distinction between the Scotch and English; and the consequence was, that in the church, the law, the navy, the army, the household, and every public office, Englishmen were set aside on the most trivial pretences, and the vacancies constantly filled up by Caledonians; till the court calendar, the army and navy lists, were filled as completely with northern names, as if there had been an invasion and conquest by the inhabitants from the other side of the Tweed.

On the 18th of November, his majesty met his first parliament, and his speech from the throne on that occasion calls for particular attention, indeed it should live in the recollection of the reader through the whole course of these Memoirs. After expressing his concern for the loss of his grandfather, and remarking that he was the great support of that system by which alone the

greatest and most permanent security of the throne; and I doubt not but their steadiness in those principles, will equal the firmness of my invariable resolution to adhere to, and strengthen, this excellent constitution, in church and state, and to maintain the toleration inviolable."

Having then declared a resolution to support the practice of religion and piety, he expatiated on the conquest of Canada, the advantages gained in the East Indies, the success of Prince Ferdinand, his commander in chief in Germany, and the magnanimous perseverance and victories of our ally the King of Prussia.

He observed on the strength of his own navy, and the weakness of the French fleets, the low ebb of their trade, and the flourishing state of British commerce; relying on the concurrence of parliament to support the King of Prussia and his allies, and make provision for carrying on the war.

His majesty, in passing to and from the House of Peers, was attended by multitudes who appeared actuated by phrenzy. The idea of a Briton, born to rule over them was new; and this idea, as it was forcibly insinuated in the speech from the throne, had its effect, both on the Lords and Commons whose sensibility was roused at hearing their king speak plain English.

The addresses were reverberations of the speech, heightened by the strongest expressions of loyalty and affection; and the Commons, not content with mere protestations resolved on presenting a second address of thanks, for the gracious manner in which the first was received; and in a committee of supply voted, that for support of the household and the dignity of the crown, his majesty should have, during life, such a revenue as, together with the annuities made payable in the reign of the late king, out of the hereditary civil list revenues, should amount to the nett clear yearly sum of eight hundred thousand pounds, to commence from the demise of his late majesty; to be charged upon and made payable out of the aggregate fund. At the same time, the Commons also voted, that the several revenue payable to his late majesty, during his life which continued to the time of his demise

On the Clarissa of Richardson, and Fielding's Tom Jones.

IT cannot be doubted that the understanding, and virtue, the safety, and happiness of those branches of Society which are raised above the necessity of mechanic toil, depend much upon the early impressions they receive from books which captivate the imagination, and interest the heart. Consequently a writer is much their foe, who seeks to throw contempt upon any work which is eminently calculated to inspire delicacy, and discretion of conduct, purity of morals, tenderness, generosity, and piety of heart,—while he recommends another composition, possessing allurements, too well calculated to make it recommend *itself*; but which has a demonstrable tendency to encourage libertinism in our young men; and, in our young women, an infatuated propensity to bestow their affections, and even esteem upon men of profligate habits.

That an author capable of writing agreeably upon many subjects, who must have observed with what difficulty vicious habits, contracted in early life, are laid aside as it advances; and that *continued*, how fatal they prove to domestic comfort, that a man who is himself a father, should avow such a preference, and employ his oratory, and aim at wit in its defence, may well awaken the wonder and disdain of thinking minds.

A paper in Mr. Cumberland's Observer, on the subject of Novels, suggested these reflections. It points out, in that large range of fashionable reading, which are the paths to be *interdicted*, and which *chosen* for young people by their Parents and Guardians. From the praise which its author lavishes upon Fielding's Tom Jones, and from his affected attempt of the Clarissa of Richardson, he seems to recommend the former to our youth as forcibly, by implication, as he reprobates the latter, in direct and positive terms. Men eminent for piety, wisdom, and virtue, have recommended Richardson's Clarissa from the pulpit; a work which Dr. Johnson, (so generally unwilling to praise) has been often heard to pronounce, "not only the first *novel*, but perhaps the first *work* in our language, splendid in point of genius, and calculated to promote the dearest interests of religion and virtue."

Those who have ability to perceive the riches of that work in every varied excellence of beautiful composition, will not be insensible to the merit of Tom Jones, as a fascinating performance, whose situations are interesting, whose characters display the hand of a master, whose humour is pointed and natural, whose style is easy, and to

whose powers of engaging, the pathetic graces have not been wanting.

But while they acknowledge all these agreeable properties, they will feel it amongst the most striking instances of human absurdity, that a serious writer should recommend it to the libraries of the rising generation by unqualified praise, while he condemns the Clarissa as a ridiculous romance, inimical to good sense, discretion, and morality.

A lady of wit and spirit has been heard to declare, that she was once compleatly silenced by a very stupid personage, in the midst of a declamation, and encircled by a large party of ladies and gentlemen. She was haranguing upon the preference she should feel of Tom Jones to Sir Charles Grandison, as a brother, a friend, a lover, or an husband. The *silly* gentlewoman, in the mere desire of prating, and perfectly unconscious of the power of what she was going to utter, interrupted the Lady Orator with, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am reading Tom Jones, but I have not finished it. I have just left him in bed with another man's wife."

Perhaps it is not impossible, though very uncommon, that bravery, ingenuousness, compassion, and generosity, should exist in the mind of a young man, who is indiscriminately licentious respecting women; but it is ill for morals, when such a character is thus indirectly held up to imitation by an author professing morality.

Beneath this splendid veil of engaging qualities, a vicious character loses all its deformity in the easily-dazzled eyes of youth. — In Sophia's character, her sex find their sanction for attaching themselves to a libertine; that rock, on which female happiness is so often wrecked.

Having thus enforced the obvious bad tendency of the work, over which Mr. Cumberland pours so much applause, let us turn to the volumes he *interdicts*, to the Clarissa of Richardson. It is no where that Morality is more powerfully enforced; it is no where that Piety is more exquisitely lovely. Every individual in that large Dramatis Personæ, is drawn with such distinctness, such characteristic strength, that not a letter, a single speech in the whole work, but so peculiarly belongs to the nature of that spirit, which is supposed to have dictated it, that it is needless to cast the eye back to the name of the speaker, or to look at the signature.

Amongst the stately family at Harlow Place, we do indeed perceive more precise and solemn ceremony than we find in the houses of country gentlemen at this period, when Gallic ease has stolen upon the self-importance

importance of the British 'Squallity'; but every body knows that such *were* the manners of opulent country families, some forty years back, where the master chose to be the gentleman, rather than the toping and riotous Fox-hunter. Let it also be remembered, that the Harlowes were a *new-raised* family, that wanted to establish their *questionable* dignity.

As to the persisting authority, unjustly exercised upon young women in the article of marriage, *that* feature of probability, in this charming work, is still ascertained by a variety of examples every year, at least, in *wealthy*, and still oftener in *high* life; though, because ceremony is not the *fashion*, there may be less *parade* in the *manner* of enforcing it.

“ For rich-ones, with unfather'd eyes,
 “ As Pride, or thirst of gold assail,
 “ Attend their human Sacrifice,
 “ Without the Grecian Painter's veil.”

The author meant to hold up the portrait of Clarissa and Grandison to each sex, as models of male and female virtue. It has been truly said, that whatever be our aim, whether the attainment of an art, of science, or of virtue, the models, from which we copy, cannot be too *perfect*. We might as well blame the transcendant sculptor, or the moralist; as rationally prefer less exquisite, less beautiful statues, to the Venus de Medicis, and the Apollo Belvidere, because they may be nearer resemblances of the human form; as chuse to contemplate a Jones and a Sophia, rather than a Grandison and a Clarissa.

If worn and hacknied in the tainted mazes of Society, *our* ardour for Virtue is grown pallid, and sick, so that we behold representations of consummate excellence without delight, let us not seek to deprive the generous credulity and hoping sensibility of youth, of the noblest patterns our language affords (without the scriptural pale) of moral virtue, and piety; adorned and graceful in the charms of youth and beauty; in the splendour of elevated intellect; in the utmost elegance of style, and in all the interest of trying situations.

An accurate observer of life and manners, must have many times beheld very exact resemblances of every character in Clarissa; the glorious maid, and her profligate ravisher alone excepted.

To form a bright example of female virtue, superior to temptation in the great essential *equality*; and in whom every lesser consideration of worldly fame and prosperity should be subordinate to the delicacy of exalted principle; it was necessary to draw the character of *Lovelace*, exactly as he is drawn. Less accomplished, less brave, less

bountiful, less estimable in all respects, (where his darling vice did not interfere) he could not have obtained the degree of interest he possessed in the heart of a Clarissa; and without which, her resistance had lost all its merit. Less hardened by the power of this absorbing vice, less determined, less cruelly persisting, she could not have sustained from him those wrongs from which she rises so far above the Lucretian chastity; evincing by her conduct the superior excellence of the Christian principles to those which hurried into suicide the injured Roman matron.

As the *worst* possible moral results from the character of Tom Jones, so does the *best* result from that of Lovelace. By the former, our youth are taught to believe that they may be very noble fellows, whom every body will love, and yet indulge their criminal appetites in the seduction of what they *believe* to be rustic innocence, as in Jones's amour with Molly Seagrim; and plunge into *known* adultery, as in his connection with Mrs. Waters; and this, even though they are in love with an amiable woman, as Jones with Sophia. A situation, which infinitely enhances, and indeed renders wholly unpardonable, the gross and brutal guilt of profligacy. While, by the character of Lovelace, as by that of Macbeth, we are taught, that gallant courage, and brilliant talents form no security against a man's becoming darkly villainous, if he deliver himself up, without restraint, to the influence of his constitutional vice.

While the eye of sensibility streams over the suffering, and over the dying Clarissa, there is a “ secret, stern, vindictive, yet not unjust pleasure, that brightens those tears,” and which always arises in the generous bosom upon the punishment of treachery, like that of Lovelace, and of inflexibility, like that of the Harlowe family.

Cold to the sense of devotion, dead to the hope and trust of a blessed immortality, must be that heart, which does not triumph and delight (however the eyes may overflow) in the death of Clarissa, in the everlasting rest of a broken heart, in the emancipation of an oppressed, an injured, and an angelic spirit, soaring above all its cruel persecutors, to unfading light, and ever-during felicity.

Mr. Cumberland accuses this work of tedious prolixity, and the accusation is pretty general. It cannot be denied, that even ingenious minds, capable of perceiving its various excellencies, the graces of its eloquence, the powers of its pathos, and the brilliance of its wit, may, on a *first* perusal, find themselves so anxiously interested in the events, as to become impatient of any pause in the story.

But

But *recurring* to these volumes, (to which the sensible reader *will* recur, as to Shakespeare, to Milton, or the Rambler) when satisfied curiosity leaves the mind calm enough to remark, and enjoy at leisure their innumerable beauties; something will be found in *every* letter, which is highly curious and entertaining. In the master strokes of truth, and nature, do they delineate the mind and the manners of the supposed writer; besides throwing strong collateral light, and colouring, upon *other* characters in the work. This excellence of appropriation pervades all the epistles, even those in which elegance of style is judiciously abated, as in the letters of the proud, unyielding Harlowes; or wholly thrown aside, as in those of the proverbial Lord M—, the pedant Brand, and the menial personages; while, on this recurrent perusal, the characteristic graces of the more *eloquent* epistles shine out in variety inexhaustible.

The letters of Lovelace exhibit every gay attraction of peerless wit, picturesque description, classic allusion, and universal knowledge, without any affectation in its display; a style unrivalled in its easy flow, and fascinating harmony; and, what strikingly evinces the address, and virtuous design of the author, the epistles of this seducing libertine, even more forcibly than any of the others, warn the youthful female against the designs of the opposite sex, by the startling axioms they contain, respecting the conduct of women. It is from the letters of Lovelace, that they learn how inevitably despicable they become in the eyes of those very men to whose solicitations they are beginning to make sacrifices, (apparently trivial) of that delicacy and purity so lovely in the sex; sacrifices that generally end in the utter loss of honour from libertine encroachment.

In Colonel Morden's letters, and in those of Lovelace and Belford, which describe the colonel's person, his air, his manners, and his conduct, we see a perfect fine gentleman, intrepid and accomplished as the former, benevolent as the latter, and more virtuous; while beneath the dignity which that virtue confers, the dazzling Lovelace sinks into visible and conscious inferiority.

We find, in the touching epistles of the matchless Heroine of this work, the most complete powers of imagery and description, faded over by that soft veil of distress, thro' which they appear with heightened grace, and dearer interest; the importance of every duty that blesses society; the danger and misery of every deviation from the path of rectitude, enforced with the eloquence of angels,—her character rising amidst her severe trials, her deep distresses, and remorseless injuries, into unrivalled magnanimity;

—while in its noblest elevation, the charm of female softness is never for a single moment lost.

Mr. Jephson (perhaps our best Tragedy writer since Shakespeare) has availed himself, in his poetic and spirited tragedy *Julia*, of the penknife scene in *Clarissa*. Deprived of the preparatory circumstances that constitute a large part of its transcendent sublimity in the *original* situation, it could not but lose extremely by the transposition; but to those who do not perfectly recollect the pages from whence it is taken, the effect in the *Tragedy* is very fine.

Mr. Cumberland tells the public, that he knew a young female, whose head was turned by reading *Clarissa*; and who, in the rage of imitation, insisted upon having her coffin in her bed-chamber!

Insane people have always some reigning idea. That the coffin of *Clarissa* should *once* have proved that reigning idea, is surely a very contemptible reason for interdicting this noble composition, as inimical to the morals and discretion of youth.

Many religious enthusiasts have fancied they had prophetic and apostolic inspiration. At the Cathedral of one of our celebrated provincial towns, some twenty years ago, I often used to see a man, whom many of the present inhabitants remember. It was his custom to stand, during service, before the rails of the altar. He had read about our Saviour, till he fancied *himself* that sacred character, and a native resemblance of face, and figure to the prints of Jesus, aided the phrenzy. He had trained the growth of his dark beard in the Jewish fashion, and his hair, parted upon his forehead, hung in equal ringlets down each side the front part of his neck. He was thin, and pale, with a remarkable air of placid dignity. The mildness this maniac constantly preserved, rendered him inoffensive.

With the same reason might the Scriptures be censured as a dangerous study upon that instance, as this admirable work, because one romantic delirious fool bespoke without the reasons which impelled *Clarissa* to take that singular step.

It is curious to hear the author of our most sentimental comedies, speak with contempt over the unerring sentiments which enrich these volumes. It would be happy for the rising, and for the future generation, if our young women *would* imitate the principles, and the conduct of *Clarissa*, tho' not perhaps in bespeaking their coffin; a circumstance for which she apologises, confessing it a folly of mournful enthusiasm, and too scrupulous delicacy; excusable *only* from the peculiarity of her situation, and from being obliged to chuse a *male* executor.— Recommending *Clarissa's* conduct as an ex-

ample, I desire it may be remembered that her flight with Lovelace was involuntary, and that her meeting and corresponding with him, was merely from the persecutions she endured, and in the hope of preventing the most fatal mischiefs between him and her brother. She, however, repents of the two last circumstances, as forming a deep error, imploring Heaven that its consequences may warn her sex against being rash enough to repose the smallest degree of confidence in a libertine; who, as she says, to be a libertine must have got over and defied all moral restraints.

Is it from the pen of a *father* that we see the unfeeling, the pointless sneer upon the exemplary duty, the contrite affection of a dying daughter, because she writes *on her knees* to supplicate pardon for what she considers a great fault, that prohibited correspondence (though she had been impelled into the commission of it by the cruelty of her family) and to invoke blessings upon them, who had shewn no mercy to her!

In contradiction to experience, and with great illiberality, Mr. Cumberland asserts, that encouraging young women to correspond with each other, tends to no good point of education. *Every* good habit is capable of being perverted to bad uses. Because numerous books of evil tendency are extant, we might as wisely resolve that our daughters should not learn to *read*, as that, because they *may* write frivolous, and improper letters, they should be precluded from the *certain* advantages of a well-regulated epistolary intercourse with their young friends. Discreet parents will, in a great degree, suggest the subjects of these letters, and invite from time to time a communication of their contents, by expressing pleasure in their perusal. Such an intercourse forms the style of young people, gives them habits of reflection, awakens intellectual emulation, and supplies them with resources which have an inevitable tendency to abate the desire of dissipation, enables them to be rational and pleasing companions to men of sense when they marry, to fill the parental and monitory duties with dignity and delight, to the certain improvement of the future generation.

If women intrigue more in France than in England, though their understandings are generally better cultivated, it is because their inclinations are never consulted in their marriage engagements: and because infamy is less consequent than it is *here*, upon a violation of these engagements. But the French women are Lucretias compared to the Italians; a superiority which arises from the companionable qualities of the former, and the unlettered ignorance of the latter, that delivers up all the powers of their ima-

gination to the influence of one reigning idea. Whoever has successfully studied the nature of the human mind, knows, to store it with a *variety* of ideas, to render it capable of perceiving the value of knowledge, and charms of genius, is to render it less subservient to the influence of the senses.

Histories of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of the Jerusalem Pilgrim and the Fille de Chambre.

THE people of Ireland are as remarkable for facility and point, in the application of *nick-names*, as were the people of ancient Rome: in our sister kingdom a personal defect, an accident in life, a good or a bad action, often attaches a characteristic or humorous epithet to a man that remains with him during life. In the rebellion of 1745, the laws against persons professing the popish religion were revived in Ireland without cause, and pursued by a few weak bigots with avidity; rewards were offered for apprehending priests, and the fellows who pursued this infamous avocation were termed *priest catchers*. The father of our hero having accumulated a considerable fortune, was honoured with a commission of the peace, and in consequence of the proclamation became a furious persecutor of the popish ecclesiastics. In one of his priest-hunting excursions, it happened that by firing a fowling piece, he lodged the wadding in the thatch of a Romish chapel, which taking fire was soon consumed, a circumstance which gained him the hatred of the country people, who considered the offence to be a gross sacrilege; and his christian name being *Chappel*, they annexed to it the epithet of *burn*, and he was notoriously known by the name of *Burn-Chappel* till the day of his death. We have mentioned that the old gentleman was rich, two instances of which are worth recollecting, the first, a draught which he drew upon his banker, in favour of his wife as follows:

My good Mr. Latouch,
You must open your pouch,
And pay my life's darling
One thousand pounds sterling.

The other a note, to the same banker, in a prose style truly laconic, viz. 'Mr. Latouch, hearing there is a run upon your bank, I send you one hundred thousand pounds.' His house built by himself in Dublin, is a beautiful stone edifice, which, with his immense fortune, excepting a jointure to his wife, descended at his death to our hero, who immediately launched into the gay dissipations of the times, and made a trip to London.

In London he was soon surrounded by those harpies, who assuming the style of counts, captains, gentlemen, and esquires, ingratiate themselves into the good opinion of natives on the town; and, under the mask of friendship, pick their pockets.—

One of these geniuses, and a countryman of his own, introduced him to a *demi-rep* of high life, ycleped the *White Crow*, who had, at that time, in her house, a *rara avis*—a *fille de chambre*, who had not only the character of being chaste, but had actually remained so during three years service with her mistress. The *fille de chambre* had a good person, though a plain face; she was, however, neat, agreeable, and sprightly, and making one of a party to Sunning Hill, our hero being left with her *tête-à-tête*, by the assistance of a bank note and gold watch, he beat her virtue out of the field, and she surrendered at discretion; a circumstance which has made many believe, that she never before was offered what she esteemed an adequate price for it.

On this party our hero was accompanied by a countryman of his own, supposed to be an adept at play—but if not, one of the luckiest fellows in the world, for at one evening's sitting, he lightened his friend of six thousand pounds, or of security to that amount.

Soon after this affair, our hero returned to Ireland, but not accompanied by the *fille de chambre*. He behaved to her, however, with generosity, and she with a degree of prudence, not often found in women of her class, transferred her person to another gallant for a well-secured annuity, and has become as saving and domesticated as if she was his wife.

Our hero is at present on a journey to Jerusalem; but not from motives of religion, though it might be supposed he had undertaken a penitential pilgrimage to expiate the sin of his father against the mother church, in sacrilegiously burning a chapel. Neither has curiosity been the cause of this journey, but he has actually undertaken it in consequence of a bet of twenty thousand

a distinguished figure, as one of the Senators of the College of Justice, in the kingdom of Scotland. After finishing the usual course of school education, with no inconsiderable degree of approbation, he entered to the University of Edinburgh; and having, as it were, an hereditary predilection for the healing art, his attention was soon particularly directed to that branch of science.

Having finished his academical education at Edinburgh, he visited other medical schools; and he had thus an opportunity of studying botany: a branch of medical science to which he had shewn an early propensity, and to which he had always bestowed no inconsiderable degree of attention, under Bernard Jussieu, professor at Paris, at that time one of the most celebrated botanists in the world.

Upon his return to his native country, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, from the University of Glasgow, in the beginning of the year 1750. A few months after that, he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, and entered upon the practice of medicine in that city. After he had continued about ten years in practice, discharging the duties of his profession, with a degree of judgment, of attention, and of humanity, which did him great honour; by the death of Dr. Alston, the botanical chair in the University became vacant. Dr. Hope's early attachment and steady partiality to that branch of science, naturally pointed him out as a successor, into whose hands the credit of the University might safely be entrusted, and by whose exertions, its fame might not only be supported, but extended. Accordingly, by a commission from his Sovereign, dated the 13th of April, 1761, he was appointed King's botanist for Scotland, and superintendant of the royal garden at Edinburgh. A few weeks after this, he was elected by the Town-Council of Edinburgh, as the successor of Dr. Alston in the professorships both of botany and materia medica; and thus he became one of the members of the faculty of medicine in the University. After he had

was nominated Regius Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University, and had the offices of King's botanist and superintendant of the royal garden conferred upon him for life, which till that time had been always granted during pleasure only.

While he thus continued to enjoy the smiles of fortune at home; while he received the most flattering marks of esteem from the learned abroad, having been elected a member not only of the Royal Society of London, but also of several celebrated foreign societies, and having been enrolled in the first class of Botanists even by the great Linnaeus, who denominated a beautiful shrub by the name of *Hopea*; and at a time when he might be justly considered as at the very head of his profession in Edinburgh, holding the distinguished office of President of the Royal College of Physicians; he was seized with an alarming illness, which, in the space of a few days, put a period to his valuable life, on the 10th of November, 1786, in the 62d year of his age.

Dr. Hope's predecessor, although a learned and worthy man, could never obtain sufficient public funds, for the establishment of a proper botanical garden at Edinburgh; and from the situation, as well as the extent of the garden at that time, joined to the smallness of its conservatories for plants, it could boast of no riches in the way of exotics. The only field of improvement, therefore, to the botanical student, was the environs of Edinburgh, to which it must indeed be allowed, that nature has been uncommonly liberal, in affording a very great variety of indigenous vegetables. In this situation, the establishment of a new garden naturally suggested itself, as a grand and important object; and in the accomplishment of this, Dr. Hope exerted that degree of industry and judgment which will seldom fail of success, where the object, whatever its magnitude may be, is rational and proper. The attachment which the Earl of Bute is well known to have for botanical studies, and the great expence he had incurred for the engravings of the vegetable system, published under the name of Sir John Hill, naturally pointed out his administration as a proper period for making application for public aid to this undertaking. It was peculiarly fortunate for this application, that Lord Bute was at that time the minister to the King, no less regarded at home as the father of his people, than celebrated over the world as a patron of science. In consequence of a judicious memorial, the wished-for assistance was obtained. But the procuring sufficient funds for that purpose was not the only difficulty that Dr. Hope had to combat. Money alone cannot create a botanical garden; and, in such an undertaking, it is a much easier

matter to mispend money, than to employ it to the best advantage. Dr. Hope fixed upon a spot for the situation of his garden, which, while it was of less intrinsic value than almost any other he could have selected, possessed many local advantages. While in the vicinity of the city, it was removed from the influence of its smoke, and it afforded a very considerable variety both of soil and exposure. Although the greater part of it consisted either of barren sand or useless morass, and could therefore be purchased at an easy rate, Dr. Hope well knew, that by proper culture, these would be highly conducive both to the beauty and utility of the garden; and the uncommon attention which he bestowed on that culture, could only be equalled by the judgment with which it was conducted. His unwearied exertions, in procuring for the garden the vegetable productions of every climate, could not be exceeded. His endeavours were constantly directed in adding, not to the show, but to the riches of the garden; and they were employed with such success, that, in a very short time, the intelligent botanist might gratify his curiosity, in contemplating the rarest plants of every country, which has yet been explored on a spot which, but a few years before, could be considered as little better than a barren waste, hardly producing even a pile of useful grass. A striking proof of the power of human industry, when assiduously and judiciously directed to an important object.

But while these exertions were able to make such progress, Dr. Hope had yet reason to regret, that his endeavours, as well as his wishes, were much limited, by the scantiness of his annual allowance. He could hardly, however, expect, that, during an expensive and unnatural war, those who were then the King's ministers, would bestow much attention on objects of science. But no sooner were the blessings of peace restored, and the Duke of Portland placed at the head of his Majesty's councils, than Dr. Hope saw that a most favourable opportunity was offered for supporting and increasing the riches of his garden, by obtaining a proper addition to its funds. He had then access to his Sovereign, by means of a nobleman uniformly distinguished by the most amiable virtues; a nobleman who had an hereditary claim to be the patron and protector of botany; a nobleman, whose mother, then alive, but whose death science may now sincerely deplore, at once the ornament of her sex, and one of the greatest encouragers of botanical studies in the known world. The application for additional aid was no sooner made, than it met with the attention it deserved; and the readiness with which it was granted, at once demonstrated the

the views of the Minister, and the disposition of the Man. This interposition was no effect of borough politics, or election manœuvres. It was so far spontaneous, that the application was unknown, even to the Town-Council, the Patrons of the University, till the request was granted.

A permanent fund for the support of the botanical garden at this place was established which may render it not inferior to any in Europe. To Dr. Hope, who was the first mover in every thing respecting that garden, his country in particular, and science in general, are indebted, for all the advantages resulting from the establishment.

Dr. Hope's industrious exertions were no less assiduously bestowed in forming and enriching the garden, than in cherishing and promoting a zeal for botanical studies. From but a very small number of lectures, which were all that his predecessor ever gave, he gradually prolonged the course, till it became as complete as any one delivered at this place; and during all this extended course, he taught in such a manner, as clearly demonstrated a degree of ardour and enthusiasm in himself, which could hardly fail to inspire similar emotions in others. But even such precept, and such example, were not the only means he employed for directing the attention of the industrious, ingenious, and laudably ambitious student, to this branch of science. By bestowing, entirely at his own expence, an annual gold medal, as a testimony of superior merit, he gave a spur to exertion, from which the toils of study were alleviated by the love of fame, and the labours of industry converted into the pleasures of emulation.

Dr. Hope will long be remembered, by those writings on botanical subjects which he has bequeathed to posterity. In these his principal object seems to have been, to make botany subservient to the arts more immediately useful in life, and particularly to medicine. Of the truth of this assertion, besides several publications intended to facilitate the study of botany, which, though they could not be esteemed original works, were yet highly useful to his pupils, the papers which he published in the Philosophical Transactions, on the *Rheum palmatum*, and the *Ferula assafoetida*, afford incontrovertible evidence. While he was on the first, who, in conjunction with the late worthy Sir Alexander Dick, turned his attention to the practical cultivation of rhubarb in Britain; by the publication to which I allude, he communicated the important truth, of its luxurious growth in this island, to other botanists; and he demonstrated the facility with which it might be multiplied. He lived to see it cultivated in such abundance, that the British market was no longer under any necessity of depending upon foreign climates

for this valuable, and once expensive medicine. The cultivation of the *assafoetida* plant, has not hitherto, indeed, made equal progress: But Dr. Hope has clearly shewn, that, by proper attention, it not only bears the vicissitudes of our climate, but grows in such a vigorous and healthful state, as to be fully impregnated with its active gum. There is therefore reason to hope, that, by the exertions of future industry, the shop of the apothecary may be supplied with this article also from his own garden.

Besides these publications immediately subservient to utility, Dr. Hope had in contemplation a more extensive botanical work, on which he had bestowed much study and reflection. It was his wish, to increase those advantages which result from the very ingenious and useful artificial arrangement of Linnæus, by conjoining it with a system of vegetables, distributed according to their great natural orders. For this purpose, no inconsiderable part of that time which he could spare from other unavoidable engagements, was employed in attempts to improve and perfect natural method in the arrangement of vegetables. In this work he had made very considerable progress; and it must be the subject of sincere regret to every lover of botany, if from the event of his death, the public shall be for ever deprived of those fruits of his labours.

It is however to be hoped, that this work will yet be completed, and published by some one of the able botanists who were educated under his tuition. None of them, perhaps, is better qualified for the undertaking than his third son, now a professor in the University of Glasgow. But should his present academical pursuits, or other unavoidable engagements, prevent him from turning his attention to this subject, there are several eminent botanists, who ought to be prompted by the ties of gratitude, to transmit to posterity the writings of Dr. Hope, in the form most conducive to his fame. To him, many of them are deeply indebted: for, of all the distinguishing, and amiable features of his character, none was more remarkable, than the generous and disinterested patronage which he afforded to modest merit, when repressed by indigence. Both the East and West Indies, and indeed every quarter of the globe, can furnish examples of his discernment of real worth, and of the munificence with which he cherished and supported it. From a judicious selection of the objects of his patronage, he was enabled, by means of what he could easily spare from a moderate income, to send into the world such merit, as might excite at once the envy and the admiration of those, whose princely fortunes enable them to bestow the highest encouragement on science.

An Essay on Connections, &c.—Translated from the French.

EVERY thing naturally brings us back to the center of our family. It is the first and the last connection—we are born in it—we die in it—unhappy they who know not how to live in it. The most hideous signs of modern depravity, in as unaffected contempt of domestic felicity.

When we see how few marriages are happy, one would be tempted to believe that a lasting union was not intended for our inconsistent natures; and yet it is the first of social relations, and that from which all others spring. One of the most frequent causes of ill assorted unions is, the fondness for superfluities; which subduing all our other inclinations, renders marriage rather a pursuit after property and pride, than a tender tie or agreement of character. Wealth, variety, and influence, are the essential, and person is but the accessory object. The small number of those who consider only person, are still less happy, because love is less steady than ambition; “Beauty fades, wealth remains,” though a vulgar maxim, is perfectly consistent with the opinion of the greater number, and the most disinterested are sometimes obliged to yield to it, even against their own inclinations.

Yet even here, as in all other cases a medium should be adopted. To consult fortune only, is to be wanting in delicacy, unless we sacrifice ourselves from the view of being useful, and to be determined by person only, is to be wanting in prudence, and often making a sacrifice of our posterity.

Desire is not the principal tie in marriage; there are some of a more delicate and solid nature, which are grounded upon the qualities of the heart and mind, to which alone belong the gift of forming a lasting passion. Beauty in marriage is more to be feared than desired, and possession diminishes its value. Between her who is but handsome, and her who is but amiable, there is only this difference, that the triumph of the one begins where that of the other ends. If women

dispositions of a woman are, more than our own, the consequences of the examples she has had before her.

Equality in rank and fortune is also a guarantee of domestic peace. Who gives much, expects much. To marry very advantageously is often contracting for one's slavery. Disproportion in rank is particularly dangerous to women, who in general should rather lower than raise their condition, and rather make sure of the gratitude of a man, than expose themselves to the regrets of one who probably will call to their remembrance that they are an obstacle to their ambition or welfare. The following anecdote may be related as an example of wisdom on the subject:

A countryman of Switzerland, who though wealthy, had, as is often the case, remained in his humble situation, possessed an only daughter, whom a man of birth thought worthy his pursuit. He obtained acquaintance in the family, and proposed marriage.

“I have an esteem for you, answered the father; and if I could be prevailed upon to give my daughter to a man of your quality, I would prefer you; but though I do not know much of the world, I know enough to foresee she would not be happy. It would not be forgot she was but a country girl; she would be continually humiliated by your relations, as well as dissatisfied and embarrassed by a mode of life for which she has not been educated. I had rather see her the first in her own rank than the last in yours.”

He acquainted his daughter with the refusal—“You are, God be thanked, said he, in a situation which puts you above the consideration of money—Here is Bentz (it was his head servant) who is a fine youth intelligent, healthy, laborious, and pious—he has been almost brought up with you—he delivered you from the flames in your infancy, and has always loved and served you—he has fattened my oxen, and cultivated my lands; he was always faithful in my market money—he considers our interest as his own, and he knows them as well

known that you have under your charge persons of rank, will raise the reputation of your Seminary. No offensive allusion is hereby meant to the antiquated art of sewing or sewing.

If you have imported from France,—whether from Paris or Picardy is immaterial,—a French governess, whatever company may be present, let yourself and madam, or *Mademoiselle*, engross all the conversation. By this means, your learning will astonish those who, having been brought up, not educated, in the Hebrides, in Ardnamurchan, or in some such outlandish place, have been debarred from the opportunity of acquiring this essential accomplishment.

As to poor *Mademoiselle*, the more you keep her in the dark regarding English, the more light the *Milles* will receive from her pure French.

2. To Gentlemen Street-Walkers.

Contrary to established practice, should mishap doom you to walk with a woman of character, and should you meet a demirep; or even a notorious prostitute, give her a significant nod, which is as much as saying, that you know what;—or you may mutter, audibly enough, however, to be heard by the modest woman, "How do you do, Pegg?" The modest woman surely cannot prize your company the less, that you thus give her to understand you might, had you chosen, been engaged elsewhere.

You are also particularly to observe, that the custom of giving any lady the wall, is quite exploded. In getting out of your way, should it be necessary for her to step over a dirty kennel, she has an opportunity of displaying a fine ancle. Of the sensation of pleasure, arising, in the breasts of men, from this display, the fair sex have a pretty competent idea.

3. To walking Ladies.

Should the impetuosity of a hackney coachman, the jostlings of a loaded porter, or the staggerings of a careless buck, drive you into the mud, on no earthly consideration accept of the aid, or arm of a stranger: tho' he should appear to be a perfect gentleman, he may be one whom nobody knows.

odious stigma of vulgarity. To be supposed to have sitten down before you had poured into your stomachs less than the contents of three or four bottles, would amount to an impeachment of your characters as men of fashion. A rouged countenance, dishevelled hair, and stained ruffles, now-a-days are all the passports into all sorts of genteel company. A pragmatic old fellow, or a poor relation from the country, only appear dressed!

For an example of good behaviour there, and of the cut of your coat, whether velvet or camlet,—and for the size of your bludgeon, consult ———.

In escorting the ladies to their chairs, let the preference be invariably given to the handsomest of the girls, whether she be the eldest or not, and to them all before their mothers. When young, the mothers, doubtless, have shone, and been attended to. The reign of beauty is but of short duration.

As to you, ye Fair, ———.

Cætera, pro tempore, desunt.

Evander and Caramanta.

(Concluded from our last Mag. Page 33.)

TIMOLEON, a Syracusan Prince, was then at court: without having any fixed partiality for Nicostrates, he had declared in his favour, and at all events caused a fortification to be erected, in order to protect the town of Legazum against the attacks of the Megarians. Timoleon had a great regard for Evander, and an equal esteem for the Queen; to whom he had often given to understand, that although apparently attached to Nicostrates, he should ever be ready to execute her commands, whatever they might be. One day as Caramanta was plunged in a profound melancholy, on account of the arrival of the Ambassadors from Achaia, Sparta, Corinthum, and other cities, who had been requested to send their deputies to pronounce on the supposed crime of Evander, Timoleon approached and addressed her as follows:—"May I be permitted, madam, without trespassing upon the respect which I owe to your Majesty, to declare that I am perfectly acquainted with all the extent of the sorrows which wring your very heart. And I beseech your Majesty to be

of his crime. And who will blame you for having saved the life of a hero, who adores your Majesty, and in Palans killed a rival in love and power."—"Hear me, Timoleon, that rival did not fall by Evander's hands!"—"How, madam!"—"Yes, Prince, your esteem is too desirable for me to suffer Evander to lose it upon a mere suspicion; he is innocent, and would to heaven it were in my power to prove what I am conscious of, the Prince of Arcadia should stand in need of no intercessor." "What do I hear, madam! Evander is free from guilt, and Caramanta will suffer him to perish!"—"Nay more, my Lord, I shall stand his prosecutrix. It is not enough for me to be guiltless in my own eye, the world must think me so: and as long as the widow of Palans will alone be convinced of the supposed murderer's innocence, he must die as if he were a criminal."

We have left Theocritus in the island of Zafintum; but before we give an account of his success in favour of Evander, it may not be improper to state the motives that had induced him to retire to Legæum. He was son to Praxoras, a zealous friend to Syracuse. Theocritus, under the immediate influence of the god of Parnassus, gave himself up in his early youth to the study of poetry, and this pleasing dissipation protected him for a long time against the attacks of love and its vile tyranny. But its power is uncontrollable, and sooner or latter we must all feel it. Ardelia, a freed woman of Praxoras, made our poet sensible of this truth. He first discovered the state of his mind by the jealousy which he conceived against his rival Timoleon, who was of the ancient family of the Sovereigns of Syracuse. Theocritus was ashamed of so much weakness, and hoped in vain to conquer it by absenting himself for some time. At his return, he saw Ardelia, and felt that absence, far from lessening, had increased his passion for her: but she now fixed her affection on Timoleon.

Whilst our poet was endeavouring to pluck out the arrow which Cupid had buried deep in his heart, and Timoleon enjoyed his triumph, Hermocrates one of the first senators in Syracuse, fell desperately in love with the beautiful Ardelia, and asked her in marriage. But, notwithstanding the brilliant prospect, and the private reasons she had to complain of Timoleon, she declined accepting the hand which fortune tendered her to raise her up to a rank which she dared hardly wish, and had no right to expect. Upon Praxoras's lady expostulating with her on so unaccountable a refusal, "Madam, said she, my very birth is a mystery to me, and as long as I am unacquainted with my real parents, I shall not dispose of my hand:

nay, not even in favour of Timoleon, the only man I love." This answer being reported to the Syracusan Prince, he, by a caprice which love can easily account for, thought that girl more worthy of his attention, because he saw that she was not an easy conquest. Love rekindled his ambition, he consulted with his friends, those who had ever been attached to his family, and now longed to repossess himself of the crown, to place it on the head of Ardelia.

Timoleon, at the head of his party, crossed the sea at break of day, and, having made himself master of one of the gates, ran to the house of Praxoras, and carried off Ardelia, whom he entrusted with a faithful servant, to have her conveyed safe to his own palace, whilst he should accomplish the dangerous scheme which he was bent upon. But all his impetuosity was checked by the cool bravery of Praxoras, and the fury of Theocritus. The royalists were repulsed, and fled before the republican army. Timoleon found it the greatest difficulty to escape to the lower town, where his first care was to inquire after Ardelia, who received him with a mixture of contempt and anger. "I love you, said she to him, but not to the criminal excess of turning a deaf ear to the dictates of honour and gratitude. I insist upon being sent back to Praxoras, whose bondswoman I still remain; or, if the situation of your affairs will not permit it, see me safe to the temple of Diana, to make one among the virgins who have dedicated themselves to the service of the mighty goddess." Timoleon, with great reluctance, complied with the latter part of her request, and returned to the field of battle.

Some time after, Simas arrived at the head of a considerable party, and with tears in his eyes, informed Theocritus that the Prince Evander was reduced to the most critical, and he might say desperate condition. The King of Elidis had declared for Nicostates, who, aided by so powerful an ally, had sent private orders to Legæum, to bring Evander to a speedy trial and execution. A commission was issued out for that purpose, and every thing was now prepared to fulfil the tyrant's commands, whose absence alone had hitherto suspended Evander's fate.

This unwelcome piece of intelligence obliged Theocritus to hurry on the execution of the plan which he had laid to rescue the Prince of Arcadia. Therefore, having committed Perselides to the care of the party that was to escort her as far as Megara, he mounted his horse, and galloped full speed towards the place where Timoleon had caused the fortifications to be erected. He accosted the Prince, and the following dialogue took place between them; Theocritus

speaks

speaking first.—“Are you then once more at the head of a party, and is it our fate ever to fight against each other? You, as defending the cause of the tyrant Nicostrates, and I siding with the unfortunate, but rightful heir to the kingdom of Arcadia?”—“You mistake, Theocritus, and wrong me by so unjust a charge. The Queen alone, I acknowledge for my mistress; and, as to Evander, my opinion of him is such, that I would freely purchase his life at the expence of my own.”—“If you really entertain those sentiments, you may, Timoleon, serve the Prince’s cause at a far cheaper rate. Suffer only the Megarians to occupy these entrenchments: let these faithful subjects display successfully their zeal and attachment for their lawful sovereign; thus will you effectually serve the Queen, by doing an act of justice, for their monarch’s ransom, the inhabitants of Megara will deliver up Ardelia into your hands” —“Ardelia, did you say?” —“Yes, Prince of Syracuse, she is in their power, more worthy than ever of your choice; no more the bondwoman of Praxoras, but the daughter of Pigmalion, the long lost Princess of Carthage.” —“Can I believe what I hear, O Theocritus? Is it you then, is it my rival that yields up to me so valuable a treasure? Oh speak, noble Sir! speak quickly what I am to do to requite so generous a gift: there’s nothing I can deem too hard or dangerous to see my Ardelia once more.” —“Believe me, Timoleon, I would not by any means require any thing unworthy of either of us. Only grant me time to soothe the Queen’s anger: and if a fatal necessity should oblige us to have recourse to other means, it behoves you to fight in the justest cause.” In order to put this plan into immediate execution, they went together towards the Queen’s palace.

Caramanta was at this instant giving audience to an Argian, who brought her the news of her brother’s death, and all that had lately happened; that her majesty might, by a timely application, assert her right to the crown and kingdom of Argos. He also told her the reason of Tessenander’s journey to Arcadia, and of his sudden departure: namely, that, being the first time in pursuit of Ardelia, he had been drove by stress of weather into a port of that kingdom, had made his appearance at Legæum, at the time of the murder at Palans; but had precipitately left the court on seeing there his two rivals Timoleon and Theocritus.

The Prince of Syracuse obtained leave to go and pay his respects to Ardelia at Megara, and Theocritus being left alone with the Queen, displayed all the powers of his eloquence, to convince her of the necessity

there was of preserving the life of Evander. —“Alas! said Caramanta, the measure of my woes is complete. Evander is under trial; he must fall: and what aggravates my misfortune, beyond the power of insensibility to bear, is, that a severe duty compels me to solicit his doom. Such, O Theocritus! such is Caramanta’s ill fated destiny!” —“I must own, madam, that nothing can equal, or even be compared with the hardships of your distressful situation. But give me leave to add, that your majesty dashes with fresh gall, the bitter draught which angry fortune has mixed for you. Were you not a slave to an over scrupulous, and pernickit me to say, unjustifiable nicety, Evander’s life would not only be preserved, but you yourself, madam, would plead in his favour: since your majesty is fully convinced of his innocence.” —“How is this, Theocritus? Would you have me then before the judges acknowledge publicly, that, whilst I was married to Palans I held a secret and treasonable correspondence in the heart of his kingdom, nay, within his very palace, with Evander his bitterest foe, whom all the world knows loved, and was by no means indifferent to me? No, no, Theocritus, never shall Caramanta take so disgraceful a step. Nay, I have this opinion of the Prince of Arcadia, that he would scorn a life purchased at the price of my honour. Evander’s doom is fixed, since his preservation must reflect on me indelible disgrace.” —“Well then, madam, since love cannot plead in your heart the cause of Evander, remember at least that you are his Queen, be just, or come down from your throne. You know the Prince’s innocence; you ought to perish sooner than suffer him to die. Your majesty talks of honour, but equity is the first law sovereigns should obey.” —“Ah cruel man! is it thus you mean to soothe my sorrows; when you are sensible my heart must break, whilst I obey the imperious call of duty and virtue? Caramanta could say no more, she fell motionless on her seat, and Theocritus retired, after having called in her women to her assistance.

Meanwhile, Timoleon, after having given the first moments to the transports of love, and the joy of meeting once more his adored Perselides, consulted with Simas and other friends, on the most proper means to set Evander at liberty, and save him from his impending fate. They all agreed that nothing could be done, till the arrival of Turnus, and his Latin troops; as the least failure in so important an attempt, would only prejudice the cause, by provoking the tyrant to hasten the death of the Prince of Arcadia.

The woe-worn Caramanta recovering from her trance, gave a loose to her grief.

A flood of tears relieved her for a while ; but soon the thoughts of the bloody catastrophe that was to ensue, plunged her into the deepest melancholy. Her love militated strongly against her rigid virtue, and in one of those instants, where reason is overpowered by the distresses of her mind, she resolved to see for the last time the unfortunate Prince. A faithful servant was her guide to the gloomy dungeon, where Evander was stretched on the cold flint ; in that composed attitude, equally distant from waking and from a profound sleep, tears trickled down his cheek, and he was heard to say in the most plaintive tone—"Heavens ! is it possible that Caramanta should send her Evander to the scaffold?" At hearing these words, the Queen gave a shriek, and the Prince, roused from his slumber, fell prostrate at her feet. It was some time before he could utter a single word. At last, in broken accents, he exclaimed—"Caramanta here ! my Queen, my Sovereign in this dreary abode ! I thank thee, heaven, for this ray of comfort. But, madam, is it to your pity, or the barbarity of his enemies, that I stand indebted for this unexpected favour?"—"You misread it, Evander ; I come not here with joyful tidings : alas I myself bring you your death-warrant."—"If so, most adored Caramanta, I accept it with thanks ! I lived for you alone, you bid me die ; I shall cheerfully obey."—Evander would have continued, but was interrupted by the hasty return of the servant who had accompanied the Queen. He told Caramanta that the Princess Arcasta wanted to see her, and seemed violently agitated. As soon as the Queen entered her apartment, thinking that Arcasta's wrath was provoked by the imprudent visit paid to Evander, said to her, "Spare your reproaches, madam, I have seen Evander it is true, and seen him for the last time : in a few hours he dies."—"He must not, shall not die, replied Arcasta with great warmth. Let him live. My brother's manes call for another victim. Hear me, deluded Queen, hear me ! and learn from what I shall relate,

to Nicostates, part of which your brother Tessander took along with him. And, if I may indulge my well-grounded suspicions, he effectually employed the fatal bane to hasten the death of the venerable King of Argos."

The Princess Arcasta had hardly done speaking, when dreadful shoutings and outcries filled the palace ; guards, shepherds, and soldiers, forced their way to the Queen's apartment. At the first alarm, Caramanta exclaimed—"Alas ! Evander is no more !" —But what was her joy and surprize when she saw at the head of the guards the Prince himself, who, entered the closet where the Queen and Princess Arcasta had retired, cast his sword down at Caramanta's feet, saying to her, "The mistaken zeal of my friends has forced me out of prison ; but such is my respect for your commands, that I come to receive from you that death which I have deserved since Caramanta thinks so." "Ah ! dearest Evander, exclaimed at once the two Princesses, your innocence is fully proved !"

At this instant Timoleon and Simas, heading the Magarians, entered the Queen's chambers, resolving to defend, even against herself, the life of their noble friend. It was among this prodigious concourse of people, that Arcasta publicly accused Nicostates, and acquitted the Prince of Arcadia of the horrid crime laid falsely to his charge. This was no sooner declared, than a thousand voices at once exclaimed, "Long live Evander ! be our noble King for ever prosperous !" Then the Queen stepping forward and kneeling to Evander—"My Lord, said she, I know full well that the late King was the usurper of our crown and kingdom : yet you should now consider him as a Prince of your blood, treacherously murdered by a fell assassin. It befits you, as a Monarch and relation, to revenge the untimely death of your subject and kinsman—whilst, as the widow of Palans, thus on my knees I implore your justice." The new King of Arcadia, raising Caramanta from her humble posture,

one that dared to oppose them, arrived at the palace-gate. Here Nicostrates, seeing himself deserted by his few attendants, and that there was no farther possibility of maintaining his ground against his powerful assailants, waved his hand from a terrace where he stood, in token of his intention to speak: the enraged multitude could hardly refrain from tearing the tyrant to pieces; but Evander at last prevailed upon them to harken to what Nicostrates had to say.—“King of Arcadia, exclaimed the usurper, learn from my example what thou shouldest have done some years ago, had noble ambition fired thy groveling soul.” So saying, he sheathed a dagger in his heart, and fell dead on the spot.

This bloody event put an end to all opposition to Evander's claim; and all parties united in swearing allegiance to the lawful King of Arcadia, who soon after married Caramanta, in whose right he was crowned King of Argos. The inhabitants of Latium, having by the intrigues, and at the solicitation of Turnus, elected Evander for their sovereign; the latter established there the seat of his empire; where, under his protection and encouragement, the arts and sciences made such a progress, that he was revered as if he had been the son of the god Mercury; and that solemn games were instituted in honour of Caramanta.

Theocritus, and the faithful Turnus, were amply rewarded, and treated by Evander more like his bosom friends than subjects; and Timoleon was made happy by his union with the beautiful Princess of Carthage, who succeeded soon after to her father Pigmalion.

A humorous Enquiry for an Old Woman.

S I R,

I Should be very much obliged to any of your correspondents, who would take the trouble to answer this letter, as it concerns a matter which has for some time past much engaged my thoughts.

The subject, Sir, of my letter is neither more nor less than—AN OLD WOMAN. I have repeatedly asked my acquaintance to point out to me where there was such an animal to be seen? but they have all assured me they know of no such thing. For my own part, I have again and again made personal enquiries. I have visited the parks on a summer's evening; I have visited the Mall from one end to the other; I have searched the play houses from the top of the One Shilling gallery to the bottom of the pit; I have gone to Astley's Amphitheatre, and every place where people are gathered together; I have thrust my nose into every mob, and in every church and assembly; but, upon my word, Sir, I with I

may be unsexed, if I could find an *Old Woman*.

That there were such beings formerly I have no doubt. History records some instance; and I remember a line of a song “An *Old Woman* clothed in grey,” which convinces me that such things were. From tradition too I have it; my mother used to tell me, that when she was young, *Old Women* were very common—but I cannot yet think that the breed has been lost entirely, though I have in vain searched among my friends for one. My assiduity in seeking for an *Old Woman*, has involved me in some disagreeable scrapes. I was once so zealous, as imprudently to ask a lady of sixty-five whether she reckoned herself an *Old Woman*? I had some expectations from her will, as I was very nearly related, and a bit of a favourite; but, I believe, she cancelled her will that afternoon, and left me just nothing at all for my impertinence. Some have asked me, Why I took such pains about an *Old Woman*? What could I do with her if I had her, &c.? But I always made answer, That I was the best judge what to do with her; and all I asked of them was, to tell me where I could meet with such a one, if it were even but to gaze on the singular phenomenon.

A mad wag of my acquaintance very lately sent me the following card:—“Dear Dick, I have just found what you want. In — street, No. 14, there lives a maiden aunt of mine, past 64, and I am certain an *Old Woman*. If you make use of my name, you may be introduced, on pretence of wishing to see her cabinet of natural curiosities, of which she has a very fine assortment.

Your's,

TOM WAGSTAFF.”

Full of expectation, I dressed myself in my best coat and wig, and set out for the *Old Woman*'s house. Her servant introduced me into a drawing-room, and said she would let her mistress know.—In a few minutes the *Old Woman*, as I thought, appeared—but I was born to be disappointed—A woman she was, I believe, and full 64, but no *Old Woman*, for she had a monstrous Nina cap—her hair hanging in ringlets adown her back—a sash round her waist, &c. Finding this to be the case, I took my leave as soon as I could; convinced that my friend had played a trick on me, and did not fail to resent it in a proper manner. However, I must do him the justice to say, that he apologized in such a manner, as demonstrated rather ignorance than design; for he said, that he thought a woman of her years might very well be called an *Old Woman*—Foolish fellow! as if years made an old woman.

After this I took in my head to put an

advertisement into the papers, of which the following is a copy :

“WANTED—by a gentleman about to furnish a Museum of natural curiosities—An *Old Woman*. Whoever knows of such a thing, and can prove it by the oath of the party, will be handsomely rewarded and no questions asked. Any *Old Woman* whom this may suit is desired to hobble to No. 25, near *Old Street* on the *wrong-side* of the Lunatic Hospital, or apply by letter and they shall be waited on.”

On shewing this advertisement to some of my friends, they persuaded me not to put it into the public papers; for if such a curiosity offered, it would be greedily snapt up by the Trustees of the British Museum, or the Proprietor of Sir Ashton's, who might outbid me—and that I should print the advertisement on cards and distribute it wherever I went. I took this advice; but O mercy! the escape I have been obliged to make, and the dangers I ran, are undecribable. Twelve times I was obliged to make but one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom to avoid the fury of some ladies beyond their grand climacteric—twice was I tost in a blanket—seven times threatened to be poisoned, and more than once escaped from a two pair of stairs window into the street, after the doors had been bolted and the instruments of vengeance prepared for me. Even those who treated me civilly said, I must be a madman to expect to find such a monster as an *Old Woman*. I once very near got scent of a real *Old Woman* in an alms-house near Whitefriar-Street, but before I could find out the place, she had died. I offered a round sum for her body, which I would have made a skeleton of, but the governors of the charity would not be bribed, and I have never since been able, as I am a sinner, to find an *Old Woman* dead or alive.

It is surprising to me, that none of our antiquaries have made it a point to enrich their collections with something of the kind, and I can attribute this defect only to the impossibility of finding the phenomenon. I should almost go crazy for joy, I protest, if I were so fortunate as to attain this object of my earnest wish and longing desires; I should, I am afraid, absolutely worship her. But wishes are but wishes, and hopes are but hopes. I am just as far from the end of my pursuit as when I first began. I have some notion of writing to my friends abroad, and establishing a correspondence with every country in Europe, Africa, and America, if perchance this universe contains an *Old Woman*; but the expence is unfortunately too great for my slender finances, already not a little impaired by my neglecting every thing to seek for an *Old Woman*.

I therefore, Sir, with your permission, make this public appeal to the world.

I call upon all your readers to assist me. If they can but give me information where an *Old Woman* is to be seen, no pains, expence, or labour, shall be wanting on my part. Bolts and bars shall fly before me. I will cheerfully ascend the lofty mountains of Wales, or dive into the unfathomed caves of the deepest valley, if my pains may be at last rewarded by the sight of an *Old Woman*.

Yours, &c. &c.

To the Editor.

S I R,

IT was a subject for a warm debate some time ago, whether Adam or Eve was the more culpable for eating the forbidden fruit; though several very learned gentlemen, and one learned lady, made their remarks, yet I must confess I left the room unsatisfied. I will endeavour to collect all their arguments, and with the pen offer my own opinion, for I am no orator, and must consequently be indulged—

Against Eve was urged, that powerful inducement, Curiosity, because at the Serpent's instigation, she was desirous to know what sort the fruit was; the Serpent, too, flattered the lady, and those sugar words, according to the present custom, had the desired effect—some very wise orators, that pretended to know all that had happened six thousand years ago, gave the following curious dialogue—“Pray, my dear, eat this apple”—“Oh! no, my dear, it is forbid”—“But, my dear, it will make you wise; I have eat it, and the Serpent has eat it, and we are both wise”—“Oh! if that's the case my dear, I will take a little bit of it.” If this dialogue be true, Adam, as it was he received the heavenly command, was more culpable than the woman; but we have no authority for this dialogue, and indeed it cannot be supposed that modern compliments were in practice then. But to proceed; as it is said that Eve upon eating the apple became wise, and had the knowledge of good and evil—was not she the more culpable? nay, did not she betray a narrow wicked soul for her endeavours to plunge into ruin the then foolish Adam. We are to suppose that the woman, though now the weaker, was then the stronger, in reason—and why the woman now the weaker? it seems as a judgment upon her—the sentence upon Adam contains not half the cause as that upon woman, though it was urged that man's is greater; but let us consider the sentences—Because Adam hearkened to the voice of his wife, the ground shall be cursed—Is this half as severe as the woman's punishment?—She shall bring forth with pain—This part of her sentence, which, to my utter astonishment, was omitted at the time of debating, is, I think, the most severe that can be; and

and I will leave to any one, man or woman, if any pain that the male sex undergoes, is half so bitter as that, which is natural to women: again, women shall be subservient to men—Does not this convince us, that, our all-wise Creator, by giving men the superiority, looked upon woman every way his inferior? If man had been her ruin—man would have been, by justice, her inferior; but not so, women are every way subservient to men; and so the one whom she loves most, or ought to love most, she is obliged, at the sacred altar to promise obedience to. It was urged, that woman being the weaker vessel, was the more likely to fall into temptation; for which reason Satan, according to his cunning, made her his choice. We grant it, that woman was before the weaker; but after eating the apple, I must think she was the stronger in reason; but suppose not—suppose that Adam and she had, as yet, an equal share of knowledge—suppose that the apple did not operate for some minutes after, or else they were turned out of Paradise—was not Eve the first aggressor?—Nothing can be said in favour of Eve, but much may be urged for Adam—What made him eat the apple may be asked; a most laudable cause indeed; the only, only one that can, in any degree, palliate his great offence—Love—his uxorious love; he perceived her fall, and notwithstanding the charms of a Paradise, and the converse of angels would fall with her, he ate the apple to share death with her—Death! that must appear to them with more horror than to us; for they had no hope of ever living again—Love then was Adam's fault; but curiosity, fatal and wicked curiosity, was woman's—she had proved no love in her conduct, if she had, instead of persuading, she would have dissuaded him from eating the apple. Now let us consider the difference—Eve knew she committed a crime, for which she must inevitably fall; and as she was tempted, so tempted she Adam to fall with her. Adam indeed, perceived her fall, and contentedly shared the ruin—Though Eve did not receive the divine command from God himself, yet surely she had it from Adam's own lips—and he had it from God; for he told her it was a divine command, and therefore by breaking it she offended both God and man. Now what can be said for Eve?—We must certainly agree with the words of *Osney*:

Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman wish'd to go astray:
Some silly new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her
love;

To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

To be sure Adam has a share of guilt, and no one can defend him—To obey the voice of a weak woman, rather than that of the Omnipotent, is inexcusable; and nothing but this uxorious love can, by any means, palliate it; it is, no doubt—to great is the mercy of God; but if Adam had not eaten the apple, he would have been woman's redeemer, and not have needed any redeemer himself; but it has been said that Adam in his defence made little of the woman; therefore there was no appearance of love in his conduct—"The woman that thou gavest me made me eat it;" but was this making little of the woman?—no; as God had given him the woman, he thought she was entitled to his obedience; therefore, in compliance to her request, he ate it.

We are very ready to censure both Adam and Eve for their conduct; but were the majority of the world in their place, no doubt they would offend in like manner. The following story, though known by some, will be an example, as well as the story of our father and mother, of the frailty of human nature.

A nobleman, according to his custom, walking about his country seat, overheard a man and his wife debating upon the subjects of this letter; he defended Adam, and she defended Eve. The nobleman delighted with their observations, and discovering them to be poor people, invited them home, and said they should be always welcome to his table. In short, the man and wife lived with the nobleman. On a side table there were cakes, wine, &c. with which they were told they might refresh themselves whenever they liked; but one dish, which was covered and lay in the middle, they were desired not to meddle with. They often wondered what was in the dish: the woman was very curious; and the man tempted by her curiosity, became curious too: there was no harm they thought to peep into it; and having often an opportunity, they agreed to lift up the cover;—when behold! a little mouse that was confined in it ran away, and notwithstanding their endeavours, escaped their apprehension: they saw their fault; and the nobleman examining the dish according to custom, every evening, missed the mouse, and called the man and wife to an account, then on their confession dismissed them with these words—"Blame not others for a fault which you are not able to withstand yourself,"

For an insertion of this, I will remain,
Sir, Yours, &c. &c.

The Life of Peter Aretine. By M. Boisspreaux.

IF there is any advantage in transmitting the memory of great men to posterity, it

it is not less useful to unmask those who, by unjustifiable means, have obtained this kind of immortality. The example of the first, animates to the practice of virtue; a true portrait of the others, will prevent our resembling them.

Peter Aretine was born at Arezzo, a city of Tuscany, on the 20th of April, 1492. He was the natural son of Luigi Bucci, and the name of his mother was Tita. He went to school no longer than till he had learnt to read, and as he never had a master, he was unacquainted with all languages but his own. He was entirely ignorant of the Greek, and knew very little of the Latin.

He had scarcely stepped out of infancy, when he was banished from Arezzo for writing a sonnet against indulgences. He then settled at Periglio, where following the trade of a bookbinder, the custom of seeing books, and the conversation of some of the learned, gave him a taste for reading; but though he could only make use of those he found in his own language, yet by the help of a lively wit, seconded by a great memory, he made a very rapid progress. He then resolved to seek his fortune, and set out for Rome on foot, without money, or any other effects besides his cloaths; there he was entertained by Nicholas Chigi, but on what footing is not known. After this he was in the service of Leo X. and of Julius de Medicis, his nephew, who was Pope under the name of Clement VII.

In this situation, he imagined that wealth and honour would be poured on his head. But he grew disgusted with the slowness of the court of Rome, and ruined his fortune by his imprudence. Julius Romain had designed sixteen attitudes, obscene to the last degree; they were engraved by Mark Raymundi, and Aretine composed sixteen sonnets, as indecent as the figures themselves. On this, he was obliged to leave Rome, and our poet again took refuge in his native city, in July 1524.

But he did not long continue there. John de Medicis took him into his family, and reposed an entire confidence in him. Francis I. saw him, and honoured him with particular marks of his favour. He obtained leave to return to Rome, but this brought upon him not only disgrace, but a more terrible misfortune. For happening to write a satire against a cook belonging to a prelate, the lover of the greatly beauty, having no idea of raillery, and finding the author alone in a convenient place, gave him five wounds in the breast with a poignard, hurt his hands and cut his face. Aretine however recovered, and made his complaint to the Pope, but not being able to obtain justice, he swore to punish an ungrateful court, by depriving it of his presence; and after having proclaimed his departure with the most bitter

complaints, he went to throw himself again into the protection of John de Medicis, over whom he gained such an ascendancy as to be permitted to eat and lie with him. But his master receiving a musket ball in his leg at the siege of Governolo, he was obliged to have it cut off, and the operation cost him his life. Aretine, to do him justice, shewed his sensibility on this occasion, and gave many proofs of the regard he paid to the memory of his benefactor.

He now became disgusted with the service of the great, and resolved to live in a state of independence, and to support himself by the help of his pen, on which he chose Venice for the place of his residence, and went there about the end of 1527, where Grotti the Grand Duke, honoured him with his particular protection. The liberty strangers enjoy in this city, and its being a certain asylum against the bigotry of the other Italians, agreed both with his inclination and his interest. He there, in perfect safety, composed the most obscene and satirical writings, while the corruption or vices of the people, secured the sale of such merchandizes. His works were bought up as soon as they appeared, and it is even said, that a Spanish prince kept a courier, that he might have his works as fast as they proceeded from his pen. Without reckoning his pensions, he boasted that he knew how to raile with a quire of paper, a revenue of two thousand crowns per annum.

But in spite of his vanity, and the confident airs he gave himself, he found that his ignorance hurt his reputation. He therefore took into his service Nicholas Franco, a man extremely well versed in the learned languages. This person, whose imprudence and satirical turn was exactly conformable to the genius of Aretine, supplied what he wanted in erudition, by making translations solely for his use; thus the one furnished matter, and the other worked it into form. But at last the two associates quarrelling, the learned man reclaimed the works which had appeared under the name of Aretine, while he defended his property by the merit of his stile. This adventure had such an effect on Aretine, that he never afterwards engaged in any other works he was incapable of performing himself. But we need only compare the pieces which Aretine published after Franco left him, with those that preceded them, to be sensible of the obligations he was under to him. However, the prepossessions of the public were so strong in his favour, that he continued to make dupes in spite of his blunders and imprudence.

The strangers who came to Venice did not fail to visit him—the pompous manner in which he himself speaks of these visits is perfectly ridiculous.

“Such

"Such a number of men (says he) come to puzzle my brains, that the steps of my stairs are hollowed by their feet, like the pavement of the Capitol by the wheels of triumphant cars. Turks, Jews, Indians, French, Germans, and Spaniards, continually beset my gate—I am assailed by soldiers, priests, and monks—I am become the oracle of truth, and you may with reason call me *The Secretary of the World.*"

Nothing can better prove the infatuation of his contemporaries, than the behaviour of the greatest princes towards him. Aretine was always desirous of being reconciled to the Court of Rome—he imagined that he had obtained the graces of Paul III. and boasted that he blinded him so far, that upon some slight marks of the pontiff's good will, he flattered himself with the hope of obtaining a cardinal's hat, which he caused the Duke of Parma to beg for him; but his presumption was mortified with a formal refusal. His hopes nevertheless revived when he saw Julius III. who was a native of Arezzo, in the chair. He wrote to him letters of congratulation, accompanied with a sonnet; on which Julius in return sent him a hundred golden crowns, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood—a small recompence; but much too honourable for Aretine. One would hardly think it possible to see, without laughing, the scars of so many blows, which had a thousand times been bestowed on him in a plentiful manner, adorned with this decoration:

This ribbon, which he regarded as a certain preface of his receiving more distinguished dignities, engaged him to take a journey to Rome; where, indeed, he was loaded with honours. When he knelt before the Pope, Julius entreated him to arise, and then killed his face.

"I am not surprised, says one of his flatterers in a letter to him, that Popes embrace you, that Emperors yield to you the right hand——your writings dispense immortality; I am rather surprised that they do not share their dominions with you."

He, however, was not a man that could be fed with smoke.

"St. Peter, says he, has given me a hug; but his kisses are not bills of exchange."

words, than Aretine in blows of the cudgel."

He died in a very singular manner. Hearing the story told of a trick one of his sisters had played her gallant, he burst into such a fit of laughter, that falling from his seat, he beat out his brains. This happened in the year 1557, and in the sixty fifth year of his age. The common opinion is, that this epitaph was wrote on his tomb, in St. Luke's church.

*Condit Aretini cineres, lapis iste, sepultos,
Mortales, atro qui sale perficuit
Intactus Deus est illi; causamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus
erat.*

But it can hardly be imagined, says our author, that the patriarch of Venice could suffer verses that made a jest of atheism, to be put in the church. However, that they were there is certain, and there is still more difficulty in supposing that they could be placed there without the patriarch's consent.

These are the principal events of the life of Aretine, who merely by the dint of impudence, imposed on an ignorant and vicious age. His style was unnatural and full of affectation. "Sharpen, says he, the imagination by the file of words: fish with the line of reflection in the lake of the memory; put the foot of maturity into the path of youth; curb the mouth of the passions with the bit of reflection: join the wood of courtesy to the fire of politeness; fix the angle of affection to the name of friendship; bury hope in the urn of lying promises, &c." But this affectation was not a fault peculiar to him; since the language of all Europe was in some measure infected by it. His ignorance, his pre-supposition, his severe criticisms, the extravagancy of his genius, the chastisement he underwent, and the reputation he left behind him, furnish a picture proper to be viewed by an age, greedy of the most impudent writings; an age of detraction, in which a ridiculous jargon is frequently substituted for thoughts, points for sentiments, and satire for sound criticism. Manners ought never to be sacrificed to a wanton wit: not can any thing be more dangerous, than to sport with those principles which are the sure basis of society. Let those who think of obtain-

Sketch of the Life of the Roman Empress Theodora. By Mr. Gibbon.

UNDER the reign of Anastasius, the care of the wild beasts maintained by the green faction at Constantinople, was entrusted to Acacius a native of the isle of Cyprus, who, from his employment, was surnamed the master of the bears. This honourable office was given after his death to another candidate, notwithstanding the diligence of his widow, who had already provided a husband and a successor. Acacius had left three daughters, Comito, Theodora, and Anastasia, the eldest of whom did not then exceed the age of seven years. On a solemn festival these helpless orphans were sent by their distressed and indignant mother, in the garb of suppliants, into the midst of the theatre: the green faction received them with contempt, the blues with compassion; and this difference, which sunk deep into the mind of Theodora, was felt long afterwards in the administration of the empire. As they improved in age and beauty, the three sisters were successively devoted to the public and private pleasures of the Byzantine people: and Theodora, after following Comito on the stage, in the dress of a slave, with a stool on her head, was at length permitted to exercise her independent talents. She neither danced, nor sung, nor played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomime arts; she excelled in buffoon characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks, and complained with a ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows that were inflicted, the whole theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause.—The beauty of Theodora was the subject of more flattering praise, and the source of more exquisite delight. Her features were delicate and regular; her complexion, tho' somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural colour; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and either love or adulation might proclaim, that painting and poetry were incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form. But this form was degraded with the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye, and prostituted to licentious desire. Her venal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank, and of every profession. The fortunate lover, who had been promised a night of enjoyment, was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favourite; and when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the

temptation. The satirical historian has not blushed to describe the naked scenes which Theodora was not ashamed to exhibit in the theatre. After exhausting the arts of sensual pleasure, she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of nature; but her murmurs, her pleasures, and her arts, must be veiled in the obscurity of a learned language. After reigning for some time, the delight and contempt of the capital, she condescended to accompany Ecebolus, a native of Tyre, who had obtained the government of the African Pentapolis. But this union was frail and transient; Ecebolus soon rejected an expensive or faithless concubine; she was reduced at Alexandria to extreme distress; and in her laborious return to Constantinople, every city of the East admired and enjoyed the fair Cyprian, whose merit appeared to justify her descent from the peculiar island of Venus. The vague commerce of Theodora, and the most detestable precautions preserved her from the danger which she feared; yet once, and once only, she became a mother. The infant was saved, and educated in Arabia, by his father, who imparted to him on his death-bed that he was the son of an empress. Filled with ambitious hopes, the unsuspecting youth immediately hastened to the palace of Constantinople, and was admitted to the presence of his mother. As he was never more seen, even after the decease of Theodora, she deserves the foul imputation of extinguishing with his life a secret so offensive to her imperial virtue.

In the most abject state of her fortune and reputation, some vision, either of sleep or fancy, had whispered to Theodora the pleasing assurance that she was destined to become the spouse of a potent monarch.—Conscious of her approaching greatness, she returned from Paphlagonia to Constantinople; assumed, like a skilful actress, a more decent character; relieved her poverty by the laudable industry of spinning wool; and affected a life of chastity and solitude in a small house, which she afterwards changed into a magnificent temple. Her beauty, assisted, by art or accident, soon attracted, captivated, and fixed, the patrician Justinian, who already reigned with absolute sway under the name of his uncle. Perhaps she contrived to enhance the value of a gift which she had so often lavished on the meanest of mankind; perhaps she inflamed, at first by modest delays, and at last by sensual allurements, the desires of a lover who, from nature or devotion, was addicted to long vigils and abstemious diet. When his first transports had subsided, she still maintained the same ascendant over his mind, by the more solid merit of temper and understanding. Justinian delighted to enoble

and enrich the object of his affection; the treasures of the East were poured at her feet, and the nephew of Justin was determined, perhaps by religious scruples, to bestow on his concubine the sacred and legal character of a wife. But the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female, who had been dishonoured by a servile origin or theatrical profession; the empress Lupicina or Euphemia, a Barbarian of rustic manners, but of irreproachable virtue, refused to accept a prostitute for her niece, and even Vigilantia the superstitious mother of Justinian, though she acknowledged the wit and beauty of Theodora, was seriously apprehensive lest the levity and arrogance of that artful paramour might corrupt the piety and happiness of her son. These obstacles were removed by the inflexible constancy of Justinian. He patiently expected the death of the empress; he despised the tears of his mother, who soon sunk under the weight of her affliction; and a law was promulgated in the name of the emperor Justin, which abolished the rigid jurisprudence of antiquity. A glorious repentence (the words of the edict) was left open for the unhappy females who had prostituted their persons on the theatre, and they were permitted to contract a legal union with the most illustrious of the Romans. This indulgence was speedily followed by the solemn nuptials of Justinian and Theodora; her dignity was gradually exalted with that of her lover; and as soon as Justin had invested his nephew with the purple, the patriarch of Constantinople placed the diadem on the heads of the emperor and empress of the East. But the usual honours which the severity of Roman manners had allowed to the wives of princes, could not satisfy either the ambition of Theodora or the fondness of Justinian. He seated her on the throne as an equal and independent colleague in the sovereignty of the empire, and an oath of allegiance was imposed on the governors of the provinces in the joint names of Justinian and Theodora. The eastern world fell prostrate before the genius and fortune of the daughter of Acacius.—The prostitute who, in the presence of innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as a queen in the same city by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs.

Those who believe that the female mind is totally depraved by the loss of chastity, will eagerly listen to all the invectives of private envy or popular resentment, which have dissembled the virtues of Theodora, exaggerated her vices, and condemned with rigour the venal or voluntary sins of the youthful harlot. From a motive of shame

or contempt, she often declined the servile homage of the multitude, escaped from the odious light of the capital, and passed the greatest part of the year in the palaces and gardens which were pleasantly seated on the sea-coast of the Propontis and the Bosphorus. Her private hours were devoted to the prudent as well as grateful care of her beauty, the luxury of the bath and table, and the long slumber of the evening and the morning. Her secret apartments were occupied by the favourite women and eunuchs, whose interests and passions she indulged at the expence of justice; the most illustrious personages of the state were crowded into a dark and sultry antichamber, and when at last, after tedious attendance, they were admitted to kiss the feet of Theodora, they experienced, as her humour might suggest, the silent arrogance of an empress, or the capricious levity of a comedian. Her rapacious avarice to accumulate an immense treasure, may be excused by the apprehension of her husband's death, which could leave no alternative between ruin and the throne; and fear as well as ambition might exasperate Theodora against two generals, who, during a malady of the emperor, had rashly declared that they were not disposed to acquiesce in the choice of the capital. But the reproach of cruelty, so repugnant even to her softer vices, has left an indelible stain on the memory of Theodora: her numerous spies observed, and zealously reported, every action, or word, or look, injurious to their royal mistress. Whomsoever they accused were cast into her peculiar prisons, inaccessible to the enquiries of justice, and it was rumoured, that the torture of the rack, or scourge, had been inflicted in the presence of a female tyrant, insensible to the voice of prayer or of pity. Some of these unhappy victims perished in deep unwholesome dungeons, while others were permitted, after the loss of their limbs, their reason, or their fortune, to appear in the world the living monuments of her vengeance, which was commonly extended to the children of those whom she had suspected or injured. The senator, or bishop, whose death or exile Theodora had pronounced, was delivered to a trusty messenger, and his diligence was quickened by a menace from her own mouth. 'If you fail in the execution of my command, I swear by him who liveth for ever, that your skin shall be flayed from your body!'

If the creed of Theodora had not been tainted with heresy, her exemplary devotion might have atoned, in the opinion of her contemporaries, for pride, avarice, and cruelty. But, if she employed her influence to assuage the intolerant fury of the emperor, the pre-

sent age will allow some merit to her religion, and much indulgence to her speculative errors. The name of Theodora was introduced, with equal honour, in all the pious and charitable foundations of Justinian; and the most benevolent institution of his reign may be ascribed to the sympathy of the empress for her less fortunate sister, who had been seduced or compelled to embrace the trade of prostitution. A palace, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, was converted into a stately and spacious monastery, and a liberal maintenance was assigned to five hundred women, who had been collected from the streets and brothels of Constantinople. In this safe and holy retreat, they were devoted to perpetual confinement; and the despair of some, who threw themselves headlong into the sea, was lost in the gratitude of the penitents, who had been delivered from sin and misery by their generous benefactress. The prudence of Theodora is celebrated by Justinian himself; and his laws are attributed to the sage counsels of the most reverend wife, whom he had received as the gift of the Deity. Her courage was displayed amidst the tumult of the people and the terrors of the court. Her chastity, from the moment of her union with Justinian, is founded on the silence of her implacable enemies; and, although the daughter of Acacius might be satiated with love, yet some applause is due to the firmness of a mind which could sacrifice pleasure and habit to the stronger sense, either of duty or interest. The wishes and prayers of Theodora could never obtain the blessing of a lawful son, and she buried an infant daughter, the sole offspring of her marriage. Notwithstanding this disappointment, her dominion was permanent and absolute; she preserved, by art or merit, the affections of Justinian; and their seeming dissensions were always fatal to the courtiers who believed them to be sincere.—Perhaps her health had been impaired by the licentiousness of her youth; but it was always delicate, and she was directed by her physicians to use the Pythian warm baths. In this journey, the empress was followed by the prætorian præfect, the great treasurer, several counts and patricians, and a splendid train of four thousand attendants: the highways were repaired at her approach; a palace was erected for her reception; and as she passed through Bithynia, she distributed liberal alms, to the churches, the monasteries, and the hospitals, that they might implore heaven for the restoration of her health. At length, in the twenty-fourth year of her marriage, and twenty-second of her reign, she was consumed by

of a theatrical prostitute, might have selected the purest and most noble virgin of the East.

The Pyrenean Hermits; a Tale:—By M. Dixmerie.

ON the mountains that separate Spain from France, lived two hermits, the one a Frenchman, the other a Spaniard, at a little distance from each other. Their age was nearly equal, and both were young: their figure was noble, even under the disguise of their coarse habit, and their conduct was perfectly opposite to that of ordinary hermits. They neither begged, nor received gifts or visits, they could read, and they had books. At first they were anxious to shun each other, but something congenial in their minds and their situations soon drew them together; in short, they were neighbours without being enemies, a circumstance rather strange in rivals of this, as well as of every other kind.

The French hermit had a companion whose care he could not sufficiently applaud. This disciple was a model of attachment, of zeal, and of activity. Though hardly fifteen years of age, no hardship could discourage, no duty fatigue him. All the graces of beauty and youth were displayed in his countenance, and he seemed the god of love in disguise.

One day when this youth was absent, the Spaniard came to visit his brother hermit. “The vile habit, said he, that covers you, cannot conceal from me that you were not born to be thus clothed, thus lodged, thus fed. In a word, that something singular in your history has obliged you to renounce the world, for these inhospitable mountains; and undoubtedly they must have been very cruel, or very extraordinary accidents, that could drive you to such a resolution.” “Oh! as for that, replied the other, I am more than justified. But what strange and disastrous adventures have forced you to adopt a resolution so similar to mine?”

“It is true, said the Spaniard, who wished to be communicative, and who saw no danger in being so, that I was not born to be thus muffled in a gown, to feed on roots and sleep on the straw. It is likewise true that I mitigate in secret this apparent austerity. But a load of disgrace and of faults have made this condition necessary.” “Your misfortunes, said the other, cannot be equal to mine.” “You will judge, said the Spaniard. In the first place, I am married.” “So am I,” replied the French hermit. “I love my wife, and she avoids me,” said the first. “I shun mine, and she loves me,” said the other. “I accomplished my

Spanish hermit, is indeed a singular contrast, but let us see how far it will go, I will begin, persuaded that you will imitate my frankness and sincerity.

"In me you see the Count d'Olivier. My family is ancient and illustrious, my fortune considerable. I served my king with zeal and with success in the war of Italy. There I formed an intimacy with the Count de Cuences, a man noble by birth, and opulent in fortune ; advantages which promised him another still more worthy of envy. At his return he was to marry Donna Leonora, one of the finest women in Spain, but at the same time one of the proudest. I knew her only by name, nor was I better known to her. An hereditary enmity subsisted between our families which had been absurdly perpetuated for generations. I was far from adopting this unjustifiable hatred. I even experienced at the sight of a portrait of Leonora very different sentiments. Her family had sent it to the Count for his consolation till he could take possession of the original. He seemed however not so much struck with it as I was. Far from being enchanted with the happiness that awaited him, he became thoughtful and melancholy. He replied with embarrassment to the questions that were put to him on his future marriage, and gave me room to suppose that he consented to it with reluctance, a circumstance that filled me with astonishment.

The war was carried on with violence, and encounters were frequent and bloody. The Count and I one day were dispatched on a secret expedition. He fell into an ambuscade, and was surrounded by a troop more numerous than his own. I arrived in time to disengage him, but he had been already wounded, and was lying on the ground without sense, ready to be trampled under the feet of the enemy. I made him be carried off while I opposed the Germans, who had been reinforced. After an obstinate conflict, victory declared for us. A soldier of my troop presented me with the portrait of Leonora, which he took from one of the enemy who had rifled the Count.

tiful than her portrait, and I became desperately in love with her: but at the same time, I trembled at the obstacles which the mutual antipathy of our families would throw in the way of my love.

I attempted some means of reconciliation, but all were in vain. In this interval, the Count de Cuences, cured of his wounds, was named Governor of Oran, a city of Africa, for which he set out from Italy. The governor of this place cannot absent himself on any pretext. The post is but an honourable prison, and the new governor considered that Donna Leonora would be an excellent antidote against the loneliness of that prison. He judged well, but he took his measures ill. Not being able to act by himself, he chose for his deputy, one of his principal domestics, an African by birth, and one a thousand times more selfish than that circumstance supposes. I had been of service to him in Italy, and chance threw me in his way as he landed at Cadiz. He informed me of the object of his mission ; he came, he said, in the name of his master to demand Donna Leonora of her parents. The news made me turn pale, and the African observed it. He put various questions to me, tending at once to shew his own zeal, and to read my heart. I trusted him with my secret, and confessed to him that my death was certain if another obtained possession of Donna Leonora.

The African appeared thoughtful for an instant, then said that he had a secret for preserving my life, which however might hazard his own, and might ruin his fortune, past resource. I offered him my protection, and a reward proportioned to the greatness of his service. I did not foresee that he could be of further use to me than preventing the intended marriage from succeeding, and even this was a great deal. But the African's schemes were deeper laid. He proposed that I should substitute myself in the room of his master, an expedient as he thought easy and excusable. It appeared to me however very difficult and dishonour-

mislead those not much accustomed to see either of us, and the Count having been absent from Seville for twenty years, was totally unknown to Donna Leonora and her friends. I was seduced by the concurrence of so many favourable circumstances, and it was agreed that the African should formally make the demand in the name of the governor, and substitute my portrait for his; and in order to favour the illusion, I gave him that of Donna Leonora, which belonged to the Count. What we expected came to pass. The proposition of the governor of Oran was approved by the relations of the lady, and what I had not dared to hope for, my figure was not disagreeable to that proud beauty. You may easily imagine that the Count's agent wrote to him in a stile fitted to chain him more closely than ever to his rock. But while this rival, deceived by the letter, considered his application in this case as desperate, I boldly reaped the fruits of it.

After a reasonable interval I presented myself under the name of the Count, accompanied by some friends who approved and seconded my stratagem. I arrived in the evening, and the ceremony was not even deferred till the morning. I justified this precipitation by the absolute necessity of my immediate return to Africa, and the danger of my being discovered in Spain. We repaired without delay to the port of Cadiz, where a vessel lay ready to receive us. An old aunt of Donna Leonora's, by whom she had been educated, proposed to accompany us; this I could not oppose, though I consented to it with regret. Donna Padilla was doubly to be dreaded, on account of the hereditary hatred I have spoken of, and because my father had refused to terminate that hatred by espousing her; a kind of injury few women can forgive, and which Donna Padilla had in perpetual remembrance. Accordingly we embarked; the pilot had his cue, and the Straights of Gibraltar, through which we passed, contributed to impose on the old aunt, who piqued herself on understanding the chart. My young spouse and I were alone in the cab-

but the suspicions of both became so evident, that I was at last obliged to explain. I confessed to them, that I was neither the Count de Cuences, nor the governor of Oran; but I assured them, that my name was as honourable as his; that my fortune was as considerable, and my love incomparably greater.

"And how did they receive your confession?" interrupted the French Hermit. "With the greatest indignation," said the Spaniard, "but why do you ask?" "Because," replied the other, "I once experienced a similar confession, and certainly received it with still greater indignation.—But proceed."

I cannot express to you the consternation into which my discourse threw the aunt and her niece. Hitherto, Donna Leonora had lavished upon me the most unequivocal marks of tenderness and love. What was my grief, when I found her disapprove highly of my stratagem? I protested that it had been solely inspired by my love, and by the impossibility of obtaining her otherwise: that I had rank and distinction to bestow on her, and that I was ready to repair every thing that seemed irregular or informal in the proceeding. I thought I saw Leonora beginning to relent, but the old aunt was implacable, and the ascendant she had over her niece was superior to that which I had gained. I continued, however, to behave to them with all imaginable respect. They had every thing they could wish for except the liberty of leaving me, and of informing their friends of their captivity. Their relations, indeed, believed them in Africa, but the governor of Oran was not long in deceiving them. Impatient of receiving no news of his deputy, he dispatched a second, who served him more faithfully, probably because he had not the same opportunity of betraying him. The Count, by his means, learnt a part of what had happened, and imagined the rest. You may judge of his rage. What completed his despair was the impossibility of leaving, without dishonour, the post that was assigned to him. He preferred at last, however, his revenge to

rape of Donna Leonora, he declared that he had assisted in conducting her to Alicant. The Count, at this news, consulted nothing but his rage : he flew by land to Alicant, where the first object he met was his treacherous African. Thy death is certain and immediate, said the Count, if thou dost not inform me of thy infamous proceedings, and introduce me to thy accomplice. The African, half dead with fear, named me to his master, who was confounded to find in me the person he sought ; but he became still the more enraged. He persisted in being introduced to me, and I acknowledge, that my astonishment and confusion at his appearance were extreme. Don Ferdinand, said he, you see the man you have most grossly injured. Perhaps I owe you my life : but you have robbed me of my honour, and the return is unequal. I have ventured to enter your house without second, and without mistrust ; I might have had recourse to the lower though surer punishment of the law ; but men like us ought to do themselves justice, and you will choose without delay the time and the place.

You have but too good a right, said I, to the satisfaction you require ; and, besides, it is all that is now in my power, or in my inclination to perform ; for surely you do not hope that I will ever yield up Leonora. I carried off from you an object which you loved but in idea, I in truth and in reality. I borrowed your name to obtain my purpose, not that I had reason to blush for my own, or that it was not equal to yours in fame ; but I had to cope with a hatred unjust and inveterate. By this means I succeeded. It is a stratagem practised in time of war, and that may be tolerated in love. At any rate, your resentment is just, and I am ready to follow you. I exhorted him, however, to take some refreshment and a little repose, but he was deaf to every thing but the voice of his revenge. We retired to a short distance from the Castle, and began to engage with the greatest keenness. I was not ignorant of the man I had to deal with, and I must confess that I did not fight without remorse. He had wounded me before I had touched him. I redoubled my efforts, and wounded him in my turn : and after a most

by my presence, as to procure some assistance to myself.

When he came to himself, the Count inquired where he was ? My servants by my orders informed him that he was in a place of quietness and security, and exhorted him to be anxious about nothing but his recovery. He was attended with the greatest solicitude, and I was careful not to offend him by my appearance. Astonished, however, to see nobody but domestics, he repeated his questions, and the answers of my people being always nearly the same, he began to suspect that he was in my house. Why, said he, does the man who behaves thus generously to me, imagine that I am less generous than he ? This discourse having been reported to me, I desired the Count to be told, that a pretty considerable wound had hitherto confined me to my chamber, but I hoped soon to enquire after his health in person.

It is now time to return to Donna Leonora. She, with her aunt, still remained in the castle, but the part they occupied had no communication with the rest. It would have been of importance to me, to have interrupted all intercourse between them. My love and respect might have softened Leonora, whom the counsels of her aunt still enflamed more and more. A young person easily forgives the faults committed by love ; but no woman of any age can ever forget an injury originating in contempt or indifference : accordingly Donna Padilla would willingly have revenged the offence of my father on all his posterity.

These two ladies had seen, from the windows of their apartments what had passed in my combat with the Count, and in consequence of it. They were ignorant of the name of my adversary, and I had never reflected that they might observe us. I am sure that the wishes of Donna Padilla were against me, but what distresses me more, is my ignorance of the sentiments of her niece upon the same occasion. This combat, however, was an enigma for both. It was probably to solve it, or at least to verify their suspicions on the head, that Donna Padilla desired an interview with me. She did not know that I had been wounded, and I did not inform her. She was only told, that a

that what is done cannot be undone. I hope, in time, to bring my niece to the same sentiment, in imitation of my example.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor.

S I R,

THE following anecdotes upon ancient fashions and customs, extracted from a very favourite foreign publication, may be, no doubt, entertaining to your numerous female readers.

I am, Sir, Your's,

AN HISTORIAN.

IN the sixteenth century, Italy was the country which dictated, as England and France do in our days, the ton in fashions and matters of taste. After the example, the ladies then began in several other countries to uncover the bosom, to let the arms go naked, to wear shorter petticoats, and let the points of the feet be more seen. In Germany, and at the Austrian Court, however, the Spanish dress still prevailed—To the Spanish women is to be ascribed the fashion of baring the shoulders, and a part of the back; a custom from which came the palatinate, so called from the name of its inventress, a Palatine Princess.

The ladies, in order to have a fine and slender waist, pressed their sides together between splinters, or narrow wooden staves, and these they laced so tight, as often to render the flesh quite callous and horny: till they had for some time accustomed themselves to these staves, it was like being on the rack; but they bore all patiently for the sake of dear fashion. To these wooden squeezers, props, or supporters, succeeded the corded and whale-bone staves, which, in their turn, it is to be hoped, will be laid aside.

The fashion of hoop petticoats, and farthingales, came from Spain, first passed into Germany to England, and from this last kingdom into France. Their forms and names were extremely different. The French

ber some and unsightly burdens. All such kinds of *basketing* and distendings they have banished, we hope, for ever, to the countries from which they originally came—They are the monstrous inventions of an unnatural taste, worn by their first introducers to hide some personal defect: who could then have thought that they would ever have been taken up by those who without them were all elegance and grace; and with them could be nothing but stiffness and disproportion. The reign of Mary was the era of *ruffs* and *farthingales* in England, and they were continued during that of Elizabeth. At this time the ladies were muffled up to the chin; and a blooming virgin was more solicitous in hiding their skin, than an old woman is in the present day. The men's ruffs were of a moderate size, but the females were enormous. Some beaux, however, having attempted to introduce long swords, and very high ruffs, which approached the royal standard, Queen Elizabeth's jealousy was so roused thereat, that she ordered the officers to break every man's sword, and clip all the ruffs which were beyond a certain length.

Among many Asiatic people large ears were considered as a beauty; and so was formerly a large foot esteemed a pre-eminence in France. In the fourteenth century the length of the shoes was a mark of distinction: the shoe of a prince was *two feet and a half long*—that of a Baron *two feet*—and that of a simple gentleman *one foot and a half*. Perhaps the German proverb "to live on a large foot" comes from hence. Henry Vth ordained that no man in England should wear shoes more than six inches wide at the toe. In former reigns it was the fashion to have long pointed shoe toes even to the knees. In Richard II's time the peaks of shoes and boots were so long, that they were tied to the knees, and a law was made to limit them to two inches.

Henry II. was the first person who wore silk stockings in France, and Queen Elizabeth the first that wore them in England.

is worn, gave rise to the beaver hats: the first hats were round, and not cocked; they were trimmed with furs, ornamented with jewels and pearls, and tied on with ribbands under the chin. Francis I. introduced them into general use in France: before his time they were only worn when a person was going down into the country, or in rainy weather. It was not then the custom to take off the hat with ceremony; but it was thrown down upon the back, and remained still hanging to the ribband, each of which was tied at the end in a bow knot, the smartness of which was a great object with the beaux and belles. The number of the bows was according to the rank and condition of the person. In the course of time, however, they lost all their consideration; only the clergy of the first class retained them; and there are still to be seen in the arms of the principal prelates and bishops, such sort of hats, with ribband, tiers, and bows. At first the hats were variegated, and of a colour changing according to the rest of the dress; but in the sixteenth century it was decided to have them of the black colour only. The fashion of feathers on the hats underwent as well as the cocking and flouching of the same, various changes; one single feather standing straight upright was at first employed in ornamenting the hat; then the feathers were multiplied and stuck round the hat like a crown; at last all these feathers were united into one bunch, which was at first placed behind, then before, and lastly on the right side. Our present feathered hats, or plumes, came out in the reign of Lewis XIV.

Anciently the ladies only wore long hair, and the warriors cropped theirs: but as the princes and nobility began to frequent the camp and field of battle less, their's by degrees came long: and in the reign of Lewis XIV. it was reckoned contrary to decorum to appear at Court without having the hair long, and frizzed, or without having a wig so dressed. Only in battle, in the chase, or in the country, was the hair bound, or done up. On such occasions Lewis XIV. permitted his courtiers to plait their hair with a ribband, or to put in a small taffety bag; and this is the origin of the *bag*, which still continues to be a necessary part of state dress.

The hair bags were, in the first year of their introduction, applied also to the horses

tails, contrived to stick their horses tails in a sort of a case. The tresses of a man were required to be very long, thick, and pointed, and hence a good deal of false hair was added. Several coxcombs wanted to revive the old fashions, which prevailed in the sixteenth century, of wearing the hair in locks, falling down upon the breast; but this met with no approbation.

The first wigs consisted of nothing more than long smooth hairs, tacked on with a needle in single rows, on a black cap. This cap was of velvet, or other cloth; they did not make them of leather till considerably later—*glazed* and *wire wigs* were afterwards invented, against the last; however, the hair wig makers made a general uproar, as they promised an everlasting duration, to the great diminution of their profits. They accordingly issued out a prohibition of them at Paris, where the inventor of them resided.

The clergy shewed themselves at that time in every country the enemies of wigs; there was a heap of writings pro and con. upon the subject, and most of them concluded with a violent denunciation against this artificial hair ornament. I recollect to have read the petition of a clergyman, in the year 1684, addressed to Cardinal Grimaldi, from whom he requested, on account of a scald head, leave to wear a wig, and had his petition attested by three physicians. The Cardinal granted him this privilege, and concludes with this clause, "Yet you must mind to have your wig of such a colour, and so put on, that you may pass for a person as old as you really are, and to this purpose it will be necessary to let your temples, &c. be seen, or otherwise by such a juvenile and mundane decoration, you will give offence to the true believers."

It was under the reign of Francis king of France, that the ladies began to dress, or frize their own hair; they had a great number of ringlets with elegant *toques* and feathers. Under the reigns of Henry III. IV. and V. and under Lewis XII. XIV. and XV. they plaited their hair with strings of pearls. The queen Margaret of Valois was the first lady in Europe that wore for her dead-dress nothing but the hair decorated with precious stones and plumes.

In China and Siam the *mourning* is white. Formerly too the dowager queens of France

The fashion of bedgowns dates its origin no higher up than the middle of Lewis 14th's reign.

The art of cutting diamonds is not more than three hundred years old, and that of forming them into brilliants goes no farther back than a century. The beautiful Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII. king of France, was the first lady that employed diamonds in her dress. Under Catherine of Medicis, queen of France, this fashion gained more ground: they now began to employ them in every possible way, in the hair, in the ears, in the necklaces, stomachers, bracelets, rings. They superseded the use of pearls, which had been, till then, the favourite ornament. Indeed, the art which was discovered under Lewis XIV. of so closely limiting the latter, brought still more into neglect, on account of the cheapness and commonness of the artificial ones, the use of the genuine pearls.

Not more than two centuries ago, it was the prevailing mode among the fair sex, to wear *pincuse* and *rich purses*—needle and scissar cases hanging down at their side by a golden chain. Then, too, they began in Catholic countries to have *crosses* of precious stones, as articles of ornament, though they were before only carried about them as a piece of devotion.

Tobacco-boxes are of a far more modern origin than watches. The men were the first that made use of them, and this in the last century. There is an old painting, of the seventeenth century, of a gentleman, who holds in his right hand a sort of ball, or globe, from which he shakes out through a little tube some tobacco on the back of his left hand, and then applies it to his nose—this was probably the first method of taking snuff, and also the first form of tobacco-boxes.

The first mirror, or looking glass, was of metal, nor till the end of the crusades did the foiled glass once come to be known. It is said that these were first oval made, in the city of Sidon. The Venetians possessed themselves of this secret, and founded the first looking-glass manufactory in Europe.

There are yet to be met with, in some old castles, monstrous old fashioned bedsteads, in which formerly whole families used to sleep together. This custom dates itself from the times of chivalry. These valiant souls that were accustomed in the field to share together the same tent, bed, and table, were admitted, during winter quarters, with the same cordiality into one another's castles. And then there might be seen, sleeping in one and the same bed, the master of the castle, his spouse, his children, and the knights his guests, and even along with the rest the favourite dog—Admiral

Bonnivet used to sleep with Francis I. who called him his knight companion.

As the ancient Gauls became subjected by the Romans, they adopted the manners of their masters. The chief meal was supper, which was always eaten before the setting of the sun. They breakfasted as soon as they got up; and when they remained in the city, they indulged themselves in a little luncheon about noon day. After the introduction of Christianity, the noon-day meal became insensibly the chief meal, and the evening repast was put off later. Eating times, however, has been constantly changing—the force of the advocate Poletin, which is at least a production of the fourteenth century, teaches us that genteel people dined at that time at ten o'clock in the morning. One or two centuries afterwards, the dinner was put off till eleven. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, they sat down to dinner in the best houses at twelve. Lewis XIV. himself ate at this time; but as this was the hour which persons made their courts to him, the so accustomed courtiers sat down to table later. At the beginning of the present century, good sort of people dined at about one o'clock. About forty years ago, three o'clock was the latest hour; but now the cloth is not laid till two, three, four hours later than that. The supper hour has kept pace in betting off with that of the dinner, and it is now often midnight, or the next morning, before that meal is served up.

The Anchoret. A Moral Story.

FAR in the borders of Britannia there lived a peaceful anchorite, who fed his unknown sorrow with silent solitude. Several who heard of him wished much to see him; but he avoided all society; and whenever impertinent curiosity interrupted his private meditations, he was silent and surly: only the sad were welcome guests; and those who had suffered affliction through the just chastisement of Providence, he would endeavour to reconcile them to their woes, and persuade them “that whatever is, is right.” But this anchoret was seldom communicative himself; as yet he never divulged the dire cause of his solicitude, for as yet he never could with safety tell it: for what confidence could he place in those officious impertinents who daily flocked around him? which though they promised every secrecy and attention, yet all they wanted, all they wished for, was to hear and tell again. This our pious anchoret was well aware of, and so prudently guarded against officious curiosity.

Every morning, when crimson Aurora tinges the east, this hermit would walk out: he was then in no dread of meeting friends whom

She thanked me in a faltering voice — I whom, on account of their impudence, he called his foes ; and his path was always that which was the most untrodden. Thus did he avoid the haunts of men, and devoted himself to solitude and prayer.

One morning as, according to his custom, he was rambling, he espied at a distance a youth reclining on a bank : as real sorrow was always the object of his pity, he hastened towards him ; and enquiring his ailment, promised all the consolation in his power.

"Rise, fellow mourner," cried he, rise ; impart the reason of your grief ; and all the advice, the comfort I can give, you may command. I am an unfortunate too ; yet submitting to Providence, I bow to fate. Say then, is it a father or a mother departed ? a sister or a brother dead ? or is it a real friend, wherein father, mother, sister, and brother, are united, that now, by the will of all wise Providence, is no more ?

The youth gradually lifting up his eyes, beheld the anchoret, and thus faintly replied —

"No, kind sir ; I mourn no father or mother departed, no sister or brother dead, no friend that is gone for ever : my sorrow is more simple, more common ; it that of love unrewarded — love disappointed. Oh yes ! thou holy sage ! I mourn, alas ! the inconstancy of a maid."

The anchoret was much affected at this stranger's confession ; and thinking now an improper time, postponed his enquiries of the maid till a more permanent acquaintance took place, with cordial liberality he invited him home — promised him no elegant, but a welcome reception. Byron, for that was the the stranger's name, after some persuasion, agreed : he arose, shook off some of his melancholy, and followed the anchoret to his cave.

After a homely but cheerful repast, the stranger at the request of our anchoret, proceeded in the relation of his story,

"My father was neither a poor nor an opulent man : he left me a competency ; and 'I more glory in it than all that ever Fortune threw on fools.' With this I intended to lead, not an extravagant, but a happy life ; and indeed for some time I did.

"One morning, remarkable for the severity of weather, I was engaged in my usual sport — and lo ! while following the hare, the poor timorous fugitive took shelter in a female's breast — I stopped the hounds in their pursuit, for fear they might harm the fair protectress — She was a suppliant for the hare's life ; and alas ! begged it in such a bewitching, such a heavenly manner, that I found myself more in need of her pity.

"Oh, say no more, my love, I cried, the hare shall live, and shall be thine."

would have said more, but her beauty struck me dumb.

For some time we looked at each other with admiring eyes — I asked her her name and residence — she replied in the following simple manner —

"I have no father, no mother ; I live with an old woman, who nursed me in my infant days — she has been a very affectionate old woman, and, to tell the truth, has been a mother to me — my name is Flora, and my abode in the opposite cottage."

"I was suddenly captivated with her simplicity and goodness, and took the liberty of attending her to her cottage, though she would fain have taken leave of me. The old woman, her nurse, was rather displeased at seeing me ; but when she understood the circumstance past, and the cause of our acquaintance, her displeasure was at an end.

"From that day a familiar acquaintance was formed, which now, alas ! I am sorry for — my happiness, of which I boasted so much of before, was now no more — my heart became a captive to the all engaging and natural charms of Flora, and I was determined to seek her hand, and consummate at once the wishes of my soul ; for I had no notion that Flora would reject my proposal, seeing that I am not deformed nor disgusting — am well in the world, and sprung from a good family ; but contrary to my expectations, indeed, Flora denied my suit — she was averse to my wishes — she was cruelly unkind. I attempted to forget her, no longer to be a slave to cruel beauty ; but by mingling with other women, contrast her charms, and fix upon another less squeamish, and as fair.

"But oh ! my endeavours were in vain — Ah, me, there were none so engaging, none so fair — I did not like the assumed charms of those many women, who with dress and paint endeavour to be beautiful — no, Flora surpassed them all, and only Flora I could love.

"I summoned resolution again to make a second proposal ; which, I flattered myself, would be offered in such a manner that a rejection could not succeed ; but I flattered myself, indeed — I was refused — and then I offered to make a settlement of all I had on her — was told that it was not money she desired — What then was I to suppose ? that she desired, alas ! a man of more merit than myself.

"Oh, Sir ! my heart was ready to burst — I could not speak, nor sleep — with grief — distraction seized me ; and, only as it were the voice of providence whispered me it was a sin, the knife of destruction I would have covered with a smiling aspect."

Thus concluded the stranger ; and thus replied the anchoret —

"I pity you from my heart ; but cannot tax this beauty, as you call her, till I learn her story—Cease, then, your upbraidings, and with it cease your sorrow—I will see her, and plead your sorrow myself, with all the energy I am able—live then upon hope, which flattering encouragement I am denied—my sorrow is beyond all hope ; alas ! I must despair for ever—I see your curiosity, and as you have confided in me, I will in return confide in you—Hear then the story of your friend."

Upon this the anchoret proceeded in the narrative of his misfortunes.

(To be continued.)

ON COMETS.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?

Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous ; takes his ample round

Through depths of æther ; coasts unnumber'd worlds

Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,

From the long travel of a thousand years.
YOUNG.

THE astronomy of comets may be properly said to be yet in its infancy, no advances having been made in it before the last century. With respect to the ancients, they knew very little of their nature or motions. Some considered them as wandering stars : others supposed them to be mere appearances, formed either by reflection or refractions of the sun's beams, having no real or distinct substance from other celestial bodies. Others believed them to be fiery meteors, generated of bituminous exhalations from our terraqueous globe, which being elevated to the higher regions of the atmosphere, were there set on fire, and continued their appearance till all their sulphureous particles were consumed ; while others considered them only as ominous phenomena, displayed by the Supreme Being to terrify mankind, and warn them of the approach of some dreadful calamity. And the same opinion prevailed during the dark ages between the decline of the Roman empire and the Reformation.

The poets have frequently compared a hero in his shining armour to a comet ; and as poetry delights in omens, prodigies, and such wonderful events as were supposed to follow upon the appearance of comets, eclipses, and the like, they never fail to make some allusion to the popular superstition on this subject. Thus Homer, Virgil, and Tasso,

who have been copied by Milton, in his fine comparison of Satan to a comet :

Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

Milton has here exceeded his originals in sublimity ; and his comparison is applied with much greater propriety than theirs ; for they describe only a mortal hero, but Milton is speaking of a superhuman being. —I shall give two more quotations, in which, I think, the popular opinion is not only poetically, but philosophically mentioned :

In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And sanguine enigms wave unfurl'd in air !
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,

A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants ! arise,
To them wild omens, science to the wise !
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine !

While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all æther with the sweeping blaze !

Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown ;

By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,

May view that minister of vengeance near !
Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,

Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost !
Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,

And burns imperious on th' æthereal plain !
The learn'd-one curious eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star !

SAVAGE.

Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shaded earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heav'ns,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few

Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,

N O T E.

* The Aurora Borealis.

The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, that mount-
ing spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the
wilds

Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of All-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds;
perhaps

To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and seed th' eternal fire.

THOMSON.

When the terrors, which superstition and astrology formerly excited, had fled before the dawn of philosophy; when Newton, unfolding the system of the universe, had described the laws by which the motions of comets are directed, and Halley had carried the theory of his illustrious predecessor to a high degree of certitude and perfection, their discoveries gave rise to a new kind of anxiety and apprehension. It was feared, that some of the comets, which move in all directions through the different regions of our planetary system, might, some time or other, meet with our earth in its course; and it was supposed, that some rencounters may have already happened, and produced the revolutions of which the vestiges are to be found in several parts of our globe. Thus Whiston considered the general flood as an inundation produced by the tail of a comet, and supposed that the universal conflagration will be occasioned by the earth's meeting with one of these bodies on its return from the sun. Maupertuis imagined, that the tails of comets, by mixing their exhalations with our atmosphere, might have a noxious influence upon the health of animals and the growth of plants. He farther apprehended, that their attraction might, some time or other, oblige our globe to change its orbit, and to revolve about one of them in the character of a satellite, or, at least, expose it to more violent vicissitudes of heat and cold than it experiences at present. But these terrors are merely visionary; and have been refuted in an excellent essay on this subject, by M. Dionis du Séjour. This work,* which contains the best theory of comets hitherto published, has the double merit of having given new degrees of perfection and improvement to the science of astronomy, and

N O T E.

* *Essai sur les Comètes en general, &c.* Paris, 1775.

of calming the fears and apprehensions of mankind, by shewing, that we have absolutely little or nothing to fear from those flaming bodies, which ignorance and superstition have rendered so terrible.

Comets, according to Sir Isaac Newton, are compacted, solid, fixed, and durable bodies: in one word, a kind of planets; which move in very oblique orbits, every way with the greatest freedom; persevering in their motions, even against the course and direction of the planets; and their tail is a very thin slender vapour, emitted by the head or nucleus of the comet, ignited or heated by the sun.

From the lights which this great philosopher has thrown upon this abstruse part of astronomy, there is reason to think, that succeeding astronomers will carry it to the greatest degree of perfection. But although we are indebted to him for a true theory of the *motion* of the comets, yet, with respect to the formation of their *tails*, and the *uses* for which these great bodies are intended, his opinions have been controverted. Dr. Hamilton, in particular, in his "Philosophical Essays," controverts Sir Isaac's opinion. He asserts, from a view of the phenomena of a comet, that the matter which constitutes its tail, is not an illuminated vapour, but *self-shining substance*, which, in all positions of the comet, and whatever be the direction of its motion, whether towards or from the sun, is thrown off from its dark hemisphere, in a direction opposite to the sun, a short time before and after its perihelion, or nearest approach to that luminary. He finds, moreover, in the Aurora Borealis, a matter which greatly resembles it in appearance, its situation with regard to the sun and to the body whence it flows, as well as in the nature of its substance, so far as it is known to us: for the Aurora Borealis is likewise a rare and lucid substance, thrown off in a direction nearly opposite to the sun, from the dark hemisphere of the earth; tending towards the zenith of the spectator, or the *vertex* of the earth's shadow; rising principally from the northern part of the earth's atmosphere, and more frequently visible while the sun is passing through the southern signs, and the earth moving from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, through that half of its orbit which is nearest to the sun; and lastly, not intercepting, in any sensible degree, the light of the fixed stars: so that, to a spectator placed at a considerable distance from the earth, and shaded from the sun's light, it must appear as a tail to the earth; small, indeed, in proportion to the earth's diameter, but in its direction, situation, transparency, and lucid appearance, resembling that of a comet.

Abbé Mann, a learned Englishman, long
resident:

resident at Brussels, has likewise shewn, by unanswerable arguments, that there is a manifest and perfect analogy between the tails of these great and luminous bodies and the *Aurora Borealis*. Hence he concludes, that they both proceed from the same principle, and are formed of the same matter; that they are emanations of the electrical fluid from their respective bodies, and that this fluid often becomes a phlogiston, by the heterogeneous mixtures which it carries along with it in this emanation, which accounts for the different colours and other circumstances in these meteors.—“As electrics,” says the abbé, “when sufficiently heated, become conductors of the electrical fluid, and yield emanations of it in proportion to the quantity they naturally contain, this is precisely the case with the earth and the comets in their perihelia. The approach of the comets to the sun, and the superabundant degree of heat, which they receive from this approach, dispose them to send forth a proportionable part of the electrical fluid, whose emission produces all the phenomena we observe in the tails of comets, the *Aurora Borealis*, and several electrical experiments. These phenomena, therefore, have the same cause, and one common principle. In the recess of the comet and its increasing distance from the sun, this visible emission of electrical matter diminishes gradually, and at last totally disappears, and instead of being an electrical conductor, which it was in its perihelion, it attracts the fluid, is charged with it anew, and thus becomes electric until its approach to the sun, and the heat it acquires thereby, change it again into a conductor.”*

From the prodigious activity of the electrical fluid, its tendency to escape from the bodies which contain it, and to diffuse itself in the vast planetary regions, which come the nearest to void space, the ingenious abbé draws some conjectures relative to the uses and the end which comets may serve in the planetary system. He thinks, that comets are real electrical bodies, designed to collect the electrical fluid, which has escaped from the planets; that the comets, heated by their approximation to the sun, communicate this fluid anew to the planets, and thus the perpetual circulation of this active fluid, so necessary to the great *whole*, is maintained and renewed incessantly; and that the operations of nature in the planetary system, are carried on in a manner analogous to what we constantly observe and experience in the perpetual circulations of our atmos-

N O T E.

* *Memoir concerning Elementary Fire*, &c. in *Memoirs of the Academy at Brussels*, Vol. II.

phere, where winds, vapours, and exhalations rise and float; then return to us in rain, snow, and fulminating explosions; and then again are exhaled and raised anew. “Every thing,” he judiciously observes, “is analogous and harmonical in universal nature.”

I shall conclude this paper with the moral reflections of an elegant writer: “I cannot forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear, that it travelled with a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! That it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of æther, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time, they are very proper objects for our imagination to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and all the little works of humble invention.”†

The Art of the Stage.

PROBABILITY and decency should form the ground-work of all dramatic poems. They are subjects on which all writers talk, but which very few understand: yet they form a touchstone by which every incident and transaction of the play is to be tried and examined; without which, nothing rational can be said or done upon the stage.

It is a general maxim that truth alone does not form the subject of a play, because there are many truths that ought not to be seen, and

N O T E.

† *Guardian*, No. 103.

may that cannot be represented: therefore "poetry and other arts founded in imitation follow not truth but the common opinion of men." It is an historical truth that Nero caused his mother to be murdered, and had her opened to see where he had lain; but this unparalleled barbarity would not only be a horrible exhibition, but *incredible*, because such a thing should not have happened. Among the many stories from which the poet may take subjects, probably there is not one in all its circumstances suited to the stage; but will require alteration, in the event, the time or the persons.

Many things may come to pass from natural causes, or the adventures of human life, which would appear ridiculous and almost incredible in representation. It is possible that a man may die suddenly, and it happens often: but the poet would be laughed into ridicule, who, to dispose of a character, should cause him to die on the stage of an apoplexy.

Probability, therefore, is the only true foundation for a dramatic poem, and is as necessary to adorn as to complete it. Not that true and possible events are banished from the stage; but because they are received upon it, only so far as they are *probable*, and therefore every circumstance that wants this character, must be altered so as to attain it.

Yet the probability of the stage does not restrain a dramatist to represent only those things which result from the common course of life; but authorises him to exhibit the wonderful accidents to which human nature is liable; but such incidents are still more surprising if probable.

Let us see how far this probability should reach—it is what few have understood, most people believing that it ought to be observed in the principal action of the poem, and the most striking incidents of it, but they went no further.

Now it is most certain that the most trifling actions brought upon the stage ought to be probable, or else they are entirely faulty and should not appear. There are accidents of human life so perfectly single, as not to be accompanied by many little circumstances, as the time, the place, the action, the design, the dignity, the means,

appear in disguise, then it will not be indecent for the king to speak in the language suited to the character he assumes.

Therefore, to pursue probability in the circumstances of theatrical action, the poet must be master of the rules of the stage and put them into practice, to make all the parts of an action appear with probability and decency, and to represent a whole and entire image of them.

In answer to this it has been said, that reason and common sense are sufficient of themselves to judge of these things.

I grant reason and common sense are essential to judgment, but I deny that they are sufficient, unless instructed in the business of the stage, and in what is designed to be represented: for suppose a man of sense had never seen or read a play, and was brought to a theatre without a knowledge of what he was to see, it may be presumed he would scarcely know whether the players were real kings and princes, or only their representatives, and when informed that all he saw was fiction, yet would he scarce be able to judge of the faults and imperfections of the drama. It is clear then, that to judge perfectly of a dramatic poem, our natural reason must be instructed and inured to those images which are made use of by authors to represent actions, and know precisely how probability is to be preserved in all the strokes of this animated picture; and that knowledge cannot be attained, but by a series of observations collected from various authorities. It was on such observations that the ancients formed the art of the stage, the progress of which was so slow, that from Thespis, who first added an actor to the chorus, to the time of Aristotle, who reduced these rules into an art, two hundred years elapsed. He, therefore, who presumes without study and reflection to pronounce judgment on a play, will be guilty of many errors; because it is almost impossible he should be master of those qualifications which are requisite to examine the *probability* of what has been represented: and it has often happened that people of excellent understandings, have first commended as ingenious those very actions of the stage which, on mature reflection, they have found contrary to probability, and truly ridiculous.

But it is much more extraordinary that

contains nine months, whereas in reality it contains but eight hours, and at least is comprehended between midnight and noon of the day following. Vossius, a most learned critic, and deeply read in the art of poetry, writes, that Plautus makes Hercules be conceived and born in one night, though it is that Plautus lays the conception seven months before, and Mercury expressly informs the audience of the fact twice in the course of the play: so that his chapter where he treats of the errors of the poets should be very cautiously read, for he himself falls into much greater than those he attempts to correct. Scaliger has said in two places, that in Eschylus, Prometheus is carried away by a thunder-bolt; and yet the fact in the drama is, that he is carried away in a storm. There are those who have read Eschylus, and yet believe that he causes Agamemnon to be murdered on the stage, though it is said by the chorus, that they hear the cries and lamentations he makes in his palace, and are ready to break in for the purpose of inquiring into the cause; from which, however, they are diverted by the arrival of Clytemnestra, who appears to inform them that she had with her own hands perpetrated the murder of her husband. Scaliger, Muretus, Vossius, P. Membrun, and others eminent for literature, have asserted that the third comedy of Terence contained two days, but it does not contain above ten hours.

It may be concluded then, that in the art of the stage, as in all other arts, old errors often veil the truth, and therefore natural reason needs a knowledge in the rules of the art, and that those who will attend to those rules will condemn many things which they formerly approved.

On Snow.

WHEN the vapours are become considerably condensed, yet not so far as to be liquified or dissolved into water, then by a special degree of coldness in the upper regions of the air, the particles of the condensed vapours are changed into ice, several of which adhering together, form little pieces of a white substance somewhat heavier than the air, and therefore descend in a slow and gentle manner through it; being subject, by reason of its lightness, to be driven about by the various motions of the air and wind; and is what, when arrived to the surface of the earth, we call snow.

On Ice.

ICE, a solid, transparent, and brittle body, formed of some fluid, particularly water, by means of cold.

The younger Lemery observes, that ice is only a re-establishment of the parts of wa-

ter in their natural state; that the mere absence of fire is sufficient to account for this re-establishment; and the fluidity of water is a real fusion, like that of metals exposed to fire, differing only in this, that a greater quantity of fire is necessary to the one than the other. Gallileo was the first that observed ice to be lighter than the water which composed it; and hence it happens that ice floats upon water, its specific gravity being to that of water, as eight to nine.

On Rain.

RAIN is apparently the precipitated vapours of watery clouds: thus when various congeries of clouds are driven together by the agitation of the winds, they mix and run into one body, and by that means dissolve and condense each other into their former substance of water; also the coldness of the air is a great means to collect compact, and condense clouds into water, which being heavier than the air, must of necessity fall through it, in the form we call rain. Now the reason why it falls in drops, and not in whole quantities, as it become denser, is the resistance of the air; whereby, being broken and divided into smaller parts, the farther it passes through the air, it at last arrives to us in small drops.

On Frost.

FROST is such an excessive cold state of the air, as converts watry fluids into ice.

In very cold snowy weather, not only water, but urine, beer, ale, milk, vinegar, and even wine, are either, or in part, converted into ice; though the latter but slowly.

In Russia, oil freezes much harder than with us, but does not even there become perfect ice. Common aniseed water, and the like weak spirits, are said to be converted into an imperfect ice in Muscovy, and the strong spirits into a substance like that of oil.

Even solid bodies are liable to be affected by frost. Timber is apparently frozen, and rendered exceedingly difficult to thaw. Marble, chalk, and other less solid terrestrial concretions, will be shattered by strong and durable frost.

In cold countries the frost prove often fatal to mankind, not only producing cancers, but even death itself.

On Hail.

HAIL is evidently no other than drops of rain, congealed into ice. This happens when in their passage through the inferior air, they meet with nitrous particles, which are known to contribute greatly to freezing. Their magnitude is owing to a fresh accession of matter as they pass along. Hence we see the reason why hail is so frequent in summer, because at that time great quantities of nitre are exhaled from the earth, and float up and down the air.

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Thursday, Feb. 5, 1789.

THIS day his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham went in state to the House of Peers, and being seated on the Throne with the usual solemnities, Black Rod was sent with a message from his Excellency to the House of Commons, desiring their attendance forthwith at the Bar of that House, and the Commons being come accordingly, his Excellency was pleased to make the following Speech from the Throne :

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" With the deepest concern I find myself obliged, on opening the present Session of Parliament, to communicate to you the painful information that his Majesty has been for some time afflicted by a severe malady, in consequence of which he has not honoured me with his commands upon the measures to be recommended to his Parliament.

" I have directed such documents as I have received respecting his Majesty's health to be laid before you ; and I shall also communicate to you so soon as I shall be enabled, such further information as may assist your deliberation on that melancholy subject.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" Deeming it at all times my indispensable duty to call your attention to the security of the public credit, and the maintenance of the civil and military establishment, I have ordered the public accounts to be laid before you.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" It is unnecessary for me to express to you my earnest wishes for the welfare and prosperity of Ireland, which, in every situation, I shall always be anxious to promote : nor need I declare my confidence in that affectionate attachment to his Majesty, and in that zealous concern for the united interest of both kingdoms, which have manifested themselves in all your proceedings."

As soon as his Excellency had retired, and the Commons had returned to their own House,

Lord Longford rose. He commented on part of the speech, which their Lordships had just heard. He was grieved at the very painful intelligence it conveyed, with respect to the Sovereign's indisposition ; an indisposition at once the most awful and humiliating in the train of maladies incident to the nature of man. It had even been the custom of that House to thank his Majesty for the speech delivered from the throne in his Royal name—it had been ever scrupulously complied with, but, at the present melancholy crisis of the Sovereign's derangement, such an address would be totally unnecessary, as his Majesty was incapacitated from attending to it. His Lordship then entered fully into a laboured panegyric on the present Administration in this kingdom. He conceived the Marquis's wisdom, vigilance, and good government to be worthy of the attention of that House, and that it could

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not be more opportunely demonstrated than on the present occasion. He would, therefore, move that an address of thanks be presented to the most noble George Nugent Grenville Temple, Marquis of Buckingham, Chief Governor of Ireland.——On the question being put, it passed unanimously—and a Committee was appointed to draw up the address.

Lords Donoghmore, Conyngham, and Doneraile, and the Rev. Richard Marlay, Lord Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, took their oath and their seats.

Lord Ranelagh moved, that the usual standing Committees be appointed, which were appointed accordingly.

House adjourned till to-morrow.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At twelve o'clock the gallery began to fill ; at three it was quite crowded ; and at four the Speaker took the chair.

Black Rod came with a message from his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, desiring the attendance of that House forthwith in the House of Lords—and the Speaker and several Members having gone accordingly, and being returned, and the Speaker having taken the chair, his Excellency's speech was first read from the chair, and afterwards by the clerk at the table. [Here a new Member was introduced and sworn.]

Lord Kiwarlin moved an address of thanks to the Lord Lieutenant for the excellent speech from the throne. He remarked, that the indisposition of his Majesty was a circumstance of the most affecting nature, as during his reign this kingdom had received many essential advantages—that it was now peculiarly unfortunate, as it prevented a communication in the form used at the commencement of the session, of the objects for parliamentary discussion.—He also remarked, that thanks were due to the Lord Lieutenant for his attention to the welfare of Ireland and advancement of public credit ;—he therefore moved that an address be presented to his Excellency for his speech delivered this day to both Houses of Parliament.

Mr. F. Trench seconded the motion for the address, by lamenting, in common with every Member of that House, and every subject of the realm, the melancholy situation of his Majesty's health ; a Monarch so justly respected for his public, and revered for his private virtues ; but whose present distressed state must mark the instability of greatness, and though a painful, should not be a useless lesson to mankind.—He said the speech was calculated to give general satisfaction ; it expressed a dutiful affection to the best of matters, and a warm anxiety for the welfare of Ireland ; and he had no doubt but Parliament would take such measures in forwarding the matters recommended to them, as might be consistent with their own dignity, and the advantage of the common empire. The motion passed unanimously.

It was then moved, that a Committee be appointed to draw up an address pursuant to the said resolution, which passed in the affirmative,

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and

and a Committee were appointed accordingly, who are to meet to-morrow morning in the Speaker's chamber.

It was then ordered, that such Members as are of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council do wait on his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and acquaint him that this House had passed a vote of thanks to him for his speech this day to both Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Beresford presented several Revenue accounts, which were ordered to lie on the table.

Ordered, That the Journals of this House of the last session be printed for the use of the Members.

Mr. Secretary Fitzherbert, in a few words informed the House, that he was ready to lay before them attested copies of the examinations of the attendant physicians on his Majesty, who were examined before the English Privy Council and a Committee of the English House of Commons: at the same time that he mentioned this, he by no means wished to preclude the House from adopting any other mode of inquiry respecting his Majesty's state of health that could possibly be suggested.

Mr. George Ponsonby seemed to acquiesce, that the copies, provided they were attested by the clerk of Parliament, were sufficient grounds to go on in the present crisis of affairs.

The Hon. Denis Browne said a few words, but from the confusion that prevailed in the gallery, we could not possibly collect it in a distinct manner; but the purport of it seemed to be, that as the English House of Commons were by no means satisfied with the report of the physicians before the Privy Council, and had a Committee appointed to examine them under their own inspection, he declared himself not entirely satisfied with adopting the mode of going on the grounds of the examinations of the physicians before either the English Privy Council or the Committee of the English House of Commons.

The usual Grand Committees for Religion—Grievances—Courts of Justice—Trade and Privileges, were appointed.

Several public accounts were presented, and ordered to lie on the table.

House adjourned till to-morrow.

6] The Committee appointed to prepare an Address to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, presented the same by the chairman as soon as the Speaker had taken the chair.

The same was immediately read, and is as follows:

To his Excellency George Grenville Nugent Temple, Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland.

The humble Address of the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses, in Parliament assembled.

cellency that his Majesty has been for some time afflicted with a severe malady, in consequence of which, your Excellency has not received his royal commands upon the measures to be recommended to his Parliament.

"We return your Excellency our sincere thanks (however, we must lament the necessity of such a circumstance) for ordering the communication of such documents as you have received respecting his Majesty's health, as well as for your intention of laying before us such further information as may assist our deliberations on this melancholy subject.

"Nor can we withhold our tribute of acknowledgment to your Excellency for pointing our attention to the support of our public credit, and the maintenance of the civil and military establishments, as well as for your solicitude to prepare us for those subjects, by ordering the public accounts to be laid before us; on these great objects of general importance we shall endeavour to act with a becoming care of the national interests, and the honour of his Majesty's crown.

"We are duly impressed with a lively and grateful sense of [Here the amendments were moved] the earnest wishes that your Excellency is pleased to express for the welfare and prosperity of Ireland, which you have been always anxious to promote; and we flatter ourselves that his Majesty's most faithful Commons will be found to merit the favourable opinion which your Excellency entertains of them, by manifesting, under the pressure of the present calamity, the most genuine and cordial loyalty and attachment to their beloved Monarch, and the most zealous regard for the united and common interests of both his kingdoms."

On reading it paragraph by paragraph.

Mr. Parsons rose and said, that he did not wish to add to the embarrassment that prevailed, but he supposed that on the present occasion, Lord Lieutenant acted contrary to what he might be persuaded was for the benefit of the kingdom; but he thought it his duty to speak out, and therefore he would say, that he had his doubts whether the Marquis of Buckingham, either by law of the land, or by his commission from the King, was authorized to meet Parliament yesterday. He knew that it might be thought a graceful thing to suppose they were not a Parliament regularly convened, and endowed with suitable functions; and that it was a business which might be better discussed by gentlemen who were accustomed to treat legal subjects; but he would state his reasons which were short. The Lord Lieutenant was restrained from calling a Parliament two ways; one was by law of Poynning's, the other way, by his commission from the King. It is clear (says Mr. Parsons) that if the Lord Lieutenant should be empowered by the King's Commission to call

new Parliament; after having read the words of the act, he inferred that it meant a session, and in support of his opinion, he quoted Coke's fourth institute, where it is declared that every session is a complete Parliament; and Sir Matthew Hale speaks almost in the very same words, and all the books he had read concurred in the idea. The act of Edward III. provided, that a Parliament should be held in England every year; this was construed to mean a session, why should not the same construction prevail here?—He argued this point further, and adduced the act introduced in 1782 by Mr. Yelverton, which retains the last restriction he had mentioned, namely, it says, "provided always, that no Parliament shall be holden or prorogued in this kingdom without licence from his Majesty, his heirs or successors," therefore it must mean a session; for if it was a new Parliament it would be merely a dead letter, coming into possible action but once in eight years; the King's consent was of course necessary—it was not had; and the question now was, whether a commission if granted, would empower his Excellency to act as he had done in suspending the faculties of Parliament. For all these reasons, he thought they were a Convention and not a Parliament.—[Here the matter dropped]

Proceeded in reading the address. That paragraph being read which thanks the Lord Lieutenant for his promise to communicate such further information as soon as he should be enabled, which might assist their deliberations,

Mr. Grattan and Mr. Fitzherbert had a short conversation on the nature of this intended information which the Lord Lieutenant hoped to be able to lay before the House. Mr. Grattan wished it to be explained, but Mr. Fitzherbert gave no satisfactory answer.

Mr. Grattan again rose and said, that the object of his questions was to discover whether any other evidence relative to his Majesty's health than that which had been laid before the Houses on the other side of the water was expected?—For his part he was clear that the physicians's report who attended his Sovereign as solemnly given and properly certified was complete and conclusive evidence: but the House should not wait for his Excellency's report of these transactions, for if they did it would appear to the world as if the measure of another assembly was to be the rule of their conduct. He had a high veneration for such respectable authority, but he spurn-

ed of what the physicians who attended his Majesty had deposed in their examinations, once before the Privy Council, once before the House of Lords, and twice before the House of Commons; this was certainly the best evidence which the peculiar nature of the case would admit; and though he would willingly look to the conduct of England upon this great occasion, yet, as he had said before, it was not with an eye of servile acquiescence; Ireland waits not for a lesson from Britain, nor for a model whereby to frame her proceedings, they ought to call for the evidence he had stated, they ought to consider it, and it in a few days it should appear that his Majesty was incapacitated, then it would be necessary for some resolutions to be proposed, to give life and animation to the executive government.

Mr. Griffith said, that what had fallen from the Right Honourable gentleman, had not cleared some doubts that were upon his mind; he differed always with diffidence, though it was a pleasure to reflect, that he had never before differed with him upon a constitutional point. He objected to the capability of the Lord Lieutenant to prorogue the Parliament, and to the evidence he had mentioned as complete. The independence of Ireland could not brook the report of a Committee or Parliament of another kingdom, upon so important a question, and as to the information itself, how came it into his Lordship's hands? Did the Lords or Commons give it? No, it came into his possession surreptitiously, and he had no right to communicate it. He begged the House to consider the consequences of admitting this report. They would be considered as less watchful of the constitution than the Parliament of England. The Lords and Commons there would not be content with the report of the Privy Council, they acted separately for themselves, and should we be less circumspect? Besides, if it should please God to restore the monarch to a partial sanity, under the present circumstances, a faction in England might again put the sceptre in his hand, and having admitted their proceedings as a precedent in one case, the Irish Parliament would be bound to adopt them in the other. Suppose that an arrangement of commerce should be entered upon between these kingdoms, an examination would take place in the British Lords and Commons; would you admit their documents? No, yet this precedent goes to such an admission: it is therefore dangerous and highly derogatory to the independence of Ireland; or sup-

the law devised? ought the deliberation to be left when a Crown and Sceptre were to be disposed of? He then reverted to his original position, the inadmissibility of the physician's reports; he said that they would infringe the law of Parliament, which was constituted by laws and precedents. What were the reports? nothing but contradiction and party; one physician appeared a buff and blue, and another in blue and red; one physician imputed his Majesty's illness to a certain habit of constitution for 27 years past; another physician says, that this habit of constitution has been owing to too much exercise! thus they disagree, and one makes the consequence of his Majesty's disorder the cause! upon the whole he thought such evidence inadmissible, and that if instead of proroguing Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant had suffered a Committee to be dispatched to the other side, they might have returned, and the House be enabled at that very moment to discuss the business with decency and propriety.

Lord H. Fitzgerald requested the Hon. gentleman would inform him how any committee of the House could obtain more certain knowledge of the state of the King's health, than the report of the physicians afforded.

Mr. Griffith replied, he could see no manner of difficulty in the matter. The House might send a committee with an address to the Queen, which would not fail to produce the information required.

Mr. Browne of the College differed in opinion from Mr. Griffith. He had a high sense of the dignity of the Irish Parliament, but he could not conceive that it was derogatory for any power to receive evidence from a power which was its equal; in the Court of Justice it was done every day; one Court received the record of the other as evidence; and in England the same respect was paid to the seal of an Irish court, as that of an English one would obtain here; he agreed that the proceedings should be properly attested to become evidence; and hoped that there would be no unnecessary delay. He remarked the ready acclamations that burst from the Treasury Bench, when through an honest fervour for the Irish Constitution, his Hon. Friend had dropped an expression which led to delay, because conducive to their purpose; as to what he had mentioned relative to the proposition, he assured him that there was no analogy between the cases, we

(Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Griffith); he knew they agreed in principle, and that if they differed otherwise, it must be from not understanding the position; apparently their ideas might clash; but he was certain what the honest anxiety of the Hon. gentleman, for the independence of Ireland, had led him into, his natural candour, and his quickness of apprehension, would induce him to abandon with liberality. He seems not satisfied, because the report will not come officially; if it did not come officially I would reject it; because so arrogant a sanction would be disgraceful to a free Parliament. It is attested on oath, and after speaking as to the propriety of a grand inquest, hearing evidence on oath, he said, that what his Hon. friend had said was the offspring of a spirit that did not wait to hear reason; that we had no means of compelling obedience to our orders in another land, nor did he know what sort of ambassadors we should employ, nor how they would judge of the Monarch's imbecility, as a short interview would not be sufficient for the purpose. He agreed, that the papers containing the physician's examination, ought to be laid on the table for the inspection of the House, and ridiculed the proposal of delay, when the speech from the throne manifested the necessity of dispatch; he said it was a call of providence upon Parliament, which they ought not to resist, to see by what law of the constitution, or by what designation they were obliged to call upon a particular person to fill the executive government. How absurd he asked would it be if they returned to their constituents, and tell them that the Lord Lieutenant had informed them of his Majesty's malady, and that they, instead of waiting to remedy the defect, had set off to tell the tale? If they suffered the third estate to continue thus withered or suspended, they would abdicate the rights of the people, which they were bound to defend, and act in repugnance to the principles of the constitution.

The Attorney General said, that the objection to the paragraph in the address was founded upon the supposition of delay; but if any twist of the human understanding could make it appear, he would be the first to take it up—[reads the paragraph] without knowing what the information is he objects to wait for it, and thus after adding the solitary union between these countries, we are called upon precipitately to dethrone the

rable the connection between Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Grattan said, if he understood the Right Hon. gentleman rightly, he said that the prorogation was not calculated for a moment's delay; he contended, however, that it was meant for nothing but to entrap the House under the shape and form of an address, to sanction unnecessary procrastination, as it was expected that the decision of the English, was not to guide, but to influence the Irish Parliament; it was not necessary that we should wait for the proceedings of the British Houses, but he pointedly and emphatically declared that it was impossible we should come to a conclusion before England, as from the necessary space that the importance of the subject would require, we could not anticipate them.

The question was put on the paragraph, and it passed without a division.

On reading the paragraph in the address, which thanks the Marquis of Buckingham for his prudent government, and his wishes for the welfare and prosperity of Ireland,

Mr. Grattan wished that this panegyric had not been introduced into the address; nothing had been said in the address of the royal family, although the attachment of the people of Ireland to the royal family was coincident with their liberty; to condole with them would be more becoming than to congratulate with the Viceroy; for the malady of our Sovereign was shocking—but falling upon him it was shocking in a four-fold degree. The administration of Lord Buckingham he could not approve; the supposititious economy which it relied on was no protection; he did not wish to go into its merits—but if forced, he should previously declare that his opinion would not be in favour of his conduct. He had introduced bills not disrespectful to Government—but that were economical and constitutional, and they were rejected by the friends of Lord Buckingham. I will enter my protest against this paragraph, as my own exculpation from the expense that have taken place since his arrival, and those existing before it which he has sanctioned—one for his creation and disposal of places. After a severe animadversion on Lord Buckingham for rejecting all his measures in favour of the country, Mr. Grattan said, “the illustrious and beloved Duke of Rutland, from the facility of his amiable temper, involved the country in expenses; to check them, no man more indignant was named than Lord Buckingham; we mentioned the increase, but we undeclared prodigality; for Lord Buckingham found it was greater than we had mentioned; he was himself the best judge; yet the bill for restraining this profusion was rejected by those who were under his patronage and influence! The police act! it excited the laughter and disapprobation of every man in the House, by containing ridiculous items and heavy expenses; it was a clumsy speculation; no man was more sensible of this than his Excellency, and yet when a Committee was appointed to enquire into this expenditure of the public money, where the quantum of charge was enormous, and the quality ridiculous—the charge on the establishment was approved of by his Excellency's supporters. The scandalous traffic of

pensions is another object—to permit an absentee to sell his pension to a lady—and to allow a change of liver—healthy for infirm—young for old—it was a cheat upon the Prince, and an injustice upon the people. Though the rage for this species of expence, government carried all before it triumphantly, yet he trusted it would soon be borne down by the principles of common justice and reason, and once more reduced to the standard of public economy. Why support an administration, whose loudest theme it was to declaim against profusion? when we find its practice belye its professions; granting a pension to Mr. Orde which had been refused by the Duke of Rutland, it was granted beside during the life of the Duke of Bolton; was not this a surrender of every public claim to principle and economy? a pension unmerited it was, but granted to Mr. Orde, the author and instrument of all the extravagance which disgraced this country under the late administration, it betrayed peculiar features of baseness; but the spirit of profusion did not stop here, it proceeded to the revival of an useless and obsolete office, that of second Counsel to the Commissioners; it had been put down by his Majesty when in his reason: it has been revived by Lord Buckingham, when he cannot resist the appointment. Why thank a Viceroy when he has not done one act for the benefit of the country? and when every thing he has done is against his avowed principles and professions? The increase of salaries which he has made, is another ground of public dislike; his granting a reversion of the office of Chief Remembrancer to his brother is another; you have been paying vast sums for bringing home officers; you allowed them to make their own estimation of their value; you gave them equivalents in pensions, and you allowed them to sell their pensions; and afterwards you permitted them to bring complaints of insufficiency or recompense; under these circumstances I defy any man of the most inveterate conscience, or of the most unteeling judgment—I defy the poorest profligate to say that it was not a violation of private sentiment and public decorum to grant away a reversion of the first office in the state to an absentee! and it is aggravated by the circumstance of Lord Buckingham being the private orator of economy when necessary to this public profusion. Mr. Grattan concluded with declaring his intention to enter his protest against the paragraph of thanks, and that if a change should take place, and that he should have any credit with administration, he would not leave it in a minister's power to say, you voted thanks to Lord Buckingham whose administration you now censure.

Mr. Monck Maion vindicated the necessity of the office of second counsel to the Commissioners.

The Attorney General rose on the same ground, and said, that it would be a saving, not an expence. The Commissioners were obliged to employ barristers in the absence of their counsel, who was unable to attend to do all the business; he stated to his own knowledge that while their counsel was in Londonderry, which he assured the House still gave business enough to the Commissioners, lawyers were employed to attend at

Cork : formerly the Commissioners had the assistance of the Attorney-General, but it was impossible they could expect it now ; owing to the unavoidable delay : he also stated that seizures had been acquired at the end of two years.

Mr. Geo. Ponsonby (Counsel to the Commissioners) coincided in opinion.

Mr. Corry vindicated the arrangements of the Marquis of Buckingham, declared that a limitation of the pension list, was one of the conditions on which he had accepted of his place, and that he spoke from no private attachment.

The Solicitor General thought the communication of the Lord Lieutenant highly proper—the address in the usual manner only answered the speech ; no proof of Mr. Orde's pension being granted appeared, therefore no imputation could lie ; he disliked the idea thrown out as if the Marquis of Buckingham had spoken it of the late Duke of Rutland ; it was no such thing ; he loved him when living, and revered him when dead.

Sir J. Blaquiere said, he could not sit still, and give a silent vote on the virtues and merits of our Chief Governor ; he took a survey of the arguments that had been used, and said that as for *the act of propagation*, (as loud and long a laugh as ever was heard in the House) he begged pardon, he meant to have said prorogation—he thought it unnecessary and unjustifiable ; for his part, he was a man that viewed things with a steady eye, undazzled by the splendour of power : As to the Marquis of Buckingham's earnest wishes for the welfare of Ireland, he did not doubt them, and he was sure that nothing could induce him to use so violent an outrage upon the constitution as granting the reversion of 4000*l.* a year to an absentee, only that he happened to be his own brother ; his economy was not less conspicuous in abridging the allowance of fuel granted to the poor soldier—this was an anxious regard for the country ; the saving from it was monstrous, that the most helpless men in the community, for such he concluded were the soldiers, happened to be sufferers by it, was a matter of no consequence, nay, although the allowance he had just mentioned, granted to a room, was not sufficient for two men to boil their potatoes ; as a proof of his attention to the constitution, he should mention the circumstance of an officer having been tried by a civil court, and after his acquittal, by order of his Excellency, tried for the same crime by a court martial. (alluding to Col. Campbell) Another instance of his attachment to this country, was his having purchased the mastership of an hospital on the banks of the Liffey (Royal Hospital) for *half price* ; his reason was no doubt to serve

the country, as no one else would give even *half so much* ! Nor would the splendour of his character be tarnished by the purchase, as he bought it with his own money. But to be serious, I do not think that the thanks of this House should be bestowed without merit. The great General Elliott told me in a conversation, that more than all his laurels, he valued the thanks of the Commons, and so highly did he prize it, that he would leave it as a legacy to his children. I mention this to shew you, that the address of this House should not be disposed of slightly ; and I will suppose that an English faction would send over here as Viceroy, an imperious, reserved, supercilious man ; who possessed mean talents, but an abundant stock of self-sufficiency ; who like the Persian monarch, would hide his royalty to increase the veneration of the world ; a man whose disdainful meanness led him to be haughty to the humble, and humble to the stout ; who had something to gild his reserve which would never shine—who was so haughty and so arrogant—so hateful to the people of the other country as not to be able to procure the meanest office in the Cabinet, and who to be got rid of, was sent away from being the pest of his own country, to be the scourge of this.—I say, if such a character shall be sent to domineer in Ireland, if I know the gentlemen about me, I don't think they would thank him. But I allude to no one. In the loss of Lord Buckingham's administration he had only to regret, that it would take from the House a very amiable member (Mr. Fitzherbert) to whose virtue he was happy to offer this tribute at the shrine of the public.

Mr. Coote rose to assure the House, that the soldiers had not been deprived of any part of their allowance of fuel. No alteration has been made but in correcting some abuse in the charges and distribution of that article ; and as to the manner in which the Marquis had always spoken of the Duke of Rutland, he himself could testify that he had always been as warm in his praise, as any man in that House would be for his most beloved friend.

Mr. Cuffe confirmed what Mr. Coote had said relative to fuel.

Mr. Grattan proposed the following amendment to the address, after the words *sense of*, the following words : " The many and numerous blessings this country has received during his Majesty's reign, under the pressure of present calamity, shall manifest the most genuine and cordial loyalty and attachment to our beloved Sovereign, and our most zealous regard for the united strength and common interest of both kingdoms," and to leave out part of the original paragraph.

(*To be continued.*)

P O E T R Y.

On the general Propensity to Scandal.

CAN they be deem'd *or good or wise*,
Whose lips are propagating lies
Against their neighbours and their friends,
Which answer no praise-worthy ends ;
Who take delight, with wanton sport,
To circulate a " false report ?"
Do they, tho' blest with brilliant parts,
Dissever amiable hearts ?

Do they, tho' not devoid of sense,
Give proofs of pure benevolence ?

Yet, O how many do we find,
In all the classes of mankind,
Whose joy is, through the tattling town
To talk a reputation down !
Are they entitled to applause ?—
The *Pen of Justice* 'gainst them draws,

The List of Condemnation. Praise
Can ne'er be due to those who raise
Celebrity upon a base,
Which brings upon themselves disgrace,
And points to them the public eye,
With striking marks of insanity.

The "whitest virtue" is not free
From mean back-wounding calumny.
Too often it is doomed, indeed,
By her covenom'd strokes, to bleed:
The greatest, wisest, best of men,
By the traducing tongue and pen,
Are oft depriv'd of that repose
Which from the root of conscience grows;
When nothing's planted in the breast,
To make the thinking mind distress,
By recollection in a train,
Producing intellectual pain:
For tho' we may ourselves approve,
We may not, happily, remove,
Impressions made upon the ear
Of those whose tales injurious hear,
And, never hesitating, wait,
From falsehood, truth to separate.

*An Epilogue, spoken after the Performance of
the Orphan, in Aylesbury, on Monday, No-
vember 3, 1788.*

(Written and spoken by Mr. Lee.)

IN those gay days thrice blest with Con-
greve's wit,
When without fairs, the ladies grac'd the
fit;
Nor blush'd to smile at what a Dryden
writ;
'Twas then the taste when done the tragic style,
For wicked wit to labour at a smile.
But now when cheeks with kindly moisture
gleam,
"Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No beautiful manners! frow whose downcast
eyes,
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!"
Far as the flame of sympathy shall rise,
Each heart shall mend and every head grow
wise;
In Pay's soil—'tis there where virtue grows
On virtue's stem here wisdom only blows!
Hence merit shall stand first in female charms,
And men chuse that as Cupid's surest arms!
Instead of which (blush those who feel it truth)
See dissipation blasts the bloom of youth!
A lewd debauch is now the stripling's pride,
Though parents, interest, constitution chide!
And what's the cause, your own hearts best

Then for the libertines with speed you run,
And each frail fair one pants to be undone!
O, lovely sex! the best gift heaven sends
Intended surely but for wisest ends,
If you'd secure your happiness when join'd,
Reform yourselves, you then reform mankind:
If but to merit you'd your favours share,
And to obtain were to deserve the fair;
Smile but consent, be modest worth your care.

*Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora, written by Mr.
Gillum, and spoken by Mr. William Fector, at
his Theatre in Dover, Nov. 21, 1788.*

IN ancient times, I've heard the married
scene
Was seldom tainted by caprice or spleen;
Uncloying transports gentle Hymen spread,
And Venus' myrtle deck'd the bridal bed.
The knot was tied so very, very tight,
That death itself could scarce dissolve it quite.
The frightful thought to make another ven-
ture,
In widow's minds was scarcely known to enter.
Were not these ladies rather nice than wife?
Or must we view things with such rigid eyes?
A second choice, I've often heard confess,
Is sometimes like our second thought, the best.
Such easy antidotes to grief and care,
Our modern notions and opinions are!
Ye fair, whose bosoms heave with artless woe,
From whose bright eyes the chrystal streams do
flow;
An useful hint or two ye can't refuse,
From me, whose aim is ever to amuse.
I wish to lead ye both to joy and fame,
Nor need ye copy our heroic dame,
Whose sacrifice deserves a deathless name.
Poisons there are, whose all pernicious power
Corrode the bliss of many a social hour:
The stings which penetrate the husband's mind,
To fashion's fatal fripperies inclin'd;
Who joins the jockey jugglers of the course,
Tormented by the gambling venom's force.
These to extract, were worthy of ye sure,
'Tis beauty's charms can best effect the cure.
Blended with prudence, and a wish to please,
What can resist such magic spells as these?
To you, grave dons, a word I fain would say;
Th' advice I fear will be but thrown away;
Howe'er, to your sweet wives I leave your
cases,
And they shall lecture ye in proper places.
The curtain orators ye dare not parry,
Who never cease till they the question carry.
Reason thus opes at last delusion's eyes,
'Twas that, perhaps, which made our neigh-
bours wife

Igad, I will not now my fears dissemble,
For this dear spot they almost made me trem-
ble.

But had they come, I'd seiz'd my tragic dag-
ger :

Would I have suffer'd monsieur here to swag-
ger ?

No, to the last I've struggled in the cause,
Secure, if vanquish'd, of your kind applause.
Let Frenchmen learn to box, forget to dance;
And Humphries keep his sparring school in
France ;

Adopt those fashions which once rais'd their sneer,
But never dare to play the devil here.

[*Going off, but returns.*]

Can I so jocund then this scene forsake,
While a whole nation's welfare is at stake ;
Can grief be silent, when a patriot king,
Whole virtues 'tis the Muse's pride to sing,
Stretch'd on affliction's gloomy pillow lies
Bedew'd with tears from royal Charlotte's
eyes,

While filial tenderness each aid supplies.
The meanest subject shares his monarch's love,
Beseeching providence to avert the blow,
Which to the root will strike this tree-born isle,
Where Peace and her attendant blessings smile.

*Twelfth Day. Addressed to Miss ———,
Chelsea.*

THREE deities once had a mighty dispute,
As Ovid and others relate,
As social they sat round a basket of fruit,
An apple occasion'd debate.

The goddess of discord had grav'n on the rind,
" To the fairest alone be this given,"
By which, you perceive, she'd a violent mind
To sow keen dissention in Heaven.

Too well she succeeded, for Juno arose,
Imperious, and stern claim'd the fruit ;
Her pow'r she set forth, and declar'd them her
foes,
Her title who dar'd to dispute.

Indignant, on this, sage Minerva slept forth
Asserting her claim to the prize,
That wisdom was surely of infinite worth,
And by far the best gem in the skies.

Cytherea's bright queen, with a simile then ap-
pear'd,
The pow'r of love by her side,
And modestly begg'd that her claim might be
heard,
And a mortal the contest decide.

On Ida's bright top, to young Paris repair'd,
These candidates three from the skies ;
Their claims with impartial attention he heard,
And to Venus deliver'd the prize.

In Chelsea, where merit so equal is found,
No arbiter need we provide ;
But cheerful submit she as chief shall be
crown'd,
In whole favour the lots shall decide.

With us spleen or envy can never prevail,
Or contest unfriendly be seen,

Your rivals dear lady, are happy to hail,
And wish you much joy as their queen.

Original Parody.

TO box, or not to box ? that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous passions,
Or to take heart with Humphreys and Men-
doza,

And by opposing end them——To strip, to bear
No more, and by this movement say we end
The heart-ach, and a thousand natural joers
The passive's heir to ; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—to strip, to square,
To fight ; perchance be beat ; ay, there's the
rub ;

For by that daring step what blows may come,
When we have shuffled off our coats and shirts
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes this diffidence of so long life :
For who would bear the taunts and sneers o' th'
mob,

The pangs of being unknown, and Fame's de-
lay,

The porter's wrongs, the coal-heaver's con-
tumely,

The insulce of profession, and the spurs
That patient merit of the pug'ist takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a well put blow——Who would reproaches
bear,

To fret and fume beneath a doubtful state ?
But that a dread of something on the stage,
(The undetermined trial, from whose bourne
Earle ne're return'd) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus fear of drubbing makes us cowards all ;
And thus the wish of native resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And th' skill'd manœuvres in each well-grac'd
ring ;
With this respect their profits turn away
And lose the fame of boxing.

*Verses addressed to Miss F——S——, of St.
Ives, Cornwall*

SAYS Venus to Mars, " If you like my de-
sign,
And are willing to use your endeavours with
mine ;
We'll produce such a model of shape and of face,
Such dignity, elegance, beauty, and grace ;
The zone of the Graces shall circle her waist,
And her dress be the standard of fashion and taste ;
Th' extremes of perfection united be seen,
The ease of a nymph, the demarche of a queen.
Her face shall be form'd in the mould of good-
nature,
Complacence and love give the turn to each fea-
ture ;
And an eloquent eye more expressive than speech.
Tell a thousand soft things that no rhetoric can
reach.
With strong fascination the senses shall own
Such profusion of charms in Miss S——v——
alone.

FOREIGN

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S

Constantinople, October 18, 1788.

A CERTAIN number of Christians heads and ears, mostly those of Austrians, are exposed at the gates of the seraglio daily. The prisoners are treated rigorously, and most of them sent up the country into slavery. Among these prisoners they have distinguished Messrs. Welser and Jeicki two Austrian captains; the former is dead of his wounds, the second has been shewn as a spectacle to the people of Constantinople, and exposed to their insults.

All the prisoners who remain are treated in the same manner, the people thinking it a merit to exterminate the Christians. Those sent into the country by the masters who bought them, are put to the hardest and most dangerous task, and if they shew the least fear or repugnance, are whipped in a most cruel manner; if a heavier crime, their punishments are reserved for many days; and if a crime which they must expiate by their lives, they are put to the most painful death, such as being impaled, burnt alive, and mutilated.

Siraz, Nov. 22. Our troops have received orders not to attack the enemy, unless they begin hostilities first. We hope, therefore, to be tranquil in our winter quarters. The Pacha of Belgrade, it is said, has signified that he is ready to agree to a cessation of hostilities until the 21st of March.

Vienna, Nov. 26. Yesterday the commissioners shewed all the proprietors of houses and possessors of land here the patent concerning the extraordinary contribution they are going to levy. The preamble of this patent declares, "That, as the continuation of the present war against the Turks requires a numerous army to be supported, with the necessary ammunition and provision, his Imperial Majesty has thought it requisite to procure some pecuniary succours to defray the enormous expences with which the State is loaded, &c." All those who are taxable are divided into different classes, according to the nature of their possessions. All the lords and others, possessors of land, are to pay 60 per cent. under the usual contribution, and the peasants 30 per cent. It must be observed

here, that this is not 60 or 30 per cent. on the revenue of those who are taxable, but only on the usual tax which they now pay. It is the same with the proprietors of houses, who pay 50 per cent. on the common annual tax, which they are subject to.—The possessors of any other revenue whatever, who in time of peace do not pay any tax, are likewise to furnish their share according to the nature of their possessions. There will likewise be a general tax of 12 per cent. on the incomes of places in every department, and on the pensions paid by the different books of the State. In short, the mortgaged men, bankers, merchants, lawyers, officers of house, &c. will all contribute in the same manner as the former, but all persons employed in the military service, foreigners, livery servants, and all whose revenues and wages do not exceed the sum of 100 florins, are exempt from the tax in question.

Warsaw, Dec. 2. A courier from the camp before Oczakow arrived at Warsaw, with intelligence from the Russian ambassador, that on the 18th ult. the army had made themselves masters of the isle of Bersen, with its fortress. The Turkish garrison, consisting of 400 select troops, and a Pacha of two-rail, had surrendered prisoners of war. In the garrison were found twenty pieces of cannon, besides provision and ammunition.

Copenhagen, Dec. 9. All the town is in transport at the return of our prince royal; and the rejoicings and feasts still continue. This day and to morrow, there are to be masquerade balls at court, and the town is to be illuminated this evening. The Jews have put up a public thanksgiving in all their synagogues on this occasion.

Madrid, Dec. 12. The king went a hunting on the 8th, and on his return found himself attacked with a violent cold and cough, which carried him off this day. The prince of Asturias immediately assumed the throne, under the title of Charles IV. and as usual on such change, many new projects were talked off; however, the only one that seems most probable, is a new reform in the military, which the new king has much at heart.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

*LONDON, January 1, 1789.**Bath, January 2.*

THIS morning as two young gentlemen, sons of Mr. Rogers, in West-gate Buildings, were skating on the Avon, the ice suddenly giving way, they both dropped in, and remained an hour and a quarter under water.

Another young gentleman who was with them went to their assistance, but the ice broke under him likewise. He kept himself afloat for half an hour, holding by the ice, while an old man, who was the only witness of this melancholy accident, went for a rope, and called more help. But on his return, the rope was found too short, and the unfortunate youth became

ing much exhausted, relinquished his hold and disappeared.

About half an hour afterwards, the ice was broke, and with the aid of a boat, the three bodies were recovered, and carried to a neighbouring house, where every means are using to restore them to life, but it is feared they will prove futile.

The scene of this misfortune is about a quarter of a mile westward of Bath, where a spring rises in the middle of the river, and where the ice was not an inch thick.

4 J Was performed at the chapel royal, St. James's a new anthem, on the subject of his majesty's unhappy situation. It is the production of T. S. Dupon, Esq; and in speaking of its merit

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we are at a loss where first to bestow praise, to the composition or the execution; suffice it to observe, that both were marked with that warmth of energy and enthusiasm, which could not fail of having due effect on an audience so sensibly interested on the occasion.

It is but just tribute to the author, and his colleague Dr. Arnold, to say, that their respective productions, on the present juncture of national distress, add much to their professional eminence, and do honour to their feelings, as loyal servants to their afflicted sovereign.

The words, which are compiled from the Psalms, are well pointed, and are as follow:

OCCASIONAL ANTHEM.

Chorus.

O Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou be angry with thy people, that prayeth?

Four Voices.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our misery and trouble?

Solo.

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

O Lord I save the king.

Recitation.

O Lord! preserve him, and keep him alive, that he may be blessed upon the earth.

Four Voices.

His honour is great in thy salvation, glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him.

Solo.

O! prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may preserve him.

Four Voices.

O! satisfy thou us with thy mercy, and that soon.

Verses and Chorus.

So will we sing, and praise thy name, O Thou, most Highest!

6.] We feel inexpressible pleasure in being able to furnish our readers with the following good account of his majesty, as communicated by Dr. Willis, in a letter to a friend residing at Bristol. He says, "the king is much better, as will appear evident when I inform you, that wishing to have something done in London, he wrote a letter for that purpose, which was couched in as good terms as the wisest of his subjects could have done."

A draft for 1000l. enclosed in the following letter from Mr. Lyte, treasurer to the prince of Wales, was received at the Chamberlain's office.

Addressed to the Chamberlain of London.

"SIR,

"His royal highness the prince of Wales, apprehending that the poor of the city of London might sustain some hardship and inconvenience in this inclement season, from the delay of the king's annual bounty, arising from the present unfortunate state of his majesty's health, has commanded me to pay one thousand pounds into the chamber of London, to be applied to the relief of the poor, in the same manner that his majesty's bounty has usually been.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"HENRY LYTE."

7.] A most extraordinary and almost incredible undertaking has not long since excited great curiosity in the learned world, and that is the

scheme of a native of America to travel thence to the eastward principally by land. This gentleman was encouraged by liberal subscriptions, and particularly by one from the worthy president of the Royal Society, Sir J. Banks. His intention was to go through Siberia, and to cross over from Kamischatka to Nootka Sound, and to penetrate from thence to Philadelphia. — A letter was received from him last Spring from Jobulski, in Siberia; to which place he had proceeded so far in this surprising and romantic undertaking.

8.] Prince Augustus Frederic is now in Provence, in France; where he resides in the strictest incognito, under the title of count Diepholz. He is there for a change of air, having out-grown his strength, from which a consumption was much apprehended. He has with him only a physician and two other gentlemen. He passed six days at Avignon on his way thither.

Windsor, Jan. 12. Notwithstanding the absence of the royal family, ornamental improvements are making in the inferior apartments of the queen's lodge. An artist, of the name of Hawes, was engaged by his majesty some months since to complete a ceiling for the drawing-rooms in the lodge, of a peculiar and novel art; and the work is now perfected and ready to be put up. No name has as yet been applied to this art; but the figures are in imitation of, and have all the force and effect of, the best oil paintings; with this great advantage, that the various groupes of figures may be distinctly seen at any point of view, without a superfluous portion of light, or the contrary effect of shade; only one simple article is used by the artist, which is stained marble dust; this is strewed with a piece of card either on board or canvas, covered with a proper cement, which, upon trial, has been proved to resist the dampest weather. The ceiling consists of various subjects; in the centre, in an oval, is Genius reviving the Arts; in the four corners are Manufactory, Agriculture, Botany, and Commerce, depicted by emblematical figures in their different vocations with the symbols of the several Sciences. In the compartments, Astronomy, Geography, Fortification, Gunnery, and many other scientific arts, are also portrayed by emblematical devices. The whole is beautifully ornamented with festoons of flowers, arms of the royal family, &c.

13. A Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall, called at the requisition of a number of respectable members of the Court, for the purpose of considering the state of the poor at this inclement season.

The requisition was then read, on which Mr. Thorp addressed the Court in a few words, stating, that as the Prince of Wales had, out of his princely munificence, given 1000l. to the poor of the metropolis, he thought it behoved the Court to shew their gratitude by a vote of thanks; he would therefore move the thanks of the Court to his Highness.

Some conversation took place, which brought on an explanation; and it being declared that the Prince's was not in lieu of the King's bounty, the motion was unanimously agreed to, and

and ordered to be inserted in the public papers, as follows :

" Resolved unanimously, That his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales be respectfully requested to accept the grateful acknowledgments of this Court, for his spontaneous and truly princely beneficence to the poor in the metropolis at this inclement season—a beneficence equally distinguished by the well-timed wisdom of the gift, and the very gracious manner of conferring it.

" Resolved unanimously, That the thanks be fairly transcribed, signed by the Town Clerk, and presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by William Curtis, Esq. and Sir Benjamin Hammet, Knight, Aldermen and Sheriffs of this City, Mr. Recorder, and Mr. Town Clerk."

This being disposed of, it was then moved, that Mr. Chamberlain be directed to subscribe out of the city cash, a certain sum, (which after some debate was agreed to be 1500*l.*) towards the relief of such poor inhabitants of the City, as do not receive alms of their parish; and a committee was appointed to carry this resolution into execution.

The same day the Town-Clerk acquainted the Court, that he had, pursuant to the Order of the 18th of December last, waited on Mr. Pitt, with the thanks of this Court then agreed to, and that he had since received the following letter.

" S I R, *Downing Street, Dec. 20, 1788.*

Having had the honour of receiving through your hands a copy of the Resolution of the Common Council of the 18th instant, I beg the favour of you to take the first opportunity of expressing to the Court my grateful acknowledgments for this distinguished mark of their approbation, and of assuring them how much encouragement and satisfaction I derive from the public declaration of the sentiments of so respectable a body, on an occasion which immediately affects the rights of the Lords and Commons, and the essential principles of the Constitution.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient, faithful servant.

W. P I T T."

The following tragical picture presented itself to the view of two humane gentlemen of Stockwell Place, who had made a collection for the poor of that neighbourhood. On entering the wretched habitation of a poor labourer, they found his wife just delivered of a son, after having been eight days in labour, six of which she was without any proper assistance; besides the new-born babe, they found in the room four others, two of whom were soliciting their wretched parent for food, and the other two dead, evidently starved.

15.] The following extraordinary circumstance happened to one of the Norwich coaches on Tuesday last.—About two o'clock in the afternoon it came into Norwich with six horses and a postilion, and had got some way into the town, before it was observed that there was no coachman on the box. The boy was accordingly called to, to know where the coachman was; he immediately stopped, and

replied, that he had seen him about two miles from Norwich, and took it for granted that he was on the box. Proper persons were immediately sent to look after him, and he was found about a mile from the city with a wound in his head, and frozen quite stiff. He was taken to the hospital, but it was a considerable time before he came to himself. His legs and thighs were so much frost bitten, that his recovery is exceedingly doubtful. He has a wife and seven children, and what makes the incident the more remarkable is, that though there were passengers in the coach, neither they nor the postilion should miss him, and that the horses should turn at the corners, which are rather intricate, safe without him.

16.] Yesterday the Recorder of London, with the Sheriffs, and Town Clerk, waited on the Prince of Wales at Carlton-house, with the unanimous vote of thanks from the Common Council; in presenting which the Recorder addressed his Royal Highness nearly as follows :

" S I R,

" We have the honour of attending your Royal Highness by the direction of the Corporation of London, with the most respectful thanks for that princely bounty, which is the subject of the resolution in my hand. I believe I speak truly the sentiments of these gentlemen, as well as my own, in assuring your Royal Highness, that no charge could have been given to us, which we should have executed with greater pleasure; and that we think ourselves peculiarly happy, in having the honour to present to your Royal Highness the *first* public testimony of that respect and veneration, from the greatest city in the world, to which you are so eminently entitled from every good citizen, and every *truly* affectionate subject of your Royal Father.

" The vote of thanks which we now present, we flatter ourselves will be the more acceptable, for having passed *without one dissenting voice.*"

The Prince of Wales received them in a most polite and condescending manner, and gave for answer, " That the thanks of the Corporation of the city of London, were upon this occasion very flattering to him." The Recorder, Sheriffs, &c. then withdrew to their carriages, after being offered refreshment, which they politely declined. All the servants and proper officers of his Highness's household were in waiting on the occasion.

17.] On Saturday last 19 men brought a waggon with a ton of coals from Loughborough, to Carlton-house, as a present to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. As soon as they were emptied into the cellar, Mr. Weljje, clerk of the cellar, gave them four guineas, and as soon as the Prince was informed of it, his Highness sent them 20 guineas, and ordered them a pot of beer each man. They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in eleven days, and drew it all the way without any relief.

18.] Dr. Kentish appeared yesterday to receive sentence, for writing a hasty challenge to Dr. Reynolds, one of the censors of the College of Physicians; for which the Dr. has since made a gentleman-like apology, with which Dr. Reynolds himself would have been satisfied; but the College considered a challenge to one of their

their body as an insult to the whole; and under that idea instituted the suit. The Court pronounced sentence, That Dr. Kentish pay a fine of 100*l.* to find security for his good behaviour for three years, himself in 100*l.* and his two sureties in 50*l.* each.

20.] A very affecting case occurred at the Old Bailey on Saturday.—Patrick M'Donald, a miserable poor lad, was indicted for stealing a cloth jacket, value fourteen shillings.

The evidence was quite clear; but the poor fellow urged in his defence that he came over from America, and arriving in London, the ship returned without him, and he was left entirely destitute, and that hunger compelled him to commit the theft.

One of the jury asked him if he had eat any thing that day, to which he answered, "No, Sir, nor a bit the day before either;" he then burst into tears, which had such an effect, that the Sheriff brought him some silver, and the Jury, before they gave in their verdict, gave him a shilling each; they then asked the bench whether such hunger could possibly plead his excuse in a court of justice.

The learned Judge sympathized very pathetically with the Jury, but was bound, he said, to inform them, that no distress whatever could, in the eye of the law, excuse the prisoner's offence. The Jury then found him—Guilty.

The Judge then ordered, that when the boy should be able to find any person who would take care of him, he should be delivered up without punishment.

While this child of poverty and wretchedness was withdrawing, shillings from all parts of the court and gallery were thrown to him, which made the amount considerable.

B. I. R. T. H. S.

Jan. 1. **H**ER Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, a daughter.—2. Lady of Chintopner Tower, Esq; of Weald-Hall, Essex, two son.—9. Lady of Edward King, Esq; of Francis-street, Bedford square, a son.—14. Lady Elizabeth Yorke, a daughter.

M. A. R. R. I. A. G. E. S.

June 12. **A**T Bombay, Lieut. William Thomas Sandford, to Miss Ramsay,

daughter of — Ramsay, Esq; governor of Bombay.—Jan. 4, 1789, George Talbot, Esq; eldest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Talbot, of Barton, county Gloucester, to Miss Charlotte Drake, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Drake, of Amerisham.—Mr. James Ackland, brewer, George street, Grosvenor-square, to Miss Parlane, of Orchard street, Portman square.—12. By special licence, at the Earl of Abingdon's house in Upper Brook-street, Major Gage, heir-apparent to Lord Gage, to Miss Skinner, daughter of the late General Skinner, and niece to the Countess of Abingdon, and Lady Southampton.—15. George Gregory, Esq; of the first regiment of life-guards, to Miss King, daughter of Mr. Thomas King, of King-street, Covent garden.—20. Rev. William Lort Mansfield, M. A. public orator of the University of Cambridge, and fellow of Trinity College, to Miss Haggerstone, daughter of Mr. Haggerstone, attorney, of Cambridge.—25. Major-general Sir Henry Calder, Bart. of Park house, Kent, to Miss Osborn, second daughter of the late Admiral Osborn.

D E A T H S.

MR. Henry White, of Little Bytham, co. Lincoln. He had kept his coffin by him for upwards of 30 years, and made use of it occasionally as a cupboard for his victuals, &c.—After a lingering illness, Rev. Edward Williams, rector of Cattertown, county Oxford, and chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Abingdon.—At Booth town, near Halifax, James Spencer and his wife, one aged 86, the other 87. They had been married 59 years, and were interred in one grave.—The daughter of a tradesman near Whitecross-street, aged 14, suddenly, as she handkerchief was taking from her eyes by some children at a neighbour's house, with whom she was playing at blindman's buff.—Jan. 1, 1789. About nine in the morning, at his house in Privy Garden, Whitehall, the Right Hon. Charles Wolfran Cornwall, Speaker of the House of Commons, in which place he succeeded the late Lord Granley, Member of Parliament for Rye, in Sussex, one of the Cinque Ports, and chief justice in Eyre of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, and a benchman of the honourable society of Gray's Inn.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tralee, February 9, 1789.

THURSDAY evening last, a young woman named Margaret Griffin, cut her throat in a most shocking manner, at her father's house near the Spa. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who, after examining and dressing the wound, had hopes of her recovery. The reason assigned for her committing this rash act is, that a younger sister was to have been married before her.

Limerick, Feb. 12. Last night a fire broke out in the cellar under Mr. Thomas Bourke's, grocer, in John's-street, which consumed several articles of furniture; and we are sorry to add, that a man named Cuddy, was suffocated and burnt to death therein.—The shop and other apartments, belonging to Mr. Bourke, were

happily preserved, with little or no damage, except what might occur from the hasty removal of good and furniture, which were under the care of the military and the watch of St. Mary's parish. The inhabitants gave every possible assistance to suppress the flames, by supplying the engines with water, which being well directed, soon had the desired effect.

13.] Last Monday, when Mr. Sheriff M'Mahon proceeded to the punishment of Robert Brown, who was sentenced at the last General Quarter Sessions to be whipped at Clonbrahene, in this county, for an assault and riot; the Sheriff and his party, consisting of a detachment from the Royals, commanded by Lieutenant Edwards, were immediately attacked by upwards of three thousand country people, with stone and fire arms; a bail passed through the bat of Philip

Holmes, Esq. who with James Gubbins, of Kinnare Castle, Esq. were the attending Magistrates, and used every exertion and persuasion to disperse the rioters, but without effect; another shot passed through the coat of Mr. M'Manton, and grazed his horse's shoulder; the party were in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut off in a defile near the foot of the Galtee mountain.—They were ordered to fire, by which means the mob were kept at some distance.—The Sheriff and the party under his command, acted with great coolness and humanity, and the Sheriff with the utmost resolution took the most effect of the rioters, and brought him prisoner to town; accounts are since arrived in town that one woman was unfortunately killed, and two men wounded."

Armagh, Feb. 14. The disturbances between the Break-or-day boys and the Defenders still continue, to the very great scandal of the magistracy in that part of the country; in consequence of those disturbances a man was killed in Tanderagee on Thursday last, for the alleged murder of whom, five persons of the name of Toole were lodged in the county jail. The same accounts also mention, that chapels and meeting-houses were alternately attacked by those disturbers of the public peace, and that several of those places of worship had been very lately levelled to the ground.

Newcastle, Feb. 18. "Toesday evening died, after an illness of 24 hours, John Ward, a young man about 18 years of age, an apprentice to a Shoemaker in this town, after eating, as it is supposed, a larger quantity of tobacco than usual, of which he was remarkably fond, and a practice he had pursued from the fourth year of his age. For some time before his death, when he had eaten much at once, it generally brought on a stoppage of urine. On being opened next day by Mr. Irving, surgeon, the intestines, which were distended to about three times their natural size, were found to contain near three gallons of a brown liquor then in a state of fermentation, which was so great, that the swelling of the abdomen increased much after his death.—The boy eat an orange a short time before he began to complain."

D U B L I N, Feb. 2, 1789.

L A S T week twenty-six persons whose debts did not amount to ten pounds, were liberated out of the City Marshalls, in consequence of the late Earl Nugent's benevolence for that purpose.

On Sunday last there was a most respectable meeting at Lord Charlemont's, in Rutland-square. Mr. Grattan—Mr. Rowley—Mr. Connolly—Lord R. Fitzgerald.—Mr. Stuart, of Killymoon—Mr. Montgomery, &c. &c. were of the assembly.—The object was, the arrangements for supporting an address to the Prince to take on himself the Regency during the indisposition and incapacity of his Majesty.

On Monday a meeting was held at Lord Drogheda's, which was more numerously attended than the one held at Lord Charlemont's the night preceding.

Yesterday a motion was made in the Court of King's Bench, by the Prime Serjeant, for an information, at the prosecution of John P. Curran, Esq. against William Keightley, Adjutant of the 9th regiment of foot. He stated, for the purpose of obtaining the rule he applied for, that Mr. Keightley, with Robert Farquar, a Serjeant of the same regiment, Francis Trouncell, servant to John Campbell, Esq. Lieutenant Colonel of the same regiment, John Poulby, servant to the said William Keightley, together with several other soldiers of the 9th regiment, were indicted for a riot and assault, with an intent traitorously and feloniously to kill and murder Daniel Gwynne, Gt. late a Lieutenant in the same regiment; that it appeared in evidence, that a number of soldiers disguised in coloured clothes, armed with bludgeons, to the number of 50, under the conduct of Keightley, waylaid Mr. G. returning from a military court of enquiry against Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, and left him covered with wound, and in appearance, without hopes of life; and it appeared in evidence, that said attack was committed by said Keightley and his accomplices, on account of the court of enquiry against Lieutenant Colonel Campbell; that Keightley was found guilty and some of his accomplices; that Mr. Curran was counsel for the prosecution, and spoke to evidence, and never knew Keightley before or since the trial, and that he acted on the trial with no motive or with but doing his duty to his client and the public, and that he did not, in speaking to evidence, say anything not supported by the witnesses, or irrelevant to the issue, and that he was convinced his conduct was strictly proper, as the Judge who presided at the trial did not express his disapprobation at his speaking to evidence. That Mr. C. had been often informed that Keightley, during his imprisonment, had threatened that he would follow Mr. Curran to Germany, where he was advised to go

Mr. Curran having asked him the cause of that message, which was declined, he then said, that he should make himself ridiculous by paying any attention to so ludicrous a requisition, and that he would pay it no other regard, but by applying to the law of the land.—That he was brought a paper which was posted up in Daly's Coffee-house, stating him to be a liar and a coward; and that shortly appeared in several newspapers approving the conduct of Mr. Keightly, which was got by misrepresentation of Keightly.

The Prime Serjeant was followed by Serjeant Hewitt, Mr. Egan, and Mr. Serjeant Toler; and the Court were pleased to order a conditional rule for an information on Mr. Keightly, and the gentleman who acted as second.

Yesterday the Grand Jury of the county of Dublin unanimously agreed to instruct their representatives, the Right Honourable Luke Gardiner, and Sir Edward Newenham, to move for, and support an Address in Parliament, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to take upon him the full exercise of all the regal powers, without any limitation, during the incapacity of the Sovereign.

7.] A very material discovery has been lately made in regard to the population of Ireland. The accurate and indefatigable Commissioner Bushe, in his investigation of the number of chimneys throughout the kingdom, has discovered that not only about thirty thousand fire-places had not been returned to pay hearth money, but that the population of the kingdom amounts to about four millions and a half of people. This is the more surprising, as immediately after the Revolution, the number of souls in Ireland was estimated only at one million.—The progress of industry, commerce, and the arts, may, probably, in another half century, increase the nation two millions more, which will make them nothing short of the population of England.

In consequence of the above discovery of the non-return of fire-places to pay the tax, the peasantry will be entirely relieved from the same in the course of the next session.

Last Wednesday, a man and a woman were detected in the practice of endeavouring to impose counterfeit guineas upon some weavers near the linen-hall. They are of the name of Gallagher, and they are well known in the parish of Donaghedy.—They were both committed to jail.

Two lighters went on Wednesday morning along side the American vessel on the Spit of the North Bull, and before evening had taken on board the principal part of the flaxseed, of which her cargo consists, which, we are glad to hear, is in tolerable good condition. The vessel, like most ships in her present situation, is bedded or docked in the sand; but if the weather continues moderate, her entire cargo will this day be taken out, when she may without much difficulty be buoyed up by means of empty gabbaris, and brought into deep water.

Last Wednesday night, a gentleman was stopped in West Arran-street, by four men armed with pistols, and robbed of his hat, buckles and money, but on his giving notice thereof to the Chief Constable of the Barrack Division, he went to the place where the gentleman had been rob-

bed, when the villains rushing out of their lurking place demanded his money, instead of which the Constable discharged one of the pistols at them, and seizing the foremost of them held him, on which his comrades ran off; the fellow being brought to the guard-house, the gentleman's hat, shoes and buckles were found upon him: he was next morning committed to the New Prison by the Divisional Magistrate, and has, we hear, already made a discovery that will lead to the detection of a most nefarious gang of robbers.

12.] By a late regulation of the Lord Mayor, no poultry, rabbits, eggs, &c. are to be sold in future at inns or public houses, but must be brought to markets appointed for that purpose, where clerks are to attend to see that justice be done to both buyer and seller; this will be a great means of preventing that cursed trade of forestalling, which has hitherto been carried on with impunity.

Wednesday morning about five o'clock, a country gentleman of the name of Moran, coming to this city, was stopped at the bridge of Tallagh, by two fellows on horseback, who robbed him of six guineas and some silver. They afterwards wished him a good night, and rode on before him toward Dublin.

Last Monday night, some fellows found means to steal a quantity of lead off the Ball-room in the Castle, with which they got clear off.—Were plumbers and persons who deal in lead, more cautious of whom they purchase this article, there would soon be an end to this species of depredation; but we are sorry to reflect, that for the difference of a few shillings, some people will stoop to such low practices. As an instance in point, we mention a transaction which some time since happened in this city. The wife of a plumber having died, in order to pay a proper respect to her maner, he put her into a leaden coffin, and had her interred accordingly. In a few days after a fellow came to the shop to sell a leaden coffin, which the plumber bought, and when he went to examine his bargain, he found the coffin to be his wife's, with her name thereon. This circumstance is well known to many persons in this city.

On Saturday, as his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was passing through Castle-street, from Kilmarnham to the Castle, a brick fell from the top of one of the houses, and striking against the front glass of his chariot broke it to pieces, and hit his Excellency on the knee. Fortunately he received no manner of hurt from it.

On Sunday, a number of members of the House of Commons were magnificently entertained at dinner by the Duke of Leinster at Leinster House. We hear it is his Grace's intention to give a round of dinners, to which he means to invite all the members who composed the majority on Friday night last, by eighteen or twenty at a time.

By the account of the receipts and disbursements of the Governors of the Lying-in Hospital, for buildings erected contiguous to the Rotunda, from the third day of December, 1786, to the third day of April, 1787, it appears, that after including in the charge part of the account of the money received, as well as the value of such of

the old materials as were sold, the Governors have expended the sum of 1698l. 9s. 5d.

A gentleman returning to town on Sunday night about eight o'clock, from the Black-rock, was stopped near Donnybrook-bridge, by two well dressed footpads, the one a tall young man in a dark-coloured coat, and the other a low smart person in a light drab; they had no other apparent weapon than large sticks; the gentleman drew a pocket pistol, and another horseman approaching, they made off precipitately without their intended booty. The gentleman they intended to rob is a Mr. Wilson from London, who has been but a short time in Dublin.

During the severe wind of Sunday, in a sudden squall, a gentleman and his horse in the Phoenix-park, were blown down the steep near the Magazine towards the Park-wall; the gentleman was very severely hurt, and narrowly escaped the fracture of his limbs.

The house of Captain Carleton, in Frederick-street, was some time since robbed of several articles of wearing apparel, by a person occasionally employed about the kitchen. Information being given at the Office of Police, every endeavour for the discovery and apprehension of the thief, or recovery of the articles, proved fruitless: On Monday, however, a Police-man passing along Ormond-quay, discovered a journey man butcher wearing one of the jackets which had been stolen, and immediately took him into custody; the man said he had the jacket from his wife, a char-woman, who was at last discovered, and was the person who had stolen the articles.

On Thursday last, a poor fellow who had come up to town from Gorey with a few stiches of bacon, and had disposed of them, was robbed near Donnybrook of the whole amount, by two villains, who not content with his cash, stripped him almost naked, and made off with their booty.

Saturday the Secretary at War sent in his resignation to his Excellency, as he could not come into his measures.

One day last week, a man of the name of Fitzpatrick, who keeps a public house in North Great George's-street, having some dispute with his wife, she gave him several blows on the head with a brass candlestick, which fractured his skull, and he died next day. The Coroner's Inquest brought in a verdict wilful murder, and the woman was on Sunday last committed to Kilmainham gaol.

Last night the different streets in this city exhibited a blaze of illumination, in consequence of the resolution which passed the preceding night in the House of Commons, for investing the Prince of Wales with the sole Regency of this kingdom without restrictions.

Last Monday night, about the hour of twelve, a Buck, who lodged at a house in Castle-street, being paid his devotions rather too liberally to Bacchus that evening, amused himself with tearing the fire bricks from a grate, and flinging them into the street, to the terror of passengers, and though frequently admonished to forego his mischievous sport, could not be stopped until the neighbours, assisted by a party of the Police, intervened. During this frantic diversion, the Lord

Lieutenant's coachman, who had been driving his master to Kilmainham, narrowly escaped losing his life by one of the bricks, which struck the coach-box, and rebounded against the front of the carriage.

Wednesday in the afternoon, a poor woman passing through Bridge-street, fell down, and in a few minutes expired.

On Wednesday evening a number of young gentlemen, who claimed privilege of access to the gallery, assembled in the hall of the Parliament House, and a few of them becoming clamorous for admission, entered into altercation with some of the door-keepers and messengers, and, urging forward into the inner hall of the House of Commons, blows ensued. The Police Constables waiting at the House interposed and endeavoured, perhaps rudely, to disperse them; but they were attacked, and one of them disarmed and dangerously cut with his own sword.

Complaints being immediately made at the Bar of the House, the Speaker ordered the disturbers to be taken into custody by the Serjeant at Arms; but that officer having proceeded to execute the Speaker's orders, returned shortly, and reported that they were dispersed.

Yesterday evening a numerous party, armed with swords and sticks, proceeded to the Parliament House, and attacked such of the Police as they found in the Hall, several of whom they knocked down and cut severely. As the House was sitting, and a complaint lodged at the Bar, the Serjeant at Arms was ordered to take the offenders into custody; they, however, had retreated before the Serjeant appeared. A military guard was then sent for, in order to prevent further mischief, and to keep off the mob, who were become extremely riotous and disorderly.

The parish of Killyleagh, in the county of Down, now vacant and in the gift of the University, has been refused by all the junior Fellows of the College. This marks pretty strongly the value of a junior Fellowship, when it is preferred to a living of 400l. a year.

[18.] By a gentleman who arrived in the last packet from London, we learn that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and all his Royal Brothers have expressed the highest satisfaction on receiving intelligence from Ireland that the popular branch of our legislature had, in the hour of necessity, come forward zealous for the House of Brunswick, and overturned the most dangerous aristocracy that ever threatened the constitutional rights of these kingdoms. Induced by the conduct of our Commons, if there be such a principle in the Royal Family as gratitude, must render this nation the interesting object of their patronage.

The Lords last night gave orders to the Masters in Chancery to attend the House this afternoon at two o'clock, it being determined to send down the amended Address at three, that the whole of the business may be completed this night.

The Reverend John Berril, of the county of Louth, lately a clergyman of the church of Rome, conformed to the established church of Ireland.

On Sunday morning, a lighter laden with deer-skins, honey, bees-wax, and flaxseed, from the

the Three Brothers, Captain Jeffries from America, was stranded at Sutton. The Lord Mayor and Sheriff instantly ordered a guard to prevent plunder, and the Surveyor of Cionarf, with his usual vigilance, immediately attended and secured the cargo.

Last Sunday, the house of Mr. Denis Murphy, of Luke-street, was entered by some villains in the absence of the family, and robbed of plate and other valuables to a considerable amount.

19.] This day, at four o'clock, the Lord Chancellor, attended by several Peers, and also by the Speaker of the House of Commons, and upwards of seventy Members, went up with the following address to the Castle, in order to be transmitted into Great Britain:

To his Royal Highness GEORGE PRINCE of WALES.

The humble Address of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, in Parliament assembled.

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"We his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons of Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to approach your Royal Highness, with hearts full of the most loyal and affectionate attachment to the person and government of your Royal Father, to express the deepest and most grateful sense of the numerous blessings which we have enjoyed under that illustrious House, whose accession to the throne of these realms, has established civil and constitutional liberty upon a basis which we trust will never be shaken; and at the same time to condole with your Royal Highness upon the grievous malady with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict the best of Sovereigns.

"We have, however, the consolation of reflecting, that this severe calamity hath not been visited upon us, until the virtues of your Royal Highness have been so matured as to enable your Royal Highness to discharge the duties of an important trust, for the performance whereof, the eyes of all his Majesty's subjects of both kingdoms are directed to your Royal Highness.

"We therefore beg leave humbly to request, that your Royal Highness will be pleased to take upon you the government of this realm, during the continuance of his Majesty's present indisposition, and no longer; and under the stile and title of Prince Regent of Ireland, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to exercise and administer, according to the laws and constitution of this kingdom, all regal powers, jurisdiction, and prerogatives, to the Crown and Government thereof belonging."

The Lords being returned, and the Lord Chancellor having taken his seat on the woolsack, he informed the House that having waited upon his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, with the Address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, agreed to by both Houses, his Excellency declined to take charge of the same.

And as ANSWER, delivered the following words from a written paper:

"Under the impressions which I feel of my official duty, and of the oath I have taken as

Chief Governor of Ireland, I am obliged to decline transmitting this Address into Great Britain. For I cannot consider myself warranted to lay before the Prince of Wales an Address, purporting to invest his Royal Highness with powers to take upon him the Government of this Realm before he shall be enabled by law to do so."

Vote of Censure on the Viceroy.

21.] "That his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's Answer to the Message of both Houses of Parliament, requesting him to transmit into England their Address to the Prince of Wales, was ill-advised, contains an unwarrantable and unconstitutional censure on both Houses; and attempts to question the undoubted privileges of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and of the Commons of Ireland."

Also, the Lord agreed to the following:

"That the answer of his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, in refusing to transmit the Address of the Lords and Commons to the Prince of Wales, was disrespectful to his Royal Highness, and conveys an unwarrantable censure on both Houses of Parliament."

22.] At seven o'clock this morning, his Grace the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Charlemont, the Right Honourable Thomas Conolly, and John O'Neill, together with William Brabazon Ponsonby, and James Stewart, Esqrs. Commissioners of the Parliament of Ireland, for presenting the Address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, embarked on board the Duchess of Rutland Packet for Parkgate.

BIRTHS for February, 1789.

THE lady of the Hon. Edward Ward, of a son.—In Marlborough-street, the lady of James Whitestone, Esq; of a son.—In Sackville-street, the lady of Thomas Burgh, Esq; of a son.—In Augier-street, the lady of Thomas Aston, Esq; of a son.—In Leinster-street, the lady of Gustavus Handcock Temple, Esq; of a daughter.

MARRIAGES for February, 1789.

THE Hon. Robert Rochford, M. P. for the county of Wexmeath, and brother to the Earl of Belvedere, to Miss Smith, daughter of William Smith, of Drumcree, Esq; M. P. for said county.—Peter Digges Latouche, Esq; to Miss Thwaites, daughter of the late George Thwaites, Esq; of Cork Bridge.

DEATHS for February, 1789.

IN Castle Durrrow, Mrs. Ridge, lady of Wm. Ridge, Esq;—On the North Strand, Mr. William Sleator, sen. formerly a very eminent printer and bookseller, in Castle-street.—Mrs. Shaw, lady of William Shaw, of Sand Point Carrick-on-Suir, Esq; brother to Robert Shaw Esq; of the Post-Office.—At Trillick, Mrs. Fitzgerald, lady of Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq;—Henry Blunt, of Castlewilliam, Esq;—At Portaferry, Mrs. Hamilton, relict of the late James Hamilton, of Belfast, Esq;—At Bath, John Dames Esq; Barrister at Law, by whose death a parcel of 500l. per annum reverts to government.

IV A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For M A R C H. 1789.

THE PROPAGATION OF A TRUTH.

(With a humorous Print annexed.)

IN our Magazine for July, 1788, we gave our readers "The Propagation of a Lie," a celebrated Engraving, consisting of a number of characters, in various attitudes, pronouncing the usual expressions of the worthless and inconsiderate, in hearing some tale that is injurious to male or female honour. In this Magazine, we give them, by way of supplement to that Print, "The Propagation of a Truth." Truth indeed may be promulgated by various ways; but that our Heroes chose to promulgate, it is, it seems, the Ton at present. Our Heroes are pretty well known—perhaps better known than trusted. They have been defeated in a favourite point, a point they exerted all their ability to carry; and being to the last degree irritated and confounded, they express their various griefs and vexations in language peculiar to themselves, and suited to their respective characters. "The Irish Parliament have addressed," cries out Mr. Spindlehands, the first figure in our groupe. "Yes, bl—st their eyes, they have," answers the swearing, angry Lawyer. "Then I am done over," exclaims the third figure, in a tone of despair. "It is all dicky with me," observes the fourth. "As to me," remarks the fifth, "I'll gang to my awn country, and sell butter and brimstone." "I begin to smell powder," Mr. Ordnance fiercely cries. "And I begin to st—nk demably," his military comrade, with the

his new Wig." The squint-eyed Politician, taking advantage of his double sight, that can see more ways than one, consoles himself for his *power of vision*, and trusts that his future *prospects* will be more pleasing than the past. But the last figure, in utter despair, gives up the desperate cause, and cries out, "that he has been in anguish all the night."

Thus different do men express themselves on a disappointment; and thus different are the methods they take to Propagate a Truth. It is a Truth they cannot deny, that they have been stung to the quick; and it is a Truth, that all honest men rejoice when knaves are disappointed. But as defeat and disappointment are disagreeable to the best of men, and nearly insupportable to the worst; how shall we behave, so as to ensure success to our enterprizes, and peace to our souls?—The answer to the first is difficult, but to the second easy. Success cannot be commanded; but Peace may. Hear the Voice of God within your soul, and act according to His commands, so shall you merit, if you meet not, success, and enjoy a Peace of Mind, even in disappointment, which the most prosperous and successful wickedness can never feel:

"For more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar, with a senate at his
heels."

POPE.

anecdotes of the Marquis of Worcester, from Lloyd's Memoirs of the Lives, Actions, Sufferings, and Deaths, of Noble, Reverend, and Excellent Personages,

CHARLES I. having pardoned some gentlemen, who had considerably prejudiced his interest in South Wales, this facetious nobleman told him, "That was the way to gain the kingdom of heaven, but not his kingdom on earth." He would frequently railly his majesty by quotations from the old poets, and particularly would repeat these lines from Chaucer—

A king can kill, a king can save;
A king can make a lord—a knave!

When he saw a deformed, worn-out old woman, he would say, "How happy were I for a man going to bed to his grave, to be first wedded to this woman!" Being forbid the use of claret, when afflicted with the gout, "What," said he, "shall I quit my old friend for my new enemy?"

When a musquet-ball, at the siege of Lagland, glancing on a marble pillar in the withdrawing-room, where this lord used to divert his friends, hit his head, and fell flat on the ground, he said, "That he was flattered to have a good head-piece in his younger days; but he was certain that, in his old age, he had one which was musquet-proof."

Vain glory, he used to say, was like haff, that kept a man's spirits warm, as haff did the corn. "If you set a man on his horse," said he, "let him have his horse!"

Being told, when highly advanced in years, that he should be buried at Windsor, he replied, "Then shall I take a better castle when dead, than ever I lost when alive." Sir Thomas Fairfax, wondering at his cheerfulness when he was near death, was answered, "That he suffered cheerfully, because he did not before reckon upon it."

This noblesman, though a firm Catholic, was an active advocate in the defence of Charles the First, who said of him, "That he found not any where else so much faith, as not in Israel!"—He encountered many difficulties and disgraces, at about the eightieth year of his age; was deprived of his states, and committed to prison, where

mentioned Dr. Leland with cordial regard and with marked respect. It might, perhaps, be invidious for me to hazard a favourable decision upon his History of Ireland, because the merits of that work has been disputed by Critics, some of whom are, I think, warped in their judgments by literary, others by national, and more, I have reason to believe, by personal prejudices. But I may with confidence appeal to writings, which have long contributed to public amusement, and have often been honoured by public approbation—to the Life of Philip, and to the Translation of Demosthenes, which the Letter writer professes to have not read—to the judicious Dissertation upon Eloquence, which the Letter-writer did vouchsafe to read, before he answered it—to the spirited Defence of that Dissertation, which the Letter-writer, probably, has read, but never attempted to answer. The life of Philip contains many curious researches into the principles of government established among the leading States of Greece; many sagacious remarks on their intestine discords; many exact descriptions of their most celebrated characters, together with an extensive and correct view of those subtle intrigues, and those ambitious projects, by which Philip, at a favourable crisis, gradually obtained an unexampled and fatal mastery over the Grecian Republics. In the Translation of Demosthenes, Leland unites the man of taste with the man of learning, and shews himself to have possessed, not only a competent knowledge of the Greek language, but that clearness in his own conceptions, and that animation in his feelings, which enabled him to catch the real meaning, and to preserve the genuine spirit of the most perfect orator that Athens ever produced. Through the Dissertation upon Eloquence, and the Defence of it, we see great accuracy of erudition, great perspicuity and strength of style, and, above all, a stoutness of judgment, which, in traversing the open and spacious walks of literature, disdained to be led captive, either by the sorceries of a self-deluded visionary, or the decrees of a self-created despot.

As to Jortin, whether I look back to his verse, to his prose, to his critical, or to his theological works, there are few Authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational

derstanding. With a lively imagination, an elegant taste, and a judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a school-boy. Wit without ill-nature, and sense without effort, he could, at will, scatter upon every subject; and in every book, the writer presents us with a near and distinct view of the real man.

His style, though inartificial, is sometimes elevated; though familiar, it is never mean; and though employed upon various topics of theology, ethics, and criticism, it is not arrayed in any delusive resemblance, either of solemnity, from fanatical cant, of profoundness, from scholastic jargon, of precision, from the crabbed formalities of cloudy philologists, or of refinement, from the technical babble of frivolous Connoisseurs.

At the shadowy and fleeting reputation which is sometimes gained by the petty frolics of literary vanity, or the mischievous struggles of controversial rage, Jortin never grasped. Truth, which some men are ambitious of seizing by surprise in the trackless and dark recesses, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten path: and in the pursuit of it, if he does not excite our astonishment by the rapidity of his strides, he, at least, secures our confidence by the firmness of his step. To the examination of positions advanced by other men, he always brought a mind, which neither prepossession had seduced, nor malevolence polluted. He imposed not his own conjectures as infallible and irresistible truths, nor endeavoured to give an air of importance to trifles, by dogmatical vehemence. He could support his more serious opinions, without the versatility of a sophist, the fierceness of a disputant, or the impertinence of a buffoon:—more than this—he could relinquish or correct them with the calm and steady dignity of a writer, who, while he yielded something to the arguments of his antagonists, was conscious of retaining enough to command their respect. He had too much discernment to confound difference of opinion with malignity or dullness, and too much candour to insult where he could not persuade. Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those sickly humours, those rankling jealousies, and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him, into every station in which he was placed, and every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an interior, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with, or without, the sacred name of friend. The importance of commendation, as well to

him who bestows as to him who claims it, he estimated not only with justice, but with delicacy, and therefore, he neither wantonly lavished it, nor withheld it austerely. But investive he neither provoked nor feared, and, as to the severities of contempt, he reserved them for occasions where alone they could be employed with propriety, and where, by himself, they always were employed with effect—for the chastisement of arrogant dunces, of censorious sciolists, of intolerant bigots in every sect, and unprincipled impostors in every profession. Distinguished in various forms of literary composition, engaged in various duties of his ecclesiastical profession, and blessed with a long and honourable life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illustrious virtue of charity, which Leland, in his reply to the Letter-writer, thus eloquently describes: “Charity never misrepresents; never ascribes obnoxious principles or mistaken opinions to an opponent, which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as to fancy positions never asserted, and to extend its censure to opinions, which will *perhaps* be delivered. Charity is utterly averse to sneering, the most despicable species of ridicule, that most despicable subterfuge of an impotent objector. Charity never supposes, that all sense and knowledge are confined to a particular circle, to a district, or to a country. Charity never condemns and embraces principles in the same breath; never professes to confute what it acknowledges to be just; never presumes to bear down an adversary with confident assertions. Charity does not call dissent insolence, or the want of implicit submission want of common respect.”

This, I cannot help exclaiming in the words of the R. R. Remarker—“This is the solution of a Philosopher indeed; clear, simple, manly, rational, and striking conviction in every word, unlike the refined and fantastic nonsense of a writer of paradoxes.”

The esteem, the affection, the reverence, which I feel for so profound a scholar, and so honest a man, as Dr. Jortin, make me wholly indifferent to the praise and censure of those who vilify, without reading his writings, or read them without finding some incentive to study, some proficiency in knowledge, or some improvement in virtue.

Observations on the Inquiry after an Old Woman, in our last Magazine, Page 77; in a Letter to the Editor.

S I R,

I Beg leave to address myself to you, for the purpose of intimating something, by way of reply to a very humorous letter which I have read in your last month's Magazine, by an anonymous Correspondent.

P 2

This

This gentleman, sir, has said a great deal about the scarcity of old women, and seems to doubt whether such beings are now in existence; he, however, has had so much trouble in seeking after an old woman, that he now wishes to have a companion to help him in his researches, but I must assure him, that I do not mean to accompany him; for it is rather discouraging, when he tells us, that he has been tost in blankets, tumbled down stairs, and sometimes, to avoid worse consequences, obliged to make escapes from two pair of stairs windows. Therefore, as all those hazardous adventures have happened, the gentleman would think me exceedingly unpolite, if I did not congratulate him, on his not having broke his neck.

The disappointment he met with, when he went to pay a visit to his friend's aunt, was a little surprizing, especially when he had seen the said lady of sixty-four, dressed out like a girl of sixteen, with her hair hanging in ringlets down her back—*O Tempora! O Mores!*—But I have been equally disappointed; when walking behind ladies, dressed in such a manner, that I thought them quite young, and when I had passed them, on looking back, I have been shocked at the idea, that their vanity should so far mislead them, as to imagine that a few superficial ornaments would make them appear to the eyes of the world, as if they were still in the bloom of youth, when at the same time, Nature cries out—appear to be as you really are, and you will be the most respectable!

For the benefit of the fair sex, I cannot help inserting here, what the Spectator recommends to them respecting the decoration of their heads.

‘I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them, to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face: she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light; in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gewgaws.

I particularly request that the elderly la-

dies will take the Spectator's hints into their serious consideration, as I am persuaded it would not only be better for their health, to avoid the artificial red and white, but at the same time it would be giving the *Old Woman-Hunter*, an opportunity of attaining his long wished for object.—I was once, sir, in company with two women, I was going to say old; for one was seventy, and the other eighty. In the course of their conversation they hapened to enquire after their intimate acquaintance, Mrs. H—. ‘Oh!’ says one of the ladies—‘Poor soul! Mrs. H— has but a very indifferent state of health, she is, like me, getting old.’ ‘Dear madam!’ said the other, ‘I beg your pardon, but I do not think she is so very old, for she is not much above sixty.’ Strange it is, that women in general cannot bear the idea of being thought old; but I have certainly known some ancient women, who have positively acknowledged themselves to be old, and I do think there are many still to be found, without going to search the tops of mountains, or the bottoms of caverns.

However difficult it may be to obtain such a rarity as that of an old woman, yet I think I could mention another, that would be reckoned a far greater curiosity, and as I am sensible the more scarce any thing is, the more valuable it is for a museum, I would, in addition to the old woman, advise him to do all in his power to procure an *Ugly Woman*, which in my humble opinion would be the most inestimable acquisition: but it undoubtedly would be attended with an infinite deal more trouble, than that of finding out an old woman, because this, sir, is a phaenomenon which I have heard of; but I must confess I never did hear of such a thing as an ugly woman; and as our Irish ladies surpass in beauty all those of other nations, I despair of finding any ugly ones here; therefore permit me, sir, to request the gentleman, when he writes to his friends in Asia, Africa, and America, about the *Old Woman*, that he will earnestly desire his correspondents to make diligent search after an *Ugly Woman*, and I am sure when he shall have obtained them both, he will certainly have in his possession two of the most wonderful phaenomena that ever graced a cabinet of natural curiosities. I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

PATRICK FREEMAN.

Court Anecdote.

KING James used to say, that he never knew a modest man make his way in a court; repeating this expression one day, a David Floyd, who was then in waiting at his majesty's elbow, replied bluntly—“Pray, Sir,

Sir, whose fault is that?" The king stood corrected and was silent.

An Account of the Causes of the great Quantity, and frequency of Rain, at Killalla. By Dr. Fallon, in a Second Letter to the Rev. J. L. of Dublin.

REVEREND SIR,

I Now perform what I had promised you in a former letter inserted in Mr. Walker's Magazine of June last, as to the causes of the great quantity, and frequency of rain at Killalla.

The following reasoning I am apprehensive will not be interesting to the learned, or ignorant; because, to the former it will furnish no instruction, and I fear the latter may not comprehend it. The reader of moderate knowledge, in subjects of this nature, alone, has a chance of meeting some entertainment, an object always to be attended to in such a publication as a Magazine.

As I write for the reader of moderate knowledge alone, and that if my reasoning as to rain here be just, it will be equally so in many parts of this kingdom, and other places similarly circumstanced or nearly so. I shall give what I have to offer at good length, thereby hoping to be more clear or at least more intelligible.

By premising the following chemical maxims which are universally admitted, and referring to them occasionally, I shall avoid repetitions and be more brief.

There are three things in chemistry very operative in accelerating chemical solution, viz.

1° HEAT.

2° AGITATION.

3° COMMINATION.

4° Heat enables many, I believe most menstrua, to dissolve and retain suspended a greater quantity of the solvent.

5° On the contrary cold lessens these powers, and therefore causes many menstrua to let go part of the dissolved body.

6° A surface of water evaporates more than an equal surface of earth.

The reverend and most ingenious Stephen Hales* after quoting Nic Cruquius, concludes that "the evaporation of a surface of water is to the evaporation of a surface (equal I suppose he means) of earth in summer as 10 to 3."

An explanation of these maxims belonging properly to chemistry I pass in silence, and content myself in applying them to the explanation of the particular solution, which is the subject of this letter.

I have read many accounts of the nature of evaporation, some I think weak, some even whimsical. The only one that is satisfactory to me is that which supposes evapo-

N O T E.

* Statical Essays, vol. i. p. 55.

ration to be a gradual chemical solution of water in air.

It is I believe admitted that there is a chemical affinity between air and many other bodies.

Dr. Halley's † words imply an affinity between air and water. These are as follow: "to which add the mixture of effluvia or steams arising from almost all bodies which *affimilating* into the form of air, are kept suspended therein as salts *dissolved* in liquors, or metals in corroding menstrua." Again, after shewing the efficacy of heat in evaporation, he says ‡ "and yet there remains another cause, which cannot be reduced to rule; I mean the winds, whereby the surface of the water is *licked* up sometimes faster than it exhales by the heat of the sun." And in another place; § "I take it, that it would follow, that the air of itself would *imbibe* a certain quantity of aqueous vapours, and retain them like salts *dissolved* in water." Yet this celebrated philosopher is said ¶ to have given an account of evaporation very different from this.

The fullest account I have read on this subject, is that of the reverend and most learned Dean Hamilton ||, attributing evaporation to a gradual chemical solution of water in air. He inculcates his account with such ingenuity and judgment, that he has not left a doubt in my mind; I therefore adopt it, and shall use it for my purposes.

Vapours then ascend into and are retained in the atmosphere by the air as a menstruum*, heat being an occasional cause, and the reduction of fume or vapour to transparency, owing to the chemical union of the two elements.

To come now to the subject in hand. From our insular situation no wind can arrive but from over the circumjacent seas or ocean, of course by No. 6. the evaporation from the neighbouring seas ought to be greater, *ceteris paribus*, than that from a surface of land; therefore the air coming to us ought to be the moister. The seas are never still, (nor do I believe the air ever is) but often greatly agitated. Therefore by No. 2, the solution of the water being accelerated, the incumbent air ought to be the moister.

This agitation is often so violent as to produce a great spray, to which may be added

N O T E S.

† Miscel. Curios. vol. i. p. 86, 87.

‡ Miscel. Curios. vol. i. p. 4.

§ Id. Ibid. p. 7.

¶ Philos. Essays by Hugh Hamilton, D. D. F. R. S. p. 2.

|| See the last cited Book.

* When two fluids unite chemically, either may be called Menstruum or solvent in respect of the other, as water in evaporation ascends into an element at least 800 times lighter than itself; I call air the Menstruum.

the spray arising from the waters being dashed against rocks, shoals, and shores. And water in this state being in great comminution, the solution by No. 3, being accelerated, the incumbent atmosphere must be moist.

Another cause of, or rather want of, impediment to rain, is the temperature of our island, in point of heat and cold.

It has not come to my knowledge from any source of information, that there is any country in the northern or southern hemisphere of any considerable extent in the same parallel with us, that is not colder in the winter.

On the contrary, I have read of many wherein the cold is of such intenseness and duration, that habitation in the winter is most uncomfortable.

Whether that part of Great Britain in the same latitude with us has colder winters, I am unable to decide, as I want the true criterion of diaries made with thermometers in both countries. From conversations with gentlemen of that country, I incline to think our winters milder, in respect to cold; the difference I believe is not much; accordingly in some parts of that country there is much rain; the interposition of Ireland, between it and the Atlantic, making little difference in respect to heat, cold, or rain.

In high latitudes where the seas are not frozen, air passing over the surface thereof in winter, is not so cold as if it passed over land, especially if this be covered with snow.

It seldom rains during frost, which if it continue three, four, or more months, must lessen the annual quantity of rain.

Towards the end of the year 1759, and in the beginning of 1760, when I was in Holland, there was frost for about four months, and I do not recollect there was any rain during that time. In this instance the third part of the year was precluded from rain by cold. In the instance related by Mr. Ellis, it may be inferred there was no rain for half the year, where he wintered in North America. His words are: "The coasts of this country extend from the latitude of about 51 degrees to 58 north." Now the middle latitude of that country is near the same with that of Killalla; but behold the difference otherwise, "The ice in the river was above eight feet thick; we could keep our provision sweet as long as we pleas-

the Hebrides, some degrees further North than Killalla.

The learned Dr. Johnson* writing of the Isle of Skie, mention, "their rainy season lasts from Autumn to Spring. They have seldom very hard frosts; nor was it ever known that a lake was ever covered with ice strong enough to bear a skater." In the course of the 25 last winters, as I recollect there were but four or five, that the ice on a little lake near Killalla was strong enough for skating a circumstance I attended to, being fond of that diversion.

Again, the Dr. mentions †, "in all September we had, according to Boswell's Register, only one day and a half of fair weather and October perhaps not more." The Dr. was the greater part of those two months in the Western Isles.

Of *St. Kilda* one of the most northern of these Isles, Mr. Martin says, "the houses are of a low form, and the doors all to the N. E. to secure them from the shocks of the tempestuous S. W. winds," and afterwards "the harvest and winter are liable to violent winds and rain." From this I presume that the S. W. wind is frequent there, and that they have little frost, and much rain.

The Hebrides have all the causes of rain hitherto, and hereafter, to be mentioned with the circumstance of having more extensive shores in respect to their surfaces, *ceteris paribus*, than our larger Islands, and therefore more spray. They have also I believe the same prevalent, and rainy winds as we have therefore they have much rain.

Our most prevalent winds both in force and frequency, are the W. S. W. and S. inclusive, together with the intermedial winds. From the attention I have paid to winds for some years past, I believe these winds are as prevalent here as at Utrecht and the S. winds more so. Dr. *Muschenbroeck* ‡ gives the following account of the winds at that city, by a medium of many years observation; of the 365 days of the year, each wind blew the number of days respectively annexed.

North Wind	- -	41 days.
North West	- -	33
West	- -	77
South West	- -	53
South	- -	33
South East	- -	26

In this table what I call prevalent winds all together blow 168 days in the year, and want but $14\frac{1}{2}$ days of half the year. Though the south blows but 33 days at Utrecht, I believe it more frequent with us, and is a very rainy one.

The causes alledged by the venerable professor for the prevalence of winds at Utrecht, not being satisfactory to me I omit mentioning, deeming it better to acknowledge my ignorance, than to give an account that would be doubtful, or erroneous.

The same industrious author* has furnished us a little table, from which we may conclude that the prevalent are also rainy winds.

This table taken from notes for the space of some years, compared with one another, contains only the actual days of rain.

West	-	-	203 days.
South West	-	-	135
South	-	-	61
South East	-	-	27
East	-	-	32
North East	-	-	54
North	-	-	29
North West	-	-	61

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Whoever will take the trouble of comparing these two tables, and use the ordinary methods of calculation, will find that by the first table where there is question only of the direction of the winds, that the prevalent winds blew as I said before half the year less by $14\frac{1}{2}$ days; but in the second table, wherein the rainy days alone are regarded, the prevalent winds rained 399 days, wanting but two days nearly of two thirds of the whole days of rain, and therefore it rained 122 days nearly more on the prevalent winds blowing, than in the proportion of their frequency. I am justified therefore in future, in calling the prevalent also the rainy winds; and hope I have pointed out the causes why they should be so in this country.

The rainy winds except due west, coming to us from more southern latitudes by No. 1, should have taken up much water, and by No. 4, the air is enabled to retain the same; and by No. 5, if such air be saturated, and cooled from any cause on its arrival over our more northerly Island, we must have clouds arise, or both.

As these winds prevail much, we are to expect great and frequent rains.

It would lead me too far to enumerate the different causes of rain assigned by authors. I shall only say, that however various and numerous the remote causes of rain may be, the water parting from the air, and af-

N O T E.

* Id. *ibid.* p. 246.

terwards generally coalescing into masses so large, that no power in the atmosphere can retain them longer in suspension, is the proximate and indispensable cause of rain.

And that condition of the atmosphere, which by being saturated or overloaded easily yields rain, if an occasional cause accede, I shall in future call the predisposing cause of rain.

I believe I may venture to conclude, that the predisposing causes of rain are great and frequent here, and in many parts of this kingdom besides. From the concurrence of all the above causes it may be inferred, that the air coming over our island, especially by the rainy winds, which also are the most frequent, must be moist, often saturated, and by accessory causes often so overloaded that we must expect abundance of clouds, which we actually have.

In countries where all or some of those causes of moisture are rarer or less intense, the air is clearer of clouds.

In France, at some distance from Paris, a gentleman desired me to observe that there were no clouds to be seen, which on observation proved true. In a year's residence in that kingdom, I often observed the hemisphere without a cloud.

During 25 years thereafter, I have not observed our atmosphere cloudless but one day, and one starry night. But as I did not look frequently for that purpose, no doubt the atmosphere has been sometimes, unknown to me, without a cloud.

A cloud is owing to particles of water let go by the air, but small enough to be yet suspended, tho' not chemically; and being in a state of great comminution, ready to be again resorbed by the air, or to fall in rain as the causes of either may predominate. Hence I have often seen a small cloud vanish, not as a balloon which becomes invisible by receding from the eye, for I perceived it when the cloud was approaching, and had not yet reached my Zenith.

When the contrary causes predominate, the cloud yields rain.

To recapitulate, from the causes already mentioned, we have often a moist, and often saturated atmosphere, abounding with highly impregnated clouds, and therefore great and frequent predisposing causes of rain.

If then we suppose the remote or occasional causes to be as frequent with us, and as powerful as in other places, we must expect a great quantity and frequency of rain.

What is offered, together with one more cause to be mentioned in my next letter, will, I hope amount, if not to an adequate and fully satisfactory account, at least appear a probable

a probable and reasonable one to the candid reader.

But if rain be so great with us, praise and glory to the merciful Author and Governor of nature, we are not without our intervals of drought. In the beginning of the last summer there was no rain for four or five successive weeks; yet in the memory of the oldest man, there has not been so plentiful an harvest, in the barony of Tyrawly, for oats, barley, potatoes, and flax, as the present one. This, tho' irrelative to the subject, I mention, because I am sure it will gratify the benevolence of the reader. There is so little wheat it is not worth mentioning: the meadows were indifferent.

As my subject required only an account of local causes, I omitted some things that I will now mention, lest my silence should mislead the inexperienced reader.

It rains then sometimes, and heavily too, from all points of the compass: we sometimes have dry weather while the prevalent winds blow: we have rains in calm weather: and it is remarked among the moderns, as far back as *Des Cartes* § that it rains sometimes from clear cloudless spaces in the atmosphere.

The next letter will contain a further explanation of rain, which will lead me to an account of those sudden summer showers, commonly, but improperly called here *planetary showers*, and some other phænomena.

I am, Revd. Sir, with the sincerest wishes, and most fervent prayers, for the re-establishment of your health, your, &c.

Killalla,

1st Nov. 1788.

JOHN FALLON.

Rural Life ; or, the History of Joseph Lovetrue and Annabella Constant.

THE charms of the country are so exquisite to one used to live in the city, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. We are there ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and, whether we look up to the heavens, down on the earth, or contemplate the prospects around us, we are still struck with a new sense of pleasure.

Such was the spot allotted for the residence of our lovers, Joseph Lovetrue and Annabella Constant: here, amidst a variety of rural

Joseph, though trained up to rustic employments, had good natural qualities, being of an engaging disposition, was possessed of a tolerable share of understanding, and had several other mental endowments essential to the character of manhood.

Annabella was endued with a gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life which distinguished her from the other sex, but such an inferiority as rendered her still more attracting: in short, kindness was all her art, and beauty all her arms; her look, her voice, her gesture, and whole behaviour, bespoke a goodness mixed with fear, and gave a tincture to all her deportment.

Two minds so congenial, and which seemed formed for each other, could not remain long divided: Joseph recounts to the object of his passion the pleasing prospect of happiness which awaited them, on their union, in his rural cottage, where he hoped, by every kind and endearing office, to make her the happiest of women, and, during life, testify the sincerity of his affection. These protestations had their desired effect. Annabella gave her consent; the sacred knot was soon after tied; and their mutual felicity may be much better conceived than expressed.

We think this short narrative cannot be more suitably closed by the following advice of a celebrated writer, respecting the fair sex: "As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to shine in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in." Pericles, a Grecian Orator, after having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, turns to the female part of his audience: "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex: follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

Instance of uncommon Moderation.

THE Earl of Caernarvon, in the reign of King James I. being at dinner one day, at the house of his father-in-law

The Miseries of Improper Education; or, the History of the Family of the Leverets.

NOT many years since, the family of Mr. Leveret were well known in London; the father for industry in his profession, the mother and four sons and daughters for the gaiety of their dress, and the elegance of their parties of pleasure. Few assemblies were not graced by a part of this family. The hopes of the daughters were directed to husbands of superior rank; while the sons, by the elegance of their persons, aimed at enrapturing heiresses of immense fortune. Both were persuaded that they should soon emerge from the obscurity of a city residence, and ennoble their family by an alliance to rank and title.

Nothing was spared in the education of the daughters, they danced well, dressed well, sung, played on several instruments; they read novels, judged of plays, wrote sonnets, and were distinguished by the claim they put in for judgment in matters of literature. The sons were educated in what is supposed to constitute "the fine gentleman." They danced, fenced, sung, and spoke French; and the whole family entertained a sovereign contempt for all that was mean and low.

With such accomplishments what was there to prevent their success? what was there to damp their ardour in the pursuit of title, fortune, and grandeur? Even that, gentle reader, which frequently prevents our attainment of such objects; the want of solid pretensions. The sons wanted industry; the daughters beauty or delicacy; beauty so great as to enamour a peer, and delicacy to conceal their constant endeavours to entrap every young man of fashion that came in their way.

Henceforward never let parents educate their children in hopes which they cannot gratify; or raise expectations which, as the world is now constituted, are not fulfilled once in ten thousand times. The Miss Leverets were not without beauty, their faces were what we call pretty, and their persons genteel: their taste in dress was unexceptionable, and their conversation not without a portion of that liveliness which passes for wit, but is really a species of garrulity which the politeness of the age may be said to tolerate, rather than approve. The sons, of whom there were two, besides being perfect masters of those genteel exercises we have recorded above, possessed as much beauty of person as usually falls to the lot of man; in giving which opinion we certainly mean to be serious, although the compliment may be short of their

own sentiments, which on this subject were too high and self-exalted to be admitted into this history.

There are two things, they say, which a lady has a *right* to be proud of: riches and beauty. To the beauty of our heroines we have spoken already, as to riches we can dismiss the subject in very few words; they really had none, and were obliged for their appearance to the industry of their father.

It has not yet been agreed upon, what *men* have a *right* to be proud of, not beauty, surely, for that we do not expect: riches, in this case there was none; industry was a vulgar attainment of which they never would be thought capable. Yet, singular as it may appear, John and Charles Leveret actually prided themselves on their beauty and their riches; on two qualifications, one of which they did possess, and the other they did not.

Here my readers must digress a little with me, while we enquire into this strange and inconsistent passion called *Pride*. It is natural to be proud of what one has—true—but it appears also natural to be proud of what one has not. How shall we reconcile this? In the first place, my good reader, thou art to know, that although in this short history which I have undertaken, I consider myself bound to state all matter of fact which may conduce to the great moral flowing therefrom; yet I do not hold myself bound to give a philosophical account of all the whims and eccentricities of character which are to be related. "We are all (says Sancho Panca) as God made us, and some of us much worse." And, however difficult it may be to account for men being proud of what they have not, yet we every day see with our eyes, and hear with our ears so many instances of the fact, that it is impossible not to give credit to it. If ever thou hast been in the side-box of a play-house, thou must have observed a BEAU. Now, a BEAU is a human creature as well as thou or I, and yet I could point out a beau without wit, wealth, or person, who firmly believes he possesses all the three, nay, in proof of what I say, who acts as if he actually possesses them; but I am not obliged to account for this. These gentlemen (for they are all gentlemen!) may be, like Don Quixote, pestered by enchanters, and mistake windmills for giants, inns for castles, and sheep for armies: and it must be confessed, that there is in the passion of pride and poverty mixed, a degree of enchantment capable of working as great changes to mens eyes.

But leaving this digression, which I now and declare I could have extended to a much

much greater length, if I had not been afraid of anticipating the thoughts of my readers, I proceed to my story.

Nothing, gentle reader, is of more importance than right education; and it is of great importance also to know of what nature and kind the education we are to give our children ought to be. The difficulty of finding this out, would never have been so great as certain persons pretend that it is, if parents would but consider one plain, simple, and I will boldly say, infallible rule. "Before we go to educate our children let us consider what we are ourselves." Were this rule attended to, we should seldom find the sons of plain tradesmen educated to be "fine gentlemen." Nor young ladies, daughters of the same, taught to believe that they will one day be the ladies of baronets, countesses, nay duchesses.

Having then considered what we are ourselves, let us next revolve in our own minds, whether our possessions are durable, how long we can carry on the farce without discovery and disgrace; and, lastly, whether on our demise, we can bequeath as much to our children as will cherish the hopes we have inspired, support the grandeur we have taught them; whether the fine tree we have planted, that is to bear on one branch a baronet, on another a countess, and on a third a viscount: whether I say, this tree may not wither, when the sap that nourished its trunk can no longer be supplied: whether this edifice we have built, be fairly founded, and have good supporters, or whether it doth not resemble those houses of cards which children amuse themselves in building, and which a puff of wind can destroy. In plain English, reader, we ought to consider, that if the support of a family depend on the work of one man's hands, when that man dies the grandeur of the family dies with him, the broad pendant of outward pomp flies no longer, and whether we will or not, the flag of distress must be hung out.

But indeed we must do ourselves the justice to say we are now considering what the family of the Leverets never at all considered. Their system was a very opposite one, to that which we have humbly recommended; and as they were not in that respect singular, but on the contrary, like many of the world, I shall again take the liberty to digress and explain what their system was.

It was, in one word, a system of deception. They endeavoured to deceive the world into an opinion of wealth which they never possessed, and of independence which, to do them justice, they never strove to obtain. It has often occurred to me that

to deceive others to be the first deceived themselves; and this follows the nature of things. *Si vis me flere, says an eminent critic, dolendum est primum ipismet tibi,* which is as much as to say "If you wish me to weep you must first weep yourself;" and accordingly we observe that those actors on the stage who are themselves affected by the part they perform, command the most plentiful flow of tears from the audience. Now, from what observation I have been able to make on human nature, I am really inclined to think there is something like this occurs in the case of deceit. Thus far, however, I can speak with certainty, that I have known a professed liar who told his lies so often to others, as at length to believe them himself, and upon oath, not to be able to distinguish between the true and false parts of his wonderful relations.

The system of deceit adopted by the Leveret family consisted, in general, in making the world believe that they were very rich, and possessed accomplishments even superior to that riches. This was the part of their system by which they imposed on the world. The other part by which they imposed on themselves, consisted in believing that they had already actually deceived the world, that they were able still and henceforth to deceive the world, and that they really merited the superior situations of life by marriage, to which they aspired.

A system like this required some support, and while Mr. Leveret lived, it had that support from the wealth produced by a great business; a business which might have been as productive to his heirs as to himself, if, which I presume my readers are already apprized of, it had not been a constitutional law in this family, that business, that vulgar, horrid bore, should no longer disgrace the Leverets. Besides this law, there were certain maxims and aphorisms duly preserved and daily circulated in this family, which tended very much to keep up a genteel spirit. Some of these maxims I find in my common place-book under the head *Follies*, and I shall present them to my readers without farther preface.

It was a notion with Mr. Leveret, that no opportunity of getting money should be lost; and that where money was concerned, every person was at liberty to drive his bargains in any manner he pleased, provided there was nothing expressed in the statute laws of the realm contrary thereunto. For there are many people in the world, gentle and courteous reader, who can easily reconcile it to their own minds to deserve the gallows, provided they are assured that it is not in the power of the law to send them thither. And there were not wanting some of your over-nice and scrupulous people

who thought, nay privately said, that some of Mr. Leveret's transactions were unfair, and so close to certain laws, that if he had stood in a law-library, his coat would have infallibly brushed upon the usury and the smuggling acts. But how far this was true, I never could exactly learn; and as I am determined to be a faithful historian of facts only, I leave this matter to be adjudged by the reader as he may think proper. For I must not lose sight of the chief end and use of this history, to point out the miseries which arise from improper education; and this brings me to some of Mrs. Leveret's maxims of policy. One was "that she had rather see a daughter the kept mistress of a nobleman, than the wife of a tradesman."—This maxim I record, although it must stand simple and naked as it is, for I never heard what the lady's reasons were for being of this opinion. It is rather singular, however, that she should have preferred prostitution, which leads sooner or later to a miserable end, to marriage which dignifies and calls forth the good qualities and sense of a woman. But we need not reason upon a position which speaks so plainly for itself. Among the young ladies, it was a favourite maxim, that a tradesman makes a vulgar, matter-of-fact-kind of a husband—that five hundred a year in trade is not worth possessing; but that on five thousand a year and a carriage, one might contrive to exist—or to tolerate the burthen of life. This maxim, although expressed in very few words, is of very great latitude. And if any of my fair readers will take it into consideration, they will find that it extends so far as to have a wonderful influence over the mind and the body, and to operate in every part of moral conduct, both in thought, word and deed. Not that I would be thought to say, that the same maxim in the mouths of certain ladies would be monstrous; for it might with some degree of propriety (I do not specify how much) proceed from the lips of the sole heiress to the vast estate of the earl of —, or his Grace the Duke of —, but coming from the lips (and I fear from the heart) of the daughter of a plain tradesman, it appears unnatural, monstrous, and ridiculous.

As to the sons, they had their favourite maxims too, but what they were will better appear when we take a review of the particular method pursued in their education, which shall be the subject of our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

Character of the American General Lee.

THE character of this person is full of absurdities and qualities of a most extraordinary nature. His understanding was

great, his memory capacious, and his fancy brilliant. His mind was stored with a variety of knowledge, which he collected from books, conversations and travels. He had been in most European countries. He was a correct and elegant classical scholar; and both wrote and spoke his native language, with perspicuity, force, and beauty. From these circumstances he was, at times, a most agreeable and instructive companion. His temper was naturally sour and severe. He was seldom seen to laugh, and scarcely to smile. The history of his life is little else than the history of disputes, quarrels, and duels, in every part of the world. He was vindictive to his enemies. His avarice had no bounds. He never went into a public, and seldom into a private house, where he did not discover some marks of ineffable and contemptible meanness. He grudged the expence of a nurse in his last illness, and died in a small dirty room in the Philadelphia Tavern, called the Canastoe-waggon, (designed chiefly for the entertainment and accommodation of common countrymen) attended by no one but a French servant, and Mr. Oswald the printer, who once served as an officer under him. He was both impious and profane. In his principles he was not only an infidel, but was very hostile to every attribute of the Deity. His morals were exceedingly debauched. His manners were rude, partly from nature, and partly from affectation. His appetite was so whimsical as to what he ate and drank, that he was at all times, and in all places, a most troublesome and disagreeable guest. He had been bred to arms from his youth; and served as Lieutenant Colonel among the British, as Colonel among the Portuguese, and afterwards Aid-de-camp to his Polish Majesty, with the rank of Major General. Upon the American Continent's being forced into arms for the preservation of her liberties; he was called forth by the voice of the people, and elected to the rank of third in command of their forces. He had exhausted every valuable treatise, both ancient and modern, on the military art. His judgment in war was generally sound.

He was extremely useful to the Americans in the beginning of the revolution, by inspiring them with military ideas, and a contempt for British discipline and valour. It is difficult to say, whether the active and useful part he took in the contest, arose from personal resentment against the King of Great Britain, or from a regard to the liberties of America. It is certain he reprobated the French alliance and republican forms of government, after he retired from the American service. He was, in the field, brave in the highest degree; and with all his faults and oddities, was beloved by his officers.

cers and soldiers. He was devoid of prudence, and used to call it a *rascally virtue*. His partiality to dogs was too remarkable not to be mentioned in his character. Two or three of these animals followed him generally wherever he went. When the Congress confirmed the sentence of the Court Martial, suspending him for twelve months, he pointed to his dog and exclaimed, "Oh! that I was that animal, that I might not call *man* my brother."

Two virtues he possessed in an eminent degree, viz. sincerity and veracity. He was never known to deceive or desert a friend, and was a stranger to equivocation, even where his safety or character were at stake.

He died on Wednesday evening, October 2, 1782, after being confined to his bed from the evening of the preceding Friday. His disorder was a defluetion of the lungs, of three months standing, which produced something like a spurious inflammation of the lungs, accompanied with an epidemic remitting fever.

Histories of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of the Literary Traveller, and the German Correspondent.

HER ladyship, rising one morning from the bed of love, declared, in conversation with her *fille de chambre*, in quoting the words of parson Yorick with a little deviation from his reverence's text—"They can do these things better in France."

Now the *fille de chambre* being a native of France, and having resided both in England and Ireland, was of an opinion, founded upon experience, diametrically opposite to her lady—She advanced many convincing proofs in support of her hypothesis, and illustrated her arguments from real life.—Lord Cholmondeley—and lord Boileau were both produced on the part of the sister kingdoms against all the world.—Her ladyship mentioned count de Guisne.—The *fille de chambre* turned up her nose with a *psha!*—and her ladyship gave up the point.—But,

"She who's convinc'd against her will,
"Is of the same opinion still.—"

So the count was invited to a cabinet conference, at which matters were managed with so much indiscretion, that my lord came to a full knowledge of the conversation which passed between the count and his lady.

This matter however was settled, though not to the satisfaction of my lord, yet much to the satisfaction of my lady.—Her curiosity still existed, and having a strong bent towards natural philosophy, and being a sceptic in the doctrine of love, she resolved

upon proving the truth of things by experiment.

"I have a notion," said her ladyship, one morning to her *fille de chambre*, "that they manage these matters better in Germany."—I have heard much of the house of Brandenbourg and of its hereditary virtues.—Measures were accordingly taken, and the lady found the head of the house of B——— just as she wished to find it.—After a few visits, his highness and her ladyship laid their heads together upon the cause of her journey, that is, they commenced a *tete à tete*.

One evening being warmly engaged in a literary contest, her ladyship said something which unfortunately drew from his highness this exclamation—"Do you take me for a Turk?"—She urged an explanation, but he, perceiving his error, positively refused to indulge her.

Curiosity was again alive, her ladyship read over Rycaut's history of Turkey—searched the Koran, and perused with attention Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters, but to no purpose. She inquired of every person she met respecting the peculiarity of the Turks, without receiving satisfaction; till one day musing over a newspaper, she perceived under the head of intelligence from Constantinople, that the command of the Ottoman troops was given to a *Bashaw of three tails*.

"There must be something mysterious," said her ladyship to her *fille de chambre*, in these Turkish symbols; so pack up immediately, for I am determined upon a visit to the grand seignior.

She accordingly set out, and on her journey kept up a constant correspondence with his highness of B——. She went on satisfying her curiosity every where, till she arrived at Constantinople; but there she was cruelly disappointed.—The only difference she found between a Turk and a Christian, was a mere trifle, and the Christian had the advantage.—

Anecdote of Milton.

BELIEVING that the following real circumstance has been but little noticed, we submit the particulars of it, as not uninteresting, to the attention of our readers:—It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering, one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they

they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines, upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprize, read these verses from Guarini :

“ *Occhi, Stelle mortali,*
 “ *Ministri de miei mali,*
 “ *Se chiusi m'accidete.*
 “ *Apperti che furate ?* ”

“ Ye eyes ! ye human stars ! ye authors of my loveliest pangs ! if thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open ! ” — Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, thro' every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more agitated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer ; and it is, in some degree, to her that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the *Paradise Lost*.

Character of Pompey. By Dr. Conyers Middleton.

POMPEY had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit, which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great ; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa ; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion ; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar ; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory ; and by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man, in Rome ; the leader,

not the tyrant of his country ; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him : but he lived in perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force : and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him ; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered ; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms ; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients ; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated ; his sentiments just ; his voice sweet ; his actions noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown ; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour ; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect ; yet with an air of reserving haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great ; specious, rather than penetrating ; and his views of politics but narrow, for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation ; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city ; and though adored when abroad was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power ; that by giving him some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable : he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals ; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raise them above the laws ; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion : all this was purely his own ; till by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he

he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle. if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it; but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of

most in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

I Have just read the humorous letter in your last Magazine, Page 77, in which the writer complains that he has not been able to meet with such a phenomenon as an old woman. I understand perfectly the drift of his satire, and must say, that "pity it is, it is true." Nothing is so common now-a-days as people in years affecting the manners and dress of the young. But I do not wish your correspondent to confine this observation to the women only. I have been as much puzzled to discover an old man, as he has been to find an old woman. Be they of what age they may, they affect the behaviour and language of youth, and seem to have entirely discarded the good old maxim, "the young may die, the old must." Many of them that I know who are past sixty, are as full of their feats of bottle-drinking and gallantry, as if they were young fellows at the Curragh between college-terms. They will be affronted if you call them old, and take every pains to convince you that they are young. It was but a few nights ago, when going home about twelve o'clock, I perceived an old fellow in amorous confabulation with one of those young ladies who are privileged with the freedom of the streets, and, by moonlight, I could plainly perceive that the old dotard had passed his grand climacteric. Mercy on me! thought I, when do men begin to be wise? If I, who am not half this man's age, am sensible to his folly, shall I lose my wits, and be such another as he is at his age? May my portion be, *Mens sano in corpore sano*, whether I live longer or shorter.

Some time ago, one of those young gentlemen of seventy-four was boasting that he had drank four bottles of wine at a tavern lately, and had seen the whole company under the table. I pleased him very much by

But as to the satire of your correspondent Virtuoso, I am sorry to say that every place exhibits too many examples where it is justly applicable. Women of fifty (I take the lowest) dressing like girls of fifteen. Age should affect nothing. The time then is past when nature had attractions for love; and wisdom and discretion ought to supply the place of personal beauty. They ought to be counsellors to the young, and not imitators of their folly; they ought now to use that experience which they have acquired, to teach the young to avoid the errors into which themselves may have fallen by an over-weening attention to external ornament, and being more desirous to catch men than to attract minds.

Age is honourable; virtuous old age the most honourable of all. To attempt to pass for young, to dress like the young, and visit public amusements as in the days of youthful levity, is something worse than merely ridiculous. The time cannot be far off, when they must bid adieu to this world and all its enjoyments; and if they have outlived their days of vanity, they ought to rejoice that they still have time left for reflection, and gradually wean their minds from the unprofitable follies of their youth, that their latter days may be peaceful, serene, and happy.

As I observed before, this vice of affecting youth is confined to no sex; in the male sex, however, it ofteneft appears in a disgusting shape; some allowance may be made for the female affectation of youth, which is principally displayed in dress: but what allowance can be made for him, who having lived long enough to have time to repent of his youthful vices and follies, and yet practises them, and boasts of them, merely that he may attain the reputation of being able to do that when old, which he ought to have been ashamed of doing when young? To hear a man, whose life hangs by the narrowest thread, boasting of his feats of debauchery, and catching applause of the giddy and the young around him, is a spectacle which I could never behold without horror.

Do what we will, and live how we please, old age will come, and if we employ it for no better purpose than to perpetuate the practice as well as the memory of youthful vices, we lay up a miserable fund for the hour of reflection—that hour which must come in spite of folly. Long life is fortuitous to every man. No regimen censure it, and we find from many hundred instances, that in some constitutions not even intemperance can prevent it. At every time of life, however, it is absurd to trifle with the gift of nature, or to endeavour to recall the fol-

lies of youth that they may disgrace the period of old age.

I am, Sir, yours,
REFLECTOR.

On Tedioufness in Telling a Story

THERE are many more sensible of the importance of the lesser than of the greater duties of human life, and therefore those writings in which the lesser duties of life are explained and recommended, have not been unsuccessful. Where the power of being agreeable is wanting, its place is, in many cases, supplied by an artificial behaviour, which in little things cannot be censured, and in greater cannot be admitted. All men are desirous to please in company; what are called conversation talents are held more valuable than solid learning; the deep and incessant studies of the two last centuries are seldom heard of. Men of letters, instead of secluding themselves from society, are, perhaps, of all men most desirous to share in its pleasures. Much of that time which was formerly devoted to ascetic studies, is now employed in a display of communicative talents. The rust of literature, the contracted brow of business, the deep thought of the philosopher, and the plodding expectations of the merchant, give way to the cultivation of agreeable manners. While this change extends no farther than to render life more cheering, while it encroaches not upon honesty as a principle, nor upon sincerity as a rule of speech, it will be considered as one of the happiest improvements which civilization brings with it; nor can we censure any man for studying the art of pleasing, while it does not interfere with the more important duties of life, or relax any fixed principle. It is to be hoped that a nation may be sincere without being rude, and serious without gloom.

But although no little pains have lately been taken by polite writers to teach the art of being agreeable, their success has not been great.—The truth is, their labour might have been spared, had they considered that that which is not natural cannot be taught, that genius is original in the mind, and that there are many thousand who, with the best dispositions, and a fund of good nature, cannot be numbered among the happy ones whose peculiar talent is to please in company. The graces may be recommended, and the outlines of good breeding may be drawn; general rules may be given, and general principles explained. But, in practice, few have the presence of mind to recollect those rules they have read, or recur to those principles they profess. Words are spoken which were not expected, and little events occur which we are not provided for—an argu-

ment

ment is held in which we are feeling interested, and decorum is frequently forgotten in the warmth of reply, or the pride of victory.

Among the various pleasantries which give hilarity to company, a story neatly and aptly related, is to be ranked as one of the principal. To give a story its due effect, to produce mirth without tiring, is a very happy talent. No little judgment is required to select such a story as may illustrate the subject of conversation if useful, or end it in a laugh if improper. He that wishes to succeed in a story ought to attend to three things.—First, That what he relates be truth; secondly, that it comes naturally, and is not forced into the conversation; or interrupts the more important discussion of a useful subject—and thirdly, that he be so perfect in the circumstances as to give it full effect. And when he is master of these cautions, to prevent disappointment, let him reflect that some people have so little relish for anecdote, that music to the deaf, or painting to the blind is not more unprofitable.

Another rule may be added, which all writers on this subject have recommended, that the story be short. To render a long story interesting is almost impossible; an ingenious artist has therefore very properly, in a print called the long story, represented the greatest part of the company asleep, while one of them is telling a long story of his adventures abroad. Self-love is a principle so general, that we discover it even in the relation of a story, where a man imagines that the petty adventures which he has encountered must be as pleasing to others to hear, as to himself to relate.

Old people are generally prolix in their narratives; their stories respect the days of their youth; their adventures, their gallantries, and their exploits make a strong impression on a memory not capable of remembering more recent events. It is not uncommon to hear aged men relate a playhouse adventure which happened fifty years before, while they are incapable of recollecting the adventures of the preceding week. Old men, however, are not singular for prolixity, although we can in some degree excuse them. There is a pleasure in beholding the withered cheek expand with the recollected vigour of youth, and the half sunk eye brightened with the remembrance of good deeds, or brave achievements. But nothing is more intolerable than, in young men, that fondness for talking which engages the whole conversation. It is the usual concomitant of a weak head. The consent of mankind seems to say that a company is a little republic, where superiority is accidental and fluctuating, conversation is a common stock, and every one has a right to a share.

It is to be lamented that the manners of the age are not calculated to increase our stock of wit; the subjects, unless among men of letters, are by no means connected with wisdom, and not at all allied to wit. Invention and imagination labour uselessly upon objects that afford no interest, and excite no elegant thought: the adventures at race-ground, the feats of a tavern drinking bout, or the pedigree of dogs, are subjects which take more from us than they leave us. Time may be wasted in learning that one man has galloped twenty miles in two hours, that another has drank four bottles at one sitting, or that one boxer has beat another; but here there is nothing recommended which it were not better to prohibit. It is easy, however, to be voluble on such subjects; the birth, parentage, and transactions of a horse supply a copious fund; and with men of mode, the least accident of their lives gives matter to a prolix narrative. Piger is one of those tedious narrators of unimportant stories. Whoever keeps his company, must learn with the disciples of the ancient philosopher, to be silent and listen; and it is a truism in certain companies that, to be silent is a duty where to speak would be an insult. Piger has to tell you of a fall from his horse. Another man would say, that on Monday last he fell from his horse near Richmond, and was considerably bruised, but recovered soon—and this, with the cause of the accident, is, perhaps, all that is necessary to be known. But Piger will make a volume of it, by the assistance of tautology and digression—as thus;

“Egad, now you mention a fall from a horse, did ever I tell you of the terrible fall I once had in riding from Durham to Newcastle?”

“O yes, sir you have told us often—

“Aye—but perhaps some of the company don’t know it.—You are to know—it was a most remarkable affair—you are to know that one night I was supping—supping! no, I believe I dined with him—for I well remember we had a haunch of venison, a present I believe from—the mayor—the mayor! let me recollect, was it not the recorder?—no—the mayor—the mayor sent the buck—the recorder sent a brace of pheasants and a hare—supped on them another night—now, sir, after dinner—as we are drinking the king’s health in a bumper of claret, of which you know my friend Tom always has great plenty.—I scarce know any man more curious in his liquor—some excellent hock too, but I did not taste it—it always disagrees with me—so, after the ladies had retired, we were drinking some jolly toasts, for Tom never forgets church and king, and so forth—by the bye I believe his father’s brother was among the Manchester people in 1745—

bet mum for that—if a man gives a good dinner, what signifies his ancestors or his principles—so, after we had drank a little, we were talking about the riots—it was the same year—when my town-house suffered with the others—though, between ourselves, I never could discover what made them suppose I was a Papist—says I, Tom, I ride to-morrow from Durham to Newcastle in a certain time—he swore I could not do it—I took his bet—a cool hundred—and a dinner for the company, who were pretty numerous—among others I remember was Dick Dammey, a lieutenant of a man of war, and George—, he! no, I believe he was not of the party at that time—he came in afterwards, and drank a few glasses of wine, he was always a queer dog—we were at school together at York.

“ In the morning, sir, I got up about—hey! let me see—I believe it might be about eight o’clock—or rather a quarter or twenty minutes past—I well remember my watch stood at the time—goes in general very well—but the weather I am told affects watch springs, or wheels, or something—it was a prodigious fine morning—a little hazy or so—but I should have told you that the night before Tom engaged me to sup with him on my return—if not better engaged——but yet I don’t know where I could have been better engaged—a pleasant fellow too—and egad! we had such a supper—among ourselves—finished five bottles a-piece—claret is a very light wine—when taken in moderation—But port—port is very heady—did you ever drink any of my friend Sam Oldfield’s port?—never tasted better upon my honour.—Well, as I was saying—before we parted—shook hands—“ good bye, Piger,” says he, “ remember the wager,”—a generous dog, but never forgot to demand a wager.—So—sir—as soon as I was dressed—and I had an hour to wait for my hair-dresser—a lazy scoundrel—must turn him off I believe—though upon the whole he is tolerable.

“ When I had mounted my mare—you have seen my mare, have you not?—a right going thing—lure-footed—I had her from Sir Charles Turf, of our neighbourhood—you remember the day we met Sir Charles on the heath, when his bay horse ran against Dumps, belonging to what’s his name. Oh! it was the day we dined with

Story-telling is, after all, a dangerous talent. It is a weapon few can wield without hurting some friend, even when they point it most successfully; and when handled clumsily it never fails to recoil upon themselves. To have the laugh on our side is not always a proof that we have either truth or argument in our favour. Professed wits, however, are above considerations which damp their genius.

To others it may be observed that, truth is in itself so valuable and so honourable that its place is poorly supplied by a silly tale. A habit of telling stories is too apt to relax our attention to truth, which, when departed from in little things may be justly suspected in matters of higher moment.—Anecdotes too, however supplemental, are no part of reasoning, and he who trusts to them for a reply, discovers a shallow understanding and a shallow invention. They cannot supply the whole of conversation, and therefore our opinion of that man’s knowledge cannot be favourable who seeks to recommend himself to our attention by copious details from jest books. He may occasionally entertain us, but he comes uninvited and departs without regret. Men of this description seldom enquire how far the story occurring to their memory may be proper, whether it may not convey an unmerited censure, or a direct insult, a thing very possible and not uncommon in mixed companies. The highest merit of the greatest wit, is to suppress the finest impulse of his genius, because whatever entertainment it may afford to vacant minds, it may have a tendency to injure a friend, to dishonour virtue, or violate truth.

Bon Ton : or, a Sketch of London.

THE great world who are generally employed in the discussion of little things, have been much agitated by Mr. Rolle’s promised motion respecting Mrs. Fitzherbert.—Lord Abingdon says, any Prince marrying a Papist is, and he produces the black lettered statute in support of his point, incapable of inheriting the crown.—Lord Abingdon though a law-giver is not a law-expounder, for by a subsequent statute, as the marriage of a Prince or Princess of the blood without the assent of the King is absolutely void—the first statute of

house have commenced, where the amateurs of all parties meet in perfect harmony.—

Though the ladies have not as yet attended the exhibitions of the pugilists, yet as many bets were made by the first women in the circles of *bon ton*, the boxing 'bout between Ryan and Johnson, comes naturally under this head.—It is however only necessary to observe that the latter conquered, though of inferior strength, being the most scientific of the two —

At the Opera-house there has been what the vulgar term, a *row*, which the industrious and ingenious Mr. Grosse, in his slang dictionary explains to be *dust*, a *breeze*, or a *riot*.—This phenomenon, to a fashionable circle was owing to the neglect of Sir John Galini, the manager, who, having been lately knighted by the Pope, thought himself entitled to deal in dispensations, but soon discovered he had made a *bull*, the audience refusing him *absolution* for the horrid *sin* of omitting to engage capital dancers. Accordingly the stage was laid under an *interdict*, the manager *excommunicated*, and even the scenes and sconces were broken and shivered to pieces.—This execution having brought Sir John to the stool of *repentance*, he appeared the ensuing evening in sackcloth and ashes, made a full *confession* of his offences, promised amendment and received *pardon*.

Mr. Rolle's motion in the commons has raised many doubts,—There is no marriage, said Mr. Fox!—no marriage, said Mr. Sheridan, &c.—Then what have we been about, say the married ladies!—It must be defended, say they, like the *limitations of the prerogative* upon the point of *necessity*.—"It is better to *marry* than *burn*:" says the Apostle.—But if the law of Heaven says, "Thou shalt not commit *adultery*," and the law of the land says, "Thou shalt not *marry*,"—how is a man or woman to act? Are they to *marry* or *burn*—to *burn* would be hell upon earth, so they must e'en do the best they can.

Mrs. Piozzi's concert, with the assistance of Mr. Piozzi's playing, and Miss Hamilton's elegant finger is the most attractive in

united, of sattin striped green and violet without trimming.—

A long cloak of white sattin, trimmed with fox-skin.

On the neck, a plain fichu, full and projecting.

On the arms, a large muff of Siberian Wolf's skin; ornamented with a knot of Aurora ribband.

The head-dress is a chapeau l'Espagnole. The brim of black sattin is tucked up on the right side with a loop of rose sattin. The crown is of white sattin, bound with a wreath of rose ribband cut. An aigrette of two large rose and white feathers, and three black is fixed to that part where the brim is tucked up.

The hair is craped on the sides and done in detached curls on the forehead, behind it floats in ringlets.

The shoes rose sattin, trimmed with silver fringe.

Caraco a la Sultana—Is made of light violet sattin with long sleeves of the same colours, trimmed, with gauze ruffles cut in points. The skirts are long and cut in the shape of lozenges, there are two necks, the upper is narrow and of violet sattin, the under broad and of white sattin.

Under the Caraco, a stomacher and long petticoat, united of white sattin.

A broad girdle of black velvet, on which are two large medallions, gilt and enamelled.

The head dress a plain cap, ornamented with a knot of Aurora ribband.

The hair dressed en tapet. Four curls on each side, fall exactly on the bosom: behind loose and in separate curls.

On the neck a fichu jabet, very open.

A black muff ornamented with green ribband.

Rose sattin shoes, trimmed with white silk fringe.—

Memoirs of his Majesty George the Third.

(Continued from Page 64.)

THE commons having thus munificently provided for his majesty's household, next took into consideration the supplies necessary

ways and means, the mutiny bill, which was now extended to the forces of the East India Company, and a bill to continue, for a limited time, importation of salted beef, pork, and butter, passed the Commons. The reason for passing the last bill is curious: it is "because it was found conducive to the interest of Great Britain;" a national distinction, which was not without its effect upon the Irish, a loyal and affectionate people, who now saw the Scotch, who had twice rebelled against the reigning family, springing into notice, and flourishing in the sunshine of royal favour, while the interests of Ireland were neglected, treated with contempt, or made subservient to the other parts of the empire: circumstances which roused their pride, and warmed their resentments to the pursuit of those objects which have regained their liberties and re-established their independence; for it was at this time those measures originated in Ireland which ultimately emancipated that kingdom from the controuling power of the British parliaments.

An act of grace, including pardon to crown prisoners, was now expected; but only an act of insolvency was passed, and from its benefit were excluded all uncertified bankrupts; but for what reason is difficult to determine. This parsimonious distribution of mercy was impolitic. Among the crown prisoners were many seamen, and a number of out-lawed persons were fugitives abroad, who, had an act of grace passed, would have been useful to their country.

In the month of January 1761, his majesty, in a message to the commons, expressed his satisfaction for the faithful services of his American subjects, and recommending it to the house to take their services into consideration, and enable him to give them a recompence for the expences the several provinces had incurred, by raising and maintaining troops.

This message was referred to a committee of supply, and the provision demanded, granted; a royal message was also delivered in favour of the East India Company to enable them to defray the expence of a military force; and they were accordingly gratified.

Among the most popular and constitutional acts of this reign, none impressed the people with so high an opinion of the patriotic principles and candour of their prince, as his recommending, from the throne, a means of securing the independency of the judges. He told the lords and commons, in a speech made on this occasion, that "upon granting new commissions to the judges, the present state of their offices fell naturally under consideration: that, notwithstanding the act of King William the

Third, for settling the succession of the crown, by which act the commissions of the judges were continued in force during their good behaviour; yet their offices had determined at the demise of the crown, or in six months after that event, as often as it had happened: that as he looked upon the independency and uprightness of the judges, as essential to the impartial administration of justice, the best security to the rights and liberties of his subjects, as well as conducive to the honour of the crown, he recommended this material object to the consideration of parliament, in order that such further provision might be made for the securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding such demise." In the same speech, he urged the commons particularly that they should establish upon the judges, salaries to be absolutely secured to them during the continuance of their commission.

The parliament and the nation considered this speech with the most heartfelt satisfaction. The commons unanimously voted an address of thanks, and the consequence was, an act, which ordained that such part of the salaries of the judges as was before payable out of the sums granted for support of the king's household, should, after the demise of his present Majesty, be payable out of such revenues, granted for the use of the civil government, as should subsist after the demise of his present majesty, or any of his successors.

By this act, the judges were rendered as independent of the crown as the wisdom of man could devise: but the Memoirs of this reign will shew, that a secret influence directed many decisions of the courts: and, that to render judges truly independent, they should not be raised to peerages while on the bench, but be confined to the offices of jurists, and never be permitted to participate in acts of legislation, or to interfere ministerially in cabinet politics.

In consequence of another message from his majesty, the commons gave a further proof of their munificence. They voted to him a million of money upon account to defray the extraordinary expences of the war.

At the close of the sessions, Mr. Onslow, the Speaker, declared his determination to resign, in a speech so replete with sensibility, that it not only drew tears from him, but melted the house with sympathy. They therefore unanimously returned him thanks for his services, and addressed his majesty to confer upon him some signal mark of royal favour, for his great and signal services to his country. This address met the approbation of the king, who conferred on Mr. Onslow a pension for his own life, and the life of his son, for 3000*l.* a year, payable out of the

the Exchequer, which was made good by parliament: and immediately after, on the 19th day of March, the parliament was dissolved.

1761. The tax which had been laid upon beer, was considered by the common people, whom it most materially affected, as a heavy grievance, and produced a very loud and popular clamour, especially in the metropolis, where some publicans attempted to raise the price. Their attempts, however, being frustrated, by the total desertion of their customers, the tumult subsided, when the consumers found that the impost did not affect them. At Hexham also, there was a dangerous commotion, owing to a regulation of the Northumbrian justices; who had ordered, after the militia had served for three years, that there should be a ballot for a succession of men. The common people, considering this regulation a grievance, assembled from all parts, to the amount of five thousand men, women, and children, armed with clubs, and many with fire-arms. The justices procured a battalion of the Yorkshire militia for their guard; and the populace, being reinforced by a body of keelmen from Newcastle, became desperate, not only insulted the guard, but even wounded some of them with stones. The riot act was now read, and the justices exhorted the people to retire; but in vain: the populace assaulted the militia with desperate fury; fired several shots at them, and killed an officer and private man. Irritated at this injury, the militia poured in a regular discharge upon the rioters, forty-five of whom being killed on the spot, and three hundred wounded, the survivors immediately fled, many of them falling in their flight.—It unfortunately happened, that among the sufferers were a number of women and children; many of whom were attempting, by solicitations, to persuade their husbands and fathers to retire from the scene of riot; though, on the other side, not a few of the women encouraged their nearest relatives to persevere in supporting the tumult. The recollection of this scene must strike the mind with horror. The militia were blameless; they acted from principles of self defence. The populace cannot be excused, but their conduct is in a considerable degree palliated by the recollection, that they were impelled by a belief that the justices were aggrieving them. The justices were sanctified either creates a new imposition, or restrains by the law; but in executing a law that an old privilege, the utmost caution and prudence is necessary. Vulgar minds judge from immediate effects, and act from the first impulse of their minds: and obedience is never so well secured, as when it results from conviction. It is therefore devoutly to be wished, that, in this land of freedom,

those magistrates to whom the executive power is delegated, would, by the best possible means, explain the reason and necessity of new statutes, before they attempt to enforce them. This tragedy did not conclude on the spot where it originated. Several of the rioters having been apprehended, were tried for high treason, and executed as traitors to their king and country; though, perhaps, possessing hearts replete with loyalty and principles of constitutional freedom, in the defence of which they would have laid down their lives with cheerfulness.

A declaration of the king in respect to the general election, which was approaching communicated the highest satisfaction to his subjects. He gave them assurance, he would in no shape intermeddle with the freedom of election, nor suffer a farthing to issue from the treasury on that account; and that as his whole ambition was to render the nation flourishing and happy, he would trust entirely to the loyalty of his people, not doubting their affection would sufficiently strengthen the hands of his government. This evidence of his Majesty's patriotism and attention to the constitution, was blazoned forth by the creatures and dependants of Lord Bute, as a consequence of his lordship's tutelage; and it was every where industriously insinuated, that the great and noble Pitt had advised a contrary conduct, and pleaded the custom of former times for continuing the corruption of boroughs in the political system. But the experience of this reign now shews, that as its glories and acquisitions were the result of Mr. Pitt's advice, so its disgraces and losses were the effects of Lord Bute's secret influence: and the people of England, whenever they recollect the loss of America, and the many unconstitutional acts attempted to be imposed upon them, and others actually passed into laws, must at the same time remember, that those grievances are only to be imputed to that early education which their sovereign received from Lord Bute, and the ascendancy his influence had in the cabinet. The maxims by which the kings of Scotland ruled, are, in general, diametrically opposite to those on which the prerogative of the English crown is founded. The Roman law and the law of England, at least so far as they respect the rights of the sovereign, are by no means consonant; and though Lord Bute might have been a very proper tutor for an emperor of Rome, when Rome had lost her liberty, no man could be worse qualified for preceptor to an English king, sworn to preserve inviolate the rights of his subjects, vindicated at the Revolution, by the expulsion of the Stuart family from the throne, and declared to be indubitable by the bill of rights. Lord Bute, in his politics, seems

to have forgotten, that the doctrines of jure divino, and indefeasible hereditary right, were exploded by law; and, that the Hanoverian family were called and raised to the throne by the voice of the people, and established in the sovereignty by an act of parliament.

His majesty's accession to the throne produced no material change in any branch of administration. The see of Canterbury was filled by Secker, a divine renowned for his philanthropy; Lord Henley was appointed chancellor; Lord Mansfield continued in the court of King's Bench; and Judge Willes in the court of Common Pleas.

In the ministry, Earl Bute succeeded Lord Holderness, as a secretary of state, for the northern department; while Mr. Pitt acted as his coadjutor; and, from the different views of their politicks, well might they be styled the evil and good genius of the country. The Duke of Newcastle was first lord of the treasury; Earl Granville presided at the council; and Lord Anson at the board of admiralty. Earl Temple kept the privy seal; Mr. Legge acted as chancellor of the exchequer; and Mr. Charles Townshend was appointed secretary at war. Mr. Henry Fox was paymaster; the Duke of Devonshire, chamberlain; his grace of Rutland, master of the horse; and Earl Talbot steward of the household. Lord Halifax was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland; an office of the first dignity, consequence, trust and patronage. Lord Ligonier was placed at the head of the army in Great Britain. Prince Ferdinand, and the Marquis of Granby, commanded the British forces in Germany; and the army in America was directed by Sir Jeffery Amherst. In the naval department, no material change took place. Admiral Holborne continued at Spithead; Sir Edward Hawke and Sir Charles Hardy, were stationed in Quiberon Bay; Sir Charles Saunders, in the Mediterranean; Rear Admirals Steevens and Cornish commanded a squadron in the East Indies; Rear Admiral Holmes, another at Jamaica; Sir James Douglass, another at the Leeward Islands; and Lord Colvil, a fourth at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. These were stationary; but there were other squadrons occasionally equipped, besides many single ships that cruised in the channel, and different parts of the world, to protect the trade of Great Britain and Ireland.

At this period the character of the nation assumed a new appearance. Military success inflated the minds of the people at large with pride and vanity. They looked upon themselves as superior to the rest of human nature, and treated foreigners with the utmost contempt. The nobility and gentry plunged into every species of luxury, and

the middling class of people followed the evil example. Even the citizens of London laid aside their usual sobriety; with their wives and children they mixed in every public scene of dissipation, and too often indulged in private debaucheries. The common people were seized with the same furor: pleasure was the pursuit of all; till, at last, public entertainments became scenes of riot and confusion, from the heterogeneous mixture of the company that attended them; and those people of high rank, who paid regard to decency, withdrew, by degrees, to more select parties.

This general corruption of manners, alarmed the sage and the experienced. It was a symptom which preceded the loss of liberty to the Romans, and was the true cause of degeneracy among that once simple and brave people. In this country its effects have been alarming; and, but for the nature of the Protestant religion, and the constitution, which has always vindicated itself when invaded, no human exertions could have preserved freedom to Great Britain. The loss of chastity, in women, to the unthinking and ignorant, is considered merely as a family misfortune; but the wise well know, that female debauchery is the certain forerunner of ruin to a state. When women part with their virtue, they become the worst corruptors of the men; who, under the malignity of such a sweet, yet poisoned influence, soon lose every sense of honour. The present reign has given many melancholy illustrations of this position; for the records of Doctors Commons, and of parliament, have swelled, to an enormous magnitude, with causes of adultery, and pleas of recrimination between the parties. The vices of the times have been rendered still more conspicuous by the virtues of the sovereign, and his royal consort, who have strictly adhered to a purity of private conduct, religious and moral, and taken every means of discouraging indecency and profaneness.

The day of the king's coronation having been fixed for the twenty-second of September, his majesty communicated to his council a circumstance, which, when known, gave general joy to the nation. This was, his intention to marry; and that his affections were fixed upon the Princess Charlotte Sophia, Princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz. The Earl of Harcourt had visited the court of the reigning prince, where, having been taken ill, he had leisure to study the dispositions of the family, and gave so favourable an account of the Princess Charlotte, on his return to England, that his sovereign became enamoured of her character, and determined to demand her for a wife. The proposal of an alliance so illustrious and advantageous,

was, of course, received at Mecklenburgh with the utmost joy; and the Earl of Harcourt was appointed plenipotentiary extraordinary to demand the princess in form, and sign the contract. The new queen, in consequence of the elevation she had acquired, was received with every possible mark of respect by the different towns through which she passed. A proper household was appointed for her in England; and on the seventh of September she arrived at Harwich, after a tedious and tempestuous voyage of ten days. The number of carriages, horsemen, and persons on foot, who crowded, were multitudinous beyond all belief; and their acclamations were so loud and repeated, that the princess must have imagined the inhabitants of the country had been seized by a frenzy. At Romford she was met by the king's coaches, and a party of horse-guards, who conducted her to St. James's, where the Duke of Devonshire, as lord chamberlain, handed her from the coach, and presented her to the Duke of York. By his royal highness, the princess was conducted to the king, who waited to receive her in the garden. She knelt to his majesty, who raised her by the hand, which he kissed, and then led her up the palace stairs to an apartment where the royal family were met, with whom she dined.

The princess was accompanied on her journey by her brother the reigning duke, and the duchesses of Ancafter and Hamilton attended her as ladies of the bedchamber, on the occasion; a circumstance rather extraordinary, as the beauty of one was the boast of England, and the other was supposed to possess charms and graces equal to any woman that Ireland ever produced. The first appearance of these elegant and accomplished women at the court of Mecklenburgh, made a forcible impression on all present, but particularly on the princess, who enquired, with a good deal of eagerness, if all the ladies in England were equally handsome.

At nine o'clock, on the evening of her arrival, the nuptial ceremony was performed in the royal chapel, St. James's; and was attended with the most splendid proofs of

On the Modern Cant Language used in the Senate. By a Lady.

To the Editor.

S I R,

AS you have ever been courteous and attentive to the requests of our sex, I have taken up my pen to represent to you a new grievance, which though I have only observed it in our family, may I dare say be found in other families.

You are to know, Sir, that about two years ago my brother Charles procured a seat in parliament; since which time you would scarcely believe what an altered creature he is. During his stay with us in the summer, he has infected the whole house with "parliamentary language" as he calls it, until we have nearly forgot the language of common civility and common sense. For my part I know nothing of politics, nor do any of my sisters or my mother, and therefore you may be sure stated not a little when my brother brought down first the fine new phrases which he uses on every occasion.—If hungry, he says "I make a motion that dinner be on the table within half an hour;" and if the cook tells him that is impossible, "Nay, if the motion is negatived, I have done."——If sister Sukey and I are talking over our work to one another, while he is in the room and perhaps reading, instead of bidding us to be silent, he calls out, "To Order, Order;" and when I ask him what his orders are, he laughs and bids me "go on with the debate."——If I assert any matter of fact, he tells me, "that is a truism." If he sees I am about rising after dinner, he entreats me "to get on my legs."——Nay even in company, if any conversation holds long, he bawls out as loud as he can, "the question, the question!"—"Charles," said I one day, "which of these silks do you like best?"—"Humph!" said he, on mature deliberation I am of opinion in favour of the blue, but I will not commit myself on the subject."—Only think, Sir, "commit himself!" Did you ever hear such expressions?—But, Sir, to conclude the whole business, I send you a copy of a letter he

which I hope will *meet your sentiments*, and of that in my next.—

I am, with *most perfect consideration*,

Dear FANNY,

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES L.—

Did ever mortal read such a letter? And what do you think the mighty subject was? Only that my mother wished him to come down to us during the Christmas holidays, and that he would bring with him a few yards of a particular lace. The visit to us, you see he *scouts*—and his *amendment* to my order is in plain English, that he has quite forgot the whole matter. Now pray, Mr. Editor, insert this in your next Magazine, which I am sure he will see, and it will so plague him, and so please

Your humble servant,

* FRANCES PLAIN-SENSE.

Hints on Reading.

NOT above two centuries and a half ago, there were few to be found who could read or write. It is now difficult to find any, unless among the very lowest classes, who cannot read and write. Books are heaped upon the world, not in small quantities, but in multitudes; writers of books do not deal them out sparingly, but in heaps; and the larger our libraries are, the greater the impossibility of knowing what they consist of.

It is a happy revolution in the history of the fair sex, that they are now in general readers—and what is better, thinkers too, which adds charms to their conversation that outlive those of mere beauty—white and red will decay, bloom will wither, and years advance—but to the charms of a well cultivated mind there is no end.

Happy they who are born in an age of mental cultivation, when the mind of woman has risen superior to the silly prejudices of our forefathers, who, in their wives, looked for upper servants, but seldom for rational companions. The mind of the female was considered as incapable of cultivation, and it was therefore left uncultivated.

The enterprising genius of a few, however, of this lovely sex, burst from the trammels of slavish education, and by the bold efforts of vigorous genius, dispelled the prejudices of the world, and emulated with success the boasted superiority of man.

The present age prides itself justly on many excellent female writers which it possesses—but *all* ladies are readers—of course conversation takes a more general and happy turn—frivolous and insipid subjects are left to frivolous and insipid minds.—The *belles lettres* furnish topics more entertaining than

a court dress, and more instructing than the gossip of a wedding —

But, bless me! where am I running? Into a downright panegyric of the fair sex—when I meant to offer a few Hints on reading. —

Reading—to be useful, should be regular—yet the most instructive conversation is irregular. —

I don't know that. —

But I do.—take for example the following conversation—or heads of a conversation I heard the other night in a company of rational speakers and thinkers.—“Regency-bill—hard frost—size of shoebuckles—frequency of executions—merit of a new novel—Greek particles—green spectacles—Sir Charles Grandison—weakness of the human understanding—Mrs. Billington's voice—and Rapin's History of England.”

True—but this variety is unavoidable in company, for were we to meet to discuss one topic only, it would be a debating society, and not a social meeting for mutual entertainment. —

Reading, I say, should be regular—not jumping from history to novels—from novels to divinity—and from divinity to poetry. —

A friend of mine, whom I shall call Eugenio, is a great reader—his mode is this—in the morning he reads the newspaper—at noon he studies history—after dinner books of entertainment—in the evening new books and pamphlets, because, as he says, they have very frequently a tendency to make him sleep sound.

Those who have much time may trifle with some part of it; that is, they may dip into trifling books.

Those who have little leisure to read, should read only what is instructive.—A hungry man, allowed but five minutes to dine, would not begin with the kickshaws of the dessert, he would lay hold of the substantial.

“Read no bad books,” says an excellent author, “because you never can have time to read all the good ones that deserve to be read and studied.”—This is so excellent an advice, that I would have it written in large letters of gold on the front of every library—and especially every circulating library.

“How long should one read at a time?” said Maria to me the other day.—How long should one eat? answered I.—Read no more at one time than you can digest—for if you do not remember what you read, you are not better than if you had not read at all.

It is a very simple advice—at least so it may seem to wise men and women—“understand what you read”—and yet simple as

this advice is, it is worth taking, if there be no better at hand—I think, without scandal, that there are certain persons who do not understand what they read.

Some books are to be read once, and some always to be read, just as we find some persons in the world whose company we never wish to be in a second time, and others whom we wish to be with often, and always, if it were possible.

Some books may be hurried over, for they contain nothing worth retaining. They are useful, however, particularly when one is under the hands of a hair-dresser, provided that gentleman happen not to have the entertaining qualities of honest Partridge in *Tom Jones*, or Strap in *Roderic Random*.

In reading your deep, grave, and learned authors, it is necessary to make many a pause, and consider how far what they say concords with your own opinion and experience, for your grave, deep authors are very apt to lead you astray, because you adopt their conclusion without examining their arguments.

Of books of entertainments, novels are the first in order of popularity. *Tom Jones* the first in every order: followers, *Fielding* has had many, but these are such a plaguy way behind, that when you are with them you cannot discover him, and when you are with him, you have little inclination to look back for them.

Tom Jones, *Amelia*, and *Joseph Andrews*, are classics, suited to every age and nation, to every capacity and understanding, for this plain reason, *Fielding* wrote from nature, and dame nature is of no one nation, like her relations death and sin she is found in every nation, and among “all people that on earth do dwell.”

There are few books of entertainment to which one wishes to return, *Fielding* is an exception. Few men can say they read *Tom Jones* only once in their lives, and when they do say so, they ought to be ashamed.

In reading novels, some begin at the last volume, they are so eager “to see how it will end.”

Now, gentle and fair reader, I have two objections to this backward way of reading novels. 1. It is not fair. And 2. It is not

or other carry the jest too far, and obliging the performers of a new comedy to begin with the fifth act.

But perhaps my hints on reading are already too numerous;—I shall therefore break off here, with a promise to renew them in a future Magazine.

Advice to the Fair Sex, with respect to the proper Treatment of Servants.

THERE are many points in domestic œconomy which appear to be very difficult to settle, for this reason, that we find such a very wide difference of opinion concerning them prevailing in most families. The difference betwixt individuals in their moral conduct is not greater than that between families in their domestic affairs. The truth is, that in those little matters of dispute which occur in families, it is very seldom that any of the parties act from reflection, or that families in general proceed upon a regular system. Incidental differences of opinion between the heads of a family occasion irregular caprices in the management of it. The stander by is the only person sufficiently cool to reflect, and sufficiently disinterested to give an opinion; but the opinion of a stander by is generally given with a diffidence which destroys its force, and is rejected with conceit, because it is supposed to carry no authority.

It becomes, therefore, the peculiar province of us essay-writers, who profess at a humble distance to follow the *Spectator*, *Tatlers*, and *Guardians* of the Augustan age, to sit down coolly and deliberately to give our opinions on what matters occur to our observation: not without hopes that what written with candour will be read with attention, and that what is read with attention will not wholly escape the memory. Will such hopes the author of these Papers take up his pen, to offer such remarks on female œconomy in general, as have occurred to him in the progress of life; by œconomy I does not mean a certain virtue of *saving* matters of expence, although that perhaps may be hereafter included in its place, but more generally, every thing that concerns the conduct and character of the fair sex, their individual capacities, or as relative to this wide range of subject has never been

ment, will at least bring no danger, nor be attended with great waste of time.

The subject he has chosen for this month's Paper may be thought to concern both sexes alike; *'the mode of treating servants'*; and it will be found that in general there are few, if any subjects relating to one sex which do not in a great measure concern the other. The situations of daughter, wife, and mother are too closely connected with the consideration of father, husband and son, to admit of a separate treatment in moral writings.

There are few matters, as mentioned above, in which families altogether agree in domestic management; and in the treatment of servants I have always observed a great variety of modes and opinions. With some, it is the opinion that servants are to be treated as slaves, or, as an inferior order of beings to whom we owe nothing, and who owe to us every thing: as a species of domestic animals bound to obey our orders however imperious, and to submit to our treatment however harsh. With others, it is the maxim to treat servants with an uncommon degree of kindness, to admit them to a great degree of familiarity, and to request obedience from them instead of commanding it, even in the most trivial matters; in a word, to consider them as ourselves, with no other difference than the difference betwixt a stuff gown and a silk one, or a kitchen and a parlour.

The mischiefs resulting from these opposite methods of treatment are nearly the same. By the harsh treatment, servants are taught to be proud, sullen, artful, and vicious; they cannot be supposed to be honest upon principle, nor affectionate and dutiful from pure motives; they obey while the threat sounds in their ears; but in the absence of their masters, they give a full scope to their natural habits. By the over-kind method of treatment, they abuse the confidence reposed in them; and that familiarity which, it was supposed, would gain the fidelity of their hearts, creates a silent contempt, increases their presumption, and, where opportunity offers, adds to the exorbitancy of their demands. In short, the one species of masters forget, that a servant is not bound to be a slave, and the other, that a servant and a confidante are two very different situations, requiring abilities and dispositions which seldom are to be found in the same person. A servant of a superior mind might not submit to the cruelty of the one, nor be spoiled by the familiarity of the other—but we are not to expect superiority of mind in a situation by necessity inferior, and in which education and talents scarcely ever meet or are ever expected.

Avoiding, therefore, these two extremes, let us consider whether there is not a middle

way, by pursuing which we shall be safe, and our conduct satisfactory.

For this purpose it will be necessary to reflect that, in this country, servants are born and educated (if in nothing else, at least) in habits of considering themselves as free, and we may observe that whatever low stations their poverty may force them into, they still preserve ideas of freedom. Hence their common expressions when irritated, "that they are as good flesh and blood as their mistresses—that they will starve before they do such and such things," &c. &c. These shew a feeling of independence, which I should be sorry to see less among servants; because where joined to a disposition not altogether vicious, it may save them in an hour dangerous to their virtue, and prevent their doing many mean actions. It is, therefore, in the first place to be considered that servants are human creatures like ourselves, with like passions and affections, and differing only by that, of which no man ought to be proud, by the difference of wealth.

The next object of our attention, in the proper treatment of servants, is of more consequence still—I mean to study their dispositions. The same treatment cannot be proper for all servants, because all are not alike. There may be cases where harshness would be a duty, and where gentleness would be a failing. It is impossible in this paper to consider all the varieties of temper and dispositions observable among servants: it is, however, the duty and would be much the interest of those who command servants, to make such observations on the different dispositions of their servants, as will lead them to methods of treatment adapted to that diversity of temper. With this observation there are certain rules that may be laid down, which will apply in every possible case.

Harsh and imperious language can in no case of temper be always necessary; but on the contrary must in most cases harden the heart and sour the temper of the party to whom it is addressed. When I hear a master, before company, calling his servant "scoundrel, booby, blockhead," or swearing at him; or when, which does sometimes happen, I hear a mistress abusing her servant by the names of "dirty slut, stupid idiot, blundering wench," I consider such language as intimating a degree of cruelty and cowardice, unmanly and unfeeling, as much as it would be to tie up the hands of a man and then beat him when he has no power of defending himself. Besides such language, although it may be used from the silly motive of shewing one's consequence, can have no other and indeed never has any other tendency on the party it is addressed to, than to touch their pride, irritate their bad passions, and create a

contempt which they are sure to vent among their fellow-servants as soon as they reach the kitchen.

On the contrary, familiarity, where it in one instance engages the affections of a servant, will in a thousand cases, make servants saucy, haughty and disobedient, crafty and designing. Still more rash and inconsiderate is it to admit servants into our confidence in matters of importance. The absurdity and danger of this practice are I hope too evident to be demonstrated here.

To conclude : our best rule to know how to treat servants with advantage to them and safety to ourselves is to study their dispositions ; and, that done, to encourage a principle of honesty and fidelity where we find it ; to cherish in them habits of industry by a mild and gentle treatment, preserving a due respect for our own superiority, and convincing them that in their stations, however low, they may by fidelity and good behaviour, live comfortably and happy. Nothing will better preserve their respect for us than by our avoiding the heat of intemperate passion on the one hand, and the folly of too great intimacy and familiarity on the other. Servants in general will not submit to cruel treatment ; nor will they be won by too great familiarity. In fact, familiarity is what they do not expect ; it is something forced upon them which they know not how to use, so as not to abuse it. And those mistresses who have unhappily fallen into this error, have often found, but when too late, that they have not only admitted them to an equality, but have even raised them to a superiority from which it was dangerous and difficult to degrade them.

Anecdotes respecting the Private Life of Buffon.

BUFFON rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," (said he,) I was very fond of sleep ; it robbed me of a great deal of my time ; but my servant Joseph was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to awake me, and to torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him, that he did not know how to manage his business ; that he ought to think of my promise and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force ; I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed ; but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the which abuse

he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works.'

He was one of the best and most affectionate of husbands. The loss of his lady, Mademoiselle de St. Belin, whom he married in 1752, and who, though she brought him no fortune, was of a good family, and possessed every necessary accomplishment, cost him much pain, and many tears, even to the last day of his life. He left only one son of this marriage, who is at present second Major in the regiment of Angoulême.

Music seemed to have a sovereign power over his heart. Every time that any of the grand pieces of eminent masters was executed before him, its effects appeared by involuntary tears, which he in vain attempted to hide.

The Empress of Russia having testified a desire of having a bust of him, he sent one accompanied by his son, and begged permission to join to that piece of marble, frozen by seventy-four winters, a young and living image of him. This double present was received with much distinction at court, and his son returned to France loaded with marks of kindness by the Empress. Buffon received, in a present from her Imperial Majesty, a collection of medals, struck during her reign, and those of every year were regularly sent to him afterwards.

Prince Henry of Prussia, after having dined with him at Montbard, where he intended to have slept, had he not received news which obliged him to depart, heard him read the natural history of the swan, with which he was so well satisfied, that on his return to Berlin, his first care was to send him a most beautiful breakfast service of Dresden porcelain, consisting of cups, basons, &c. upon which was painted in enamel, the swan in all its different attitudes. Buffon in his will ordered his son to beg Madame Necker to accept this set of porcelain.

This lady, illustrious by her rank and beneficence, rendered full justice to the genius of Buffon. She carried her admiration of him even to enthusiasm ; he, on the other hand, made every return for her attention ; he delighted in reading over the elegant letters which he received from a hand so dear and so respectable. He composed the two following latin verses to be inscribed round her portrait.

*Angelica facie et formoso corpore Necker,
Mentis et ingenii virtutes exhibet omnes.*

Having been solicited to contribute something towards assisting the daughter of a
Swiss

Swiss officer, to go to a convent at Montmartre, he generously gave what was asked, and wrote to Mr. Gentil, the Prior, as follows: "My dear Prior, I should have been much happier to oblige the mother of a family, really a mother; her cares are more respectable, and her sufferings more agreeable to heaven, and the state, than the indolence of an immured virgin."

He met death with fortitude and resolution, and with that consoling security which arises from a pure conscience, and a belief in a future existence. Among the last words which he spoke, were the following, addressed to his son. "Never quit the paths of honour and of virtue; this is the only means to secure happiness."

He was buried at Monthard, in a tomb which he had caused to be built about thirty years before, at which time he desired the workmen to make that place solid, as he should reside there longer than any where else.

The Traveller; an Oriental Apologue.

AS soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires of day, I mounted my ass, and took the path which leads to the high road to Babylon. Scarce had I gained it, when in raptures I exclaimed, 'With what joy do mine eyes wander over yon verdant hills! With what exquisite fragrance do these flowery meadows perfume the air!

'I am in a beautiful avenue; my ass and I may retire under the shade of these trees, when it shall seem good unto us.

'How serene the heavens! How fine the day! How pure the air I breathe! Well mounted as I am, I shall arrive at Babylon before the dusk.'

While I uttered these words in an ecstasy of joy, I looked kindly down upon my ass, and gently stroking him—

From afar I saw a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air:

All clothed in long purple robes, with bells and golden fringes, interspersed with precious stones.

Their camels soon came up with me. I

I continually incited him by my cries: I pressed him with my heels and my halter; and though he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarcely equalled one of the camels.

In short, we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. 'What a difference,' cried I, 'between their lot and mine! Why are they not in my place? Or why am I not in theirs?

'Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone on the vilest and the slowest of animals. They on the contrary—happy they! would blush to have me in their train; so despicable am I in their eyes!

Buried in these reflections, and lost in thought, my ass finding I no longer pressed him, slackened his pace, and presently stooped to feed upon the thistles.

The grass was goodly; it seemed to invite him to rest; so he laid him down. I fell; and like unto him who, from a profound sleep, awaketh in surprise, so was I, on a sudden, awakened from my reverie.

As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears: I looked around, and beheld a troop still more numerous than the former.

These were mounted as poorly as myself; their linen tunics the same as mine. Their manners seemed familiar: I addressed the nearest.

'Do your utmost,' said I, 'you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake those who have passed by me.'

'Let us alone,' said he, 'for that. The madmen! They risk their lives; and for what? To arrive a few minutes before us.

'We are all going to Babylon: an hour sooner or later, in linen tunics or purple robes, on an ass or on a camel, what does it matter, when once we are arrived? Nay, upon the road, what does it signify, if you do but know how to amuse yourself?

'You, for example, what would become of you, had you been mounted on a camel? Your fall would have been fatal.'—I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

Then looking behind me, how great was my surprise, to find men, women, and children, following on foot. Some singing, others

Then, ye powerful of the earth, then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur; but the just estimation I formed of it, could not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.

Account of an Apparition which made a great Noise in France about the End of the last Century.

A BELIEF in spirits and apparitions has prevailed in all ages of the world, and many absurd fables have been propagated respecting those beings, which were probably invented to serve particular purposes, or had their origin in ignorance and superstition. Whether the following relation be of this kind or not, we shall not pretend to determine, but we are of opinion that it merits some attention, on account of the noise which it made at the Court of France about the end of the last century.

The small city of Salon in Provence, where the famous Nostradamus † was buried, produced another kind of Prophet, who made his appearance at the Court of France in the month of April, 1697.

A spectre, which many believed to be that of this celebrated astrologer, appeared, as is said, to a certain person of that city. After having made him promise, under pain of death, to observe the most profound secrecy with regard to what it was about to disclose, the spectre commanded him to go to the intendant of the province, and to procure a letter from him which might enable him, on his arrival at Paris, to have a private audience of the King. "As to what you are to say to his Majesty," con-

N O T E.

† Nostradamus, a physician and famous astrologer of the sixteenth century, was born at St. Remy, a small village in the diocese of Avignon, on the 13th of December, 1503. He studied at Montpellier, and travelled afterwards into Thoulouse and Bourdeaux. On his return to Provence, he published, in 1555, his seven first *Centuries*, which King Henry II. of France esteemed so much, that he wished to see the author, and having sent for him, presented him with two hundred crowns of gold. In 1558, he published his three last *Centuries*, and died at Salon, on the 2d of July, 1566, aged sixty-three. He was buried in the church of the Cordeliers, where his epitaph is to be seen. The following distich made upon this prophet, and attributed to Stephen Jodelle, is well known.

Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est:

Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.

tinued the phantom, "you will not know until the evening before you are introduced at Court, when I will appear to you, and give you farther instructions. But reflect, I beseech you, that your life depends upon this secret, which I enjoin you to make known to no person whatever but the Intendant of the province."

On these words the spectre disappeared, and left him half dead with fear. Scarcely had he recovered from his terror, when his wife arrived, and observing him to be disordered, insisted, but in vain, to know the cause; the menaces of the phantom had made so deep an impression on his mind, that she could not make him give her any satisfaction; but the refusal of her husband having excited her curiosity the more, the poor man found himself reduced to such a situation that he was not allowed to enjoy a moment's repose; he was therefore so weak as to tell her the whole story, which cost him his life, according to the prediction of the apparition. The woman, on this, was greatly terrified; but as she imagined that the accident which had happened to her husband might be only the effects of a mind disordered by some dream, she resolved, both on her own account, and out of respect for the memory of her husband, to entrust the secret of this catastrophe, only to a few of her relations and intimate friends.

The same spectre having appeared to another inhabitant of the same city some time after, who was so imprudent as to inform his brother, and who, on that account, was punished in the same manner, these two deaths, as tragical as terrible, became the general subject of conversation, not only at Salon, but in the whole country to the distance of sixty miles around.

This spectre, however, shewed itself again to a farrier, whose house was not far distant from those of these two victims; but this man, more prudent than the latter, immediately waited upon the Intendant, and having, though with much difficulty, obtained a private audience, according to the injunctions of the phantom, he was treated as a madman, and ordered to go back to the place of his abode, to get himself cured of his phrensy. "I allow, Sir," said the farrier, who was accounted by the people of Salon a very sensible man, "that my behaviour may appear to you ridiculous and absurd; but if you will be pleased to order your substitute to enquire strictly into the sudden death of two of the inhabitants of our city, who were charged by the phantom with the same commission which I am now come to execute, I have reason to hope that you will send for me before eight days are expired."

The Intendant having ordered a proper enquiry to be made respecting the death of these two imprudent men, the farrier, whose name was Francis Michel, was sent for, as he expected. The magistrate now received him very favourably, heard him with much attention, gave him dispatches to the Marquis of Barbesieux, who was Minister of State and Secretary for Provence; and, having supplied him with money to defray his expences, wished him a good journey.

As the Intendant was afraid that a young Minister, such as the Marquis of Barbesieux, might tax him with too much credulity, and raise a laugh against him at Court, he took care to enclose in his dispatches, not only the informations taken at Salon by his substitute, but also the certificate of the Lieutenant General of Justice, attested and signed by all the officers under his command.

When Michel arrived at Paris, he was much embarrassed respecting what he should say to the Minister, as the phantom had not appeared to him, according to its promise. But that evening, as we are told, the spectre, after having drawn aside the curtains of his bed, and bid him fear nothing, told him what he should say to the Minister, reserving only a certain circumstance which he was to communicate to the King alone. "You will meet with difficulties, no doubt," said the phantom, "in procuring a private audience; but take care not to be discouraged, and suffer no one to discover your secret, either by means of the Minister or any one else, if you wish to avoid instant death."

The Minister, as may well be supposed, did not fail to do every thing in his power to discover the mystery; but the farrier, whose resolution was proof against every effort, and who knew that his life depended upon his secrecy, concluded with saying, "in order that you may not imagine that I have nothing but chimeras to tell his Majesty, you may inform him from me, that while he was hunting last at Fontainebleau, he himself saw the same phantom, and his horse was so frightened, that he started aside; but as the spectre appeared only for an instant, his Majesty conceived it to be an illusion, and did not speak of it to any one."

The Marquis, struck by so singular a circumstance, thought it dangerous to hesitate or delay, and that it was his duty to inform the King both of this extraordinary person's arrival at Versailles, as well as of the conversation which he had held with him; but the Minister was very much surprised the King, after a moment's silence, consented to see him privately, and even the same day.

What passed at this strange interview was kept a profound secret. All that we know is, that, after this pretended prophet had remained three or four days at Court, his Majesty consented that he should take leave as soon as ever he should set out for the chace.

It is even asserted, that the Duke de Duras, a Captain of the King's guards, said then, in such a manner as to be heard by all around, "Sire, if your Majesty had not ordered me to permit that man to approach your person, I should have been very far from doing it; for if he is not a fool, your Majesty is not noble; and that the King replied, with a smile, "How often we judge badly of our neighbour! That man, my Lord Duke, is much wiser than you and many others think."

It may be readily imagined what impression such words must make upon those who heard them. Every attempt, therefore, was made to discover what had passed between this man and the Marquis of Barbesieux, as well as at the conference with the King. The people, always credulous, and on that account fond of the marvellous, thought that the taxes which a long and bloody war had rendered necessary, were the true motive of it, and in consequence of this they expected speedy relief; but they subsisted, nevertheless, till peace was concluded.

After the prophet had taken leave of the King, he returned to his province with some money which the Minister gave him, with orders at the same time not to say a word to any one concerning the object of his journey.

The portrait of this man, so celebrated, at least at the time when this circumstance happened, was designed and engraved by Roulet, an eminent artist, and published by authority. It is still preserved in the port folios of the curious, and represents a man of about the age of thirty-five or forty, whose physiognomy is strongly marked with character, and displays much shrewdness and good sense.

The Pyrenean Hermits : a Tale.

(Continued from Page 38.)

LOVE is always credulous. I suspected no artifice in this discourse. I swore eternal gratitude to Donna Padilla. In spite of the weakness of my condition, I wanted to visit Leonora, to renew the promise of effectual reparation, a promise so often renewed in vain. But Donna Padilla opposed it, taking upon herself the care of removing every difficulty, and she left me exulting with hope, and with joy.

The following day completed my felicity.

I saw

I saw the aunt and her niece enter my chamber. I thought I perceived in the eyes of this last more than the former had made me hope. Hitherto they had enjoyed perfect freedom, as well as their attendants. It is true, the disappearance of one of their domestics gave me some inquietude : but their apparent frankness made me easy. I carried my confidence so far, as to inform them that my adversary was in the castle, and that the very first opportunity they should be at liberty to talk with him. The fear of retarding his convalescence did not permit me to name an early day ; besides, that it was necessary I should myself have a previous interview with him. This he was the first to desire, and I accepted the invitation. " There can now, no longer, said he, be any rivalry between us. Your arm has been successful, and your behaviour has disarmed me : enjoy in security the treasure you so well can defend. Brave Count, said I, your generosity is still more conspicuous than your courage. He asked me, if he could not be permitted, for once, to enjoy a sight of Donna Leonora ? I instantly consented, persuaded that his former pretensions could no longer decently exist. I knew also, that Donna Padilla was as anxious for this interview as he was, and accordingly she did not make us wait long. She came, accompanied with her niece.

Our situation was new and delicate. I examined in silence the Count and Leonora. Her beauty is such, that I was not surprised to see him on the point of becoming again my rival. He was struck dumb when she appeared, but in her I perceived no visible emotion.

I own, there escaped from the Count nothing that indicated either hope or desire on his part. But it would have been barbarous to expect that he should refrain from the language of regret. He had, however, the power of confining himself to such expressions as politeness seemed to prescribe : but he was less reserved in the conversation we afterwards had alone. He confessed to me, that it would be impossible for him to yield Donna Leonora, if she could still be an object of

But the hatred of Donna Padilla continued the same.

One day, as I was sitting thoughtful and melancholy in my chamber, I was suddenly surprised by the entrance of the Count. My friend, said he, with eagerness and emotion, you are betrayed. A numerous troop of Alguazils besieges the castle, and their chief desires to speak with you on the part of the king. It is a trait of the vengeance of Donna Padilla, but determine quickly on what is to be done : if resistance is necessary, my blood shall flow in your service. Gallant friend, said I, your generosity would lose you, without assisting me. It would ill become us to resist the orders of a king we have so effectually served. Take care, however, replied he, of obeying implicitly ; you are lost, if you are seized ; disguise yourself, and disappear ; I will furnish you with the means, for I intend to give myself up in your place, and under your name. I am not better known to this vile troop than you are, and it will be easy to impose upon them ; it will be equally easy for you to be informed of what passes, and I hope that time and endeavours, will bring about an accommodation.

This advice made me hesitate, but I instantly blushed at my suspicions ; and, as in this case the Count could run no risk, and at any rate I could arrive in time to relieve him, I consented.

Donna Padilla, who no doubt dreaded my resentment, had shut herself up in her apartment with her niece. By this means she aided our stratagem, which fully succeeded. The Count was conducted to Murcia. A few Alguazils remained in my house till further orders. Having given directions to my principal domestics, I prepared in the habit of a clown, to abandon my house to my enemy and her satellites, without attempting to see Donna Leonora, but chance presented her to my view. I met her drowned in tears, and in the most violent agitation. She knew me in my disguise. " Who are you ? said she, with an involuntary exclamation — By what miracle are you still here ? " " I shall not be here long, said I, you see me ready to banish myself from my native spot. Your

bled, and reproached three Alguazils that were present with having missed their prey; adding with furious cries, that I was Don Ferdinand. This excess of audacity drove me to fury. I would have sacrificed the old Megæra on the spot, but pride restrained me: nothing however could withhold me from falling upon her three satellites, who summoned me to yield. In the scuffle between us, one of them fired and broke the arm of the barbarous Padilla. My domestics flew to arms. The officers finding themselves overpowered, and frightened with what they had done, submitted.

I ordered assistance to my cruel enemy; her wound so much affected Leonora, that it was impossible to hold farther converse with her. The night was far spent, and I had a thousand reasons to take advantage of its darkness to favour my flight. Accordingly I departed, accompanied by a single domestic. I began to consider, that the affair having become so serious, might be attended with danger to the Count. I did not hesitate a moment, but directed my course to the place of his detention, resolving to yield myself up. He enjoyed so much liberty, that I procured an interview with him. He was surprised and disquieted with my arrival; but I prevented his questions. My friend, said I, it is too much for you thus to expose yourself. Circumstances are no longer the same, and I alone ought to encounter the danger. I informed him of what had passed since his departure, but he insisted still the more that I should secrete myself. The risk, said he, will always be greater for you than for me. In vain I urged to him the most pressing arguments; in spite of all my repugnance, he forced me to submit to his.

My tears flowed apace while I took leave of this generous friend. I wandered for some time from place to place, disguised and unknown: a faithful emissary informed me of the most important occurrences. I learnt that a numerous troop of Alguazils had again been sent in search of me; that Donna Padilla, almost cured of her wound, pursued me alone, not those who had wounded her; that my servants were nearly slaves in my castle, where my enemy domineered at will. The Count himself was accused as an accomplice, and obliged to appeal to the King, who reserved to himself the decision of this singular process. In the mean time, the Count still continued in prison, Padilla implacable, Leonora ungrateful, and myself a fugitive. At last, tired of wandering from province to province, I chose these mountains for an asylum, and this habit for my disguise. I have secretly informed my generous friends of my retreat, which I believe is unknown to my persecutors. But you must confess, that people have often retired

from the world upon a slighter occasion, and that less urgent reasons have induced you to turn hermit."

"That I will not allow, replied the French recluse. My recital, it is true, will be shorter than yours, and not so much filled with incidents; and you will judge, whether I had good reasons for quitting the world."

While he was speaking, his young companion entered, but would have immediately retired. "Stay, said he, the relation I am about to begin may be useful to you. People avoid many follies, by observing with attention those of others." The young recluse blushed as he obeyed, and his master thus began:

"My name is the Count d'Aneau. I had hardly left college, where I had lost ten years of my life, than I betook myself to frequent the court and polite circles, and to beguile the women. But these were not long in taking their revenge.

I had formed a strict intimacy with the young Marquis of Brille: we followed the same pursuits, were guided by the same sentiments, and haunted the same societies: chance at last engaged us in the same intrigue, and soon after led us into the same snare. The Marquis introduced me to Belinda, a widow still young enough to have admirers. I became agreeable to her without wishing it, and exactly at the period when the Marquis had ceased to think her amiable. She was unwilling to lose a single conquest, and endeavoured to detain her ancient captives whilst she was employed in gaining new ones. The Marquis and I concerted a scheme to deceive her, and we succeeded. She believed us rivals, and not friends. But chance discovered her mistake. She was informed of our public and secret transactions. She saw, without a possibility of doubt, that of two lovers, whom she believed attached to her, she had not even one. Judge of her chagrin; but she dissembled; a thing uncommon in an irritated woman, and whom an injury of this sort has irritated. Her vengeance, however, was as singular as it was completely gratified.

Here the young recluse made another effort to withdraw, but a new order from his Mentor obliged him to remain.

Belinda had two nieces, whom she educated in separate convents. They were handsome, and neither above fifteen years of age. Nieces of this figure and age never fail to be irksome to an aunt who wishes to please; and Belinda kept them sequestered, less to prevent them from seeing than from being seen. Such at least was her intention at first, but we contributed to make her change it. Belinda resolved to make the beauty of her nieces subservient to her revenge. Whoever does not

know how far a woman will carry this passion, will not give credit to the stratagem which she put in practice. She began by creating a degree of coldness between the Marquis and me; she talked to us separately of a niece she had in a certain convent. She had her reasons for mentioning only one niece. She begged of me to attend her on a visit to the one she meant I should be acquainted with. She wished I might become enamoured of her, and, at the very first visit she perceived that I was more than struck. These visits became more and more frequent, and I thought I could discover that their frequency was not unpleasing to the fair niece. Belinda did not constrain me on that head, she only insisted that I should keep these visits a profound secret from the Marquis, a discretion which cost me nothing. Love is always sufficiently secret when a rival is dreaded. In the meantime Belinda had introduced him to her other niece, giving him the same cautions, which he observed with the same circumspection, for she too was so beautiful, that he never thought of enquiring whether she had a sister. She had taken such hold of him that he no longer had any desire to please another woman; and, what is still more surprising in a petit-maitre, no longer any desire to publish that he was beloved. Each of us congratulated ourselves in secret on our discovery and our prudence; and when we met we rallied each other on our constancy to Belinda.

She who was in reality making game of us, proceeded steadily in her design. She saw us too securely caught, not to be easily deceived. She had, besides, recourse to an artifice to drive us the more readily into the snare she had laid. "My niece, said she one day to me, is about to leave us; she goes to Spain."—"To Spain!" said I, with the utmost surprise. "Yes, replied she with affected indifference; that kingdom was the native country of her father, who is no more; her mother too is dead to the world, and has resigned to me

existence of Lucilia, and moved with her situation, had resolved to acknowledge her on condition that she should come to Spain, whence, in all probability, she would never return to France.

(To be continued.)

Albert and Matilda; an affecting Tale.

IN the romantic mountains of the Alps, I lived an opulent gentleman, who had an only daughter named Matilda. In the same village also lived Albert, a youth, endued with the most excellent qualities, but of a very moderate fortune. Matilda, beautiful and virtuous herself, was not insensible to the graceful person, and uncommon character of Albert. But with her father, who perceived the growing attachment, nothing could compensate for the defect of riches; and finding that his daughter would listen to no other offer, he determined to send her to a convent, and to leave his whole fortune to his new Conrad.

This severe resolution was produced, in some measure, by the artful insinuations of Conrad, who, the more effectually to separate the two lovers, had driven Albert from home, by exciting against him the persecution of his creditors; so that the unfortunate youth was obliged to take refuge in a distant monastery.

In the mean time, Matilda passed her days in wretchedness. The abbess, Theresa, unmindful of the sanctity of her profession, became the minister of Conrad's wicked purposes, and never ceased to persecute her young probationer by false reports of Albert; hypocritically urging her to turn her thoughts from him to that heavenly spouse, to whom she was about to make an everlasting vow.

Matilda was in the last week of her novitiate, when her father was taken dangerously ill, and desired once more to see her. When Conrad found he could not prevent the interview, he took care, however, that it should be in the presence only of himself and the nurse. When the dying father

date advantage of the state of insensibility in which he saw her. He secured the will, and by bribes and great promises, engaged the nurse to secrecy ; persuading the superannuated old woman, at the same time, that what she had heard, was nothing but the effect of delirium in the deceased. This idea was but too well supported by Matilda, who exclaimed, as she came to herself. ' Where am I ? My father could not bid me tear that fatal will ! He could not say I should be happy ! Speak ! Am I really awake, or is it only a dream ? '—Conrad assured her, that nothing of the kind had passed, and that her father, with his last breath, had commanded her to take the veil. It was in vain for Matilda to deny what Conrad and the false nurse asserted. She was forced back to her nunnery, in a state of mind not easy to be described.

Here the persecutions of Theresa were augmented ; and severities were used, that almost deprived the devoted victim of her reason. Determined never to take the veil, the idea of an escape occurred at length to her disordered imagination ; an idea, indeed, which could never have occurred but to one half-distracted : for she well knew, that the doors were always locked, and the keys laid under the pillow of the inhuman abbess.

With a mixture of foresight, inspired by insanity, she packed up her little ornaments of value, carelessly threw on her clothes, and put into her pocket some provisions that had been left in her cell : then wrapping one of the blankets round her, she lighted a taper, and walked fearless toward the cloister door. She found it partly open, and, scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it ; but, as she passed, an iron bar, which projected at the height of her forehead, grazed her temple, and added new horrors to her appearance, by covering her ghastly face with streaks of blood.

As she approached the outer-gate with more cautious steps, what was her surprise, to hear the voice of Theresa softly uttering these words, ' Adieu, dear Conrad ; but remember our lives depend on secrecy.'—A man ran swiftly from her, and the abbess, turning round, stood motionless with horror, at the sight of the bloody spectre. Her guilty imagination could only suggest

fastened both the doors, and returned to her chamber, waiting in all the perturbation of guilt, till morning should explain the dreadful mystery.—In the mean time, Matilda exulting in her escape, wandered on for three whole days and nights, supported partly by the provisions she had taken with her, and partly by a degree of insanity, which endued her with more than natural strength.

During the twelve months of her noviciate, no intercourse whatever had passed between Matilda and Albert, who had continued under the protection of his monastery, alike ignorant of his father's death, and of all the circumstances just related. Yet knowing that the term of her probation was expiring, he resolved once more, if possible, to obtain a sight of her. With this view, he took a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant, and appeared at the gate the very morning of her escape.

Conrad, who had been informed by the abbess that her prisoner was fled, was desirous to come immediately, and make some excuse to the sisters for what had happened ; for they were all distracted in conjectures.—And now Religion, that consolation of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked, appeared to be their only resource. Conrad taught Theresa to say, she had no doubt, that the sinful reluctance of Matilda to receive the veil, had excited the wrath of Heaven, and that she was miraculously snatched away, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the awful ceremony.

The plan thus settled, Conrad was going in pursuit of the fugitive, when, at the outer-gate, he met the pretended peasant. They instantly knew each other : the flames of hatred kindled in their bosoms ; and Conrad, seizing Albert by the throat, exclaimed, ' I have caught the villain, the sacrilegious ravisher !—A severe struggle ensued, in which Conrad drew his sword ; but Albert wrenched it from him, and plunged it in his bosom. Albert instantly fled, and returned in the evening to his convent, breathless and pale, his hands besmeared with blood, his limbs trembling, and crying out, in faltering accents, ' Save me, reverend fathers ! save me from justice and myself ! Behold a murderer !'

It is here proper to observe, that in many of the convents of the Alps an excellent cus-

mind so virtuous as Albert's. Having heard the whole, they promised him protection, and endeavoured, for two days, to speak comfort to his troubled mind. On the third day, they were surprised by the return and behaviour of one of their dogs, which shewed evident marks of a desire that they should accompany him to the relief of some poor wretch, that was unable to reach the convent.

Father Austin and father Jerome, two of those hospitable monks, resolved to follow the dog. Having proceeded about a mile, he led them from the beaten track to an almost impracticable glen. Here, on a dreadful precipice, sat a poor distracted object.—It was Matilda. She had climbed up a steep ascent, to a ledge of rock, that overhung a fearful chasm; and she was clinging to a branch of yew, which grew from a fissure in the rock above.

The dog followed her track; but the two monks, unable to ascend such a dangerous path, stood, unmolested by her, at some distance.

When Matilda first perceived the dog, she looked wildly round her: then fixing her eyes with tenderness on the animal, 'Art thou returned to me, and art thou now my friend? Thou look'st piteously! Poor brute! I followed thee all the day long, and would have followed thee for ever: but why wouldst thou lead me to a detested convent? Thither Matilda will not go!'—Then taking a rosary of pearls from her side, she fantastically wound it round the dog's neck: 'I have a boon to ask, and thus I bribe thee. Now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and see all the world. Then shall I know whether my Albert be still alive. Ah! no, it cannot be! Matilda would then be happy, and that can never, never be.'—She then burst into a flood of tears, which seemed to give her some relief.

When the two monks thought her sufficiently recovered, they appeared in sight. On this, she shrieked, and hid her face; but Jerome, calling to her, said, 'Albert is still alive.'—She instantly looked at them, and examined them from head to foot. Then turning to the dog, she seized him by the throat, and would have dashed him down the precipice, saying, 'Ah! traitor, is it thus thou wouldst betray me?'—But the animal struggled, and got from her. She then sternly looked at the two monks, and said, 'Here I am safe, deceitful monsters: if you approach one step, I plunge into this gulph, and so escape your power. Ha! ha! ha!'—Then recovering from a frantic laugh, she said, 'Yet tell me, did you not say that Albert lives? Oh! that such words had come from any lips but those

of a false monk! I know your arts: with you such falsehoods are religious frauds. This is a pious lie, to ensnare a poor helpless linnet to its cage; but I tell you, cunning priests, here I defy you, and I will never quit this rock till Albert's voice assures me I may do it safely.'

The two good monks, ignorant of the manner in which Matilda had escaped, could only know from her words and actions that it was she herself, and that her senses were impaired. Perplexed how to entice her from this perilous place, and knowing that one false step would dash her down the dreadful chasm, Jerome at length said, 'Gentle maid, be comforted! Albert and Matilda may yet be happy!'—Then leaving Austin concealed among the bushes, to watch the poor lunatic, he returned to the convent to relate what he had seen.

Meanwhile, Matilda, looking with vacant stare around her, from time to time repeated his words, 'Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.'—Then pausing, she seemed delighted with the sound, re-echoed among the rocks, repeating, 'Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;' still varying the modulations of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt, despair, or hope, alternately prevailed in her disordered mind.

When Jerome returned to the convent, he related the affecting scene to Albert. It is impossible to describe the effect it had upon his already distracted mind. He was going, at first, to fly with precipitation to the spot: but Jerome representing, how fatal surprise might be in such a dangerous situation, he proceeded with more calmness. As he approached the place, he shrunk back: 'Father,' said he, 'I will go no farther. Heaven has ordained, as a punishment for the murder I have committed, that I shall be witness to the shocking death of my poor lost Matilda. At my approach, she will quit her hold in a frantic ecstasy, and perish in my sight.'—Then sitting down on a bank, he was silently wrapt in an agony of irresolution, when he heard, at a little distance, the well-known voice of the poor lunatic still repeating Jerome's words, 'Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.'—Roused by the sound, he started up, and cautiously advancing, exclaimed, 'Gracious heaven! fulfil the words, and let us indeed be happy!'

Matilda heard the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have seemed impracticable to one possessed of reason, she descended from the ledge on which she sat, and approached with cautious steps. At the sight of Albert she flew impetuously forward, till seeing Jerome, she as suddenly ran back, and would again have ascended the rock, shrieking: 'It is all allusion! priestcraft!

priestcraft! it is no real Albert! I am betrayed.' — They pursued, and caught her: then finding his religious habit augmented the disorder of her mind, Jerome withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needless apprehensions.

But no persuasions, even from him, could induce her to come within view of the convent gates. Jerome, therefore, provided accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at a little distance; where, for many days, her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a speedy dissolution. During this period, Albert was labouring under all the anxiety which his situation could excite. At length, the crisis of the fever shewed signs of convalescence; and now his joy was unbounded. Even the blood of Conrad seemed but a venial crime; and he exulted in the anticipation of a reward for all his sufferings. — One day, being in earnest conversation with the good prior, the latter was called out, to welcome the arrival of a stranger, who, they said, was dangerously ill. This proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He explained the nature of his visit, informing the prior, that immediately after the rencounter, dreading that Awful Presence in whose sight no secret is concealed, and to which he apprehended he was summoned by his own sword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed, if Heaven would grant him life, to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, resigning all the fortune of her father in favour of Matilda: he had declared his guilty commerce with Theresa, that she might repent, or suffer punishment: he had paid all the debts of Albert, and justified his character to the world; and, finally, he had determined to implore the prayers of the revered fathers of the convent, to make him worthy of becoming one of their holy order; that if he lived, he might be useful; or, if he died, might be happy.

Thus were Albert and Matilda happy at last, after such variety of woe; blessed in each other's virtues, improved by the difficulties they had surmounted. Theresa had too far profaned the laws of heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hand. Conrad recovered slowly from his wound, and, after living many years an honour to his order, died in peace. The faithful

born at Paris in the year 1717. He derived the name of Jean le Rond from that of the church near which, after his birth, he was exposed as a foundling. We are not informed by which of his parents he was thus exposed, nor what could be the motive of such an unnatural action. His father, however, understanding that his child was thus found and named, listened to the voice of nature and duty, and took measures for his proper education, as well as for his future subsistence in a state of ease and independence.

He received his first education in the college of the Four Nations, among the Jansenists, where he gave early marks of capacity and genius. In the first year of his philosophical studies, he composed a Commentary, on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. The Jansenists considered this production as an omen that portended to the party of Port-Royal a restoration to some part of their ancient splendour; and they perceived, in prospect, a second Pascal in M. d'Alembert. To render this resemblance more complete, they engaged their rising pupil in the study of the mathematics; but they soon perceived, that his growing attachment to this science was likely to disappoint the hopes they had formed with respect to his future destination; they, therefore, endeavoured to divert him from this line; but their endeavours were fruitless.

At his leaving college, he found himself alone and unconnected in the world; and sought an asylum in the house of his nurse. He comforted himself with the hope, that his fortune, though not ample, would better the condition and subsistence of that family, which was the only one that he could consider as his own: here, therefore, he took up his residence, resolving to apply himself entirely to the study of geometry; and here he lived, during the space of forty years, with the greatest simplicity, discovering the augmentation of his means only by increasing displays of his beneficence, concealing his growing reputation and celebrity from these honest people, and making their plain and uncouth manners the subject of good-natured pleasantry and philosophical observation. His good nurse perceived his ardent activity; heard him mentioned as the writer of many books; but never took it into her

might enable him to augment it. He accordingly turned his views to the law, and took his degrees in that profession; but he soon abandoned this plan, and applied to the study of medicine. Geometry, however, was always drawing him back to his former pursuits; and, after many ineffectual efforts to resist its attractions, he renounced all views of a lucrative profession, and devoted himself entirely to mathematics and poverty.

In the year 1741, he was admitted member of the academy of sciences; for which distinguished literary promotion, at such an early age, he had prepared the way by correcting the errors of a celebrated work, the *Analyse Démontrée* of F. Beinau, which was deemed classical in France in the line of geometry. He afterwards set himself to examine, with deep attention and assiduity, what must be the motion of a body which passes from one fluid into another more dense, in a direction not perpendicular to the surface separating the two fluids. Every one knows the phenomena which happens in this case, and which amuses children under the denomination of ducks and drakes; but M. d'Alembert was the first who explained it in a satisfactory and philosophical manner.

Two years after his election to a place in the academy, he published his *Treatise on Dynamics*. The new principle developed in this treatise consisted in establishing equality, at each instant, between the changes that the motion of a body has undergone, and the forces or powers which have been employed to produce them; or to express the thing otherwise, in separating into two parts the action of the moving powers, and considering the one as producing alone the motion of the body, in the second instant, and the other as employed to destroy that which it had in the first.

So early as the year 1744, M. d'Alembert had applied this principle to the theory of the equilibrium, and the motion of fluids; and all the problems before solved by geometricians became, in some measure, its corollaries. The discovery of this new principle was followed by that of a new calculus, the first trials of which were published in a *Discourse on the general Theory of the Winds*, to which the prize-medal was adjudged by the academy of Berlin in the year 1746, and which was a brilliant addition to the fame of M. d'Alembert. This new calculus of partial differences he applied, the year following, to the problem of vibrating chords, whose solution, as well as the theory of the oscillations of the air and the propagation of sound, had been given but incompletely by the geometricians who preceded him; and these were his masters or his rivals.

In the year, 1749 he furnished a method of applying his principle to the motion of any body of a given figure; and he solved the problem of the precession of the equinoxes, determined its quantity, and explained the phenomenon of the nutation of the terrestrial axis discovered by Dr. Bradley.

In 1752, M. d'Alembert published a treatise on the Resistance of Fluids, to which he gave the modest title of an Essay; but which contains a multitude of original ideas and new observations. About the same time he published, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin*, *Researches concerning the Integral Calculus*, which is indebted to him for the progress it has made in the present century.

While the studies of M. d'Alembert were confined to geometry, he was little known or celebrated in his native country. His connections were limited to a small society of select friends; he had never seen any man in high office except M. Argenson. Satisfied with an income which furnished him with the necessaries of life, he did not aspire after opulence or honours, nor had they been hitherto bestowed upon him, as it is easier to confer them on those who solicit, than to look out for men who deserve them. His cheerful conversation, his smart and lively sallies, a happy knack at telling a story, a singular mixture of malice of speech with goodness of heart, and of delicacy of wit and simplicity of manners, rendering him a pleasing and interesting companion, his company consequently was much sought after in the fashionable circles. His reputation, at length, made its way to the throne, and rendered him the object of royal attention and beneficence. He received also a pension from government, which he owed to the friendship of count d'Argenson.

The tranquillity of M. d'Alembert was abated when his fame grew more extensive; and when it was known beyond the circle of his friends, that a fine and enlightened taste for literature and philosophy accompanied his mathematical genius. Our author's eulogist ascribes to envy, detraction, and to other motives nearly as ungenerous, all the disapprobation, opposition, and censure that M. d'Alembert met with on account of the famous *Encyclopedical Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, in conjunction with Diderot. None surely will refuse the well-deserved tribute of applause to the eminent displays of genius, judgment, and true literary taste, with which M. d'Alembert has enriched the great work now mentioned. Among others, the *Preliminary Discourse* he has affixed to it, concerning the rise, progress, connections, and affinities of all the branches of human knowledge, is perhaps one of the most capital

tal productions of which the philosophy of the present age can boast. Nor will it be disputed, that the master-builders of this new and stupendous temple of science, for the worship of Nature, had also really in view the advancement of human knowledge, and the improvement of the arts and sciences. This, no true, no candid philosopher, will call in question. But that in the inner court of this temple there was a confederacy formed against all those who looked higher than Nature, for the principal object of their veneration and confidence, is a fact too palpable, nay too boldly avowed, to stand in need of any proof.

Some time after this, M. d'Alembert published his *Philosophical, Historical, and Philological Miscellanies*. These were followed by the *Memoirs of Christina Queen of Sweden*; in which M. d'Alembert showed that he was acquainted with the natural rights of mankind, and was bold enough to assert them. His *Essay on the intercourse of Men of Letters with Persons high in Rank and Office*, wounded the former to the quick, as it exposed to the eyes of the public the ignominy of those servile chains, which they either feared to shake off, or were proud to wear. A lady of the court bearing one day the author accused of having exaggerated the despotism of the great, and the submission they require, answered slyly, 'If he had consulted me, I would have told him still more of the matter.'

M. d'Alembert gave very elegant specimens of his literary abilities in his translations of some select pieces of Tacitus. But these occupations did not divert him from his mathematical studies: for, about the same time, he enriched the *Encyclopédie* with a multitude of excellent articles in that line, and composed his *Researches on several important Points of the System of the World*, in which he carried to a higher degree of perfection the solution of the problem of the perturbations of the planets, that had several years before been presented to the academy.

In 1759, he published his *Elements of Philosophy*, a work extolled as remarkable for its precision and perspicuity; in which, however, are some tenets relative both to metaphysics and moral science, that are far from being admissible.

into fits of laughter, the issue of the war gave him little uneasiness. It fell more heavily on d'Alembert; and exposed him, to much contradiction and opposition.

It was on this occasion that the late king of Prussia offered him an honourable asylum at his court, and the place of president of his academy; and his majesty was not offended at his refusal of these distinctions, but cultivated an intimate friendship with him during the rest of his life. He had refused, some time before this, a proposal made by the empress of Russia to intrust him with the education of the grand duke; a proposal accompanied with all the flattering offers that could tempt a man, ambitious of titles, or desirous of making an ample fortune: but the objects of his ambition were tranquility and study.

In the year 1765, he published his *Dissertation on the Destruction of the Jesuits*. This piece drew upon him a swarm of adversaries, who confirmed the merit and credit of his work by their attacking it.

Beside the works already mentioned, he published nine volumes of memoirs and treatises, under the title of *Opuscules*; in which he has solved a multitude of problems relative to astronomy, mathematics, and natural philosophy; of which his eulogist gives a very particular account.

He published also *Elements of Music*; and rendered, at length, the system of Rameau intelligible; but he did not think the mathematical theory of the sonorous body sufficient to account for the rules of that art. He was always fond of music; which, on the one hand, is connected with the most subtle and learned researches of rational mechanics; while, on the other, its power over the senses and the soul exhibits to philosophers phenomena no less singular, and still more inexplicable.

In the year 1772, he was chosen secretary to the French academy. He formed, soon after this preferment, the design of writing the lives of all the deceased academicians, from 1700 to 1772; and in the space of three years he executed this design, by composing seventy eulogies.—This work, entitled *Eloges lus dans les Seances Publiques de l'Academie Françaises*, forms an interesting continuation of the *History of the French Academy*, begun by *messieurs* Pe-

tude and aspect, and the colouring that more peculiarly suits it. Thus, in the Eulogy of Bossuet, he has assumed, with the greatest dignity and ease, the majestic tone and pathos of that sublime orator and historian. In that of Fenelon (a translation of which appeared in our magazine for January 1781) we are charmed by a variety of traits, striking and beautiful, yet simple and unadorned; which form an eulogy of that virtuous prelate, and amiable writer, as artless as himself.—In a word, M. d'Alembert was, perhaps, the most striking example in the present age, of the possibility of reconciling the exercise of the strictest mathematical genius, with an excellent taste for poetry, the belles lettres, and the polite arts.

M. d'Alembert died on the 29th of October 1783. There were many amiable lines of candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and beneficence, in his moral character; which are described, with a diffusive detail, in his eulogium, by M. Condorcet, in the *Histoire de l'Academie Royale des Sciences*, for 1783.—Of the religion of M. d'Alembert no notice is taken by M. Condorcet. Like all the French philosophers, and, indeed, like all the enlightened men of that nation, M. d'Alembert was enrolled among the *esprits forts*, the free-thinkers of the age. To the reigning superstition of his country had been given, for centuries, the venerable name of Christianity; and a Christianity thus degraded and degrading, could not be adopted as a religion from God, by men accustomed, on all other subjects, to accurate observation and profound reflection. They had no opportunity, like our English philosophers, our illustrious Newtons, Lockes, and Boyles, to study a pure and unadulterated Christianity; a Christianity, aversive to all the idle vagaries of superstition; a Christianity, intended to exalt and dignify human nature; a Christianity, which exhorts us to cultivate a rational piety, extensive philanthropy, and unaffected virtue: and which, from the contemplation of the Deity 'in these his lower works,' will finally conduct us through the most pleasing gradations of faith and knowledge, to that heavenly country, where alone the true philosopher, like the true christian, can be ultimately known.

It is but justice to say, that nothing can be more magnificent than the appearance the empress makes when she comes into the drawing-room; she has a lively and good humoured look—and her politeness to me was very great; but I could plainly see that some one had told her I was not an English woman—for she asked me if I was not of a Scotch family—I cannot conceive why this building which she has added to the palace is called the Hermitage; it is a long suite of rooms full of fine pictures. You are not ignorant, dear sir, of the many collections the empress has purchased; among the rest Lord Orford's: all these fine works want at present, a person to arrange them according to their shades and size—and I doubt not but the empress will find one——

Petersburgh is a cheerful and fine looking town; the streets are extremely wide and long—the houses stucco'd to imitate white stone; none above three stories high—which certainly adds to the lively and airy appearance of them—I think, sir, if a young woman may permit herself to judge of things otherwise, than *en detail*—that not only the town, but the manner of living is upon too large a scale; the nobles seem to vie with one another in extravagancies of every sort, particularly in foreign luxuries and fashions.—The fashion of the day is most ridiculous and improper for this climate; French gauzes and flowers were not intended for Russian beauties—and they are sold at a price here which must ruin the buyers.

There are buildings erected for the reception of arts and sciences of every kind; for artists and amateurs, though but the surplus of Italy, France and England, would find handsome encouragement and house-room from the empress, whose respect for talents, and generosity to those who possess them, have induced some, and would induce more, to fix in the present capital of this vast empire; but alas! sir, eight months of winter, and the horrid cold I feel, must congeal the warmest imagination; poets and painters require verdant lawns; and the flowers of fancy must fade and die, where spring is not to be found——

The empress and the princess d'Aschkow are the only ladies who wear the Russian dress; it is I think a very handsome one;

suppose, that the necessaries of life are dear, from these circumstances ; but some of them are extremely cheap——and I believe Russia is one of the cheapest countries in the world to live in ; if French wines and fashions, and English comforts can be dispensed with——To these last I never felt so much attachment as at this moment——*Dans le Logis Anglois*, a quarter of this town, where the English merchants live, I find English games, English coal, and English hospitality, make me welcome, and the fire-side cheerful—I have never yet been fortunate enough to make any acquaintance in the world of commerce ; but if all English merchants and their families are as well informed and civil as those I find here—I should be very glad to be admitted into the city of London as a visitor, to enjoy a little rational conversation, which at the court end is seldom to be found—How should it be otherwise ? A little Latin and Greek in the schools of Westminster and Eton, and a great deal of vulgarizing, make our young men a strange mixture of pedantism and vice, which can only produce impudence and folly—Thus tutored, at sixteen they are turned upon the hands of some unhappy man, who is to present them in foreign courts, with no other improvement or alteration in the boys heads, than that of their hair being powdered and tied behind—

The careful citizen, conscious that fair dealing and knowledge only can promote the well-being of his family, brings up his son to business—and that only, as you know well, makes the idle moments of life happy—Peter the first thought commerce an essential pillar to his empire, and the English trader was encouraged ; our little island is a proof of the consequence which trade alone can give any country ; and the new acquired possessions of the largest empires may only become additional trouble to their masters, unless the advantages of trade give them new life—

I was presented to the grand duchess the same night that I waited upon the empress—She has since been brought to bed—There are some young Russian ladies very

manner, and stinking with dirt—The postillions wear sheep skins—and at a ball when a nobleman has proposed his hand to a fair lady—he often kisses her before the whole company.

You may have heard much of prince Potemkin ; I see him every where, but he is reserved and converses very little with ladies—I was invited by him to dine in an immense palace he is building in the suburbs ; the only room finished is too particular not to be described ; it is three hundred feet in length, and on the side opposite the windows there are two rows of stone pillars, whose height and breadth are proportioned to the immense size of the room, which is an oblong square ; in the center of which on the side where the windows are, it is formed into a semicircle or what we may call a bow—which bow forms another large space independent of, though in the room ; this space was laid out by his English gardener into a shrubbery with borders of flowers, hyacinths, and narcissuses—myrtles, orange-trees, &c. &c. were in plenty——We were seven or eight ladies, and as many men—immense stoves concealed by the pillars, were heated in order to make such a hall in such a climate supportable—but I came home quite ill with cold—It was there I heard that extraordinary music performed by men and boys, each blowing a straight horn adapted to their size—sixty-five of these musicians produce a very harmonious melody, something like an immense organ. The music, the room, the cold, all was gigantic. I sat by prince Potemkin at dinner ; but except asking me to eat and drink, I cannot say I heard the sound of his voice ; so am unable to tell you what species of *esprit* has raised him to the fortunes and dignities he possesses, or what occasions Mr. S—— and others to call him a sensible man—

I have seen likewise the cabinet of medals and the museum here ; the last when finished, will be a very beautiful suite of rooms—Peter the Great likewise sitting in a chair, with a coat of his amiable Catharine's embroidery—I cannot help thinking, and often here, that notwithstanding he transferred his

the climate, I believe it is a fruitless trial—I am informed the spring, or rather the time of the year we call spring, is more melancholy than winter here, so I shall hasten my departure!

There are ladies here whom I shall be sorry to quit; who in youth are possessed of many talents, and with whom I could form an agreeable society; Italian music, the pedal harp, and our English poets are perfectly understood by them; I think often I can trace Grecian features among the females of this country, and the subtle wit of the Greek in the men; that pliability of genius which causes them to speak so many different languages well, and adopt all the inventions and arts of other countries that are good—

I am speaking without partiality, dear sir, but I do not see here the prejudices of the English, the conceit of the French, nor the stiff German pride—which national foibles make often good people of each nation extremely disagreeable. I am assured the Russians are deceitful—it may be so; but as I do not desire to have intimacies, I am much better pleased to find new acquaintances pleasant and civil than morose or pert—

Mine at present is a geographical intercourse with the world; and I like to find the road I travel smooth—Wit and talents will always be objects of importance to me; I have found them here, and shall be sorry to quit them—Prince Repnin and his nephew prince Kourakin, whom I often saw in England, are both here, and I look upon them as old acquaintances, and it is thirteen years since that period—The latter is grown fat.

The grand duchess is fair and tall; the duchess of Wirtemberg, who is the duchess of Brunswick's daughter, is pretty, and very like our royal family—she was very civil to me—I have not seen the grand duchess's children—I am told they are fine and healthy—

P. S. I am not a little surprised to hear people say, I shall inherit so many hundred peasants or such a one lost a village—it is the number of men, and not of acres, that make a fortune great here; so that a plague or any distemper that would prove mortal to the peasants, would be death to the nobles' pockets like-wile.

I have taken leave of the empress, and you may judge if I do not leave Petersburg with a good impression of her politeness; she told me before the opera, that she knew my intention; but as we defer disagreeable things as long as possible, you shall not take leave till after the spectacle; these words she said with the most gracious smile; and asked me if I was satisfied with the amusements and civilities I met with—I told her I must be both stupid and ungrateful, not to regret infinitely, that I could not stay any longer, to show how sensible I was of the hospitality and attentiveness with which I was treated.

Anecdotes of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

THIS lady whose name has recently made so much noise in the world, is daughter of Mr. J. Smith, late of Toncastle in Shropshire; a gentleman of reputable character and family.

She was married very early in life; has had two husbands; and was left by Mr. Fitzherbert, her second husband, in very comfortable, or rather independent circumstances.

As Mrs. Fitzherbert kept the first company, and œconomy was not among her virtues, she soon found her fortune inadequate to her expence, and was considerably in debt, when her charms captivated the affections of the prince.

Being a Roman Catholic, it is more than probable that her present connection, even without marriage, may be sanctified by an absolution sufficient to satisfy her conscience; for what is it that the pope cannot do by virtue of his infallibility? That power which granted a dispensation to the late K. of Portugal, enabling him to marry his niece, and which, in more instances than one, has allowed a man to have two wives, and created other exceptions to the general maxims of morality and precepts of religion, could, no doubt, be easily prevailed upon to quiet the conscience of a female disciple, by allowing her to participate in all the pleasures of matrimony without performance of the ceremony.

Indeed, if the lady's conscience be at ease, she is in point of worldly situation as dignified as if an actual marriage had taken place: for such marriage being *void* in law, could neither increase her dignity nor serve any end that she may not at present accomplish.

For these reasons, Mr. Fox's assertion in the H. of C. that he had authority to declare the prince was not married, deserves implicit credit; and the motion of Mr. Rolle in the H. of C. on that subject was properly rejected. Yet it is to be wondered at, that under these circumstances we find Mrs. Fitzherbert visiting and receiving visits from women of the first fashion.

If report speaks right, this lady has lately shown an independent spirit and disinterested mind seldom found in her sex. A duchess's coronet and an annuity of 20,000*l.* has been refused,—but the motive for this extraordinary instance of self-denial has not transpired.

Considering this connection, abstracted from religious prohibitions, argues good sense and prudence in the prince. It protects his health from the ill effects of indiscriminate amours, and what can be more conducive to the improvement of a man's mind and manners, than intimate conversation with a man of polished education and knowledge in the polite world?

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Continued from Page 102.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Friday, Feb. 6, 1789.

MR. Serjeant Toler said, he was sure there was not a gentleman in the House, that would object to the heartfelt amendment proposed by the Right Hon. Member, nor could it at all be deemed incompatible with the words in the original paragraph, which he thought but a just compliment to the Lord Lieutenant. The House, he observed, for the last half hour, had been in a very desultory debate; but he thought it degrading to suffer gentlemen to vent their private resentments; as to himself, he was one on whom the sunshine of the Viceroy's favour had not fallen very violently, he had not been quite overwhelmed with his bounty, yet he should think himself the most degraded of the human race, should he catch at the present opportunity to vent an expression of discontent. My Right Hon. Friend, said he, who I do not see in his place, (Sir John was now on the Treasury Bench.) Oh! he has got a better place, I wish he may keep it! My Right Hon. Friend spoke like an old soldier—and certainly on the article of fuel, did bring the Lord Lieutenant *over the coals*. As to bringing home great places and high offices, every man wishes to bring home a good place to himself; and I am sure my Right Hon. friend would have made an excellent Remembrancer.

Mr. Geo. Ponsonby and Mr. Wm. Ponsonby supported the amendment.

Major Hobart, Mr. Secretary Hamilton, and Mr. M. Beresford, spoke against the amendment.

After some further conversation, it was unanimously agreed to insert Mr. Grattan's amendment in the Address, and also to retain the words complimentary to his Excellency.

The Address, so amended, having passed unanimously, Mr. Fitzherbert presented the reports of the Physicians, &c. &c. the titles of which being read by the Clerk at the table, they were ordered to be printed; and distributed among the Members.

Mr. Fitzherbert moved, that this House do on Monday the 16th, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the State of the Nation; and that on that day the House be called over.

Upon this motion a long and desultory conversation took place, in which a great many Members spoke.

Mr. Grattan, Mr. Curran, and Mr. Ponsonby pressed to have an earlier day, and, by way of amendment, Wednesday the 11th was proposed.

The House then divided on Monday the 16th instant; when there appeared for the Minister,

Against him,

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Majority for the House going into
Committee on the State of the Na- } 54
tion Wednesday next,
Tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Grattan and Mr.
Curran.

Hib. Mag. March, 1789.

For the Noes, the Attorney General and Lord
Kilwarlin.

7.] On the motion of Mr. Corry, ordered that an account of the premiums on corn and flour, brought coastways, by the Grand Canal, and by land, to this city, from the 25th of March, 1787, to the 25th of March, 1788, be laid before the House.

Mr. O'Hara moved for the appointment of a Committee on the state of the fisheries on the North-west coast of this kingdom.

Mr. A. Montgomery wished to know his object for the motion, and hoped he would wait the presence of an Hon. Gentleman always active in that business (Mr. Burton Conyngham) who was then absent.

Mr. O'Hara professed as his object the regulation of the fisheries, and the correction of abuses and irregularities in the conduct of the fishermen employed; and said the Hon. Gentleman alluded to had been already consulted.

Mr. Corry thought the subject required minute revision.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought the inquiry should not be of a local, but of general and serious attention.

Mr. O'Hara said he would not now press his motion, but would bring it again forward as soon as he could obtain the memorial which had been laid before Government.

Mr. Corry hoped he would give timely notice of the day.

The House now adjourned for half an hour; and the Speaker, with about twenty Members, went up to the Castle with the Address to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and having returned, reported to the House his Excellency's Answer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer adverted to arguments which had been offered on a preceding occasion, to prove that the power of Parliament was incomplete; he thought, nevertheless, they were legally convened, and ought to take some steps to provide for the public debts, and for the subsistence of the army, on the ground of pressing and indispensable necessity. In support of the competent authority of Parliament to this purpose, he adduced the conduct of the British Houses on the Restoration, who granted to King Charles the Second, fifty thousand pounds during his absence from the kingdom. He said, that twenty-eight days was the ordinary course of time for the business of passing the Money Bill—and that in case of any unexpected delay, or impediment, much inconvenience might ensue; and he concluded by moving, "That this House do, on Monday next, take into consideration his Excellency's speech."

This was approved by Mr. Grattan, who proposed an amendment, "Thursday next" as a more convenient time—which, after a warm debate, was carried without a division; and the House adjourned to Wednesday next.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

9.] The House was uncommonly full of Members at four o'clock, when prayers were read by the Bishop of Offord.

The Lord Chancellor shortly after having taken
U

the Woolstack, called to the Clerk to know if the documents communicated by the Lord Lieutenant had been printed? Was informed they had not for want of time.

Lord Longford then moved, that the House do postpone entering on the state of the nation until Friday next, to which the House shall at its rising adjourn; which motion being agreed to *non diffinitive*, his Lordship moved, that all the Lords in town be particularly summoned to attend on that day.

Ordered accordingly.

The Lord Chancellor reported that the House had waited upon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on Saturday last, with the Address, and that his Excellency had returned an answer.

Ordered, that the Address and answer be printed.

The House then adjourned to Friday next.

The humble Address of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

"May it please your Excellency,

"WE, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled, beg leave to return your Excellency our sincere thanks for your excellent speech from the throne.

"We learn from your Excellency, with the most deep and unfeigned sorrow, that our beloved Sovereign has been for some time afflicted by a severe malady, which has prevented your receiving his royal commands upon the affairs of this kingdom. Under this sore calamity, we cannot but remember with the warmest gratitude, that his Majesty's paternal care has ever been directed to the happiness and prosperity of all his subjects: And our hearts, thus deeply impressed, offer up the most fervent prayers to the Divine Providence, that our gracious Monarch may soon be restored to the ardent wishes of his people.

"We return your Excellency our sincere acknowledgments for having ordered to be laid before us such documents as you have received respecting his Majesty's health, as well as for your intention of communicating to us, as soon as you shall be enabled, such further information as may assist our proceedings in this painful exigency.

"We entreat your Excellency to accept our warmest thanks for your unwearied endeavours for the welfare of this kingdom; and we hope to confirm your Excellency's favourable senti-

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

His Excellency's Answer to the Address of the House of Commons.

"Gentlemen,

"I return you my most sincere thanks for this Address. Your declarations of duty and attachment to his Majesty are particularly pleasing to me at this melancholy crisis; and I am happy in the favourable opinion you are pleased to express of my endeavours for the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom."

11.] The importance of the order of the day created the expectation of a warm debate; and in consequence the galleries were so much crowded, that at two o'clock, several ladies of distinction found it impossible to obtain places. — Servants were posted in several of the *Front Boxes* of the gallery to retain places, which was loudly complained of by several Members, who were thus precluded from the accommodation of their female friends: — and a riot was commenced between some military officers and some of those servants, in which two of the former but very narrowly escaped being thrown into the area of the House.

About half past three, the Speaker arrived; shortly afterwards prayers were read by the Chaplain, but the attendance of Members being rather thin, the Speaker did not take the Chair till half past four.

Moved and issued a writ for the borough of Taghmon, in the room of Lord Donoghmore, called to the Upper House.

Received the reports of premiums on corn and flour brought coast ways, by land carriage and the Grand Canal to this city for the year, ending the 25th of March, 1788.

There was a very full attendance of Members before six o'clock.

STATE OF THE NATION.

The order of the day being moved for—the consideration of the State of the Nation,

Mr. Parsons wished to know if it was intended that the House were to ground their proceedings on the documents just laid on the table. — He declared he had never till the present moment received those documents, notwithstanding the order and proposition of a former day, wherein the consideration thereof, preparatory to the present, was held important and indispensable. — He said several Members, his friends, were in the same predicament; and he therefore thought, unless some plan was devised by

the House of the great constitutional importance on which they were to decide—the recognition of the prerogatives of the Crown, and the rights of Parliament—and the delegation of the privileges of the former—to new hands; and he begged they would not wrest the sceptre from the hands of the Monarch with the same hurried and inconsiderate promptitude, that they would snatch from the hands of a constable. He professed to condemn on the present occasion all principles of party or faction, and thought the House should proceed with wisdom, temper, and unanimity, in supplying the present defect of the Third Estate, and to guard the proceedings of that House by every degree of dignity, and decency that might prevent any alarm to the people of England, from the tenour of their measures.

Mr. Hobart—the particulars of whose speech the buzz of the gallery prevented us from catching, spoke in purport coincident with the preceding gentleman.

Mr. Fitzherbert was of opinion, that as the documents on the table were professedly intended for the ground of consideration on the present topic, and the guidance of the House on their proceedings thereon, he thought the House should not be precipitately urged to a decision without due and mature deliberation. He lamented that unhappy state of his Majesty's health, which rendered the present consideration of that House necessary; he thought however, the due consideration of the documents before the House, should precede all other proceedings on the business; that gentlemen had not had the necessary time for deliberation on that topic in the short period allotted for the preparation of the printed copies of the documents on the table. He therefore thought it would be more consistent with prudence and decency, to postpone the discussion of the business until Monday next.

Mr. Grattan thought, that in the present posture of affairs, every measure of delay or procrastination was as far as possible to be avoided. He said, the great duty which now awaited the performance of Parliament, was a provision for the executive power of the Third Estate, rendered imperfect by the lamentable situation of his Majesty's health. He held a re-consideration of the documents on the table, with the purport of which every Member present was already familiarly acquainted, as wholly unnecessary, and tending merely to an irrequisite delay, where dispatch was indispensable. He thought, if gentlemen had formed in their own minds any specific plan for disposing the business of Regency, it

tional;—He should therefore object to trespassing on the time of the House, in reading those documents.

Mr. Fitzherbert disclaimed any wish of introducing the necessary information required by the House, in any way, with a view to govern their proceedings by rules of precedents, established elsewhere.—He said the only information government could give, was such as they had, or should receive from time to time, and *that*, they should be at all times ready to communicate to the House.

The Attorney General said, in allusion to the dispatch urged by Mr. Grattan, it was absolutely necessary for that House to be authentically and officially informed—who was the person appointed to be invested with the Royal Authority in England. He said such information was indispensably requisite, before the House ought to proceed to appoint a Regent, left under their avowed privilege and right of such appointments, they might elect a different person to that power, from the person elected in England. He said there was no competent information on this head, authentically nor officially before that House, and he trusted they had too high a regard for their own wisdom and dignity to proceed in a matter of so much importance, on mere hearsay reports—or newspaper narrations.

The order of the day was now called for pressingly.

Mr. Parsons rose to say, that he did not suppose there was, or could be any difference of opinion, as to the person who ought to be appointed Regent, but that nevertheless, in a matter so nearly interesting to the dignity of Parliament, the prerogatives of the Crown, and the inseparable happiness of both countries, it would not derogate from the dignity of that House, nor be attended with any inconvenience, to await the result of the proceedings of the British Parliament in a matter where we did not wish to differ from them in effect. He said, the circumstance of the British Parliament taking the lead in this business, could not be considered as a measure designed to be precedential to the Parliament of this country, for under the circumstances of their respective prorogations, previously to the commencement of his Majesty's illness, different periods were assigned for their respective meetings; they could not both therefore meet at the same instant, one of them must necessarily take the lead, and that lead was allotted to England;—He therefore hoped, however averse gentlemen might be to the admission of proceedings in the British Parliament,

Committee, and hoped if he was erroneous or omisive in any of the forms or duties of that situation, which the House had done him the honour to place him in, the worthy Members around him would set him right.

R E G E N C Y.

Mr. Grattan rose, and after commenting on the imbecility of the government, and imperfect state of the Constitution, owing to the lamentable state of the King's health, and stating the duty of Parliament—at such a crisis to provide for the administration of that Third Estate, by applying the *only* proper person known to the Constitution in these realms, his R. H. the PRINCE of WALES—to the Regency of this country during the incapacity of his Royal Father.—He did not know what form gentlemen might have suggested with themselves for proceeding on this business, but for his part, he thought the outline or progress proper for the House to adopt, would be, first a resolution expressing the imperfect situation of the legislative authority, owing to the situation of the King's indisposition, and the duty and necessity of that House providing for the administration of the Third Estate;—next to an address to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, praying him to accept the Regency of this kingdom, during the illness and in the name of his Royal Father, and thirdly as soon as his Royal Highness's acceptance of their appointment in this form should be known, for the House to pass a bill technically, and specifically expressing the powers with which they were to invest him.—The mode of address in the first instance, he considered as more legal and constitutional than what had been adopted in the British Parliament, as well as more respectful to the august Personage.

He reprobated the idea of creating a phantom to give effect to legislative authority, and of *erecting a Great Seal into a King*.—He condemned all idea of a *declaration of Right* in the present instance; as, he said, it would be capriciously asserting a claim on the part of Ireland—not in the least denied on the part of England, and would tend to recognize the existence of a *doubt*, as to the total freedom and constitutional independence of the Parliament of this country, incontrovertibly established by a free, utter and unequivocal renunciation on the part of England, and a solemn declaration here, on which the record of our indisputable independence was indubitably and indissolubly guarded. He totally disapproved of the mode recommended by a Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Fitzherbert) of proceeding in the first instance by a bill, and transferring to an English act, and the Viceroy of this country, the power of creating a Regent for Ireland.—He viewed comprehensively that great landmark of History—the Revolution, and the proceedings of the Convention Parliament, on the abdication of King James, and the appointing William and Mary King and Queen by declaration.—He dwelt extensively on this ground, and concluded by moving a resolution,

"That it appears to this Committee that the exercise of the Royal Authority is interrupted by the indisposition of his Majesty."

The Attorney General rose, and condemned

the precipitancy with which gentlemen on the other side of the House seemed disposed to push measures to a rash issue, without due consideration of the subject proposed for their deliberation. He declared that he never, until the present moment had received any copy of the documents proposed with the order of the day, for the consideration of the House, nor had he ever read a single word of them.—He knew, he said, several Right Hon. Friends in the House, to be exactly in the same predicament;—how then, he asked, were gentlemen prepared to deliberate with due attention on a topic, professedly grounded on those very documents?—or did gentlemen hold it consistent with the dignity of Parliament, to substitute Newspaper report, or hearsay information, for authentic official documents, laid before them in a proper manner.—He said, he saw and trembled for the badness with which measures were evidently designed to be pursued; and he implored the Committee not to be precipitately urged to conclusion, without all due and deliberate consideration.

Mr. Grattan, thought the reconsideration of the matter contained in the documents on the table, wholly irrequisite and merely tending to the promotion of delay and unnecessary procrastination.—He said the documents were brought before them merely *pro forma*, but every Member in that House was convinced of the melancholy fact of the King's incapacity, as stated in the documents, that fact had been admitted in the British Convention, and their proceedings in providing for the administration of the Third Estate grounded thereon.—That fact asserted, undoubted and undenied, was all that remained to prove the important and immediate necessity of providing for the Regency of Ireland.

The Attorney General rose to propose a plan, in amendment of that laid down by Mr. Grattan, but the principles of this we could not distinctly collect.

Mr. Grattan objected to this plan, and after some desultory conversation amongst several Members, Mr. Grattan's motion was put and carried, *sem. con.*

Mr. Conolly then rose, and after professing his own independence, and disclaiming all idea of party on a topic wherein gentlemen should be united with temper, he said he so highly approved the line of proceeding suggested by his Right Hon. Friend, (Mr. Grattan) and so perfectly coincided with him in the principle and spirit thereof, which he said were founded on the greatest of all precedential records, the glorious Revolution, that in conformity therewith, he would move,

"That it is the opinion of this Committee, that an humble Address be presented to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, humbly requesting him to take upon him the Government of this Realm, during his Majesty's present indisposition, and no longer, in his Majesty's name, under the stile and title of the PRINCE REGENT OF IRELAND—and to exercise and administer according to the Laws and the Constitution of this Realm, all the Royal Authority, jurisdiction, and prerogatives to the Crown and Government thereof, belonging."

This

This was seconded by Mr. O'Neil of Shanes-Castle.

The Attorney General then rose, and said, that tho' he was fully persuaded the Hon. Gentlemen amongst whom this motion had originated, had made up their minds on that measure previous to their appearance there; and were determined to vote it through, regardless of every consideration that could be offered in argument against it;—though he was persuaded it would be carried, and whatever he could say would be of no effect with the partisans of the measure, yet he felt it his indispensable duty to rise in his place, as a lawyer, and a friend to the Constitution, to state his own objections, and to warn the honest country gentlemen, how they attached themselves precipitately, or inconsiderately to a measure of the highest importance, and pregnant with the utmost fatality to the Constitution and Independence of this country. He wished to know whether the Right Hon. Gentleman who proposed the motion, intended by the address, to convey fully and directly thereby, the powers of the Regency to the Prince of Wales, or merely to learn thereby, his Royal Highness's dispositions towards the acceptance of the appointment of Regent; and if his assent should be obtained, to proceed to the passing of a bill, in order to invest him with the powers of the Regency.

Mr. Conolly was for the Address and subsequent bill, and he was decidedly of opinion, that the delegation of the Royal powers should be conveyed to the Prince in the same FULL and UNLIMITED MANNER with which his Royal Father enjoyed them; and he conceived this way the most consonant to the wishes of the people of Ireland, and to the dignity and feelings of the Prince.

The Attorney General again deprecated the precipitancy of the measure, of proceeding to a decision on a business so important as the present, on the possible ground of appointing a Regent here, different from the Regent appointed by the Parliament of Great Britain, uninformed as that House was, by any authentic documents that the Prince was *actually* appointed Regent in England.

He said, there might possibly remain no doubts on gentlemen's minds touching the fact of the Prince's appointment there, but there was no official nor authentic documents before the House sufficient to warrant the procedure, unless gentlemen were disposed to admit newspapers in that light.—Otherwise, he said, until such authentic documents could be obtained, the procedure was rash and informal, nor could it properly meet the discussion of that House.—He then proceeded to lay down as law—a doctrine touching the Constitution of this country, which arrested in a peculiar manner the attention of that House.—He alledged, that by the principles of the Revolution, the Crown of this country is inseparably united with eternal dependance on that of England.—That no act of the Irish Parliament could pass into a law, until it had received the assent of the King of Great Britain, not as King of Ireland, but as head of the empire, which assent was signified by the *Great Seal of England* fixed thereto, that the instrument considered in the Constitution of this country, for signifying the King's will was the *Great Seal of England* af-

fixed to bills passed in the 1st Parliament, and when bills returned to this country unaltered, with this signal of the King's Assent affixed to them, they were *ipso facto*, and to all intents and purposes the law of the land, to which the passing of the Royal assent in the House of Lords here, was merely *pro forma*, and a work of *supererogation*.

On this ground he combated the idea of the Parliament of Ireland appointing a Regent; when before such appointment could become valid, the Great Seal of England must first be affixed thereto; and that if the Parliament of Ireland, insisting for the separate independence of the Crown of Ireland, and their own privilege of election, should appoint a different Regent from him appointed in England, such appointment would be rendered nugatory, by the refusal of the British Regent to affix the Great Seal of England thereto, which by the Constitutional Law of Ireland, *must be done*, in order to become valid.—He said, if the King of Great Britain, was in this country, he could not constitutionally give the Royal assent to an Act of Parliament under the Great Seal of Ireland, but must necessarily affix the Great Seal of England thereto, in order to constitute such an act of the law of this realm. He was not without doubts as to any necessity for appointing a Regent at all, seeing that a Lord Lieutenant, constituted under the King's Sign Manual, was in this country as the representative, not of the King of Ireland, but the King of Great Britain—and that the Regent of England, acting for the King of Great Britain, was in his idea competent to give the Royal Assent *legally and constitutionally* under the Great Seal of England, to all acts of the Irish Parliament.—He contended that the chief blessing of an Irish constitution was the *dependence* of her Crown upon that of England, and the *independence* of her Parliament, on that of any other country.—He said, any man who wished to maintain an *independency* of the Irish Crown, went to effect an eternal separation from the Crown and connections of that country, or led ultimately to what he hoped to God, he should never live to see—an union with her Parliament, and he begged gentlemen might not be deceived from the false professions of British Parliamentary factions;—for he asserted, any body of men in that Parliament, that countenanced the proceeding now agitating in that House, touching the independency of the Irish Crown, it was with a distant and insidious view to destroy the independence of the Parliament of Ireland. He contended, that instead of conferring a compliment on the Prince of Wales, by the proposed measure, we were conferring an insult, by suggesting an opinion of separating the rights of the Crown of Ireland from those of the Crown of Great Britain, to which both were inseparably united, and he concluded by saying that if the House meant to pay a solid compliment to the Prince of Wales, it should be to *guard the rights of the Crown of Great Britain*.

The Provost rose, to give his support to the motion of his Right Hon. Friend, (Mr. Conolly); and adduced many doctrines from the statutes of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as precedents from the Revolution, and various other periods.

of history, to prove the right of Ireland, to appoint a Regent, in case of Royal incapacity, or other imperfection of the Third Estate.—He said Parliament had not a right to legislate without the assistance of the Third estate—they had a right to preserve, supply, or repair the main springs and machinery of the constitutional machine, but they had not a right to destroy or change the machine itself. He combated at large the doctrines supported by the Hon. Gentleman who preceded him, as subversive of law and constitution, and approved the resolution for the Address.

[During the speech of the Right Hon. Gentleman, complaint was made by one of the Doorkeepers at the bar, that a riot was commenced at the door of the House by several young men in College gowns, and that upon the constables endeavouring to disperse them, they had deprived one of the constables of his sword, and cut him in a barbarous and shocking manner.—The Speaker then ordered the Serjeant at Arms to take the rioters into custody, and bring them to the bar, which he proceeded to do, and shortly afterwards returned and reported that they were all dispersed.]

Mr. Sheridan rose, and in a most elaborate and spirited oration, of considerable length, condemned, with pointed severity, the doctrines laid down by the Attorney General, as derogatory to the honour of that House, to the Constitution and Imperial Crown of Ireland.—With regard to what had been advanced touching the expediency of awaiting the proceedings of the British Parliament, in order to form a rule for the guidance of that House, he rejected the idea with indignation; he considered such a measure as a servile and humiliating conformity to the dictates of a foreign Parliament, whom we were to consider as oracles for the direction of our conduct, and tell us what to do in the present instance, as if incompetent to decide for ourselves;—he deprecated with great vehemence, doctrines so inimical to the freedom of the constitution, and concluded by supporting the Address.

Mr. Molyneux rose, and disapproved the Address, as he could not admit the unlimited powers it went to convey;—he was for adopting the same system of restrictions as were established by the English Parliament, by which he said, we should gain National credit,——he professed his own independence, said he was no beggar,

Wales, but he could not forget his duty and love to that gracious Monarch who had reigned near thirty years over us;—under whose auspices the people of this country had derived such singular blessings, who was not yet lost, but whom he hoped to see restored to his health and throne; but whose prerogatives we were now about to transfer without restriction.

Mr. Curran rose, notwithstanding the usual audibility of his voice, the eager press of the galleries to hear him, made it difficult to collect with any degree of closeness the purport of his arguments.—He went principally to combat the doctrines laid down by a Right Hon. Gentleman opposite to him, the (Attorney General;) he laid as to the suggestions stated, of what would or might be the consequences to this country of the measure proposed in the Resolution, he would give the Right Hon. Gentleman more credit as a Prophet than as a Lawyer;—but when it should go forth, that the Attorney General of Ireland, had rose in his place in the House of Commons of Ireland, and declared that Ireland had no King, no Crown, no Independence, no Constitution, but was merely dependent on the will of a foreign Monarch, every independent Irishman was called upon to combat and to reprobate such blasphemy against the sacred principles of the Constitution. He said, the arguments of the Right Hon. Gentleman went to substitute toys and baubles for Crowns and Sceptres; he dwelt with much force and considerable length on the different doctrines laid down by the Right Hon. Gentleman, and said his doctrines went to render the constitution of Ireland evanescent and unsettled.

The Attorney General rose to explain, and went over his former ground, with little deviation.

Mr. Grattan, in a speech of considerable length, combated the Attorney General, pretty much on the same ground with Mr. Curran.

The debate became now very warm between Mr. Grattan and the Attorney General, who rose several times in reply to each other, and their reasoning in many instances became desultory, but where it pertained to the question, was principally on the same ground as gone over before.

At three o'clock this morning the question was vociferously called for; and the chairman

The master chords of fond delight,
And brought all heav'n before my sight.

Hark to yon tolling bell!—these joys are now
no more!

II.

Ye glades! where oft, in evening walk,
In thought I heard the Dryads talk;
Or seem'd to see, at peep of day,
The blue-stol'd Nymphs steal away;
Ere the sun's returning eye,
Their fairy gambols could espy:
Ye hills! who, lock'd in long embrace,
Round that lov'd sequester'd place
Ward away, with giant arms,
From ev'ry point, the coming storms,
At whose majestic mingled feet,
Where Logri's (a) streams, and Mona's meet;
Stands the venerable dome,
The good Palzmon's ancient home;
"How do now your echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!"

III.

And thou, her sister Fount! unknown to song,
Which, thro' old Loughrea's solemn wood,
Impetuous, pours thy foamy flood;
Till thy waters quiet maze,
Down the nameless valley strays.

(Vale! to every Bard unknown;
Unless some Doric reed obscure,
Piping near thy water pure;
Wakes the dance beneath the moon.)

Along your hazle borders fair,
What rustic vows, with holy strife
Were heard, and many a fervent pray'r,
Ascending for the forfeit life!

Oh! early fall'n! ere half thy days were run,
Sunk in thy prime, an unexpected doom!

Did thy full blossoms court the vernal sun,
So soon to dye, and wither on thy tomb!

Was it for this, so oft you bent your way,
With heav'n-born Charity thy lov'd compeer;
And meek Humility, an Hermit grey,
From want and pain, to wipe the failing tear?

Ten Summers absent from that quiet shore,
Where, still fond memory loves, at times, to
dwell:

Now Fancy woos her daisied banks no more,
Ye wizard streams! and haunted woods!—
Farewell!

IV.

Yet hope survives—for oh! much honour'd
pair!

Think not your pious fond, parental care,
Your early joy, your early boast,
Your kind solitudes are lost!

Old Time a glad return will yield
To yonder hind, that sows the field;

Tho' now, to lawless chance a prey,
He seems to fling his hopes away:

And shall the nobler toils that form the mind,
Despair a due return to find;

When he, who tames th' unconscious clod,
Sees tenfold recompence by Heav'n bestow'd?

N O T E.

(a) Conflux of the rivers of Loughrea and
moon.

No!—your generous labours live,
And in brighter climes survive.
That Pow'r who ripens earth to ore,
Beneath Potosi's mounting hoar,
That bids the sanguine ruby glow,
Many a gloomy league below;
That bids a vagrant drop condense
To orient pearl, with light intense,
Already sees thy labours crown'd,
Tho' seeming lost in night profound.
Here, like each translucent gem
In Ariadne's diadem;
His kindred virtues, rising high,
"Emblaze the forehead of the sky."

V.

Check the tear's incessant fall,
And your living hopes survey,
Bright'ning still, like orient day;
Led by him (a), who nurs'd in arms,
Soon alive to glory's charms,
Fac'd the far encroaching Gaul.
And now, in senate, learns to brave
His country's foe, the pension'd slave;
Remember still his gallant stand,
With that high distinguish'd band,
When usurpation own'd her fear,
And crouch'd beneath Ierne's spear;
His varied excellence recall,
And check the tear's incessant fall.

H. B.

Killeigh, 1st Jan. 1789.

The Run-away Ass.

AS a girl was pursuing her ass,
(It's a she-ass remember I mean)
A gentleman happen'd to pass,
Who seeing her comely and clean,
He ask'd her from whither she came?
From yonder town, Sir, she did say.
Do you know, said he, such a name?
'Tis a pretty lass who lives that way.
We're intimate, Sir, she reply'd,
From infancy she's been my friend,
I'm very glad of that, he cry'd,
A kiss to her by you I'll send.
If you're in such haste, you had best
To give it my ass, Sir, said she;
For indeed, and without any jest,
She'll be in town long before me.

An Acrostic.—By Miss F.—

EACH social virtue, each endearing grace
Lives in her mind, and beams forth in her
face;
In temper gentle, and in friendship true,
Zealous to please, in that outdone by few.
A lively, yet a fond and prudent wife,
Contented in a quiet blameless life;
And yet (to add another charm to these),
She seems unconscious of her power to please:
Sure so much worth deserves Heav'n's choicest
care,
It else were useless to be good and fair.
Do ye remember her who wish to please,
You then may claim an equal share of praise.

N O T E.

(a) James Stewart, Esq; Member for Ty-
rone.

To Cynthia. By Dr. Walcot.

GO Zephyr, and whisper the maid,
That I sigh at her cruel delay;
Go, tell her the song of the shade,
Is silent while she is away.

'Twas her beauty gave life to the vale,
And fill'd ev'ry swain with delight;
'Twas her voice that enliven'd the gale,
'Twas her charms that gave lustre to night.

But since she is fled from our eye,
The pleasures are gone with the fair;
The streamlet moves on with a sigh,
And each grove seems a haunt of despair.

Oh bring her once more to our plain,
Thou wilt find her where innocence roves;
The Graces are all in her train,
And her cot is the seat of the Loves.

The Mind of a Maid.

AVAUNT! ye prudes, whose artful eyes,
Your inward sentiments disguise;
Whose tutor'd lips your thoughts conceal,
And stifle what your bosoms feel;
Whose looks assume repelling state,
And man for whom you're made would hate.

My sparkling eyes and blushing cheek,
With smiling innocence shall speak;
My artless tongue shall still impart,
Unfeign'd, the language of my heart;
And candid as a virgin can,
I'll ever treat a gen'rous man.

The Nymph of Towridge Stream.—A Song.

ON every tree, in every grove,
I'll carve the name of my dear love;
Where'er I am, my constant theme
Shall be the nymph of Towridge Stream.

Beauty with innocence conjoin'd,
Extremely sensible and kind;
Such as to thoughts the angels seem,
Such is the nymph of Towridge Stream.

When Sol with radiance fills the east,
When he betakes himself to rest;
By day I think, by night I dream,
Of the sweet nymph of Towridge Stream.

ODE IN FANCY.

DIVINE enchantress, wrap the soul,
In fairy scenes from pole to pole,
Where genius dwells with woe;
Oh! still pursue thy magic lore,
Let natal worth expansive soar,
With renovating glow.

Rais'd as with music of the spheres,
From the low vale of sighs and tears,
I bless thy bounteous pow'r;
Oh! ever soothe the strokes of fate,
Thy animating fire create,
And raise the bright'ning hour.

To ELIZA.

I NEEDS must thank you for your pity,
Which candidly you own's my due;
But mark, Eliza—as you're witty,
In love I am—but not with you.

In vain, dear nymph, then you advise me,
“Quickly to haste to some cool stream;”
No, while the god of love inspires me,
I'll still adore the girl I mean.

Vain your endeavours to persuade me,
“To quench the flame beneath the tide;”
I still will live—tho' she upbraids me,
And vows she'll never be my bride.

The RELIEF.

SUSPENSE, O cruel, cruel state,
Concealer of our secret fate!
Withdraw from me thy gloomy reign,
Come certain joy, or certain pain.

Is smiling happiness my lot,
Then be thy whispering fears forgot;
Must anxious cares my hopes controul?
Flatt'ers, no longer soothe my soul.

Suspense, like love, is ever blind,
She casts each present good behind;
She roves along wild fancy's shore,
And to her sorrow gathers more.

Mortality is doom'd to know
The sad extremity of woe:
Nor can e'en hope one ray impart,
Till bright religion fix the heart.

Religion cheers the awful gloom,

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Paris, January 2, 1789.

A LETTER from Orleans, dated the 18th, gives the following account of the breaking of the ice on the Loire, at two in the morning, with a very tremendous noise, the wind being S. E. and the thermometer by Reaumur, between 5 and 6 degrees below freezing. About one league east of Orleans, the ice had accumulated so much as to stop the course of the stream; but about three in the afternoon this immense body of ice and water forced a passage through the causeways to the south, and in four hours the whole county of Val was laid under water, as also part of the town of Patarean, which only separates it by a bridge. The extent of land inundated, is between 6 and 7 leagues. It is impossible to give an idea of the desolation, committed, some taking refuge on the tops of their houses, others on the trees, all in the hopes of finding an asylum from the water, and calling out for succour, which it was impossible to give. All the details of this terrible catastrophe are not yet known, but it is feared there are a great number of victims. The vigilant attention of the King's intendant and engineers to every person they could assist, merits the highest eulogiums.

Warsaw, Jan. 7. This day the Diet commenced business again. They have desired the King to give in an account what progress is made in the new plan of alliance with Prussia; but his Majesty declared on the first of January, in public, that if the Diet harassed him any more with speeches on his prerogatives, he would not attend.

Berlin, Jan. 17. The hopes which we have of peace being established in the north, through the intervention of our Court and that of London, are intirely vanished, and Sweden relies on it so little, that she is pushing her armaments by sea and land with extraordinary vigour; besides the four thousand Dalecarlians, and five thousand men offered by the provinces of Warmia, Neris and Medelpadt.

The last letters from Stockholm mention, that the King of Sweden is going to take a body of foreign troops into pay, and that there daily arise fresh obstacles to peace between the Courts of Copenhagen and Sweden; the former having lately stoped and seized a ton of silver money, part coined, valued at fifty thousand ducats, which was passing from Copenhagen to Stockholm. The Danish government assert, they have a right to detain it as payment of the contributions which the Swedish towns promised to the auxiliaries, and for the artillery taken in the action of Quistna, as well as that taken by captain Rathen-
spane, going to Norway.

prepared for the occasion, were thrown by the heralds among the people. The first proclamation was made in the great square, in front of the palace. Their Catholic Majesties were present, seated in a balcony, and attended by the ambassadors; and other foreign ministers, and by the principal officers of state. The acclamations of the people were great, and expressive of much loyalty and affection to their Sovereign. The public mourning was suspended three days, a very large list of promotions was published, various entertainments and balls were given, and there was a general illumination on each of the three evenings.

Vienna, Jan. 24. Letters from Jassy of the 10th instant, mention that a detachment from the army, commanded by Marshal Romanzow, had succeeded in their attempt to dislodge a body of Turks; consisting of 900 men, from Canggura, pursued them to Kainar, and, having driven from thence 700 Tartars, proceeded to the attack of Salkutza, and obtained a complete victory. The enemy lost in these several actions 390 men killed, 77 prisoners, four pieces of artillery, and six colours, whilst the Russians had only one ensign and four men killed, and 24 wounded. General Kameniskoy was at the head of the detachment.

26.] General Fabris died in Transylvania about a fortnight since, Prince Hohenlobe succeeds in the interim to the command of the army in that province.

The confusion in Brittany is great. The Noblesse and Burghers are irreconcilable.—Rennes has been a scene of bloodshed.—Messrs. Boishuë and Dubois fell in the fray. Amongst the wounded were Messrs. Fouë, Chateaugeron, Chateaubourg. Dispatches were constantly sent to Paris by both parties, replete with complaint. The inflexibility of the Britons is such, as to admit no hopes of peace amongst them, till their demands are fully satisfied. Such indeed, is the complexion of affairs as to justify every idea of a civil war with all its horrors.

Hague, Jan. 17. In consequence of some couriers lately arrived, we perceive extraordinary movements since, both in our army and marine.

The troops of many garrisons are ordered to march to the frontiers, and others to change their stations. It is asserted, all these are on condition, that if the king of Prussia enters Poland, the Dutch regiments are to garrison the frontiers of Westphalia, and some Hanoverians are to enter Holland. As to our marine, it wants much, especially if the news from India be, that Tippoo Saib meditates a blow against our settlements.

From Denmark we learn, that they are arming both for sea and land, with greater vigour than when the war first broke out in the North. — They urge, that they have been betrayed

into the act of withdrawing their forces from Sweden, and will endeavour to resent it as soon as possible.

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, February 2, 1789.

THE funeral offices of the late king of Spain were performed in York-street Chapel, Westminster, with very great solemnity. The whole chapel was hung with black, the sconces and armorial bearings of the crown of Spain placed round the chapel in the center, a magnificent canopy of state, with the royal crown and sceptre; the whole in a state of solemnity and elegance. The concourse of the nobility and gentry was prodigious. A part of the chapel was reserved for the Spanish ambassador and other foreign ministers. The music was the composition of Mr. Webbe.

The late king of Spain, Charles III. was the second son of Philip V. grandson of Louis XIV. of France, whose progress to the throne of Spain was interrupted in the beginning of this century, and was the cause of a long and bloody struggle, which was not finally terminated till the peace of Utrecht 1713 — Philip died in 1746, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand VI. who dying without issue in 1753, was succeeded by his brother, the late Charles III. — What was remarkable of Philip, he pined so much on account of the death of his wife, that he survived her but a few months.

Authentic Copy of Her Majesty's Answer, to the Deputies from the two Houses of Parliament.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"My duty and gratitude to the King, and the sense I must ever entertain, of my great obligations to this country, will certainly engage my most earnest attention to the anxious and momentous trust intended to be reposed in me by Parliament. It will be a great consolation to me to receive the aid of a Council, in which I shall stand so much in need, in the discharge of a duty, where the happiness of my future life is indeed deeply interested, but which a higher object, the happiness of a great, loyal, and affectionate people, renders still more important!"

The Prince of Wales's Answer.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I THANK you for communicating to me the Resolutions agreed to by the two Houses, and I request you to assure them, in my name, that my duty to the King my father, and my affection

charge; of which, as I am acquainted with no former example, my hopes of a successful administration cannot be founded on any past experience. But confiding that the limitations on the exercise on the royal authority, deemed necessary for the present, have been approved by the two Houses, only as a temporary measure, founded on the loyal hope, in which I ardently participate, that his Majesty's disorder may not be of long duration; and trusting, in the mean while, that I shall receive a zealous and united support in the two Houses, and in the nation, proportioned to the difficulty attending the discharge of my trust in this interval, I will entertain the pleasing hope, that my faithful endeavours to preserve the interests of the King, his Crown, and People, may be successful."

5.] A question of the greatest importance to the merchants' service, in respect to the Captain's legal right to enforce good discipline on board of his ship, and to punish the breach of it, was determined in an action against a Captain of an East India ship, at the suit of his Boatswain, which was tried at Westminster Hall, before Mr. Justice Heath, and a special jury. This action was brought in consequence of the Captain having caused the boatswain to be flogged on board his ship. The Captain, resolved to have this point settled, it has lately given rise to that mutinous kind of conduct, (the effect of which has been too severely felt in the loss of several valuable ships) justified his having given this flogging as a punishment for the boatswain's mutinous behaviour, in refusing and neglecting to do his duty on board. The trial lasted three hours; and the jury, under the direction of the learned Judge, gave a verdict for the defendant, without retiring out of Court.

14.] This evening a young French gentleman of an elegant form, and genteelly dressed, put the desperate resolution which he seems, by a letter found in his pocket, to have sometime formed, in execution, by clapping a brace of pistols to his head, and putting himself to death. On Thursday he came to Greenwich with a lady of the town, as was supposed, and a servant, both of whom he dismissed on the morning previous to his committing the suicide; giving his servant his trunk, his wearing apparel, and other valuable contents, and likewise two valuable watches. The rest of the day he passed in conversation about

walked, he threw amongst them eight guineas and a half. This circumstance being reported to the Doctor, he was struck with suspicion of the intended fact, and the gentleman being seen to enter the Park, he dispatched one of his assistants, together with a young gentleman, after him. They accordingly crossed him as he walked, and entering into conversation invited him to take tea at the Doctor's. He seemed happy to meet with those who could converse with him, and acknowledged the politeness of their invitation, pulled forth a watch he had still remaining, and forced it on the young gentleman, requesting him to wear it for his sake, observing he himself should have no further occasion for it.—Shortly after the coroner's jury sat on the body of this unfortunate gentleman, and brought in their verdict *lunacy*.

19.] The Lord Chancellor acquainted the House of Peers with the official report of his Majesty's health, that he had been for some time in a state of recovery; that he was happy in saying, that the accounts just then received carried the pleasing intelligence, that he continued in a state of improvement, and that the improvement appeared progressive. In this situation of things, he should only observe, that should his Majesty's recovery be immediate, the House could not possibly proceed; he would therefore move that their Lordships do adjourn to Tuesday.

Lord Stourmont expressed his satisfaction at the happy intelligence; rendered most desirable from the necessity occasioned by the deranged situation of public affairs at home and abroad. He had no doubt but the joy on such an event would be universal.

26.] The King of France has given up, in favour of liberty, two of the most dangerous prerogatives of his crown, namely, *lettres de cachet*, and the power of raising a revenue without the consent of the States. No *lettres de cachet* (or general warrants) are in future to be issued without special reasons, which reasons are to be set forth in the warrant, and the legality to be ascertained and tried by the judges.

The slave laws of Jamaica have been revised, and several regulations made in favour of the negroes. The assembly have passed an act which contains the following reforms:

1. Every possessor of a slave is prohibited from turning him away when incapacitated by age or sickness, but must provide for him wholesome necessaries of life, under a penalty of 10*l.* for every offence.

2. Every person who mutilates a slave, shall pay a fine not exceeding 100*l.* and be imprisoned

sides. Ryan was impatient—Johnson was cool. Ryan got the first knock down blow; and Johnson closed up Ryan's eye. They stood up to each other very well; nor were there any manoeuvres practised by either side. After a combat of thirty-three minutes, Johnson gained a complete victory.

A farmer near Chester overhearing a conversation of two of his neighbours, in which they expressed much faith in dreams, took occasion to tell them, with great secrecy and strict injunctions, not to mention it, that he had dreamed there was a large sum of money buried in a dunghill in his field, and promised them a share of the booty if they would help him to search for it. It was agreed to carry the dung out upon the land for the better certainty of examination, and they brought their carts and set to work; but not finding the expected prize, one of them expressed a persuasion that it must be under the ground where the dunghill lay, and was proceeding to dig for it, when the farmer told them his dream went no further than the removal of the dunghill, which he was much obliged to them for doing, as he could not himself have effected it before the snow came on.

A German woman who keeps a public-house in Long-acre, that came over in the same vessel with her Majesty, and reached her 51st year last Christmas-day, was six months preceding brought to bed of her 24th child, 22 of whom she had by her first husband, and two by her second.

There are now living at Woolley near Wakefield, Yorkshire, (the town where the scene of Goldsmith's excellent novel is laid) six old widows whose ages together amount to 510 years; they all retain their faculties, and are not burthensome to the town; the oldest is 93, and the youngest 78 years of age.

Lately was held at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-street, the anniversary of the lodge of antiquity of free and accepted masons, acting by immemorial constitution. A very select and genteel company attended to shew their attachment to the oldest private lodge in England; which has met regularly in London above a hundred years, under the patronage of the first characters in the kingdom, particularly Sir Christopher Wren, who presided over it eighteen years; and has ever strenuously supported the rights and privileges of the original masons of England, agreeably to the ancient constitutions. This lodge is in a very flourishing state, and now acts in alliance with the grand lodge of all England at York, and all the lodges in France, Scotland, Ireland, &c. which are governed by the origi-

only an improvement of Judaism, to embrace the former was not to renounce the latter. However, the cause being carried before a superior court, the decree was reversed, and the sentence confirmed by the king, who is there the last resort in all cases of importance.

A most extraordinary and almost incredible undertaking has not long since excited great curiosity in the learned world; and that is, the scheme of a native in America to travel thence to the eastward principally by land. This gentleman was encouraged by liberal subscriptions, and particularly by one from the worthy president of the Royal Society, Sir J. Banks. His intention was to go through Siberia, and to cross over from Kamskatcha to Noutka Sound, and to penetrate from thence to Philadelphia. A letter was received from him last spring from Tobolski, in Siberia; to which place he had proceeded so far in this surprising and romantic undertaking.

B I R T H S.

Jan. 26. **L**ADY of James Platt, Esq. of 1789. Herrington, county Durham, of a daughter.—Feb. 23. In South Aitly-street, Right Honourable the Countess of Aylesford, of a son.

M A R R I A G E S.

Feb. 14. **H**ON. R. Edgumbe, to the Right 1789. Hon. Lady Sophia Hobart, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Buckinghamshire.—16. General Rainstord, member of parliament for Beeralston, and governor of Chester, to Miss Cornwallis Molyneux, youngest daughter

of the late Sir More M. of Lofely, Surrey.—20. At Boldre, near Lymington, Harry Burrard, Esq. major of foot, governor of Calshot castle, late member of parliament for Lymington, and nephew to Sir Harry B. Bart. of Walshampton, to Miss Darley, daughter of — D. Esq. of London.—24. At Bath, by special licence, Thomas Ivie Cobke, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Murray.

D E A T H S.

Jan. 12. **A**T the house of General Conway. 1789. Miss Campbell, daughter of the late Lord William Campbell, brother to the present Duke of Argyll.—21. At Newington, Oxfordshire, George White, Esq. clerk of the committee of privileges and elections, and one of the principal clerks of the House of Commons.—25. At Culney, in Norfolk, the Rev. John Brooke, D. D. late rector of that parish, and of St. Augustine's, in the city of Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec.—26. At Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, Mrs. Brooke, relict of the above Dr. Brooke, and author of Julia Mandeville, Emily Montague, and many other justly-admired publications.—28. At East Sheen, Surrey, the hon. Mrs. Temple, mother to Lord Viscount Palmerston.—Aged 66, at his house, Bath, Admiral Gambier.—The 8th instant, Paul Renier, Doge of Venice, aged 79, being born November 21. 1710, and was elected January 14, 1779.—Feb. 17. A few days ago at his house in Upper Grosvenor-street, Sir Henry Harpur, Baronet.

D O M E S T I C I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Limerick, March 2, 1789.

LAST Wednesday was a very dreary day, attended with hail, rain, and violent storms of wind, thunder, and lightning, a flash of which struck the dome of Castle Jackson, in the county Limerick, burst asunder the copper on the dome, and on its way into the earth, tore up several stones, and shattered to pieces all the windows in the Castle; happily two women servants who were in the kitchen escaped unhurt, although a pig, which had been at the Castle-door, was struck dead.

“Last Wednesday evening, in a violent hurricane, a flash of lightning struck the weather-cock of the new church of Tarbert, penetrated the spire, and set it on fire, and it burnt for some time before it was extinguished.”

DUBLIN, March 1, 1789.

On Sunday, at the charity sermon preached in St. Peter's, by the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, a collection was made for the support of the charity schools of said parish, to the amount of 286l. 10s.

7.] A few days ago, a definitive sentence was pronounced in the Consistorial Court of Cork and Ross, declaring a marriage entered into between a man and his late wife's sister, null and void, and condemned the parties in costs.

Last Friday night, some persons unknown got into the passage of the Woollen Warehouse in Castle-street, and having forced away an iron bar, entered the house, and robbed the counting-house of cash and notes to the amount of 500l.

Orle, 1700l. per ann. during pleasure, and to determine upon the demise of Charles Duke of Bolton, or so soon as the said Thomas Orle shall accept any office of value equivalent in Great Britain or Ireland.

There were no new pensions on the military establishments granted last year.

The pensions on the civil establishment of this kingdom on the 20th day of last month, amounted to 97890l. 17s. 6d. and the pensions on the military establishments to 58271. 3s. 4d. amounting in the whole to the enormous sum of 103,718l. 6s. 10d.

12.] Saturday night, a fire broke out in Joseph-lane, George's-street, which was attended with melancholy consequences, two infants belonging to a poor woman who lodged in an upper apartment, having been burned to death. It appears that the unfortunate parent went out and left the infants locked up, and in the interval of her absence they set fire, as is supposed, to some light wood, which communicating with other combustible matters, the whole room was soon in a blaze, and before any assistance could possibly be obtained, the hapless children miserably perished. By the above unfortunate event, the widow of the late Mr. Michael Burne, of Castle-market, butcher, is reduced to the utmost distress and poverty.

Yesterday a Post Assembly was held at the Tholiel, in consequence of a requisition from the Lord Mayor, for the purpose of voting a congratulatory address to his Majesty on the recovery of his health.

A message to that effect having been sent down to the Common Council from the Board of Aldermen, and the measure proposed, it was opposed by Mr. J. N. Tandy as premature, on the ground that no authentic documents had been received to ascertain the fact; he therefore moved, in the form of previous question, a resolution, in purport, "That the Sheriff and Commons of Dublin, full of loyalty and affection to his Majesty's person and government, would be prompt to testify their joy on his Majesty's recovery, as soon as they should be informed of that event from proper authority: But, as the fact was not authentically announced—" as the Lord Lieutenant had promised to communicate to the Houses of Lords and Commons the first intelligence of the circumstance, when he received authentic assurance to that effect"—and as no such information had been conveyed to either House, it consequently would be premature in that assembly to proceed to such an address, until they received authentic communications of the fact."

This motion was seconded and warmly supported by Mr. Binns, and by Mess. Mulhern and Howison—it was opposed by Mess. Haughton and Giffard. The question being finally put, and the assembly dividing, on a ballot there appeared a majority of 27 for Mr. Tandy's motion—the numbers were 42 to 15.

Two members immediately proceeded with a message to the Aldermen, but it was found the Board had broke up, without waiting the result, and the members having returned, the Commons immediately adjourned.

14.] Advice having been received by the Commissioners of the Revenue, that the Washington, a large smuggling brig, mounting 14 six pounders, was expected to land a valuable cargo off Balbriggan or Rush, which being immediately communicated to Captain Huddart of his Majesty's cruiser, the Townshend, he instantly put to sea, and after a chase of twenty-two hours, took her and brought her into Sheep-haven Bay. It is somewhat remarkable, that this is the same brig that about 18 months ago was captured by Captain Huddart, and for which there was a long trial before the Commissioners.

On Sunday last, a charity sermon was preached in the parish church of St. Anne, by the Rev. Mr. Kirwan, for the support of the charity school of that parish, at which a collection was made, amounting to 528l. 8s. 11d.

Early on the afternoon of Thursday, a person named Cooper, son of a barber in Drury lane, went to the chamber of Mr. Booth, painter, in Exchequer-street, unnoticed by any of the family. Having been accustomed to attend Mr. Booth in the way of his profession, he desired to know whether he would be shaved, to which Mr. Booth, then on the bed, in consequence of a fit of the gout, answered in the negative. It appears to have been the design of the villain, had the proposed operation been submitted to, to have murdered him, and afterwards to plunder the apartment. Disappointed in this intention, he entered into some trifling conversation, until Mr. Booth, willing to rid himself of farther trouble, stretched at length on the bed, near to which the fellow had taken his station, at which instant the sanguinary wretch plunged a knife into his belly. Providentially the blow was weakened by the interposition of a metal button, and the perfect completion of the murderous intent being thus rendered abortive. Mr. Booth sprung from the bed to seize the delinquent, who escaped for the present; but it is hoped, from the strict search making after him, he will soon be brought to justice.—Mr. Booth is since dead in consequence of the wound he received.

20.] The Right Hon. John O'Neil, the Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, the Right Hon. W. B. Ponsonby and James Stuart, Esq. Commissioners from the Commons for presenting the Regency address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the House of Commons, and having taken their places.

Mr. Conolly rose and addressed the Speaker thus:—

"In pursuance to the orders of this House, we have waited on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the address of this House, and had the honour to receive from his Royal Highness the following answer."

He then read his Royal Highness's answer, which was as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The happy event of the King's recovery, and the consequent re-assumption of the exercise of his auspicious government, authorised by his Royal commission for declaring the further causes of holding the Parliament of Great Britain—has

—has done away the melancholy necessity which gave rise to the arrangement proposed by the Parliament of Ireland; but nothing can obliterate from my memory and my gratitude the principles upon which that arrangement was made, and the circumstances by which it was attended.

"I consider your generous kindness to his Majesty's Royal family, and the provision you made for preserving the authority of the Crown in its CONSTITUTIONAL energy, as the most unequivocal proofs which could be given of your affectionate loyalty to the King, at the time when, by an afflicting dispensation of Providence, his government had suffered an intermission, and his house was deprived of its natural protector.

"I shall not pay so ill a compliment to the Lords and Commons of Ireland, as to suppose that they were mistaken in their reliance on the moderation of my views, and the purity of my intentions; a manly confidence directing the manner of proceeding towards those who entertain sentiments becoming the high situation to which they are born, furnishes the most powerful motive to the performance of their duty—at the same time that the liberality of sentiment, which, in conveying a trust conveys an honour, can have no tendency to relax that provident vigilance and that public jealousy, which ought to watch over the exercise of power.

"Though full of joy for the event which enables me to take leave of you in this manner personally, I cannot but regret your departure. I have had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of your private characters, and it has added to the high esteem which I had before entertained for you on account of your public merits; both have made you the worthy representatives of the great bodies to which you belong.

"I am confident that I need not add my earnest recommendation to the Parliament and people of Ireland to continue to cultivate the harmony of the two kingdoms, which in their mutual freedom will find the closest as well as happiest bond of their connection."

The meeting on Thursday at Kiltmainham, which was convened by the High Sheriff, in pursuance of a requisition from several respectable freeholders of the county of Dublin, for the purpose of instructing their representatives to support a bill, when it is brought into Parliament, for disqualifying Revenue Officers from voting at elections for members to serve in Parliament, was so thinly attended, that no business was proceeded on. We understand, however, that another requisition is to be sent to the High Sheriff to convene the county at some convenient day for the above-mentioned purpose.

Tuesday being the anniversary of the patron Saint of Ireland, several volunteer corps, accompanied by three regimental bands, proceeded from the Royal Exchange to the Phoenix Park, where they went through the exercise of a field day, and made a respectable appearance. Notwithstanding the public-fire-works of the preceding evening, and the bustle and splendour occasioned by Tuesday night's entertainments at the Castle, there was an undelcribable pleasure enjoyed by the people on this as well as there is

on every periodical assemblage of our patriotic military societies, which brightens the general countenance, and renews, by an unavoidable association of ideas, the recollection of their past great national services.

A charity sermon was preached in Strand-street Meeting-house, by the Rev. Doctor Bruce, and a collection made for the charity school amounting to 177l. 9s.

Address to the Prince of Wales.

23.] Lord Henry Fitzgerald reported from the committee appointed to draw up an address of thanks to be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for his gracious answer to the address of this House, that they have drawn up an address accordingly, which he read in his place, and after delivered it at the table, where the same was read, and afterwards read paragraph by paragraph, and is as follows:

To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, the humble Address of the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses, in Parliament assembled.

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"WE, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to offer to your Royal Highness our warmest thanks for your answer to our address.

"With hearts overflowing with the liveliest joy, we congratulate with your Royal Highness upon the happy event of the King's recovery, and the consequent re-assumption of the exercise of his auspicious government, an event highly pleasing to the subjects of the whole Empire, but peculiarly grateful to a nation so highly indebted to their most excellent Sovereign during the whole course of his reign; and we rejoice in reflection that the father of his people is blessed with a son who is likely, in the fulness of time, to continue to his Majesty's loyal and affectionate subjects of Ireland the blessings of his government.

"Thoroughly conscious that nothing can add more to that esteem which your Royal Highness has been pleased to express for the two Houses of Parliament than their loyal and affectionate attachment to the person and government of the King, we will steadily persevere in those principles of duty, loyalty, and affection which have so happily recommended them to the favourable opinion of your Royal Highness.

"We feel the highest satisfaction in finding that what we have done, and our manner of doing it, have received your approbation, and that your Royal Highness is pleased to consider our conduct as a proof of our undiminished duty to his Majesty, our uniform attachment to the House of Brunswick, and our constant care and attention to maintain inviolate the concord and connexion between the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, which we consider as indispensably necessary to the prosperity, the happiness and liberties of both; and we beg leave to assure your Royal Highness that from these principles we shall never depart.

"We

"We are happy to find that your Royal Highness considers our just attention to his Majesty's Royal Family, and the provision made by us for preserving the authority of the Crown in its constitutional energy, as the most unequivocal proofs which could be given of our affectionate loyalty to the best of Sovereigns, at the melancholy period when, by an afflicting dispensation of Providence, his government had suffered an intermission, and his illustrious house was deprived of its great and natural protector.

"We have the just reliance on the moderation of the views and the purity of the intentions of your Royal Highness, and we have the fullest conviction in our minds that any trust which could have the most distant tendency to relax that provident vigilance and public jealousy which ought to watch over the exercise of power would not have been acceptable to the exalted sentiments of your Royal Highness, whose understanding and principles are rendered more valuable by the generous and affectionate heart which animates their dictates.

"We can with the greatest truth most solemnly assure your Royal Highness, that it is the ardent wish of the Parliament and people of Ireland to continue to cultivate the harmony and inseparable interests of the two kingdoms, firmly convinced that in their mutual perfect freedom, they will find the closest as well as the happiest bond of their connection; and we offer our warmest acknowledgments to your Royal Highness for your recommendations so worthy the high station in which you are placed, as an additional proof of your attention to the welfare of both countries.

"We assure your Royal Highness, that if any thing could add to the exultation of our minds at the happy event of the recovery of our most beloved Sovereign, it would be the pleasure which we feel in reflecting, that the heir to his majesty's crown inherits the virtues of his Royal Father—virtues which every part of your Royal Highness's conduct, during the late melancholy and trying occasion, has placed in the most illustrious point of view; and the repeated marks of graciousness and condescension with which your Royal Highness has been pleased to honour the two Houses of Parliament must ever remain impressed in the most indelible characters of affection and gratitude on the hearts of the people of Ireland."

A motion was brought on in the Court of Chancery, in the great and long depending cause, wherein the Right Hon. James Lord Baron Sherborne, of Sherborne in Gloucestershire, in the kingdom of Great Britain, was plaintiff, and William Napper, of Littleton, in the county of Westmeath, Esq; defendant. The motion was brought on the part of Lord Sher-

Michaelmas Term, by Mr. Napper, in the Court of Common Pleas, (and which is the third verdict in his favour) stands confirmed.—Agent for Lord Sherborne, John Evans, Esq; —Agent for William Napper, Esq; Peter Roe, Gent.

24.] At a Charity Sermon which was preached on Sunday last at St. Werburgh's, by the Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, for the support of the charity school of that parish, the collection made amounted to 157*l*.

Last night, about nine o'clock, a man carrying three deal boards, which it afterwards appeared he had stolen, was stopped on Lazor's-hill, and brought to the watch-house in College-street, where the unhappy man, in a fit of despair, shortly after cut his throat with a knife, of which he languishes with little hope of recovery.

Last Sunday night, about the hour of ten o'clock, a poor man who worked in a brewery, going through Dirty-lane, Thomas street, having turned aside for a necessary occasion, at the steps of a cellar, a man who dwelt in it, ran up, and gave him so desperate a stroke on the temple, that the poor man fell to the ground, and in a few moments expired. The inhuman villain has fled from justice. A coroner's inquest was held the next morning on the body, who returned a verdict of "wilful murder."

There are five very important objects which engross the attention of the people of Ireland at the present moment, and which they seem ardently desirous of obtaining. These are

1. An abolition of the Police.
2. A limitation of the Pension List.
3. Confinement of the great Offices to natives.
4. An Absentee Tax.
5. The Freedom of Election, by disqualifying Revenue Officers.

HIGH SHERIFFS for 1789.

County Antrim, Charles Crymble, of Ballyclare.—Armagh, James Verner, of Church-hill.—Carlow, Henry Bunbury, of Bunbury Lodge.—Cavan, John Stanford, of Belturbet.—Clare, Francis M'Namara, of Moyresk.—Cork, George Duncomb, of Mount Defart.—Donegal, Wybrant Olpherts, of Ballyconnell.—Down, James Watson Hull, of Belvedere.—Dublin, Charles Stanley Monck, of Grangegorman lane.—Fermanagh, Ambrose Upton, of Gledstown.—Galway, Hyacinth Daly, of Killimor.—Kerry, Edward Nash, of Ballycarthy.—Kildare, Wogan Browne.—Kilkenny, Samuel Boyse.—King's County, Thomas Drought, of Droughville.—Leitrim, Patrick Carter, of Drumlate.—Limerick, Crosbie Morgell, of Rathkeal.—Longford, Samuel Auchmuty, of Bryanstown.—Louth,

son, of Augher, Bart.—Waterford, Thomas Christmas, of Whitefield.—Westmeath, Mark Synnot, of Clondelever.—Wexford, William Bolton, of Island.—Wicklow, Richard Hornidge, of Tullarris, Esqrs.

N O T E.

Those marked § are Members of Parliament.

BIRTHS for March, 1789.

Feb. 27. **A**T Leinster-house, her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, of a daughter.—The lady of Dominick Browne, Esq. of a son.—In the Lower Castle yard, the lady of Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. Secretary at War, of a daughter.—In Westland-row, the lady of Robert Ashworth, Esq. of a daughter.—In Fownes's-street, the lady of Henry Ottiwell, Esq. of a son.—In Great Britain-street, the lady of Francis Cahill, Esq. of a son.—In Hume-street, the lady of Sir John Allen Johnston, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES for March, 1789.

THE Right Hon. Edward Southwell, Lord De Clifford, premier Baron of Great Britain, to Miss Mary Bourke, second daughter to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and grand daughter to the Earl of Mayo.—At Limerick, John M'Creith, Esq. to Miss Cecilia Vize.—The Rev. John Going, of Birdhill, in the county of Tipperary, to Miss Shirley, eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. William Shirley.—Richard Reynell, of Reynella, county of Westmeath, Esq. to Miss Moleworth, only daughter of Major Moleworth.—Nathaniel Smith, of William-street, Esq. to Miss Collins, daughter of Samuel Collins, Esq. an eminent sugar baker.—James Morris, of Chancery lane, Esq. an eminent attorney, to Miss Mary Austen, of Drogheda.—*23d Feb.* At Toulouse, in France, Joseph Holden Strutt, Esq. eldest son of John Strutt, of Terling-place, in Essex, Esq. to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, daughter to the late, and sister to his Grace the present Duke of Leinster.—Parker Bennett, of Bricff, Esq. to Miss Mary Sheran, of Rathany, county of Limerick.—At Bandon, John Hawkes, jun. Esq. to Miss Cornick, daughter of Isaac Cornick, Esq. of the county of Wexford.—Hugh Trevor, of Cork Bridge, Esq. one of the sheriff peers of this city, and an eminent brewer, to Miss Chambers, only daughter of the late David Chambers, of London, Esq.

DEATHS for March, 1789.

AT Ballina, Mrs. King, Lady of the Right Hon. Henry King, one of the representatives in parliament for the borough of Boyle, and brother to the Earl of Kingston.—In Newry, in a very advanced age, Mrs. Elizabeth Glenney.—At Bath, in a very advanced age, the Rt. Hon. Anne, Lady Viscountess Bangor. Her ladyship was first married to Robert Hawkins Magill, Esq. by whom she had an only daughter, the present Countess of Clanwilliam; by her second, she had the present Viscount Bangor, the

Hon. Edward, and the Hon. Robert Ward: she was daughter of the first Earl of Darnley, and sister to the late Earl.—At Aghar, co. of Meath, Benjamin Pratt Reynell, Esq. youngest son of the late Reverend Edward Reynell.—In Great Britain-street, Patrick Cosgrave, Esq. an eminent attorney, deputy comptroller of the pipe, and collector of forfeited recognizances, for the city and county of Dublin.—Sir Richard St. George, Bart. member of parliament for the borough of Athlone. He is succeeded in title and estate by his son, now Sir Richard Blyth St. George.—Mrs. O'Keeffe, relict of the late Cornelius O'Keeffe, Esq. barrister at law.—In Stafford-street, M. Grace, Esq. an eminent attorney.—At Cork, Adam Newman, sen. Esq. an alderman of that city.—In Dawson-street, the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Walsh.—*11th of March*, at her ladyship's house, in Merion-square, the Right Hon. Ellis Agar, Countess of Brandon, in the 81st year of her age. She was married first in the year 1726, to Sir Theobald Bourke, Bart. afterwards Lord Viscount Mayo, and some years after his decease, she married Francis Lord Athenry, premier Baron of Ireland, and father to the present Earl of Louth: her ladyship was created a peeress in her own right, in 1758, by the title of Countess of Brandon, which dignity is now on her demise become extinct.—John Echlin, of Thomastown, co. of Downe, Esq.—At Bomena, near Hollywood, James Hamilton, Esq.—At his house, in Henrietta-street, the 18th of March, the Right Hon. Owen Wynne, member of parliament for the borough of Sligo, governor of the county, custos rotulorum of the county of Leitrim, and one of his majesty's most hon. privy council. He was married to a sister of the late and present Earl of Farnham, by whom he has issue, and is succeeded in his estate, which is between five and six thousand per ann. by his eldest son, Owen Wynne, sen. Esq. one of the present knights of the shire for the county of Sligo.—In College-Green, Mr. James Stevenson, partner with Mr. Magee, universally regretted by his acquaintance.

PROMOTIONS.

JOHN Egan, Esq. barrister-at law, elected M. P. for the borough of Ballinakill.—(Sir William Montgomery, Bart. deceased.)—The Rev. Doctor Little, to the living of Dunleer, in the diocese of Armagh.—(the Rev. Dr. Norris, deceased.)—The Rev. Mr. Alexander, son-in-law of the Right Hon. Richard Jackson, presented to the parish of Cookstown, county of Tyrone, and diocese of Armagh.—(the Reverend Thomas Stewart, deceased.)—The Rev. Wm. Day, D. D. one of the junior fellows of Trinity College, presented by said University to the united livings of Omagh and Killileagh, worth 1000l. per ann.—(The Rev. Dr. John Foster, deceased.)—The Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, elected M. P. for the borough of Taghmon.—The Rev. Mark Tildall, of Galtrim, to be a justice of the peace, for the county of Meath.—Mr. Richard Cox, late of Cattle-street, to be keeper of the New Prison.—(Mr. George Roe, deceased.)

W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For A P R I L, 1789.

*We present our Readers this Month with a Political Print, entitled
"The Ambassadors Extraordinary." From an English Publication.*

Account of the Trial for a Divorce, in the Cause of the Countess of Strathmore against her Husband Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq.

ON Tuesday the 26th of February, came on to be heard in the High Court of Delegates, held at Serjeant's-Inn Hall, the further progress in the long depending cause, instituted by the right honourable Mary Eleanor Bowes, commonly called countess of Strathmore, against Andrew Robinson Bowes (formerly Stoney) her husband, praying a divorce, *à mensa et thoro*, on account of cruel usage.

The depositions which were read in answer to the interrogatories of Mr. Bowes, render the statement of those interrogatories unnecessary, but it is necessary to observe, that Mr. Bowes in an early stage of this business offered to read as evidence a confession of crimes, signed by lady Strathmore, which the court refused to receive.

The substance of the depositions made on the part of her ladyship was ——— that her ladyship appeared to be a very accomplished and sensible woman: in behaviour, meek and gentle, and of a disposition the most amiable and compliant, obeying all the commands of her husband with the greatest alacrity: that the general conduct of Mr. Bowes bespoke a mind the most mean, and a heart the most cruel and savage; miserable in himself, and desirous of rendering every body else so; that lady Strathmore was seldom free from bruises, occasioned, as the respondents believed, by the treatment of Mr. Bowes; that while she was at Paris he thrust his nail through the flesh behind her ear, and when she wept bitterly with the torment,
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he pretended she had hurt herself; that he once beat her because she expressed a reluctance to translate a letter into French, which he wanted to send to a lady in France.

This letter was read, and the purport was that he had conceived a violent passion for the lady to whom it was addressed; described him as a man of ample fortune, and invited the lady to accompany him to England and share it with him. In this letter he also deplored his ignorance of the French language, and that he had employed an interpreter.

The depositions further stated —

That lady Strathmore's face was often black and swelled, and at one time appeared to be burnt with a wax taper, as the skin was blistered, and the wax appeared sticking upon it.

That there was nothing in her ladyship's conduct to induce a belief that she was either subject to madness or intoxication, or that she had often set her own head on fire, as the interrogatories suggested; that her screams were frequently heard when she was alone with Mr. Bowes, and she was afterwards discovered to be much bruised, and that few days passed without her ladyship being under apprehensions that Mr. Bowes would murder her: that he had often privately pinched and kicked her while she was looking another way; that he attempted to persuade others that he entertained a great regard for her, and when he was absent would send home to enquire after her health; but the respondents did not believe that this was the effect of any anxiety he felt for her health, but was done with a view to deceive the world: that he did not allow her suffi-

ent wearing apparel, for a woman of her fortune and rank, which was the sole cause of her appearing improperly dressed, and not from any slovenliness in her ladyship's disposition, as he had suggested; that he often beat and bruised her without the least provocation, and sometimes from the most frivolous occasions, and that being in danger of her life she left his house.

On the part of Mr. Bowes several witnesses swore to circumstances of affection and regard he had shewn to lady Strathmore, and the good opinion she had repeatedly expressed of his affection and good conduct.

Several depositions, on his part, were also read, for the purpose of establishing against lady Strathmore the foul crime of adultery. It was sworn by some of the witnesses, that lady Strathmore, subsequent to her marriage with Mr. Bowes, was discovered to be very familiar with his gardener, a married man, who had declared in an hour of intoxication that he had made his fortune, and hinted, that her ladyship had liberally furnished him with money; that he was once discovered by his own daughter, in a green-house with lady Strathmore, in a position that left no doubt upon the minds of the witnesses; that two other witnesses also saw them in an outhouse; that upon information being given to Mr. Bowes of this circumstance, he appeared to be much distressed in mind, almost to a degree of distraction. It was also deposed, that her ladyship had been criminally connected with another servant in the family one George Walker, her own footman, according to the belief of the witnesses.

In answer to this testimony, a deposition was read on behalf of lady Strathmore, stating, that corrupt means had been made use of by Mr. Bowes to prevail on a witness to bear false testimony against her ladyship, and unjustly to charge her with the crime of adultery.

A motion was made by Dr. Batten, counsel for Mr. Bowes, that a letter written by lady Strathmore to the Rev. Henry Stevens, who had resided some time in the house with her and Mr. Bowes, and who had married her ladyship's companion, should be read, which after much debate, was granted. The letter was dated from Gihlside, March 28, 1777, and was conceived in the following terms, viz.

"Dear Sir,

"Mr. Bowes told me yesterday, that he had written to you that day about the disposition of George, who had behaved very ill, and convinced me, but too fully, how much I have been mistaken in the good opinion I had of his honesty, and created doubts that I never before entertained. As there is nothing of which he can be guilty, that I

have not reason to suspect he would, with the most distant prospect of its answering any purpose, I beg the favour of you, before he comes to town, to open his boxes and drawers, and take out and seal up against my return all the papers on which you either see my hand-writing, or have reason to think belongs to me, and then fasten up the boxes again, as if no violence had been employed."

A deposition made by Ruth Walker, wife of George Walker, the person alluded to in the letter to Mr. Stevens, was then read. It stated, that the witness lived in the service of lord Strathmore two years before his death, and continued to live with lady Strathmore till and after her marriage with Mr. Bowes; that from the first time of her entering into her ladyship's service, she never observed any thing in her conduct that was unwarrantable or improper; that her husband, George Walker, lived in the family as a footman, and the witness never heard of, or discovered, nor had any reason to suspect, nor did she believe, that he had at any time committed adultery with lady Strathmore; that after George Walker had quitted the service of Mr. Bowes, the latter called at a public house which he had set up in the country, and asked the witness if she knew him? Upon her saying she did, he enquired for her husband, who being sent for and arrived, Mr. Bowes told him, that lady Strathmore was suing him for a divorce, and asked Walker in what manner he supposed she could obtain it, as he (Mr. Bowes) was in possession of a full history of her ladyship's life, from her age of ten years; that Mr. Bowes then pulled out of his pocket a book, which he began to read, containing a history of many circumstances, tending to discolour the character of lady Strathmore: that after he had read part of it, he exclaimed, "Poor deluded woman! what probability can there be of her success in obtaining a divorce?" that the witness then said to Mr. Bowes, that his reading this book reflected very little credit on him; upon which he replied, that the book was of her ladyship's own hand: the witness replied that she believed that nothing but the fear of death could have induced her ladyship to write a chain of circumstances so prejudicial to her own character: that Mr. Bowes afterwards called again at the house of George Walker, and desired the witness to inform her husband, that he (Mr. Bowes) would give him 600*l.* in money, settle 40*l.* a year upon him for life, and also 20*l.* on the witness during her life, if he would do as he would have him; that the witness communicated this intelligence to her husband, when he made use of an oath, saying, *that* Mr. Bowes and his gold might perish together:" that Mr. Bowes desired the witness to go a-
gain

gain to her husband with the same message, which she accordingly did, but he rejected the offer in similar words.

On the part of lady Strathmore the examination of several witnesses were read for the purpose of contradicting certain depositions produced by Mr. Bowes, by which it was sworn that lady Strathmore had expressed herself very happy in his company when he was carrying her off from her house in Holles-street, to Stratham castle; and had said she would defend him before lord Mansfield, or in any court into which he might be called to appear.

The substance of this evidence on the part of her ladyship was, that while Mr. Bowes was conveying her from place to place, she appeared to be under the deepest affliction and distress of mind; and that when she came to a house at Burton, she wrung her hands, and discovered a mind in the most affecting agonies; that some people in the house conceiving her ladyship's distress to be the effect of illness, offered their assistance to get her some relief; upon which the servants, hired by Mr. Bowes, told them, not to mind her ladyship, for that she was in a state of insanity; that the cloaths of lady Strathmore were very mean, and that she wore a man's great coat, buttoned round, and appeared to be extremely feeble in body: that Mr. Bowes had fire-arms with him, and had repeatedly declared he would shoot his pursuers, if they made any attempt to rescue lady Strathmore*.

Several depositions were read on behalf of lady Strathmore, to repel the testimony adduced by Mr. Bowes respecting some material circumstances. These depositions stated, that Charles Chapman and Joseph Hill, whose expressions had been referred to as presumptive proof of her ladyship having been guilty of adultery, with Thompson her gardener, were both persons of infamous characters, intitled to no faith or credit; that Mr. Bowes had been heard to declare, that Chapman was the greatest rascal the world ever produced; that no indecencies were observed, nor did the witnesses believe they had ever passed, between lady Strathmore and Thompson; and that the latter had solemnly declared, about eight days before his death, that he never had any criminal connection with, or in any respect been familiar with lady Strathmore, and expressed great concern and sorrow that such false reports

N O T E.

* When Mr. Bowes carried off lady Strathmore this cause was depending. An information being exhibited against him and others, on that account, in the court of King's Bench for a conspiracy, they were all convicted; and sentenced to imprisonment.

should have been raised against her ladyship.

The counsel having announced that they had no more evidence to produce, Dr. Batten, advocate for Mr. Bowes, was desired to make his observations. The learned civilian, after apologizing for his being unprepared, spoke for upwards of an hour; in which he made a number of ingenious and learned animadversions on the nature and force of the evidence on both sides.

The court on the pleadings being closed, adjourned for the purpose of considering their judgment.

On the court's re-assembling, judgment was pronounced.

Judgment.

THE court having heard counsel on the part of Mr. Bowes, pronounced the following judgment.

"That Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq; being unmindful of his conjugal vow, and not having the fear of God before his eyes, did, on the several days and times mentioned, in the pleadings of this cause, commit the several acts of cruelty therein mentioned, and did also on the days therein set forth, commit the heinous crime of adultery.

"The court do therefore order and decree that the said Andrew Robinson Bowes and Mary Eleanor Bowes, commonly called countess of Strathmore, be divorced, and live separate from each other; but that neither of the parties marry during the natural life of the other of them."

The Nuptial Funeral.

(*From an ancient German Chronicle.*)

ON a steep mountain, surrounded by extensive woods is situated an ancient castle, long the residence of the counts of Dachau. There lived, with an aged and venerable mother, the last descendant of that illustrious family.

The counts of Walfarthaufen were their near relations; and the vicinity of their mansion facilitating their mutual intercourse, paved the way for a still more strict alliance. The young countess, their sister, was promised in marriage to the count of Dachau, with a very rich dowry.

The most magnificent preparations were made to celebrate the nuptials in the festival of Christmas. All the noble chevaliers and ladies of the adjacent country were invited to the ceremony.—To the esquires and pages were given new liveries, upon which were embroidered the arms of the two families.

The preparations being completed, the count of Dachau, in his nuptial dress, accompanied by his attendants, descended into

the valley at the foot of the mountain, to meet his future consort; but the slow progress of his train ill-suiting his youthful ardour and impatience, the chevalier set spurs to his noble courser, and was soon so far advanced into the wood, that it was not possible for his attendants to hear his voice.

On a sudden, he is attacked by a troop of robbers, and, after some useless efforts, is disarmed, and wounded. In vain he offers whatever he had to save his life. Deaf to all his prayers, the cruel robbers complete their crime, strip him of his rich dress and costly jewels, and divide the spoil among them. An emerald ring, the first pledge which he had received from his mistress, when she promised to be his bride, not being easy to be taken from his finger, the barbarians cut off his hand: then covering the corpse with some earth, they fly with precipitation, taking with them the horse of the unfortunate chevalier.

In the mean time, the intended bride, accompanied by her two brothers, and followed by a splendid cavalcade, arrives at the castle, where a numerous company are assembled. Mutual congratulations pass on the auspicious occasion of their meeting. The mother alone, melancholy and uneasy at not seeing her son, expects him with impatience. She sends the esquires and pages to seek for him. A little dog of the chevalier's runs after them, scenting every bush, as if in anxious search of his master.

The supper is served up in the great hall. The chevaliers and ladies take their places at the table. But no gaiety nor cheerfulness is there: a melancholy silence and melancholy looks bespeak the sad presentiments that pervade every bosom.

The bride cannot retain her sighs: her bosom heaves with unutterable anguish: her necklace bursts: the pearls roll upon the table. At these ominous signs, the terrified guests rise from their seats: the covers are all removed: they wait, in dreadful suspense, the arrival of the chevalier. A boisterous wind shakes the lofty firs that crown the mountain, and roar through all the courts of the castle. Whirlwinds of snow rush from the rocks into the valley. At length, the storm ceases; the clouds disperse, and the pale light of the moon appears. They hear—they hear the funeral scream of the nocturnal birds.

The young countess conceals her beautiful face. Adieu for ever now to joy and peace! The sound of a horn is heard: the drawbridge is lowered, and admits the esquires and pages, who precipitately enter, as if pursued by the phantoms of night. All the company anxiously approach the lady dow-

ager and her intended daughter-in-law, who internally addressing their vows to heaven, await in silent consternation the dreadful news, when a mournful and plaintive cry attracts their attention to the door. They behold the little dog, who, running to the mother of his master, drops at her feet something bloody, which he licks with a piteous moan. Alas! it was the hand which the assassins had cut off, and dropped in their flight. The mother—the bride—perceive the emerald ring, and sink lifeless on the floor.

At this sight, the chevaliers all take to arms, and, followed by the domestics of the castle, enter the wood, and traverse it on every side. The faithful dog runs before them, incessantly moaning. He traces the footsteps of his master. They wander thus about an hour, when he stops at a heap of earth, which he endeavours to scratch up, still piteously moaning. They dig the earth, which appears recently laid; and they discover the naked and mangled body of the count de Dachau. The chevaliers take off their mantles, and wrap it decently in them. They place it on one of their horses: then taking the plumes from their hats; and the esquires and pages too tearing from their clothes the ribbands and other ornaments of the day, they sorrowfully resume their road to the castle. Not a voice is heard—not a sound to interrupt the silence of the melancholy procession.

The company that had seen the nuptial train of the late happy bride, now behold from the lofty towers of the castle the funeral cavalcade approach. The priests descend to the foot of the mountain, to receive, with due solemnity, the body of their lord. He is interred in the vaults of the church in which his ancestors repose; and with him is extinct the ancient family of Dachau.

So vanished all the honours of ancestry! So fled the brightest terrestrial prospects! To the childless mother, and the widowed bride, all on earth is now desolate and dreary. Grief long holds her melancholy sway. Piety at length prevails; and Faith points to those celestial scenes, where suffering goodness will at last be happy. Wrapped in mourning, and prostrate at the foot of the altar, they make a solemn vow to renounce the world for ever, and to devote their whole estate to the founding of a monastery of the order of St. Benedict, in which prayers might be offered up, night and day, for the repose of his soul, who was so beloved in life, and lamented in death.

Pursued by divine vengeance, the robbers did not long escape the hands of justice: they were all taken, and conducted to the prisons of Dachau, where they soon met the punishment

punishment that was due to the enormity of their guilt.

The courts palatine of Bavaria, to whom the fief reverted, erected a chapel on the spot where the murder was committed. It is still existing; and may be seen from the road which leads to the castle of Dachau.

Observations on Comedy.

THOSE who consider the stage merely as a source of amusement, and who go there for no other purpose but to laugh, will not find fault with such comedies as are now commonly presented to the public. But those who expect something beyond mere amusement, who look for regularity of plot, probability of incidents, and a true representation of human life and manners, do frequently confess that they are egregiously disappointed, and complain of want of genius in our authors, and want of taste in our audiences.

The fact is, that the true and genuine province of Comedy is either not understood, or purposely neglected, for our farces contain sentiments of virtue and delicacy, our comedies are full of farcial dialogue and incidents, and our pantomimes seem to inculcate a better morality than are to be found in either. While such performances, so mixed in their nature and so irregular in their construction are tolerated, and even sometimes highly applauded in other theatres, it will not be easy to reduce the drama to its old establishment, and to convince the audiences that they are applauding what is undeserving of notice—for while we adhere to the principle of going to the theatre “merely to laugh,” it will not be in our power to restrict that laughter to what is innocently humorous; as laughter is in itself a kind of passion which when excited to gratification, is, like other passions, not very nice in the choice of its object. Hence we have heard a *Damme*, or some such expression from the mouth of the favourite actor, excite as much laughter as the best point to be found in the writings of Con-

dies have not scrupled to borrow the furniture of the room, to aid the author's invention. In the *School for Scandal*, universally acknowledged to be one of the best comedies since the Congreve age, the principal scene and that which, to use the newspaper phrase, “draws the greatest bursts of laughter,” owes its whole effect to a screen. In the management of this screen there is an absurdity so very great, that I am surprised the first audiences who beheld this comedy, did not censure it. My readers will recollect that the scene I am speaking of is in the fourth act, where Lady Teazle has paid a visit to Joseph's library; while she is with him Sir Peter Teazle is announced; a closet there is belonging to the room, but, strange to think! Joseph never dreams of hiding the lady there; but puts her behind the screen.—Now, if we remember why the screen was drawn before the windows, it was to conceal what was going on in the room from the prying eyes of an inquisitive neighbour in the opposite side of the street—and therefore when Lady Teazle is placed between the screen and the window she is fully exposed to the eyes of that or any other lady. This obvious absurdity would perhaps have been censured, if what followed did not so amply atone for it.

The success of this scene has given rise to many awkward imitations of it by authors of less genius and contrivance. Scarcely any comedy is now without a hiding place of this kind, which occasioned a wag to observe, that “dramatic authors ought to erect a statue in memory of the architect who first invented closets.” And not only closets, but presses, tables, and even cupboards, and chimnies have been called to the assistance of some author distressed for places to hide his characters in.

This levelling principle of “going to laugh,” has had proportional effects on the fable or plot of our comedies, which are in general so grossly improbable, so much beyond what either ever did, or ever can happen, that on a moment's reflection, we are shocked and pity the author's want of

ous females are introduced they belong to different fables. The same measure of dramatic virtues is meted out to the gentlemen, only that besides the hero (who is not always, strictly speaking, the best of men) we have a moralizing old captain, or uncle, too wise and good to be natural, and almost always too dull to be agreeable. This they tell us is to give a relief to the humorous scenes, but it is a relief they very seldom want.

But as we go "merely to laugh," it cannot be supposed that we will quarrel with authors for such trifles as monsters and improbable plots and characters; and he who does quarrel with them on this score, is accounted a sour and fastidious critic—a name that probably may be bestowed on the writer of this paper, but he consoles himself in the reflection, that he is writing to those who can think as well as laugh, and who knowing what comedy ought to be, will regret to behold what it is. I have, however, so much charity left for our modern dramatic writers, as to wish to serve them by suggesting a method of avoiding all censure on account of the improbability of their plots and characters. As they have thought proper (for reasons best known to themselves) to depart from the manners of the times and from the natural and probable course of fate in their incidents, it is not fair nor honest that that they should still call their performances "representations of modern manners."—I say it is not fair, nor, I can assure them, will it be credited by one in a hundred who reads their plays and knows any thing of life. To avoid this misnomer, and yet preserve their usual way of writing, my scheme is, to introduce the agency of *fairies* and *genii*. And for this purpose it will be necessary for them to peruse with abundant care and attention, the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the Tales of the Fairies, the Tales of the Genii, and other works of the like nature. Something suggests to me that some of our dramatic authors have already been dabbling in these books, but as they do not think proper to acknowledge it, it may not be quite so candid to make the assertion.

Having, from an attentive perusal of such books, attained a competent knowledge of what Genii and Fairies can do, let them set them to work in continuing the incidents of a comedy. We shall then have something to refer to as the cause of those surprising and unnatural incidents which take place in comedies, written "to make us laugh." The human mind usually turns itself to first causes, and here it would have a fruitful source. Nothing would then appear extraordinary or improper; nothing out of its place; but all would only be the

effect of a concerted plan between the evil and the favourable Genii; the one would act on the side of the lovers, and the other in behalf of the parents and guardians. Then parents might remain ignorant of their children for five whole acts, and recognize them at the end of the comedy by their unbuttoning their coat, or some such usual mode of discovery.—Then likewise parents and guardians who had been throughout the play hardened and hard-hearted as flints and rocks, would in one moment be softened into kind and indulgent creatures. The reformation of notorious rakes, which generally takes place about the end of the fifth act, and which, according to the present system, is grossly improbable, would appear quite accountable, when we discern that the touch of a fairy wand had produced it. I need not add how much the use of closets, back staircases, screens, &c. would be improved by magic. Whereas at present these very humorous machines, these comic pieces of furniture, these witty hinges on which a door and a play at once turn, are frequently so bunglingly managed, that without a breach of charity, we may say that, although the incidents are such as magic only could produce, the authors themselves are certainly no conjurors.

In a word, until the authors of modern comedies shall think proper to take their lessons from real life and manners; and present to us such characters as are or ought to be, instead of such as never were, nor ever can be; it appears to me that the agency of magic only can afford a proper excuse for the monstrous improbabilities which are introduced on the stage—and to that excuse I refer our authors until they can find out a better, or alter their plan.

British Theatre.

A Dispute has arisen in Drury-lane Theatre between the Queen of Tears and Queen of Smiles; not on account of precedence but of attraction. Thalia insists that she can fill a house without the aid of Melpomene, and therefore refuses to act in any after-piece that follows a tragedy in which Melpomene exhibits. In our opinion both ladies should exert their utmost abilities to replenish a treasury, from which each draws considerable sums of money, and being servants to the public, from whom their fortunes flow through that medium, should contribute as much as possible to increase entertainment.

It is proper to observe here, upon an object of material consequence to the liberty of the stage, in which indeed the interests of authors and players are also deeply concerned

ed. We allude to the gross partiality which often marks the criticism of some daily papers, and which only can be imputed to motives of a mercenary or malign nature. The conduct of one critic in particular is strongly illustrative of this observation. This reverend gentleman, for he is a parson, was for a considerable time the puffer of Henderson, till, by the grossness of his adulation, he not only rendered a good actor ridiculous, but created him many enemies, by the comparisons which he daily drew between him and his contemporaries. Kemble is at present the object of this gentleman's flattery; he has ventured to style him "*better than Garrick*," to the great injury of Kemble, between whom and Garrick the difference is the same as between *art* and *nature*. In saying this, we are aware they were both *artists* in the work of *imitation*, but nature was the object to be imitated, and no two sculptors ever differed more widely; for Garrick not only worked with the skill of a Phidias, but animated his figures with the fire of Prometheus.

In the contest on attractive power between Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, this gentleman had adopted his usual partiality, and in a manner mean as it is cunning. We do not object to his praise of Mrs. Siddons; her powers in tragedy are great, her acting excellent; and therefore we can excuse him when he occasionally over steps the bounds of just panegyric, and mounts into hyperbole—but when he criticises a play, in which Mrs. Jordan has displayed her exquisite and enchanting comic powers, we are convinced that the suppression of that eulogium due to her, is owing to corruption—and that the parasite stands confessed.

Miss Fontenelle, in Macbeth.

She is not to blame: this is an age of exhibitions; and if Miss Fontenelle had refused to shew her *self* in breeches, a forfeiture of salary would have been the consequence. Her *parts* and her *powers*, perfo-

more, which should have come *first* not *last*—he spoke a *prologue*—it was the prologue to the Author. When he returns, he will not say like ungrateful Woodward,

*I'm come from God knows whom ———
and God knows where."*

Pantomime.

They manage matters of this kind with extraordinary elegance and surprising effect in France. Sir George Collier has imported an entertainment of this kind, which is now performing at Covent-Garden, intitled *The Death of Captain Cook*, which is likely to have a very extraordinary run. It is in the style of the Italian serious ballet.

The first act pictures the savage life with great exactness, representing the courtship of a girl by two lovers, the marriage of the fortunate lover, and the jealousy of his rival.

In the second act is represented the landing of Captain Cook at Owyee, his introduction to the chief of the island, the rage of the jealous savage, his attempt to carry off the bride by force, and the prevention of his purpose by Captain Cook. This is followed by a tumult, which produces a general engagement between a party of the English and a multitude of the savages, in which Captain Cook being left alone, is surrounded, stabbed behind, and left dead.

The third act exhibits the Captain's funeral, attended by a military procession, in which are seen the various companions of his toils, intermixed with savages, who join with their uncouth gestures in the solemn ceremony.

The different characters were all extremely well supported, particularly Capt. Cook, by Cranfield, and the Jealous Savage, by Delpini. The music is French, and has but little merit; but the whole of the subject is truly interesting, and the pathetic situations attach the heart with irresistible force. We scarcely ever witnessed the influence of sympathy operate so powerfully upon an audience. The passions of love, jealousy,

Earl of Shrewsbury	Mr. Benson
Huntingdon —	Mr. Phillimore

Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Ward.
Lady Douglas	Mrs. Farmer
Lady Scrope	Mrs. Tidswell
And Queen Mary	Mrs. Siddons.

Sketch of the Fable.

The scene opens at Scroope castle, where Mary, speaking to Lady Douglas and her attendants, of her visit to her sister-queen, first discovers from their conversation, that she is no longer a visitant, but a prisoner! Her indignation bursts forth on receiving this intelligence, but is softened into sympathy on the arrival of Norfolk, who, avowing himself her lover, is forbidden neither to hope nor to despair. She gives him a ring, which is to be the means of his future admission, and he departs in a transport of success.

The scene then changes to the court of Elizabeth, where Murray, the regent is the under, and Earl Lenox the open accuser of their sovereign, for the murder of Bothwell, and the other crimes imputed to her. Norfolk and Lord Herries, her ambassador, are her advocates, and the latter claims of the council a licence for his injured queen to make her defence in person. This is prevented by the artifices of Cecil, who contrives to incense the queen, already jealous of the superior beauties of Mary, by informing her of Norfolk's passion. The storm at length bursts on the head of Norfolk, and the news being conveyed to the queen of Scots, she is agonized by the tidings, until a succeeding messenger brings intelligence of his liberation.—Norfolk himself, arrived at Scroope-castle in disguise, obtains admission by means of the ring; and informing Mary of the oath, never to see her more, by which he obtained his freedom, his generosity is so wrought on by her tender reproaches, that he makes a vow to use every effort for her deliverance. His proceedings in consequence of this determination, being brought to the ear of Elizabeth,

sary Davison, the fear of a conspiracy against her person, at the instigation of Mary, and the sentence of death is at length issued in consequence of this suggestion.

By the first intelligence which reaches Mary of the duke of Norfolk, her soul is totally subdued—by that of her own fate, she is rather confirmed, and particularly when she hears that her religious opinions form a part of her guilt. The parting with her servants,—the harsh conduct of the earl of Huntingdon,—and the whole of her final demeanour, are in strict conformity to the narrative which history has preserved.—The curtain drops on the procession from her apartment to the place of execution.

The author of this tragedy is the honourable Mr. St. John; of course the first representation was attended by an audience the most brilliant, among whom were the prince of Wales and the duke of York.

From the sketch we have given, it must appear, that the author has almost strictly adhered to history, and has not exercised poetic licence in the construction of his fable. He has also bid defiance to every critical rule, by breaking through the unities of place, time, and action. The death of the Queen of Scots, was in itself a subject sufficient to work into a tragedy, fully expressive of the passions; and a fine dramatic genius, with such a subject, could have invented sufficient incidents to keep the imagination engaged. There was ample room for the display of love and pity.

The character of Queen Elizabeth is but weakly drawn: indeed it would have been better if she had been heard of, not seen, unless the poet, by justifiable fiction, had brought her and Mary together, which would give a scene of fine contrast. Upon the whole, the author's genius seems better adapted to epic than dramatic writing, the art of which he seems entirely acquainted with.

The several characters were well supported; but the Queen of Scots did not appear sufficiently elevated in manners, as represented by Mrs. Siddons.

A Dialogue between Mr. Pope and Mr. Coffey, Poets, in St. James's Park, London.*

Mr. Coffey.

YOUR servant, Mr. POPE.

Mr. Pope. Your servant, Sir. I don't know you.

Mr. Coffey. I believe you, Sir. By knowing me well, you'd know yourself better. I mean, Sir, without taking the ungrateful trouble to look into yourself, you might see many of your failings in me. Nature has formed us very much alike to outward appearance; and it is not unreasonable to suppose our virtues, vices, passions, much alike.

Mr. Pope. Pray, Sir, who are you?

Mr. Coffey. Sir, my name is Coffey. And as I have the honour to be like you in other respects, so I have the pleasure to ape you in poetry; we were born both alike, Sir: *Nata nascitur, non fit*, you know, Sir.

Mr. Pope. I know you are *none fit* to be called a poet.

Mr. Coffey. Good Sir, I thank you. Now you condescend to level yourself with me by that poor quibble. And, if you won't be offended, I will endeavour to give you a better opinion of me, and a worse of yourself, than you used to have. I hope you'll allow that is serving us both in reality.

Mr. Pope. Sir, you make very free. But the bee does not collect all his honey from the sweetest flowers. I am contented to hear you, Sir.

Mr. Coffey. Why there, now, you borrowed that very thought from a song of mine, but there is nothing new. I am sorry, Mr. Pope, that, upon our first interview, I must complain of a rude return to a civil letter. I am an Author, Sir, as well as you; and for one man that has read your translation of Homer, five hundred have seen my *Devil To Pay*. You have a *Belinda*; I have a favourite *Myra*; you have Gnomes, Sylphs, and airy Spirits; I have Conjurers, Fairies, Devils. Your begging Epistles are wrote in verse (for, after all, what are they but begging Epistles? and mine are wrote in prose) Now, Sir, this is the ill treatment

worthy subscribers names, such as would have conferred more honour on you than your name could on me. I wrote you a letter out of my ordinary course; for you know we Authors have one letter for a thousand subscribers; but I considered I was writing to Mr. Pope, so I mounted on Pegasus, and gave some ease to my common hackney. My condescension was but ill rewarded. You had better not have sent any answer than that you did send. It was wrote upon a scrap of paper, much blotted, and dawb'd with several drops of candle-grease, not unlike a Doctor's recipe, who had been knocked up at three in the morning, and went to bed fuddled at one, and the contents of it were: 'Sir, I don't know you, and I never subscribe to persons unknown.' Had you been answered after the same manner when you printed Homer by subscription, Mr. Pope's gardens had not been famous for delicacy, nor would a most curious grotto have invited Mr. Pope to gentle sleep and easy poetry.

An humble cell, instead of grot,
Had then been Pope's unhappy lot;
The Verge would then his garden be,
In case, as figure, just like me.

Now, Sir, do not you think you have treated me very ill?

Mr. Pope. Sir, your address seems more like a challenge than an argument to convince me, as you told me at first you would. However, to give you satisfaction, I will let you know why I was so indifferent, or, as you are pleased to call it, rude in my answer. I have every day many letters from poor Poets, some begging relief, others only hinting their necessity: was I to give a trifle to every one that asks me, I should soon be penniless: was I to subscribe to every one that asked me, what I got by subscriptions, I should lose through the same channel. But, Mr. Coffey, you are an entire stranger to me; besides, you are about to print another man's works: had the specimen you sent me been your own composition, you then had been worthy of every man's confi-

Why this is no secret, and yet I will allow you to be a pretty fellow. The world esteems you. I meet with respect upon your account. I am often taken for Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope. You are often mistaken. Yet I am never taken for Mr. Coffey.

Mr. Coffey. I am sorry for it. Would to Heaven you had been on Saturday last ! I had escaped a Spunging-house, and you would be sensible of the misfortunes attending a poor poet. But I am determined to write against the Court, as you did formerly ; it will encrease my list of subscribers, and will gain me the protection of the same set of men that made your fortune.

Mr. Pope. Mr. Coffey, you must endeavour first to be worthy the esteem of such great men. Pray, Sir, what have you writ to recommend you to this part of the world ? Had you staid at home (for aught I know) your genius is in proportion to the knowledge or taste of your own country ; and there you might meet with that encouragement which, I am sure, you will not find among us. I am certain you do not imagine I am jealous of your worth. Go home. My advice is disinterested, and ought to be followed.

Mr. Coffey. Sir, you know very well that the knowledge of my country is equal to your own country. England is beholding to us for excellent men of all professions ; the gown, the sword, the law, and the stage.

Mr. Pope. Mr. Coffey, I confess, you are all swords-men ; and Westminster-hall and the Old-Bailey will certify how great a share you have in law affairs : but I scorn to throw national reflections.

Mr. Coffey. I perceive you do ; but when I first spoke to you, I expected and was prepared for them. But, Sir, I will not tax you with ingratitude. I will lay the whole blame on antipathy. An Englishman is naturally as unkind to an Irishman, as the air of Ireland is destructive to poisonous creatures. The English and Irish, like water and oil, have no appetite of union, no desire of concorporation : the reason is this ; oil is not of the same tribe or family with water ; wherefore it hath a diversity of pores, or a different disposition of atoms destined for action or passion, with its own kindred.

Mr. Pope. It is also a true observation, that the vine and the colewort thrive not, being planted near together. The enmity is mutual ; and I will add, that contraries operate with as much alacrity to destroy, as things of like nature to preserve.

Mr. Coffey. I could give you some instances, not unpleasant, of the antipathy between the English and Irish, had you but leisure to listen to them.

Mr. Pope. Mr. Coffey, you are a greater philosopher than I took you for. Pray proceed.

Mr. Coffey. The story I am going to tell you is fact. I knew both the men.—An English gentleman, Peters by name, of a good estate, and of an old Roman Catholic family, was resolved to be priested. He had a younger brother to get heirs to the estate, and he designed to settle it upon him, when at years of discretion. He set out for Spain, where he expected to see his religion flourish, and where he knew its purity was supported by an holy Inquisition. His zeal, which hurried him with too much precipitation, made him forget to learn a little Spanish before he left his own country, the want of which, when he arrived in Spain, laid him under several inconveniences ; however, it fortunately happened that an Irish student belonged to the same College. The Irishman had been years in Spain, spoke Spanish well, and English well enough to be interpreter to Mr. Peters. Their mutual convenience made them very intimate. Mr. Peters had a good income, and spoke no Spanish, the Irishman spoke good Spanish, and had no income. They were both good honest men, and agreed very well. Custom is second nature, and Mr. Peters, when master of the Spanish language, could not throw off his Irish acquaintance ; he had been used to him, they had imparted their secrets to each other, and their tempers tallied. In short, they both were priested, and Mr. Peters's purse was as much the Irishman's as his own. Affairs of consequence oblige our Englishman to return to London. He is uneasy at the thoughts of quitting his old companion, and he generously offers to take him with him, promises to support him and provide for him in England. The Irishman acknowledges his obligations, confessing he must starve in Spain if left behind, not having wherewithal to bring him to his own country ; which by the bye, is too often the fate of many of his countrymen. The poor farmers and shepherds of Ireland are all ambitious of breeding up their sons scholars ; many of them are sent abroad to take orders, where they are mostly maintained by charity, either in seminaries, or as private tutors in gentlemen's families : their poverty commonly hinders them from making such improvement as would recommend them when they get home ; and indeed their ignorance, chiefly owing to their poverty, brings their religion into much contempt at home. But to proceed : our travellers arrive in England, are never asunder, they live as brothers ought to live, and are remarkable for their friendship. It pleases God to afflict Mr. Peters with a fit of sickness ; he bears it like a good Christian, and is diligently attended by his friend the Irishman ; his distemper encreases, there is no hope of recovery, and the poor gentleman

man settles his affairs, and endeavours to ease his conscience as much as possible before he leaves this world. After having unburthened himself, and received such rites of his church as are proper in his circumstances; at last with a heavy sigh he calls his friend the Irishman: he tells him, "My dearest friend, 'tis in your power to make me die with ease and satisfaction; I have but one thing that lies heavy at my heart, and if you'll pardon me I will die contented. Oh! pardon, pardon me, I conjure you, as you expect pardon, when in my circumstances." The Irishman replied, "My worthy friend, I never knew you had injured me; pray let me know in what, and you shall see how heartily I can forgive you." The dying man then said, "I will confess myself the greatest hypocrite on earth; but first, to do you justice, I must own you have good qualities sufficient to deserve the friendship of any man of any nation; and now accept of my sincere confession, which I hope will entitle me to pardon both from Heaven and you. Though you have studied to oblige me, though you have been serviceable to me, and though, in appearance, I have been grateful in my returns of friendship, yet I confess, of all mankind I hated you most, even your services were nauseous, and when I seemed most kind I almost wished you at the devil. At first my ignorance in the Spanish tongue obliged me to make use of you, and I could not be absent from you for the same reason; custom is so prevalent, that afterwards I chose rather to be an hypocrite than to struggle and be uneasy in getting the better of that custom. I have endeavoured to vindicate you by true reasons to my mind; but such unaccountable hatred was not to be overcome by reason. You are an Irishman, and I had sucked in an insurmountable prejudice with my nurse's milk, or, I will rather believe, a national antipathy, which was constantly augmented by jests and stories which I every day learned to the disadvantage of your kingdom in general. Thus have I continued in sin for some years, flattering myself I only waited some opportunity of shewing my hatred to your whole nation by using you extraordinarily ill. It has pleased God to give me grace to declare my true sentiments, though not with that sincere contrition I heartily wish for, even now when I confess my crime. And I am truly sensible, it is a crime to asperse a nation in general for a few men's faults. I cannot get the better of the prejudice of education, and I expect mercy more from your forgiveness and my true confession, than from a sincere repentance; hoping in God Almighty, that national natural antipathies are not to be accounted for by us poor mortals. Now,

brother and old companion, shew what mercy you expect by forgiving me." The Irish Priest, without confusion, made him this reply: "And is this the great offence you are guilty of? Die in peace, dear brother, I forgive you, heartily forgive you; and I will endeavour to ease your mind by as sincere a confession as you have made to me. My necessity was so great that nothing could exceed it but my obligations to you. And Heaven forbid, that natural national antipathy (as you call it) should be accounted sinful, for then I have more to answer for than you have; for even my obligations could not make me grateful. When I have reflected on the ill usage our country in general receives from yours, I have been inclined to think you were but the instrument of God in relieving my necessities, and that no more thanks were due to you, than were due to the ravens that supported Elisha in his great distress: so that if your hatred be hereditary, be national, be natural or unnatural, our hatred is the same; with this difference only, that all Irishmen are used ill in England, and that Englishmen in general are used too well in Ireland. In time, I hope, we shall get the better of that bad custom; for I am apt to believe, it is more owing to our politer education, and natural hospitality, than to any regard we have for you, or any abatement in our national antipathy. So, dearest brother, die in peace. Our accounts are very even. In the grave all enmity ceases or ought to cease. I will try to love you better in the next world than I can in this. Adieu, my dear brother!" and the Englishman gave up the ghost.—Now, Sir, what think you of national antipathy? We ourselves are strong instances of it; for though so like in person and profession, yet I think we heartily hate each other. It is not my good fame can make you envious; so you have no reason but antipathy. And though I have pretensions to be envious, I protest sincerely that is not my reason.

Mr. Pope. Mr. Coffey, I am acquainted with many worthy Irish gentlemen, and yet will confess, that the esteem I have for them, scarce lessens my ill opinion of the country in general. I distinguish philosophically. Some asperse the whole nation for particular men's faults. I esteem particular men, without regarding the whole nation. And this I must observe, that the men of that country that honour me with their friendship, have all been educated in England. How far the English air, with help of education, has blunted their natural antipathy, I will not at present account for; but I think I can answer for our reciprocal affections.

Mr. Coffey. Sir, your way of distinguishing

guishing philosophically, puts me in mind of an Irishman, who with eighteen Englishmen was going to the gallows. He told them, he pitied so many worthy gentlemen, who were to suffer on the same tree with him, and had honoured him with their friendship; "but now that you are obliged to go, I wish with all my soul this sport was to continue daily for nineteen years."—Eighteen Englishmen for one Irishman would be glorious indeed. I believe you do not doubt of the reciprocal affections of the nineteen; nor of my countryman's hatred to your kingdom in general. Besides, his education was English.

Mr. Pope. But education teaches us to distinguish justly, and when I am convinced that all good qualities centre in a person, it is positiveness, madness, in short, I cannot give a name bad enough for persisting in an ill opinion of that person.

Mr. Coffey.

He that's convinc'd against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.

And was an Angel from Heaven to descend at Charing-Cross, to tell the English, that Ireland was once the island of Saints, that the Irish still are Christian people, that we think and act like other men, that vices are no more countenanced nor hereditary in that kingdom than this, they would stop the Angel in the middle of his discourse, and tell him he was a damned lying Spirit.

Mr. Pope. But, Mr. Coffey, you make your Angel descend in the worst part of the town; he makes his harangue to hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and the mob; place him in White's Chocolate-house, if you please, Sir, and then.

Mr. Coffey. Angels have admission every where, though I believe as little welcome at White's as any where. But let White's be the place. There your education will have some effect, there good manners will prevent interruption; but in a little time the Angel might preach by himself; for it is now fashionable good manners to depart without taking leave: besides, gentlemen too well know the consequence of scandalous reflections, and I cannot recollect cowardice to be among the number of vices ascribed to our country.

Mr. Pope. You are a great advocate for your country; what pity it is that your ability and inclinations are so ill suited! I do not question, but if you had Irish Kings as formerly, one to every province, you would be Secretary of State, or one of the Privy Council at least.

Mr. Coffey. I always thought Mr. Pope dealt more in the sublime than the real. But to answer you honestly, our kingdom is exceedingly well pleased with our King; we

are good and faithful subjects; we discountenance libelling Court or Minister; and it is equal to us whether our King was born in Germany or in England; we like him well, and hope to deserve his favour. But I wonder Mr. Pope forgets to ask after our wild Irish; it is commonly second part to our vices.

Mr. Pope. No, Mr. Coffey, I am too much ashamed of the ignorance of many of my countrymen, who are imposed upon by such idle stories.

Mr. Coffey. Well, you may be ashamed; for even bears in inland villages have been taken for wild Irishmen. But a lobster that was sent a present into the country, happening to crawl out of the basket, gave a holiday to a whole parish; and the judicious consultation ended in being positive it was either a spread eagle, or a wild Irishman.

Mr. Pope. Mr. Coffey, you are very merry. And pray let this small present assure you I will be glad to see you another time. I am positive neither you nor I believe there is any antipathy between our countries, though we have now jested about it. Prejudice of education has too much weight: but that prejudice, like the notion of wild Irish, will soon be overcome. Let these five guineas make an atonement for my not subscribing to your works, and let the book, when it comes out, be your receipt. Farewell, Sir; no apology, I thank you for your good company.

Histories of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of Mr. Mus——l and Mrs. F—f—r.

WHEN we search into the causes of conjugal incontinence, we shall, in most cases, find that they originate in the ill conduct of the husband; a circumstance which though it may palliate, we by no means offer as an excuse for the foul sin of adultery.—The transgressions of Mrs. F. however raise our pity. She long suffered under provocations the most insulting to pride, the most injurious to female sensibility.

The beauty of Mrs. F. is exquisite, her person elegant, and her manners perfectly refined. She possesses every grace and charm of body and mind, necessary to captivate and retain a generous heart—but it was her misfortune to meet a partner insensible to her merits.

Mr. F., to whom she was married when very young, lived at E—gh—m in S—r—y, where his wife brought him three children: no woman was more respected, admired, and beloved; all except her husband were her friends; but he, without any apparent cause, treated her with the most mortifying neglect: though on her part she behaved towards him with

with duty, affection, and the most amiable condescension.

Mr. F.—'s dislike or apathy to his wife at last became so strong, that he refused sleeping with her, and they lay in different beds in the same room. This separation was in a short time still further increased: he ordered a chamber to be fitted up for himself in an opposite part of the house, as if determined to be removed as far as possible from his beautiful wife.

It is not in the nature of the human heart to suffer such treatment as this, without feeling emotions of resentment. Mrs. F. however at least suppressed her resentments, while every person who knew her situation execrated the cause. Where is the woman warm in youth and sensible of beauty, who would live in tame submission to a conduct which must soon have raised a suspicion that she was afflicted with some loathsome disorder, or concealed imperfection, sufficient to raise disgust and antipathy?—for the truth is that while this lady's husband lay snoring alone in one part of the house, she was left in a solitary bed to bewail her misfortune and meditate upon her wrongs.

Melancholy nights probably created unhappy days; and Mr. F. determined upon a total separation. Without assigning any reason, he sent his wife to Lille in Flanders, to live, without a protector, in the very midst of temptation; an ordeal which no man would have put his wife to, who held either her virtue or his own honour in estimation.

In Lille it is known there are ten thousand troops, officered by the bravest and most gallant men in the world. Every soldier is a man of gallantry, but a French soldier is gallantry itself. The beautiful, the elegant, the accomplished Mrs. F. was admired by the flower of the French army. She was praised, followed, and solicited by lovers, the best skilled in the weaknesses and impulses of the female heart, of any men in the world—and the best formed by education and insinuating manners to undermine virtue, and corrupt sensibility.

Mr. M.—l was in Lille at the time of Mrs. F.'s arrival. He was then a lieutenant in the army, agreeable in his person and conversation; living in all the gaiety natural to high spirits and juvenile blood, and seeing daily this beautiful woman endowed with all the graces of her sex.

The consequence was natural, he became enamoured of her—and she reciprocated his passion.

Here let the rigid prude recollect the injuries this lady had suffered—and before she pronounces sentence on her errors, let her also remember, she was then unprotected by her husband, neglected by her husband,

separated from her husband, circumstances sufficient for the lieutenant to presume on, and at least palliatives for the lady's conduct—Had Mr. F. been with his wife, his presence would have restrained the desires of her lover—but it is clear he led her into temptation—and must impute his disgrace to his own negligence.

Mrs. F. at last returned to England, and Mr. M. accompanied her. He had then an appointment for the East Indies, but love had rendered him blind to his interest, and he gave it up. The husband now, either perceiving his disgrace, or still harbouring his unaccountable antipathy to his connubial partner, resolved upon forcing her to make a voyage to Jamaica. Mrs. F. acquainted her lover with the determination of her husband. In her opinion, it was little less than pronouncing sentence of transportation, to force her from her native country to a scorching climate unfavourable to beauty, unfavourable to health.

The lieutenant did not long consider on the measures proper to be taken. He adored his mistress, and was grateful for the favours she had bestowed upon him in the plenitude of her love. An elopement took place—and her deviation from virtue being now notorious, Mr. F. brought an action for *crim. con.* against his successful rival.

The jury however did not consider him entitled to damages, though they were bound to find a verdict for him. They gave him one shilling only, and every person present were of opinion that they gave him enough. Upon this verdict however, it is said he intends to apply for a divorce.

History of National Events for the Year 1788.

Thoughts on the Continental War—British History, on the Subject of the Regency.

THE severity of the season having suspended the military operations of the belligerent powers, it became almost a general opinion, at the conclusion of the campaign, that the principal courts of Europe would become mediators, and by their exertions produce a peace. This however has not happened, nor do the contending parties evince any symptoms of an amicable disposition towards each other.

We intended to have appropriated the whole of this month's political retrospect to foreign affairs; but a domestic event of the most serious nature has called for our attention, as having been not only alarming, but productive of as serious, interesting questions, as ever came before the people of this country.

The malady with which his majesty was afflicted, spread a general alarm over Great Britain

Britain and Ireland; and, on the meeting of parliament, the minister found that the necessity of the times demanded the immediate appointment of a regent, to administer the executive power of the crown, his majesty being then incapable of exercising the royal functions.

Every man looked up to the Prince of Wales as the only person who could with propriety fill the temporary vacancy in the kingly office. In the House of Commons, Mr. Fox considered the Prince's claim as matter of right; and in the House of Peers, Lord Loughborough supported the same position. On the other hand, Mr. Pitt maintained that his Royal Highness, in point of right, had no stronger claim than any other subject, and brought parliament to a decision upon the question, which was determined in favour of his opinion. It must be acknowledged even by the opponents of the minister, that the right of the two houses of parliament to provide for the existing necessity, was almost universally admitted; and if, on the other side, the word *right*, as applied to the Prince of Wales, had been fairly construed into the term *claim*, which construction it certainly bears, much parliamentary discussion would have been avoided.

The debates on this question, and every other public question that arose on the regency, will be found reported in our Parliamentary Intelligence, page 156; in this department therefore, we shall only observe upon the principles, and investigate the motives, which influenced the opposing parties.

It is an essential principle in morals, that opposite and contending rights can, in no case, have existence. By the simplest and most obvious of the operations of reason, opposite claims, like opposite arguments, are mutually destructive, and it is the preponderating weight only that possesses substance and operation. All absolute rights are vested in the people; kings and magistrates act by virtue of delegated authority; and therefore no character so sacred, and no body of men so venerable, can exist, as to have a *right* of doing wrong! But the people have a *right* to a good government, or to dissolve a bad one. It may, indeed, be expedient, that it is right to submit occasionally to a certain degree of misgovernment, because, though no power, however elevated, has a *right* in the slightest point to deviate from truth and justice, yet the people are bound to make allowance for human infirmity in their governors.

From these premises it may be concluded, that administration declared a political truth when they declared "that parliament had a right to provide for the present con-

juncture," and that opposition were not less right when they asserted, that "the heir apparent had an irresistible right to the regency."

As to the precedents produced on this occasion, that of the Revolution appears to be the only one worthy attention. The government of England, at this day, has no more analogy to the government in 1454, than it has to that of France. It is true, the principles of the constitution then existed, but they were inactive till brought into vigour by the bill of rights. While the regency bill was preparing in England, the minister thought proper to prorogue the Irish parliament; for the purpose, no doubt, of laying before them, as a precedent, the proceedings of the British senate. The Irish members took fire at the idea of being directed by the proceedings in England; opposition became almost universal; and those who possessed places of the highest trust and emolument, deserted the Viceroy, and joined opposition. Every nerve of government was strained to reclaim them, but without effect: Mr. Grattan drew up a paper, to which he procured the signatures of a majority; and the chief governor was obliged to meet a parliament, pre-determined to oppose the measures recommended from government.

Mr. Grattan, and several other leading members, came over to England, where they attended the debates in parliament; conferred with the opposition, and returned with every information that such sources could afford them.

Mr. Pitt, having carried his resolution on the question of Right, proceeded to a limitation of the regal powers, which otherwise would have devolved in amplitude to the representative of the king. At first sight, it appears a wise precaution to restrict the regent, by such contractions as should secure the restoration of the sovereign authority into the hands of its rightful possessor, whenever he might be in a capacity to resume it: but, on a minute examination, it is clear, there could be only two reasons for this precaution. It must mean, either, that the people have reason to fear such profligacy in the heir apparent and his *advisers*, as should induce them to refuse restoring the royal authority; or, that the people were determined, at all events, to prevent a change of administration.

But surely, in these days, such apprehensions must be merely chimerical: the people are not perhaps in the most refined state of purity, but they are too honest and independent to admit of *avowed* depravity in their rulers. This is not an age when usurpers, parricides, or murderers, can act publicly with impunity; or when ingratitude,

tude, enormity, or unnatural hostilities, would pass unnoticed; there is still sufficient virtue in the people to vindicate their rights, by protecting the constitution.

An Amour of Augustus Cæsar.

AFTER the famous peace of Miseno, Cæsar returned to Rome. Antony came over from Greece to Brindisi, and the greatest man next to Enobarbus who graced his train was the excellent Tiberius Nero. He went to Rome with the triumvirs after the peace of Brindisi, and could not miss being at the marriage ceremony.

The young wife of Nero was among the young ladies who attended Octavia, and there made such an appearance, that in Cæsar's eyes she exceeded all the women he had ever seen. She was indeed a striking awful beauty,—not so sweet as Octavia, but tall and graceful, with a look that commanded respect and love.

We are left in the dark as to the manner in which Cæsar made his first addresses to her and likewise of their reception. He did not use to be over respectful to the ladies, and some suspicions afterwards arose about this commerce, which it is hard to tell whether they were well or ill-founded.

Certain it is that Cæsar lived on no good terms with his new wife Scribonia: and if what Dion says be true, that he sent her a writ of divorce that very day she bore him a daughter, it shews an inhuman hardness of heart on one hand, and a vast hurry to get rid of her on the other.

He pretended that she was a perfect shrew; that she had made him weary of his life, and forced him to divorce her by the perverseness of her manners; but others said it was for having too freely complained of the power and influence of his new mistress.

Mean time a message, very ticklish to deliver, and very cruel in its import, was sent to Tiberius Nero; “that Cæsar was in love with his wife, and would take it as a singular obligation if he would resign her.”

We can find no accounts either of who was employed to go upon this invidious errand, or with what delicacy it was managed: but from the young tyrant's general conduct, it may be concluded there was more terror than persuasion applied to obtain Nero's consent.

It would be insinuated to him, “that he was extremely obnoxious, having been not only in arms with Lucius and Cæsar, but continued in them obstinately after his defeat; that it would cost the triumvir but a word to make Livia a widow, and at liberty to marry whom she pleased: that it would be no hard matter for him to find another wife, and much better to do that with a good grace, which if refused might have terrible consequences.”

It amounted in either a shocking act of power, to tear a man and wife asunder against both their wills, or to a secret insinuation (fraught with poison to a lover) that the lady was content to change him for the triumvir.

However it was, the injured nobleman resolved to put the best face upon it, and make a deed, extorted by the awe of twelve legions, appear as if it had been voluntary. He not only consented to give up Livia to Cæsar, but acted the parent; and, as if she had been his daughter, delivered her out of his hand to the new husband. But it is strange the lady's behaviour all this while was so nicely tempered, and she had such command not only of her words but looks, that it was impossible to guess whether it were power that forced her, or love that gently led her to Cæsar's arms.—Uncommon art at eighteen!

There was another unusual circumstance in this marriage. The lady was about six months gone with child, and so impatient was Cæsar that he would not wait the time of the birth, but would have the ceremony instantly performed and the bride brought home with her big belly.

The college of augurs the most solemn in Rome, was a mixed institution, partly political and partly divine: but the grand assembly of the priests, consisting of several colleges, had the supreme direction of religious ceremonies. They prescribed the sacred rites at games, processions, sacrifices, consecrations, expiations, and every sort of divine worship.—Marriage rites too, were of their resort, and dubious cases were referred to their decision.

On the occasion of this marriage, the chief priest was desired to call an assembly, when a question was gravely laid before them, and an answer required in Cæsar's name.—“Whether a woman with child by her husband, could be lawfully married to another man before child-birth?”

The solution was worthy the difficulty. After mature deliberation they gave it as their opinion, like true casuists, “that if it were a doubtful case, whether the lady were pregnant or not, it would be an illicit marriage, but as it was certain and confessed that she was with child to her present husband, nothing hindered her being married to another.”

On the unjust Prejudices of the English against the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. By the Observer, a much esteemed periodical Paper.

ISeldom interfere in political disputes being long convinced that patriotism is a principle upon which few men act: and that interest is the general motive of all parties.

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While men have ability to indulge in ease and luxury, they seldom think on what is commonly called, the good of their country, for as the old adage says, "what is every body's business, is nobody's business;" and those who are in will grin, and those who are out will pout.

But though I disclaim interfering in politics, I cannot but observe on the conduct of those who presume to discuss political questions in the public prints, and who in general substitute personal abuse and national reflections for principle and argument.

Men of philosophic dispositions will, it is true, treat such meanness and scurrility with contempt; but on men of sensibility, obloquy and affronts make indelible impressions, and produce resentments that become hereditary.

The union gave to the Scots every right in England, that Englishmen enjoyed; yet when lord Bute got into power, the London press teemed with abuse against Scotland and Scotchmen. The climate, the soil, the situation of the country, which were the works of God, were produced as if the divine Creator had cursed the northern race; whereas if all the evils imputed to Scotland had existed there, they should have created pity, and have been considered as proper causes for emigration. Man is a free agent, the place of his birth is accidental, the world is his country.

The clamour of the Londoners has of late considerably decreased against the Scotch: and the tide of abuse is now levelled against the Irish, without any other reason than that the Irish parliament upon the question of regency, have held a different opinion with the parliament of England.

For this conduct the Irish have been most grossly abused by two of the public prints. They have been stigmatized as a nation of blunderers—their virtues turned into ridicule, and their errors exaggerated into vices.

Such representations are equally calumnious and ignorant. The writers must be totally unacquainted with the history of Ireland, or they would know that at least two thirds of its inhabitants are of English descent.

The Welsh, though incorporated with England, for ages, have not been able as yet, to escape the partial censures and mean

foreigners, but even the inhabitants of different counties of England, would take the trouble of perusing Daniel De Foe's satire, called, "The true born Englishman," they would find, that though they may fairly boast of their municipal rights and privileges, they have no great cause to plume their pride either on their genealogies or their virtues; for the truth is that a London family is generally a mixture of all bloods and nations. Yet there is nothing more common than to hear the spurious offspring of a Portuguese Jew begotten perhaps upon the body of a Savoyard Roman Catholic, boast of his being a staunch protestant, a sound whig, and a true-born Englishman: roar for Magna Charta, declaim on the bill of rights—and talk of the blood which his noble ancestors lost in opposing regal tyranny, and fighting for the liberties of his country. Indeed such persons have been generally the most violent and most severe against foreigners, as well as against the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, who are equally entitled to every privilege and blessing the constitution can bestow; but of late two public prints, whose duty should be to inculcate liberality of sentiments, have degenerated into the vile meanness of national and personal abuse.

One of these papers being notoriously conducted by a clergyman, may be considered as a melancholy proof of degeneracy. This unchristian-like priest has descended from the pulpit to conduct a news-paper. Has laid aside his sermons to become a writer of libels; and instead of acting as a peacemaker to the subjects of his king, has done every thing in his power to promote dissension.—What is this but relinquishing God to serve Mammon: and does not such conduct call for animadversion from the bishop of his diocese?

Fallacy of Human Grandeur.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy at the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who

*The Pyrenean Hermits: A Tale.**(Concluded from Page 144.)*

I SHUDDERED at this discourse: I threw myself at the feet of Belinda, and made a confession of what I felt for her charming niece. She appeared surprised, but pleased. I was consoled by her satisfaction, because I was ignorant of its true cause. "It is unlucky," said she, "that you should have been so long in declaring yourself; I could have done for you a few days ago what I cannot do now." "How?" said I, with extreme eagerness—"Because the Spanish ambassador presses the departure of my niece."—"And since when?"—"Since yesterday." "Ah!" replied I, with emotion, "consent to my marriage with Lucilia this very day." "Softly," said Belinda smiling, "these hasty marriages are not often solid, and besides, what would our Spaniards say?" "My name," said I, "may appear among those of the greatest in Spain; my fortune is beyond mediocrity; the destiny of your niece is in your hands: deign to be the arbiter of mine." "We must then," replied she, "without neglecting the necessary precautions, be expeditious, that I may be able to pretend the Spanish orders came too late." This was what I wanted, and I gave myself entirely up to the contemplation of the happiness that awaited me.

During this period, Belinda had been employing the same artifices with the Marquis, and with the same success. He had as little mistrust, and as much eagerness as I; and in three days all difficulties were overcome, and all the preliminary arrangements effected. Belinda employed the interval in preparing the cruel scene which she had meditated. Without communicating her designs to any one, even to her niece, she made them exchange convents. There was in these young girls that family likeness which is not uncommon, and that equality of charms so rare among sisters. Their perfidious aunt took care to persuade us, separately, that our marriage ought to be performed with the least possible noise, and even in secret. Mine happened at one o'clock in the morning and that of the Marquis at two. Our impatience seconded the views of the perfidious Belinda, and I was already the husband of the sister of Lucilia before I knew that it was not herself. Certain speeches of my new spouse appeared to me incomprehensible. My own ideas were inexplicable, but the moment of solution approached. We repaired to the chamber of Belinda. How shall I paint my astonishment, when the first object that struck me there was Lucilia, seated by the Marquis! He was no less confounded at see-

ing me lead in Sophia. An exclamation of horror escaped us both at once, while Sophia and Lucilia fell lifeless to the ground. Their agitation increased as their senses returned, and a dreadful silence took place. To complete our despair, Belinda entered with a smile of satisfaction. She prevented our just reproaches. "At last," said this infamous woman, "at last I am revenged. I have made you an example to all who, like you, attempt to impose on female credulity. You succeeded in deceiving me, but I have got my revenge; may you feel all the ridicule of your present situation!"

I had almost yielded to the impetuosity of my temper, and taken summary justice of her who insulted us with so much barbarity. The Marquis was petrified, Sophia and Lucilia dissolved in tears. "These young victims of my revenge," said the cruel aunt, "are not my accomplices. Their story is as I have told you, and my wealth shall one day be theirs. Take my advice, both of you, and submit patiently to your destiny. It cannot long be troublesome to men of your principles. I have saved you from the ridicule of loving your wives."

The Marquis and I trembled with rage at this discourse, but our case was irremediable. I was calmed a little, by finding Sophia at my feet conjuring me with tears not to give her up to shame and despair. How powerful is beauty in such a situation! I was moved; I threw my eyes involuntarily on Lucilia, and saw her in the same attitude with Sophia at the feet of the Marquis. What ideas took possession of the minds of the actors in this dreadful scene! I drop the curtain, on a situation too horrible to be described.

We raised the two suppliants and departed, our wives rather following us than being led. For a month we saw one another but seldom, and always with new regret. I must, however, confess, that Sophia seemed to yield, without much effort, to necessity. I could perceive nothing in her conduct that could indicate any repugnance to me; I even thought I could perceive a real attachment, but the image of Lucilia was ever present with me. I resolved to quit the place she inhabited, and repaired with Sophia to one of my estates in Languedoc. There I learnt that Lucilia had sunk under her misfortune, and that the Marquis, now a widower, had forgot he ever was married. Not being able to reconcile myself to my condition, I secretly left my residence, and came to inhabit this solitary spot. I informed nobody of my design, but left for Sophia some written directions for her conduct, with an absolute power of disposing of my fortune at her discretion. I know not how she has used my counsels, or the liberty I gave her. I esteem and pity her, but that is all I can bring

bring my heart to perform, though surely it is not enough."

At this time his young companion, who had been constrained to hear him, burst into tears. "How is this? said the hermit; I did not imagine my recital had been so pathetic." But he himself changed colour, upon looking more attentively on the youth. "Gracious heavens, cried the Count, is it you, unfortunate Sophia? You, whom I avoid, whom I have abandoned; do you come to cheer me in this miserable solitude?" Sophia fell at his feet, but could not speak; her sighs and sobs interrupted her voice. The Count raised and embraced her, and a tear filled his eye. Admiration, pity, and perhaps a more tender emotion, penetrated and agitated his mind. "How happy are you; said his brother Hermit;—how happy should I be, if the proud Leonora would imitate the tender and affectionate Sophia!"

At this instant several persons were observed making towards the cell, among whom were some women veiled, and one of them was led by the Count de Cuences. "What do I see? said the Spaniard; kind heaven, grant that my expectations may be fulfilled?" He then advanced towards the Count, who hardly knew him in his disguise. "Quit, said his friend, quit this ridiculous apparel. Your dangers and misfortunes are past; the king offers you his forgiveness, Donna Leonora her love, and what is strange, Donna Padilla renounces her hatred." "Heavens, cried the false hermit, can so happy a change have taken place?"—"Believe Donna Leonora herself, said his fair spouse, lifting up her veil, and moistening with her tears the hand of her husband; and be persuaded that I never declared myself your enemy, without doing the utmost violence to my heart."

The joy of d'Olivier was compleat. They entered the cell of the French hermit, whom the Spaniard made known in his proper character. "How great must have been my obligations to you, said he, my generous rival!" "The king, said this last, made me judge in your affair; but nothing could have brought it to a happy termination, had not the tears of Leonora softened the obduracy of Padilla. You have now no longer any enemies, and you have recovered a wife, whom you adore, and who loves you. As for myself, added he, sighing, I am on my way to France, where I might once have enjoyed a similar blessing, but must now no longer hope to find it. An absence of ten years, a desertion on my side as compleat as inexcusable, and the shameful resolution of violating my plighted vows, are more than sufficient to have banished me from the heart of the gentle Valesse."

At this name Sophia uttered a piercing

shriek. From the moment that Cuences had entered the cell, she had examined him with eagerness and anxiety, but at the name of her mother all her doubts were done away. Bathed in tears, she fell at his feet, and embraced his knees. "Is it you said she sobbing; is it you, my father? Ah! nature speaks too strongly; I am not deceived. Ten years of absence have not been able to obliterate your idea from my remembrance; it has been ever present with me in spite of the early age at which I received your paternal adieu. Deign to acknowledge one of your daughters the unfortunate Sophia."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the Count at this address. How I said he, you my daughter, in this solitude, and in this garb?

The husband of Sophia, to whom she became dearer every moment, explained her history to the Count, who raised her, and most tenderly embraced her. "And, Valesse, said he—is she still in a condition, or inclined to pardon me?" "She still lives, said his son-in-law, and lives only for you; She has retired from society to the bosom of religion. This discourse only increased the impatience of the Count, and as every one of the company had motives of the same kind, the double hermitage was soon abandoned. The two hermits quitted each other with regret, and many promises of eternal friendship. The two aunts seemed to have forgotten their dislikes, and died with spite in six months. The rest congratulated themselves in secret for the events of their life. Perhaps, said they, our love would have been less ardent, and less voluptuous, if it had never suffered a check, or been exposed to persecution."

Memoirs of his Majesty George the Third.

(Concluded from Page 134.)

THE coronation being over, and his Majesty having dined with the city of London, the people began to turn their attention to scenes of real action. Many engagements took place between single ships at sea, in all of which the British seamen evinced a superiority in skill and valour. The fleets were also victorious wherever they engaged; and during the whole course of this war, whether at sea or at land, his majesty's arms attained glory and success. It is not our intention in these Memoirs to enter into details of military operations, but to investigate the domestic history, or rather politics, of this reign: we shall therefore only observe here, that the German war was carried on with vigour and various success by all parties concerned, and that immense treasures, and the bravest blood of England, were exhausted in the contests, without even a prospect

a prospect of any real service to the country. A negotiation for peace between the courts of London and Versailles having being set on foot, would probably have been brought to issue, if Monsieur de Bussy, who acted for France, had not presented a memorial from the court of Spain, demanding—a restitution of ships captured by the English under Spanish colours; liberty to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland; and the destruction of the settlements made by the English on the Spanish territories in the Bay of Honduras. These claims were rejected by the British ministry with disdain; the negotiation broke off, and each party determined on continuing the war. In the councils at home, the spirited conduct of Mr. Pitt was not however well relished. He advised an immediate and effectual blow against the Spaniards; which opinion being overruled, he resigned the seals; and his example was followed by Earl Temple: notwithstanding which, the king granted him, for his former services, a pension of three thousand pounds, to be continued for the lives of his wife and eldest son, with the title of Baroness Chatham to his lady, and baron to his heirs male, he refusing the distinction of nobility.

The resignation of Mr. Pitt was preceded by a violent and turbulent faction against the ministry; and the Earl of Bute, who enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, was publicly abused with the grossest scurrility. During this tumult the new parliament met: a categorical answer was demanded from Spain, which being refused, war was declared against that crown, and a multitude of letters of Marque were granted.

It does not come within the intent of this biographical sketch to enter into the particulars of the war, or the various negotiations with foreign powers that attended it: neither is a minute detail of parliamentary history to be expected: it is the conduct of an individual, not the history of a reign, that we describe.

Soon after the king's accession to the crown, his humanity was conspicuous. With liberality founded on the genuine principles of Christianity, he not only extended his charity and munificence to those who suffered in the cause of their country, but even to those subjects of the enemy who were cast upon the coasts by the calamity of storms, or made prisoners by the chance of war. His taste and munificence evinced the elegance and wisdom of his mind. He purchased above thirty thousand tracts and manuscripts, collected and bound for the use of Charles the first, which had fallen into private hands, and presented them to the British Museum. He made, for his own use, a most superb collection of curious

books, prints, and drawings; and purchased Buckingham House, which he presented to her majesty, with suitable furniture, painting, and other ornaments. He became the patron of arts and sciences, and granted pensions to a few men of genius; though it must be allowed that many of the literati complained of neglect, and in open terms boldly accused Lord Bute of preventing their participation of the royal bounty: and it is probable those disappointed authors assisted materially in fomenting those political feuds which broke out in the year 1782.

On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, the direction of affairs devolved to the Earl of Bute, then secretary of state, and enjoying the full confidence of his sovereign; an influence which gave umbrage to the Duke of Newcastle, first lord of the treasury. The people too were offended and alarmed. Open protection was given to many persons notoriously attached to Tory principles. The Duke of Newcastle was dispensed with, and Lord Bute succeeded to his office: soon after the red book, the navy and the army lists, exhibited such a multitude of Scotch names, that it caused much jealousy in the English, and roused their indignation against the minister, whom they nicknamed the Thane.

The partizans of Mr. Pitt and the duke of Newcastle, among whom were many noblemen and gentlemen of the first consequence, having promoted as much as possible this clamour against the Earl of Bute, the cry was still further augmented by all those who were averse to peace; and even the Duke of Cumberland, uncle to his majesty, appeared among the dissatisfied. The parliamentary opposition was also considerable: there were two parties, one who called themselves Whigs, headed by the Duke of Newcastle; the other a formidable body attached to Mr. Pitt, and led on by Earl Temple. Under the auspices of these great men, innumerable publications appeared, replete with scurrility. The royal family was not exempted; but the chief object of their invective was the premier, who being a Scotchman born, and a Stuart by name, was accused of possessing Tory principles, disaffection to the House of Brunswick, and indeed every weakness and evil conduct that could disgrace a man, or render a minister odious.

This torrent of abuse, which teemed daily from the press, the noble lord sustained with the apathy of a Stoic; which his persecutors construed into a tacit evidence of guilt; yet, probably, his views were to promote the good of the empire, though his measures gave universal dissatisfaction. But he did not possess the art of acquiring popularity; and it was his misfortune to associate inti-

mately with Mr. Fox, who was perhaps, next to himself, the most unpopular man in England.

Whilst this tumultuous spirit raged among the people at home, and war abroad exhausted the finances of the country, the king pursued a resolution he had long taken of restoring peace to Europe; and a negociation was renewed with France, though at this time the arms of Britain were every where successful; the Spaniards in particular had suffered the heaviest losses and most mortifying disgrace. A clamour for continuing the war was therefore raised in every part of the realm, and particularly among the mercantile people, who looked for nothing less than the total annihilation of French commerce; though the only trade that seemed left to the nation, was the infamous traffic of stock-jobbing. In November 1762, peace was signed; but every endeavour was used to prevent the ratification by parliament. The landed interest, however, was satisfied; both houses approved of the articles; and Mr. Pitt, who spoke for two hours and a half, was very little attended to; and indeed it was clear that the terms stipulated were of more advantage to the country, than those to which he had agreed while in office.

The cyder tax, which passed soon after the peace, contributed considerably towards increasing the popular discontents; but the minister bore every attack, within and without the walls of parliament, with astonishing firmness. His majorities were great, his levees numerous and respectable; his sovereign esteemed him. It appeared indeed almost impossible to shake him; when, to the astonishment of the nation, he suddenly resigned; thereby unhinging the measures of his enemies, whose principal support was the jealousy they infused against his influence.

1763 His majesty, on this resignation, determined if possible to level all distinction of party; and overtures of a coalition with Lord Bute having been made, Mr. Pitt appeared at court: but his demands were so unjust and imperious, that the king rejected them with scorn.

Among the publications that distinguish this reign for freedom of pen, the North Briton, N^o 45, stands foremost: a paper, in which majesty itself was traduced. This essay was the composition of Mr. John Wilkes, member for Ayelsbury, who having been taken up by a general warrant signed by the secretaries of state, was committed to the Tower: but the Court of Common Pleas, on his being brought before them by habeas corpus, discharged him on account of his parliamentary privilege; and on his afterwards bringing an action

against the secretary of state, it was clearly determined that general warrants were illegal, and the jury gave him damages. An information was afterwards filed against him in the King's Bench; he was deprived of his colonel's commission in the militia; and his work, having been voted a false and scandalous libel by the house of commons, was ordered to be burnt. It had been well for the peace of his majesty, if the prosecutions against this gentleman had been carried on with mildness and candour; but, on the contrary, they were conducted in a manner that converted him into a political martyr, suffering in the cause of the people; and of course every parliamentary and legal proceeding was considered as persecution.

The spirit of libelling seems to have pervaded the people through the whole course of this reign: and it must be acknowledged, by the warmest advocates for the liberty of the press, that licentiousness has too often disgraced the publications of these times. It must also, however, be allowed, that through the same medium were disseminated sound and constitutional doctrines, clothed with every ornament of language, and enforced with the strongest arguments that learning and logic could produce. In Ireland the same spirit soon became general. Dr. Lucas, a persecuted man, of a bold, intrepid mind, revived the doctrines of Molineux and Chancellor Bolton; and the people pursued the declaration of rights promulged by these great politicians, till they at last obtained, in the year 1782, a full renunciation from the parliament of Great Britain, of every power and control that had been exercised over the legislature of Ireland; and by the repeal of the British statute of George the First, and an Irish statute called Poyning's law, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, they now enjoy as full a share of constitutional liberty as the people of this island.

As to America, it does not come within the intent of this concise Memoir to enter into a discussion of the causes which produced the civil war between that country and this. The leading question was, "Whether the British parliament had a right to tax the American colonies, without their consent, by representation in the British parliament, they having houses of representation of their own?" And in defence of this right, though the people of Great Britain were divided on the question, yet such was the influence of those in administration, who called themselves the king's friends, that they long supported the war by the voice of large parliamentary majorities. It was then a vulgar error, that the Americans were cowards; for they were found not only brave when occasion offered, but possessing astonishing

prudence, the first great principle in tactics. France finding Britain exhausting her best blood and immense treasures in this war, supplied the Americans underhand with ammunition; which producing a war, they openly became the allies of the colonies, and the peace terminated in an open declaration of their independence, under the title of The Thirteen United States of America.

Few families ever enjoyed a greater share of domestic tranquility than that of his Majesty. The marriages of the dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland to private subjects, is said to have hurt him much; and the connection formed by the Prince of Wales, with those who had opposed the politics of the court, was another mortifying circumstance, particularly as his royal highness was not only supported by his two uncles, but also by his brother the Duke of York. The queen however, apparently, never intermeddled with politics. Her majesty's conduct to the king has been always marked with gratitude for the high station to which he raised her, and affection to his person. Sedulous, however, she has ever been in the accumulation of wealth: but let it be remembered, her issue are numerous, and her own family in Germany were far from being rich when she ascended the throne as queen-consort.

We now come to an event as melancholy as ever appeared on the records of history. His Majesty who had long enjoyed a sound state of health, was at last afflicted with a bilious complaint, and ordered to drink the waters of Cheltenham. He submitted strictly to the prescription; but soon after his return from the Wells, evinced symptoms of insanity, which increasing, his physicians were forced to the necessity of adopting medical coercion.

The cause of his Majesty's lunacy has been imputed solely to violent exercise and abstemious diet. But may we not look for other causes? Does not disappointment and fatigue of mind often oppress and derange the mental faculties? And surely the progress of the American war affords innumerable events that must have severely affected the heart and head of the sovereign.

His Majesty's incapacity to fill the kingly office, rendered a regent necessary; and every man, of course, looked up to the Prince of Wales as the only person on whom that great trust should devolve. The houses of lords and commons have accordingly appointed him, but with limitations in the exercise of the prerogatives, by which the majority of each house thought it necessary to restrain him. They have also reposed in the queen the sole custody of her royal consort; have given her the control of the household, and appointed her a council of advice.

Here we conclude this Memoir, but not without congratulating our readers on the restoration of his Majesty's mental capacity, to such a state of perfection as we hope may enable him soon to resume his crown, and exercise the trust reposed in him by the people.

Memoirs of Mr. William Parsons, Comedian, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

THE subject of these memoirs was born on the 29th of February, 1736. His father, Mr. William Parsons, at that time followed the united occupations of a carpenter and builder in Bow-lane, Cheapside, and was but in very moderate circumstances. He nevertheless gave his son a liberal education at St. Paul's school, where he was respected by his masters as a youth of promise, and beloved by his schoolmates on account of his cheerful disposition and gentle manners.

At the age of fourteen, our hero became a pupil of the late Sir Henry Cheele, under whom he received the rudiments of architecture, his father having designed him for a surveyor. But young Parsons, being in possession of a lively and strong imagination, and a disposition warmly attached to the stage, soon disengaged himself from the trammels of what then appeared 'scientific dulness,' and formed an acquaintance with those well-remembered ornaments of the British stage, Mr. Powell and Mr. Holland, as well as with several other theatrical characters of that period, whose excellencies have since enlightened the scene they were fated but too soon to quit for ever. The cold chambers of the grave are never opened to receive the perishable cabinets which have once enshrined powers which gave them consequence in the world, without the sigh of reflection being again raised; while the heart of sensibility mourns the brevity of all human endowments, which, however brilliant, cannot arrest the arm of death when raised on its awful and determined commission.

The company of these newly-formed associates became so very alluring as to engross a larger share of the young man's attention than was pleasing to his father or Sir Henry. Impelled, however, by a natural inclination, seconded by talents as respectable as his wishes were ardent, our youth gave up every other idea but that of becoming an actor, and formed *theatrical meetings* with his young friends, where, in his turn, he shone forth the buckined hero of the evening.

Powell and Holland, with their party, used to assemble at stated times at the Birdcage in Wood-street, and the Horn in Doctors Commons. These respectable dramatic assemblies were both founded by Mr.

Powell, who nevertheless remained with his friend Parsons constant to the Birdcage only, where Holland and his party used occasionally to appear as visitors.

It is no less curious than true, that at this time, which was about the year 1755, Mr. Parsons's inclination was wholly bent on Tragedy; as a confirmation of which, we call upon the recollection of those of our readers versed in the events of that period, who, we doubt not, will remember a publick representation at the little theatre in the Haymarket, in the year 1756, of *King Lear*, in which Mr. Parsons played old Kent, and Mr. Powell the Bastard; when the former was allowed on all hands to be the far better tragedian.

And what may be deemed still more remarkable, it is a certain fact, that Mr. Powell received his instructions from Parsons in so extensive a degree as fully to entitle us to assert, that the excellence which afterwards blazed forth with such original splendour, and rendered the former so justly an object of universal admiration during the brilliant but short existence of his theatrical career, owed its rise from the pains Mr. Parsons had taken with him. For it is a certain truth, that Mr. Powell at the first was extremely awkward; but industry and attention to his friend rendered him in the course of seven years a very fine tragedian; while, on the other hand, seven years experience induced his tutor to renounce the weeping mule for ever. Her smiling sister, however, repaid not scorn with scorn; but, forgetting former slights, received him with open arms, and has ever since held him in her warm embrace.

To return to our narrative:—The dramatic meetings before mentioned increased the natural bent of our hero for the stage to such a degree as to induce him to run away from his father, and at once abandon a profession in which there is not a doubt but that he would have risen to eminence; as his genius for drawing was leading him on to excellence in that pleasing and liberal art. Mr. Parsons has now in his possession several productions

Mrs. Dancer, afterwards Barry, and now Crawford, so violently, as to occasion a painful contraction, which made her declare, behind the scenes, that she feared the young tragedian had robbed her of the use of it.

Mr. Parsons did not long continue on the York boards. His fame soon reached Edinburgh; and on very flattering applications he was induced to visit that city, where he remained five years, during which time he played the first characters in tragedy and genteel comedy.

His entering upon the comic scene is to be attributed to one of those accidental circumstances which often happen in life, and which sometimes turn the tide of our progress through it. Upon the late Mr. Stampfer, a well-known actor, quitting the Edinburgh stage for that of Dublin, Mr. Parsons attempted the character of the Miser, in which succeeding beyond his most sanguine hopes, he cast away the nodding plume, dropped the dagger and the bowl, and renounced for ever the terrors of the scene.

A droll circumstance which happened on the Edinburgh stage having been some time since imperfectly stated in some of the daily prints, we will, for the entertainment of our readers, introduce in this place a more accurate relation.

Mr. Lee, the manager, had invented a kind of thunder, the effect of which was to be as tremendous as that at the King's theatre in the Haymarket. The night of performance arrived; the loud artillery was prepared, and Parsons was appointed to guide it. The theatre was exceedingly full. The band were all placed in the orchestra, and a drop-scene came pretty forward on the stage, at the end of which Parsons stood ready, to direct the course of a harrow placed on an octagon wheel and filled with cannonballs, each of which was about half a hundred weight, in a zigzag direction along sledges placed at proper distances. The prompter rang his bell; but the poor thunderer not being able to guide his thunder, which nevertheless for a time rolled awfully

How firmly, and indeed how nobly, the resolution has been adhered to, cannot be more worthily proved than in his refusal of the golden proffer of his old friend Powell, who offered to double his appointment if he would come over to Covent garden theatre. An attachment at once so constant and disinterested, we are sorry its remark, is not often to be met with. It is very rare that benefits are long remembered; our duty therefore obliges us to mark with particular notice the qualities of gratitude, firmness, and generosity, qualities which adorn the man, and justly render him dear to his friends and valuable to the more extensive circle of society.

From the same motives, Mr. Parsons has given his refusal to repeated applications from Dublin. And during his long uninterrupted continuance at Drury-lane, his country engagements for the summer season have been only at Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bristol.

On the commencement of R. B. Sheridan's management, the companies of the two theatres were occasionally blended, in order that particular representations might gain strength from the united force of both houses. But while others were forward in offering themselves to the exclusion of those of inferior abilities, Mr. Parsons modestly held back, and suffered the rising performer to stand his ground and keep his chance of getting forward in his profession.

About ten years ago, Mr. Parsons purchased a share in the Bristol theatre, in company with Mr. Reddish and Mr. Clarke; but after retaining the management three years, he relinquished it, and has ever since employed his summers at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

It cannot be supposed that much variety will attend the memoirs of a gentleman who has spent, it may be said, twenty-six years, out of fifty-three on one spot: nor could we have acquired the information we have received and gladly communicate to a publick in whose estimation Mr. Parsons stands so high, but from the kindness of two of his intimate acquaintance, one of whom has

questions only by groans and short ejaculations expressive of extreme terror, till at length the affrighted man whispered out, "There's a wild beast at the bottom of the clothes!" This intelligence, although strange and improbable, was not however much relished by Parsons, when, on putting down his inquiring foot, he found himself almost instantaneously impelled to withdraw it with no small precipitation, and to form a trembling duet with his companion, being fully convinced that something extraordinary had resisted his foot, which his friend might well mistake for the terrific hide of the "Hyrcanian tyger" itself. Under the influence of these impressions, their terror was not a little increased by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a figure which, gentle reader, proved to be neither ghost nor hobgoblin, but that of a foot soldier, who, with the decent civility which is the result of proper discipline, first asking pardon for his untimely intrusion, informed our trembling heroes, that as the house was full of company, and his property small, he had concealed his knapsack at the foot of the bed, and requested permission to remove it, which was gladly complied with, particularly by poor Ned Holtom, who, it is said, could never bear the sight of a knapsack afterwards.

In another summer journey which he took with Mr. John Palmer of Drury-lane theatre, they put up at an inn on the road where they purposed to pass the night. After sitting pretty late over a convivial glass, they repaired to rest in a double-bedded room. In a very little time, however, it was discovered that the fleas "would murder sleep" and Parsons cried out, "Palmer, how is it with you? I am attacked by an host." Palmer confessed himself in the same situation; and it was mutually agreed to call up the landlady. The alarm was accordingly given, and "mine hostess" appeared. But not being one of those "gentle dames" who hear but to redress;—the duty and interest of every hostess;—she was told the cause why she was called from her peaceful pillow, when frowning defiance upon the authors of her disturbance. she thus opened her lips in

dry and laconic answer by no means suited with the understanding of the enraged hostels, who not being enabled to return wit with wit, and perceiving both the gentlemen disposed to be quiet, and of two evils to put up with the least, took herself away in a huff, and left the fleas and the gentlemen together.

Mr. Parsons has a wife and two sons, the eldest of whom is ten, and the youngest six years of age. His place of residence is at Lambeth; but lately, on account of his ill state of health, he has taken apartments in Ruffel-street, opposite the Theatre, during the continuance of the season. His complaint is that kind of asthma which we fear will, sooner or later, deprive us at least of his winter performances. We trust, nevertheless, that the publick will unite with us in the sincere wish that returning health may yet illumine his days with her cheering sunshine, and that it may be long before the admirers of his sportive and original sallies, both on and off the boards, may have to strike the pensive bosom, and exclaim, "ALAS POOR YORICK!"

Caricatures explained: By Mr. Bicknell.

BUNBURY'S FAMILY PICTURE.

"I T said, or seem'd to say"—This beautiful passage from Pope's *Eloisa* to *Abelard* obtruding itself into my pericranium the other day as I happened to be passing by a print shop, it excited the following cogitations, which, if you think them worthy of publication, are much at your service, Mr. Editor.

Casting my eyes on the caricature prints with which the windows were decorated, "Does one in a thousand," cried I, "of those who *en passant*, view these humorous and expressive prints comprehend the whole of their meaning? Can they tell what the figures *seem to say*? Do not the much greater part of the interesting *minutiae* meant to be expressed by the artist pass unobserved? And are not the documents intended to be conveyed as unintelligible to them as hieroglyphicks?"

"This certainly is the case," said I to myself, in a kind of Hibernian tête-a-tête;

persona in the principal productions of those most ingenious and original artists, Bunbury and Rowlandson.

Without intending to give offence to any of the body corporate of this first of corporate cities, I will suppose that the humorous caricature figures sitting to have their portraits taken in the piece just mentioned, are designed to represent Mr. Deputy Griskin of — Ward, the worthy sharer of his honours, and the rising hope of their family. The painter is undoubtedly the celebrated Mr. Van Naso, so well known for the exact but stiff and formal productions of his pencil.

The consequential dignity assumed upon the occasion by the heads of the Griskin family, and the pleasure they appear to be inspired with at the thoughts of having their resemblance handed down to posterity (the traits of which are so inimitably expressed by the artist in the countenance and gesture of both), seem to warrant me to suppose that a fire-side consultation took place between them before a matter of such importance could be brought to bear. The exact words of that conversation are not now to be known. We may, however, conclude it to be nearly to the following purport; and, for the clearer elucidation of it, I will give it in the dialogue style. It may be necessary to premise, that the deputy, through some lucky hits in trade, had obtained a degree of opulence little expected by his progenitors.

Mrs. Griskin. 'Tis a shame, Mister Deputy, that a person of your consequence should depart this life, and when he is departed, no traces of him should remain!

Mr. Deputy. Depart this life!—Surely I am not going to die yet, wife. Nothing ails me that I know of.

Mrs. G. I don't mean, Mr. Deputy, to infer that you are going to depart this life at present; however agreeable it might be to sport a fashionable suit of widow's weeds, I don't wish for such a thing yet. But when you do die, I say, no monument of what you was will remain behind.

Mr. D. Yes, but there will, wife! my name will be engraved upon a tombstone, won't it?

their portraits and those of their spouses drawn by the famous Mr. Van Nasso! Some with dogs on their laps; some with their favourite cats purring by their sides: some with long-tailed mackaws squalling from the tops of their cages; and some with pretty canary-birds or goldfinches perched upon their held out fore-fingers.

Mr. D. Now I understand your meaning, wife. To be sure it will be very proper. But won't it cost a great deal of money?

Mrs. G. A great deal of money! Suppose it does? Can't the Deputy of ——— Ward afford to indulge himself in a luxury of this kind as well as any of his Common Council? Shall we be out-done by our inferiors?

Mr. D. [*Sitting more erect, and assuming a consequential air*] No, wife, I'll let them see that I have as noble a spirit as the best of them. If it costs me Ten guineas it shall be done.

Mrs. G. Ten guineas, Mr. Griskin! Why, man, the notorious Mr. Van Nasso does not paint a single portrait for that sum. And as to perpetuate the whole of our family I intend to have Tony's picture painted in the same piece with ours, I dare say he'll not touch for less than thirty.

Mr. D. Zounds, wife! thirty guineas! Thirty guineas will make a very pretty article in the expense account when we cast up at Christmas.

Mrs. G. Make what sort of an article it will, Mr. Jerry, I say it shall be done; so that's settled. We have therefore only to consider in what attitudes we shall be drawn.

Mr. D. In any you please, wife. You know I always submit to you in these things.

Mrs. G. Let me see.—Dogs and cats are but vulgar animals; and as I love gentility as I love my life, I'll have none of them.

Mr. D. Suppose, wife, instead of a dog or a cat, which you say some of my Common Council men are painted with, we were to have old Beis, our cart-mare, drawn standing by my side, and immortalize her too.

Mrs. G. O, hideous! That would be more vulgarer than them. No; I'll be drawn with a pretty bird upon my hand.

Mr. D. And what shall I have upon my hand, wife?

Mrs. G. Why one of the same, to be sure, to match mine. I loves uniformity in all things.

The heir apparent to this rising family, who had been present during the foregoing conversation and had grown many inches taller in his own imagination, on hearing he

was to make one in the immortalized groupe, here put in a word, and asked his mama what kind of a bird he was to be drawn with.

Mrs. G. Had your poor dear sister Susan been alive to have made one with us, Tony, you should have been drawn with a pretty bird upon your hand too, as we then should have made a *Quartetto*, as they call it at our *Consort*. But as we are but three, I don't think a *Trio* of birds will be uniform; you, therefore, my dear, shall be drawn, like Master Pruin, in the character of Cupid.

Tony. *Cupid*, mama! what sort of a creature is that?

Mrs. G. Creature, child! it is a god.

Tony Oh, la, mama, then pray let me be a god.

Mrs. G. You shall, child; and I am sure you have as much right to be one as Master Pruin, though his father is an Alderman. So, Tony, you shall be drawn in that character, with a bow in your hand, and a quiver full of arrows on your back. You'll look mighty pretty in it, I dare say.

Tony. I am sure I shall, mama. But I must not say a word about it at school for fear the boys should nick-name me Master *Cupid*, and call me his *godship*.

These important points being settled, it was agreed that they should wait upon Mr. Van Nasso the very next day, in order to know when he should be at leisure to gratify "their longing after immortality." They luckily found the artist disengaged. Compliments being exchanged, and their business made known, Mr. Van Nasso led them, as the usual previous step, through his gallery, pointing out to them the beauties of the principal portraits, and embellishing his remarks with anecdotes of the originals. The delighted Griskins attended his steps absorbed in wonder and admiration: now confirming the painter's encomiums on his own works by a nod of approbation, now expressing their satisfaction by a smile or a commendatory exclamation.

Having viewed the whole, and being returned again to the painting-room, they seated themselves, at once to talk over the purport of their visit, and to rest themselves from the fatigue of body and mind they had undergone. For though neither Mr. nor Mrs. Griskin knew any more of painting than, as the saying is, "a cow does of a new shilling," yet the attention they were obliged to pay to the painter's observations for at least two hours in order to make him believe that they had sufficient judgment to discern the beauties he pointed out, was attended with no little fatigue.

After the terms and the time of sitting were agreed upon, Mr. and Mrs. Griskin

were about to take their leave, fully satiated with what they had already heard on the subject of painting. But Mr. Van Naso, who took more pleasure in discoursing on the theory of the art he professed, than even in the practice of it, would not suffer them to depart with the quantum he had given them. Thinking he perceived in his new customers a farther exhibition of his abilities in that line he mounted his hobby-horse, and before they could rise from their seats, began the following dissertation on the art of painting. Common civility obliging the worthy deputy and his fair spouse to pay attention to what a person of whom they entertained so high an opinion was about to say, they assumed a complaisance not quite genuine, and with an air of scientific gravity that even the sagacious deportment of the bird of wisdom could not exceed, disposed themselves to hear him.

"Painting, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Griskin," said the much pleased Van Naso, bending forward in his chair to render his discourse the more forcible, "is an art which has been patronized ever since its rudiments were known by the greatest men of all ages. And we have the happiness to see it peculiarly honoured at this time by the patronage of the worthy Sovereign of these realms. It has not only received encouragement from potentates and princes, and other great men, but has been practised by many of them. One of the Fabii, a family much celebrated among the ancient Romans, as I doubt not but you well know, Mr. Deputy, thought it not beneath him to take upon himself the appellation of *Pictor*." Here the worthy Deputy made a low bow to the painter, by which he meant to have it understood that he was perfectly acquainted with the Greek and Roman histories; though, by the bye, Cocker's Arithmetick and Lloyd's Evening-Post were the utmost extent of his literary attainments.

"Many of the sovereigns of the lower empire," continued Van Naso, "amused themselves with the pencil and the pallet.

a perfect acquirement of the art. Whether or not I have been so happy as to attain that perfection let my works declare." Here the painter gently waved his hand round the room, which was followed by the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Griskin, while an approving smile from each seemed to acknowledge that he had.

"Painting, my dear friends, is defined to be 'an art that by means of design and colouring imitates all visible objects on a flat *superficies*.'" To design and colouring, may be added, composition; and a person cannot attain to any eminence in the art without being able to practise these three parts of it.

"But before I proceed to a description of them, it may be proper to inform you, that genius is the first thing needful towards making a good painter. This is a part, Sir, that cannot be acquired either by study or labour. It is in vain for a man to endeavour with all his might to reach the point of perfection in the art of painting, or indeed in any other art, if he is not born with a peculiar talent for the science he professes. He will always be uncertain of attaining the end he proposes to himself. Rules and examples may shew him the means of reaching it, but that is not sufficient; if these rules and examples are not easy and agreeable to him he will never be sure. Genius, therefore, is that light of the mind which conducts us to the end by the most easy means.

"A man being born with this happy talent, he must regard visible nature as his object. He must have an image of her in his mind; not only as he happens to see her in particular subjects, but as she ought to be in herself, and as she would be were she not hindered by certain accidents. Now, it being very difficult to meet with this perfect state of nature, it is necessary that the painter should study the sculptures of the ancients in order to learn how to follow nature; the antiqu's having always been the rule of beauty to the best judges. He must not content

In the first are comprehended invention and disposition. By invention the artist should find out those subjects to work upon that are most proper to be expressed and adorned. And by disposition he ought to place them in the most advantageous situation, where they will have the greatest effect.

"To be perfect, a painter must design correctly, with a good gusto, and in a different style. Nature differing in all her productions requires that he should have an answerable variety in his. And he must never forget, that of all the various manners of designing there is none good but that which is composed of beautiful nature and the antique together.

"The attitudes or posture of his figures should be natural, expressive, varied in their actions, and contrasted in their members. They should be simple or noble, animated or temperate, according to the subject of the picture and the discretion of the painter.

"The expression must be just to the subject, a due medium being observed between what is exaggerated and what is insipid.

"The draperies should be well set, the folding large, as few as may be, and well contrasted.

"Animals are chiefly characterised by a lively and particular stroke of the pencil.

"Landscape should not be incumbered with too many objects; and the few that are there ought to be well chosen.

"The perspective should be very regular, and yet with a seeming negligence.

"In colouring, which includes two things, the local colour and the *claro obscuro*, the painter should inform himself very well of both one and the other. The local colour is that which is natural to each object in whatever place it is found; which distinguishes it from others, and which perfectly marks its character. The *claro obscuro* is the art of distributing lights and shadow advantageously, as well on particular objects as on a picture in general.

"In the distribution of colours there ought to be an agreement or harmony, which has the same effect upon the eye as music has on the ear.

"The pencilling, if possible, must be bold and light, and at the same time soft and easy.

"These rules observed, a painter may arrive at a great degree of perfection; but unless beauty be accompanied with grace, he will not be entirely perfect. Grace must season the whole, and every where follow genius. Grace supports it. Grace and beauty are two things. The former I would thus define: it is what pleases and gains the heart without concerning itself with the understanding. Beauty pleases by the rules

only, and grace without them. What is beautiful is not always graceful, but grace joined with beauty is the height of perfection."

Mr. Van Naso was proceeding in this elaborate manner, when the worthy Deputy, to whom all that had been said was just as intelligible as heathen Greek, extended his jaws to their utmost limits, and breathed forth a yawn, which put into language, plainly said "'Tis a strange long cock and a bull story, good Mr. Painter, and I am heartily tired of it!" The infection spread to the other branches of his family. Mrs. Griskin broke out into a respondent, *Yaw, yaw, yaw*, which as plainly said "I wish this tale of a roasted horse was ended." And young Master Tony, just awaking from a slumber into which he had been lulled by the painter's unintelligible discourse, joined spontaneously in the concert.

Mr. Van Naso was too intent upon his favourite topic, and too well persuaded that it must prove interesting, to suffer a trifling appearance of languor or dissatisfaction to put a stop to it. He therefore paid no attention to the ennui which had overpowered the complaisance of his auditors. — But a peal of yawns, breaking forth at once from the whole Griskin family, in as true time as ever a peal of triple grandfires or hob majors were rung by the College Youths, the astonished painter stared and stopped.

Such a palpable token of satiety was not to be misunderstood or resisted. He therefore begged their pardon for detaining them so long upon a subject that might not as yet be so entertaining to them as he could wish; but which, he was assured, when they had acquired a further insight into the theory of it, must afford great satisfaction to persons of such taste and judgment in the Polite arts. (Here the Griskins lowly bowed). "For," continued the painter, "there is nobody, of what condition or profession soever, but may profit very much by a knowledge of the art. To divines, philosophers, soldiers, merchants, travellers, geographers, sculptors, architects, lovers of the fine arts, all that are curious in history or antiquity; and, in short all, who having no particular profession but that of men of honour, would adorn their minds with the knowledge of those things which might render them more worthy of esteem, might it prove useful. Of this I may find an opportunity of convincing you, Mr. Deputy, and your fair spouse, if I am honoured with the continuance of your acquaintance."

A suitable reply being made by the Griskins, they prepared to depart: but not before the price of the intended picture became

came again the subject of discussion. The Deputy, like a man of business, could not help *biggling* a little about the terms, and trying to obtain an abatement of a few guineas. This, however, was soon put a stop to by a rebuking frown from his rib, the powerful efficacy of which he was perfectly acquainted with; and they took their leave with a promise of returning that day week to sit.

At the expiration of that period, which had appeared to all the Griskins to have crept on very heavily, they entered a hackney-coach, and were conveyed once more to Mr. Van Naso's, whom they found with his canvas spread, and his whole apparatus prepared. The expectations of the painter, viz. the acquirement of profit and fame, and those of his visitors, the hopes of obtaining increased respect, together with a deathless name, being on the wing, no time was lost. They were soon seated as you see them in the piece, and the painter went to work. Of their attitude, looks, and gesture, it will be needless to say any more, as "those who run may read." I must, however, be permitted to add, that the passions of the soul by which the whole group seem to be agitated, are expressed by the inimitable artist, Mr. Bunbury, with a degree of truth and gusto, that would do honour even to a *Leonardi da Vinci*.

Mr. Van Naso's picture, of which the first sketch is seen, being finished, it was conveyed to the Deputy's house in ——— street, where it was immediately hung up in the best parlour, amidst the exultations of the whole family; and not a person enters the doors but they are invited to behold this mortal apotheosis of the Griskins.

It still hangs in the same parlour, and bids fair to make known the names and persons of this respectable family till time shall be no more. If so be, through one of those unlucky revolutions which sometimes happens in families of much greater antiquity and respectability than that of the Griskins, it does not chance, before the conclusion of the next century, to grace the door of a broker's shop.

Mode of Cultivating Potatoes with the Plough in Drills.

A STUBBLE is the ground easiest brought into proper tilth, but any ground, properly fined by ploughing and harrowing, will do, but I must remark, that very stoney or heavy ground will not answer, the latter being usually wet, and the former greatly impeding the plough.

I have found four feet distance, row from row, yield as much potatoes as any other mode whatsoever, and, if you plough merely as a fallow, six feet will be found more

effectually to answer the purpose, and yield a better crop than are produced in the common way.

I plough the stubble as soon as reaped in fitches (or beds) the breadth I mean they should be of. If I can I plough those beds down again before Christmas, first having harrowed them across. In February I harrow them across and plough them up as at first. This leaves them in four feet beds, in March I harrow across, which draws fine earth into the furrows, on that I lay my potatoe setts, at 9 inches distance, and cover them by turning the earth from each side, which is done by two courses, or as they are usually styled bouts of the common plough, one at each side. If I find the land wants to be made fine, I continue to plough on to the ridge through the field; for that I have a second common plough. If not, I let it lie so till the middle of May, when (or at any time before the potatoes shoot) I cross harrow the whole field; this refines the earth, and checks weeds. I let the field remain so until the potatoes are well up, so as to distinguish the drills; when I begin in the middle of the spaces between the drills and turn a furrow at each side to the centre, and so continue raising to the centre till I come to the rows: I go as near the potatoes as I can without disturbing them; this leaves the shoots on a high narrow ridge. I have a plough without an earth board, which was made by a common carpenter and common smith, very strong but light, which I run in this last furrow which leaves a depth of fine earth near the setts; it stirs the earth, but does not turn it. I have also a harrow contrived to run between the drills, which levels and refines the earth; each of those may cost about 40s. The first the common people have here to dig (as they call it) their potatoe trenches instead of a spade, and is simply a common plough without an earth board. The latter is of all contrived harrows the best for last dressing ground, when you wish to lay it down fine for grass. As soon as possible I return the earth into the furrow last made near the drills, as they would be injured if left open to the influence of the weather, this earth lies close up to the potatoe stalks and on the earth stirred by the cultivator, which leaves a large depth of fine earth for the potatoes to shoot into; as the potatoes shoot up, I continue turning the earth up to them till I come to the centre. This I generally repeat twice each time, running the harrow between the rows, and beginning with the plough (a common one) to turn the earth towards the drills. At this time I cart on my dung, which I drop in every fifth drill, in a row, then lay the setts in the four drills, two at each side

side the dung, put the dung, with a shovel down on the setts, which I cover by turning earth with the plough from each side; when the whole field is done I open furrows where the dung was lodged and sett them as the others, this I do before I plough all the intervals, unless I have the second plough, as otherwise I should keep the women, who lay the potatoes in the rows, idle, as one plough and four women are the proportion requisite for the work. From the time I begin to lay the potatoes in the drills, I work the horses one before the other; the cob yoke at the nose of the plough ought to be made on purpose to let the chain be fixed wide from, or close to the beam, that horses may tread either in the furrow or on the ridge as necessary.

As to my land it is a very stiff clay, though not wet. I find in the after crops this culture for potatoes exceeds any fallow, perfectly clearing the land of weeds, and excellently preparing it for grass seeds.

Waterford,

4th March, 1789.

A Posthumous Piece by Dean Swift.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

HAVING lately got into my possession a fragment, the supposed production of the celebrated Dean Swift; I think it my duty, lest this valuable performance should be lost to the literati, to send you the enclosed copy of it for insertion in your Magazine. It was manifestly the intention of the learned and ingenious author (as elsewhere appears in his admirable writings) to prove from the etymology of words, their accidental origin and meaning in general. This he has done in his famous discourse, entitled "The antiquity of the English tongue" which subject however we find from his own words, has been "perhaps, too temerarily" examined. Possibly therefore, the following piece, whatever may have been the cause of its long suppression from the public, was designed as a companion to, and a further elucidation of, his other essay; and as the publication of it now, must prove an excellent treat to the deep read and judicious, it cannot fail of being received, as a most acceptable offering in your useful Magazine.

Armagh,

March 14th, 1789.

E. K.

DISCOURSING on the origin of words, the learned Dean first instances the word *Hurricane* which signifies a violent storm. This word, says he, appears to have been originally applied to the raging winds in those parts of America, where the Su-

gar-cane is chiefly cultivated; those storms, as is frequently the case there, sweeping away whole plantations, or as the compounds of the word will literally have it, *hurrying* the *Canes* from the places of their growth, into distant parts of the adjoining country.

The word *Waggon* too we find to originate from a cause almost of a similar nature, viz. the lazy and awkward movements with which these vehicles proceed, or as it were *wag-on*.—The word carriage, in its primitive meaning, was applied to a vehicle used for the conveniency of elderly persons in travelling, and hence it obtained the significant appellation it bears, that is *carry-age*; but since the original design of the vehicle has been entirely perverted, and it is now indiscriminately used to carry age and youth, so the pronunciation hath been also perverted, and it is viciously called *Carriage* instead of *Carry age*.

The word *Statue* in like manner, manifestly has its meaning from the motionless quality of the figure it expresses, by the two latin words *Sta* and *tu*, signifying in English, stand thou, or be thou still.

Next is the word *History*, in which we have a fine example, and the very same certainty for the doctrine of Analysis, it being neither more or less than a *high-story*, or a narration of a superior kind, the *gh* in the first syllable of the word being taken away merely for the sake of brevity. Some persons, however, insist, that the word History is derived from *Hiss* and *Tory*, the party men called Tories being much addicted to the writing of books and pamphlets they dignify with the name of Histories, but which only exciting the contempt of their adversaries the whigs, they shew that contempt by a *Hiss*: and hence, say they, has the word History been formed, signifying *Hiss* the *Tory*.

The word *Portrait* also, which signifies a likeness drawn from the life, is another leading instance to our present purpose, as it is evidently compounded of the English words *poor* and *trait*, proving to a demonstration, that the resemblance or picture (which is ever the case) is but a *poor-trait* with respect to the original.

Even the derivation of the word *Farthing*, however insignificant it may appear at first sight, is here not unworthy the attention of the critic, it being a coin almost of the smallest value, or a *thing*, as the syllables themselves will properly have it, *far*, from a consideration in the pecuniary way.

In the word *Parallels* we have the same clear evidence for the truth of our reasoning; this word pointing out the likeness or proportion that equal measures bear to each other, or as it plainly and literally expresses, that *all-ells* are upon a *par*.

The next I shall mention is the word *Hypocrite*, which being indeed of curious origin, it highly deserves the observation of the learned. It is compounded of the Greek words *Hippos*, which signifies a horse, and *crino* to judge; in the modern acceptance of the words, a *horse-jockey*; fellows of this description (as is known to be the case) being plausible but deceitful, or *Hypocrites*.

Here let us turn to the word *Property*, which means a valuable or pecuniary consideration, and we shall find it equally illustrating by its etymology, the beauty and energy of the English language, deriving its signification from the two English words *proper* and *tye*, importing with the most natural grace, that it is a worldly security, or a *proper-tye* for credit in society.

Parimony is also a word, that shews with much literal facility the source of its origin, as it demonstrates by its syllables *par* and *simony* that the passion of parimony which is niggardliness in a layman, is *par* or equal, to *simony* in an ecclesiastick.

Even the trifling word *Bother*, though seemingly vulgar and of no typographical import, has still a very ample foundation for its compounds, viz. *Both* and *ear*, justly expressive of the shock received from noise, in both those tender organs of hearing.

The word *Domestick* too, in the ease and simplicity of its syllables, *dome* and *sick*, plainly describes to us the certainty of its meaning, by *slicking* to the house, or as the word itself more elegantly imports, by remaining under the *dome*.

In the syllables of the word *Tythes*, which are *tye* and *these*, we have also the most expressive authority for their signification, as those clerical dues which we denominate *Tythes*, were originally paid from corn by the sheaf, every tenth sheaf of which, being handed over for the clergyman to the binder, was given with the direction of *Tye-these* for him.

The word *Marriage* also, carries with it a pregnant example of luminous evidence to the truth of derivation, its compound syllables *mar* and *rage* proving to a certainty what has been verified by experience, that after the nuptial tye, our *rage* for love is † *marr'd* or abated.

Here the word *Jaded* in like manner, though in its common acceptance it signifies no more than relaxed or fatigued, has yet a stronger and more emphatic mean-

N O T E.

† Let it here be understood that the slightest suspicion is not meant to be thrown on the *constancy* of the female, it is the *much lamented inconstancy*, of the male, that is alone alluded to.

ing, as is evidently implied in the mark'd expression *jade*, which shews it to be a weakness or debilitation of frame, through an excessive and inordinate commerce with *jades*, or women of impurity.

The word *Orator* likewise, which signifies a man of eloquence, clearly points out to us and enforces its meaning, by the two most emphatic words that compose it, viz. *ore* and *eater*, doubtless, from the astonishing quantity of gold, men of this description monopolize at the bar and in the senate, and which enables them to be great *eaters*.

The word *Sorry* we find also (though under the disadvantage of a shameful corruption from its original spelling) truly preserving the consequence of its compounds, *fore* and *eye*, *sorrow* or grief, being chiefly expressed in the affection or ailment of this tender organ.

The word *Monkey* too in this our solution of words, true as it is curious is thus derived, viz. from the word *monk*, or primitive ecclesiastic, and the word *eye*, clearly expressive of the lascivious turn of the eye in those profligate priests, which at this day is so very observable in the creature called a *monkey*.

I shall here mention for the information of the inquisitive, the name of a fish mostly to be found on the coasts of these kingdoms, that so far conformable to human custom derives its name from the propagators of its species, those being the *cod* and *ling*, the fish itself the produce of such a junction being truly and literally called a *codling*.

The *Lobster* also properly spelt *Lobstir*, has its name from a cause equally fortuitous, viz. the common expression of the fishermen that take them, who, when these creatures *sir* and are discovered in the cribs, proclaim their success to their companions, by the significant phrase of their having got a *Lob*.

The word *Galloping* too has its very true, but the not less singular derivation, from a source seemingly as remote as the former, viz. from the English words *gay* and *lopping*. this gait in travelling, being a gay or pleasant movement, which is continually taking away, or as it were *lopping* off, from the length of the journey.

I cannot here omit mentioning and explaining to my readers, the beauty of derivation displayed in the word *Wedlock*, which consists of the word *wed*, signifying to marry, and the word *lock*, which is a portion of hair;—a lock of hair from the favourite fair one, as a pledge of her love being usually received, of which earnest when a conquest is made, *wed-lock* ensues and conjugal endearments follow. Thus my friend Pope in his

Rape

Rape of the Lock, describes the coy grant of this precious favour.

"Oh! hadst thou cruel been content to seize

"Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

Whenever therefore a man enters into the holy state of Wedlock, or in other words, when he is tied, we may be assured that, if he does his duty, he seizes the *lock*.

In the word *Cuckoldom*, commonly so spelt, but properly *cock-old-dome*, we have the same plain proof of the power of analysis, as it is an act, supposed to be committed under the roof or *dome* of a married person, who, though the *cock*, as it were, or partner of his female, is found defective or *old* in some conjugal ceremony, necessary rite, or family duty.

There is indeed a word here, which equally with any of the former claims the attention of the ingenious in literature, and this is the word *Bullock*, compounded of the English words *Bull* and *lock*; the creature thus described, being originally a perfect *Bull*, but afterwards becoming by his mutilated state, debarr'd or *lock'd* from the propagation of his species.

We come now lastly to a word, that in the highest degree of demonstrative evidence, serves to throw a lustre on the reasonableness of our researcher, and this is the word *Luxury*, compounded of the Latin words *Lux* and *uro*, ascertaining to conviction, the historical account of the ancient Romans, whose most sumptuous entertainments were at night or by candle light, the *Lux uro* or burning light on those occasions being the most splendid imaginable, and figuratively made use of now to denote the most costly entertainments themselves.

Memoirs of Mrs. Frances Brooke.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Moore, was the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, Rector of Colney, in Norfolk; of St. Augustine, in the city of Norwich; and Chaplain to the Garrison of Quebec. She was as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents. Her husband died on the 21st of January last, and she herself expired on the 26th of the same month, at Sleaford, where she had retired to the house of her son, who has preferment in that country. Her disorder was a spasmodic complaint.

The first literary performance we know of her writing, was "The Old Maid," a periodical work, begun November 15, 1755, and continued every Saturday until about the end of July 1756. These papers have since been collected into one volume twelves. In the same year (1756) she published

"Virginia," a tragedy, with Odes, Pastorals, and Translations, octavo. In the preface to this publication she assigns as a reason for its appearance, "that she was precluded from all hopes of ever seeing the tragedy, brought upon the stage by there having been two so lately on the same subject." "If her's," she adds, "should be found to have any greater resemblance to the two represented, than the sameness of the story made unavoidable, of which she is not conscious, it must have been accidental on her side, as there are many persons of very distinguished rank and unquestionable veracity, who saw her's in manuscript before the others appeared, and will witness for her, that she has taken no advantage of having seen them. She must here do Mr. Crisp the justice to say, that any resemblance must have been equally accidental on his part, as he neither did, nor could see her Virginia before his own was played; Mr. Garrick having declined reading her's till Mr. Crisp's was published." Prefixed to this publication were proposals for printing by subscription a poetical translation, with notes, of Il Pastor Fido, a work which was probably never completed.

In 1763 she published a novel, intitled, "The History of Lady Julia Mandeville," concerning the plan of which there were various opinions, though of the execution there seems to have been but one. It was read with much avidity and general approbation. It has been often, however, wished that the catastrophe had been less melancholy; and of the propriety of this opinion the authoress herself is said to have been satisfied, but did not chuse to make the alteration. In the same year she published "Letters from Juliet Lady Catesby to her friend Lady Henrietta Campley," translated from the French, 12mo.

She soon afterwards * went to Canada

N O T E.

* The following anecdote has only newspaper authority for its truth:—The evening before her departure to Canada, some friends met at her apartments to take their farewell. Miss Hannah Moore, Miss Seward, Mr. Keate, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Boswell, were amongst her visitors. As Doctor Johnson was obliged to leave the company early, he rose, and, wishing her health and happiness, went seemingly away. In a few minutes a servant came to acquaint Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman in the parlour wished to speak with her. She accordingly went down stairs, where she found the Doctor, who said to her, "Madam, I sent for you down stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not chuse to do before so much company."

with

with her husband, who was Chaplain to the garrison at Quebec, and there saw those romantic scenes so admirably painted in her next work, intitled "The History of Emily Montague, 4 vols. 12mo. 1769. The next year she published "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix," in 4 vols. 12mo. On her return to England accident brought her acquainted with Mrs. Yates, and an intimacy was formed between them which lasted as long as that lady lived; when she died, Mrs. Brooke did honour to her memory by an eulogium printed in the Gentleman's Magazine. If we are not mistaken, Mrs. Brooke had with Mrs. Yates for a time some share in the Opera House. She certainly had some share of the libellous abuse which the management of that theatre during the above period gave birth to.

We have already seen that her first play had been refused by Mr. Garrick. After the lapse of several years she was willing once more to try her fortune at the theatre, and probably relying on the influence of Mrs. Yates to obtain its representation, produced a tragedy which had not the good fortune to please the Manager. He therefore rejected it, and by that means excited the resentment of the authoress so much that she took a severe revenge on him in a novel published in 1777, intitled "The Excursion," in 2 vols. 12mo. It is not certainly known whether this rejected tragedy is or is not the same as was afterwards acted at Covent-garden. If it was, it will furnish no impeachment of Mr. Garrick's judgment. It ought, however, to be added, that our authoress, as is said, thought her invective too severe; lamented and retracted it.

In 1771 she translated "Elements of the History of England, from the invasion of the Romans to the Reign of George II." from the Abbé Millot, in 4 vols. 12mo. In January 1781, the "Siege of Sinope," a tragedy, was acted at Covent-garden. This piece added but little to her reputation, though the principal characters were well

An Address to the Good People of Ireland.
By Peregrine Phillips, an Honorary Member of the Dublin Volunteer Corps.

Worthy Fellow Citizens,

AN obscure individual, a native of London, who, in the most comprehensive sense of the words, claims the philanthropical appellation of a Citizen of the World—an Englishman, who sincerely rejoices in your truly patriotic virtues, and earnestly hopes you will long experience the success you have so justly deserved, by your recent and strenuous exertions to preserve inviolate your constitutional rights, takes the liberty of offering to your notice a well-meant caution; by attending to which, and others of the like sort, you may the better avoid the dangerous condition of your neighbouring islanders, the majority of whom, I mean the majority of those in power, are daily proving themselves totally unworthy to enjoy—what their illustrious ancestors bled so often, and so freely, to construct, support, and confirm—but, "*Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

Passing over numberless instances of gradual encroachment and oppression, I shall, for the present, dwell upon only one, by which it will immediately become apparent, how sated in spirit, and dear to apprehension, are the Englishmen of the present day.

Please to observe, now, how plainly this shall be proved.

In the course of last session of Parliament, a bill was brought forward by Mr. Pitt, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and carried through the Commons, by a very thin House, intitled, "An Act more effectually to secure the performance of Quarantine, and for amending several laws relative to the Revenue of Customs." The former part of the title secured its easy passage through the House, as every human being would wish to avoid the plague, while the latter, though foreign to the former in every respect, and almost as consequential, wonderful to relate! *pass sub silentio*; the

This *ex post facto* statute, if carried into execution, is pregnant with the following fatal and most alarming mischief:

1st, It would instantly throw many thousand poor industrious fishermen with their numerous families upon their respective parishes, whose burthens are already much too heavy.

2dly, It would inevitably destroy the coast fisheries, and of course the markets which afford the wholsomest of food. The want of this sort of provision would occasion general distress, and keep up an unreasonable price in the flesh-markets of Great-Britain.

3dly, It would totally annihilate one of the grand nurseries for seamen, consisting of the men and boys employed and brought up in the coast fisheries, which can only be carried on in open boats.

4thly, It would force the fishermen, with their boats, as the fear of it has already done many, to fly for shelter to the coast of France and Holland, where the men are received with open arms*, and become registered; which may be a destructive annoyance at a future day to this kingdom; a measure felt, and loudly complained of already, but by many, who know not from what source the principal part of the evil flows.

5thly, It would destroy the large open boats used in rough weather to succour such vessels as are wrecked upon the Goodwin and other dangerous sands round the island, and many distressed objects would yearly perish without such seasonable assistance.

6thly, It would not in the least degree prevent the petty species of smuggling, simply proposed to have been demolished by the act in question, and which is the only excuse for it; as the same can be easily, if not better, carried on by the open boats constructed according to the dimensions allowed of by the present restrictions.

7thly, and lastly, the 10th section, after describing such boats as would be deemed forfeitable, concludes with the following remarkable words:—"Such boat shall be forfeited, and shall and may be seized by any officer or officers of the Customs or Excise, together with the ship or vessel to which such boat shall belong." And by these few emphatical words, the ship owners property throughout the island is wantonly confiscated, as every ship or vessel outward or homeward bound, with a boat necessarily belonging to her, and fit to save the lives of the crew or passengers in cases of distress, is forfeitable; and note, many East Indiamen and others

N O T E.

* Making them Burghers, &c.
Hb. Mag. April, 1789.

on long voyages, having sailed before such bill was brought forward, must consequently be liable to seizure and condemnation, through inevitable ignorance, and without the smallest tincture of criminality.

No minister in his senses, it is presumed, would wilfully prejudice the people over whom he presides; but what pretensions can Mr. Pitt have, by such conduct, to judgment or experience? and acting under misinformation is a very bad plea: yet, at this moment are our ears perpetually stunned by his interested adherents, with thundering eulogiums on his stupendous abilities.

It may now become matter of surprise, how these impending mischiefs have been warded off, and how this statute can have been kept so much out of notice; the answer is that your Addresser being upon the sea coast, towards the latter end of July last, for the benefit of health, and observing the disconsolate countenances of the poor fishermen, at their desire perused the act, and drew a remonstrance or state of facts, which was delivered to the Admiralty Board, a very few days before the act was to have taken place, by a most worthy gentleman, who lives among the fishermen, was acquainted with their undeserved distresses, and is, the poor man's friend; which Board, acknowledging the welfare of the British navy to be its principal object, confessed its ignorance of such an act, complained of a want of due communication between the respective public boards, agreed to grant licenses, which they have accordingly done, in conformity to powers given them by the former act, and took such other measures with the Commissioners of the Customs, as have hitherto caused a suspension of all the operations of the act in question; but still it remains in full force—The horrid monster is not dead, but only sleepeth!

If the above remarks should be deemed pertinent, I may address you again, upon some future occasion, perhaps, nearer home; in the mean time, that you may long preserve yourselves, from such a lethargic state of indifference, as this nation at present apparently labours under, is the most fervent wish, of, worthy fellow citizens, your sincere and very humble admirer,

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS.

*Wright's Coffee-house,
Soho-square.*

Anecdote of the Celebrated Dean Swift.

WHEN Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train: "Pox take these fools!" he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor!"

C c

Account

Account of a Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople: in Letters by Lady Craven, addressed to the Margrave of Brandebourg, in 1786.

LADY Craven is well known to the public by her productions in various walks of literature: but her Journey to Constantinople, now under consideration, is the most formidable of her attempts. The chief object of every respectable traveller, is to delineate the peculiar customs, religious opinions, mode of government, internal regulations, arts, antiquities, and sciences, with the soil and climate, of countries distant and different from his own; hence much entertainment, and instruction not unfrequently, is afforded to those who never can have any opportunity of making personal observations. In the present instance, most of her ladyship's descriptions are dull, and superficial; and there is little impressive observations made on the characters of those who met her notice: egotism is a prominent feature; which is by no means suitable to a narrative intended for universal perusal. While searching for the true motive which induced our noble author to publish a correspondence which is incomplete, as to novelty and valuable information, (to obtain which she frequently refers to the works of Mr. Coxe and other travellers) we glanced at a reflection made by her ladyship on some other occasions; "but what will not *poor* mortals do for gold, since the rich are often slaves for that which they ought to be masters of."

Lady Craven has, in several places, made efforts to imitate the manner of Sterne, but with very little effect; and she has adopted the use of dashes to fill up a great number of chasms, for which there does not appear to be the smallest necessity: it might indeed be prudent to expunge some passages in letters to a tender friend, but the public surely could dispense with the needless substitutions. We meet with some coarse, and some odd expressions, when the rank and sex of the writer is considered; such as, "the coachman's getting *drunk*, the *bot* weather, *shoulder of mutton* fails; concerning upon his military reputation;" &c. &c.

These letters are all addressed and dedicated to the Margrave of Brandebourg, to whom she gives the appellation of Brother.

With a view to exhibit the most favourable idea within our power, of the merit of this work, we have made the following detached quotations, for the information of such of our readers who may not happen to purchase this book, and whose taste and judgment may be superior to our own.

DEDICATION.

"Beside curiosity, my friends will in these Letters see at least for some time where the real Lady Craven has been, and where she is to be found—it having been a practice for some years past, for a Birmingham coin of myself to pass in most of the inns in France, Switzerland, and England, for the wife of my husband—my arms and coronet sometimes supporting, in some measure, this insolent deception; by which, probably, I may have been seen to behave very improperly. I think it my duty to aver upon my honour, that it has frequently happened to me, travelling with my sweet child, to find a landlady, who has shewn a particular desire of serving me in the most menial offices, with tears in her eyes, and upon my asking the reason, in the honest indignation of her heart, she said, she had been imposed upon, at such a time, by a traveller who called herself by my name."

Letter VI. Tours, June 30, 1785.

"P. S. I was obliged to assure the *intendant*, and some more French, the other day at his house, that Sir George Elliot was not a Frenchman. Since he has immortalized his name at Gibraltar, I find this nation is extremely desirous of claiming him—but I took upon me to say I believe Scotland might boast of being his native land, and that of most of his forefathers—However, if indeed they would choose to date from a much earlier period, most of us old English would be found to be Danes, Normans, &c."

Letter XI. Marseilles, Aug. 5.

"I set out from Avignon in the middle of the day, and arrived at a town called Lille, where I took a French post-chaise, and went in it by the side of the Sorgue's clear stream, till the road was too narrow for the carriage to proceed; I then walked in a narrow path winding round the immense rocky mountains to the left, with the stream rapidly flying by me to the right about a mile, till a cavern, pretty much in the shape of those which lions come out of in an opera, presented itself to my view, and from that flows the river. I am told it is an unfathomable abyss. Why it is called a *Fontaine*, I am at a loss to guess.

"Monstrous rocks rise over and on each side of this craggy arch; these seem to bend forward to meet or crush the curious,—whichever way I turned my eyes, I saw gigantic and fantastic shapes, which nature seems to have placed there to astonish the gazer with a mixture of the melancholy, terrible, and cheerful; for the clearness and rapidity

rapidity of the river makes it a lively object, and where there is a flat place on the banks, though not above a few feet in circumference, the peasants have planted trees or sowed gardens—you lift up your eyes, and see the most perfect contrasts to them—the birds, which hovered towards the upper part of the rocks, were scarcely perceptible. In looking into the cavern, it appears horrible and gloomy; I could almost have fancied the river ran thus fast, rejoiced to quit the mansion from whence it sprung. No wonder Petrarch's song was plaintive, if he courted his muse with this scene perpetually before his eyes; Love and all his laughing train must fly the human imagination, where nature displays her features in the majestic and terrible stile, and I was very glad to find so good an excuse as this situation for Petrarch's eternal complaint.

"I was informed by the inhabitants of Vacluse, that people, who are tired of life, fling themselves into the cavern, where, as I told you before, the water is unfathomable; upon this information, I asked if bodies were often found there; I was answered in the affirmative, and that they were chiefly the bodies of priests."

Letter XIX. Genoa, Sept. 26.

"Yesterday two Algerine slaves came to my apartment to sell slippers; the oldest of the two was one of the handsomest brown men, with the best countenance I ever saw—he has been a slave five-and-twenty-years, and is suffered to go about without the usual attendant, which is a man with a stout stick in his hand, who follows the slaves who walk about the town chained together, always in pairs.

"When I thought upon the fate of this old man; guilty of no crime; a prisoner of war—his looks so noble and so honest—I wept—and wished I might have had interest enough with the Doge and Senate of Genoa to have sent him home to Algiers.

"These sort of pictures in real life, are of

is *Libertas*—The territories belonging to it are only forty-six miles long from St. Pellegrins to the Pisan mountains, and nineteen from Via Regia to Porchetto, the half of which town belongs to the Tuscan dominion—

"Lucca is extremely well fortified—crouds of people in the street, and a look of opulence among the *bourgeoisie* prove the good effect of their motto—The oil is remarkably good here—I was shewn the Cathedral, which has nothing remarkable in it but a circular chapel, the shape of which is pleasing—and it has four statues of the apostles, good—I was told this chapel, dedicated to the virgin, was transported in one night entire, from another church at some distance—The figure of the virgin I could not see, it was covered up—she wears constantly golden slippers, and there is a skull of one of the senators of Lucca, who was hung for stealing one of them, though he declared she flung it at him, as he was praying at her feet for more wealth—"

"I have been obliged again to assure the French at the French minister's table the other day, that Sir George Elliot was not born of French parents—

"Sterne's adventure about Yorick, I have now good reason to believe was a fact; for I was asked too by a Frenchman, if Sir Joshua Reynolds did not build St. Paul's.—I think Frenchmen should never quit Paris; for they do not choose to be acquainted with the chronology or genealogies of any other nation but their own. The only thing which seems to delight the French minister here is, that the bridge over the Arno, which is just before his windows, puts him in mind of the Pontneuf at Paris."

Lady Craven formed a resolution to visit the North, thinking she might never take so long a journey again: for this purpose she proceeded to Vienna; and, while there, took occasion to assert, that Lady Mary Wortley Montague was not the author of those excellent letters which bear her name. It is

the king's dinner, and we conversed as cheerfully and as rationally as if we had not been at a court. The king in his face is very like the Duke of Marlborough; he has a manner of saying things obliging or flattering, peculiar to himself—he tells me he thinks men, animals, trees, every thing in short that takes its birth or is produced by England, is more perfect than the produce of other countries.

“There is a custom here which I think very abominable: noblemen, who are engaged to marry young ladies, make no ceremony, but embrace them in the midst of a large company at a ball.”

Lady Craven gives a very particular description of Petersburg, which our readers will find in our Magazine for March, page 150, after which she visits Moscow, and proceeds on her journey through the Crimea; she gives an account of the old and new inhabitants of the peninsula called the Tauridæ, which is not of a very interesting nature: and the description of the progress to Constantinople contains little more than a detail of the civilities she met with, her mode of travelling, &c.

Letter XLI. Batcheferaï (a Town in the Crimea) April 8.

“In my way hither I dined at the Cossack chief's post—and my entertainment was truly Cossack—A long table for thirty people—at one end a half-grown pig roasted whole—at the other a half-grown sheep, whole likewise—in the middle of the table an immense tureen of curdled milk—there were several side-dishes made for me and the Russians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taste—The old warrior would fain have made me taste above thirty sorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myself with three or four, and some were very good. After dinner, from the window I saw a fine mock battle between the Cossacks; and I saw three Calmoucks, the ugliest fiercest looking men imaginable, with their eyes set in their head, inclining down to their nose, and uncommonly square jaw-bones—These Calmoucks are so dextrous with bows and arrows, that one killed a goose at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty

learn, from these Letters, that the voyage, in fair weather, might be made in forty-eight hours; but her ladyship met with many dangers from the untowardness of the wind and rain, and on the seventh day, to add to her misfortune, the Greek pilot, the only person on board, who had been at Constantinople, got “*dead drunk*.” At length, however, she arrives safely; and M. de Choiseul, the French ambassador, by making the first application, had the peculiar good fortune to obtain her ladyship's company at his palace, during her residence in that capital: an English merchant, highly offended at this circumstance, observed that if Sir R. Ainslie's house was not good enough for her ladyship, he, the merchant, had a new one at her service: “*A peeress of England*,” exclaimed the worthy man, “*to lodge at the French ambassador's!*”

Letter XLVI. Pera, April 25.

“From some of the windows (at the French ambassador's) I look across that harbour called the Golden Horn by the ancients, and from others can see the sea of Marmora, the islands therein, and part of the Seraglio—from mine I saw yesterday the sultan sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many of the people who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden—A magnificent sight, as they are of a light shape, gilt, and painted very beautifully—We had a large telescope, and saw the Ottoman splendour very distinctly—The sultan dyes his beard black, to give himself a young look—and he is known at a considerable distance by that, which contrasts singularly with his face, that is extremely livid and pale—The kiosk, which contained him and his silver sofa, was not very large, and like a hundred others to be seen on the canal—It is strange, Sir, how words gain in other countries a signification different from the meaning they possess in their own. Serail, or Seraglio, is generally understood as the habitation, or rather confinement for women; here it is the sultan's residence; it cannot be called his palace, for the kiosks, gardens, courts, walls, stables, are so mixed, that it is many houses in many gardens.

“The streets both of Pera and Constantinople are so narrow that few of them admit

which he mounted gravely, to get off in a few moments.

"As to women, as many, if not more than men, are to be seen in the streets—but they look like walking mummies—A large loose robe of dark green cloth covers them from the neck to the ground, over that a large piece of muslin, which wraps the shoulders and arms, another which goes over the head and eyes; judge, Sir, if all these coverings do not confound all shape or air so much, that men or women, princesses and slaves, may be concealed under them. I think I never saw a country where women may enjoy so much liberty, and free from all reproach, as in Turkey—A Turkish husband that sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem must not enter; his respect for the sex prevents him from intruding when a stranger is there upon a visit; how easy then is it for men to visit and pass for women!—If I was to walk about the streets here, I would certainly wear the same dress, for the Turkish women call others names, when they meet them with their faces uncovered—When I go out I have the ambassador's sedan-chair, which is like mine in London, only gilt and varnished like a French coach, and six Turks carry it.

"I saw a Turk the other day lying on cushions, striking slowly an iron which he was shaping into an horse-shoe, his pipe in his mouth all the time—nay, among the higher order of Turks, there is an invention which saves them the trouble of holding the pipe, two small wheels are fixed on each side the bowl of the pipe, and thus the smoker has only to puff away, or let the pipe rest upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleases.

"The quiet stupid Turk will sit a whole day by the side of the canal, looking at flying kites or children's boats—and I saw one who was enjoying the shade of an immense plantane tree—his eye fixed on a kind of bottle, diverted by the noise and motion of it, while the stream kept it in constant motion—How the business of the nation goes on at all I cannot guess, for the cabinet is composed generally of ignorant mercenaries; the Visir was a water-carrier to Hassan Bey, the Capitan Pacha, or high-admiral—Hassan himself was only a servant at Algiers."

America, the spirit of enterprise seems to have been peculiarly aroused, and various schemes have been formed by individuals for accomplishing an object which seemed to promise so great advantages.

Who the Gentlemen were that first embarked in the fur-trade, says Capt. Dixon in the introduction, is perhaps not generally known, though it is certain they were not hardy enough to send vessels in that employ directly from England; for we find, that the first vessel which engaged in this new trade was fitted out from China: she was a brig of sixty tons, commanded by a Captain Hanna, who left the Typa in April, 1785. His destination was for King George's Sound, where he arrived the following August.

Soon after his arrival, the natives attempted to board his vessel in open day, but were repulsed with considerable slaughter: this affair secured the friendship of the Indians, for they afterwards traded quietly and peaceably. Captain Hanna is said to have procured a valuable cargo of furs, though the number has never been mentioned. He left Nootka the latter end of September, and arrived at Macao in May, 1786, in the Sea Otter, of one hundred and twenty tons, and arrived at King George's Sound in August. The success he met with in this expedition was never made known, but no doubt it was greatly inferior to that of his former voyage: he arrived at Macao in February, 1787.

The snow Lark, Captain Peters, of two hundred and twenty tons and forty men, sailed from Macao in July, 1786. Captain Peters had orders to make the North West Coast, by way of Kamschatka, and was directed to examine the islands to the Northward of Japan. He arrived at Kamschatka, the 20th of August, and left that place the 18th of September. Accounts have since been received, that this vessel was lost on Copper Island, and that only two of the people were saved.

In the beginning of 1786, the snow Captain Cook, of three hundred tons, and the snow Experiment, of one hundred tons, were fitted out from Bombay. These vessels arrived at Nootka the end of June following; from thence they proceeded to Prince William's Sound. After some stay there, they

given in the following Work, as he was met with by us in Prince William's Sound.

The Sea Otter, Captain Tipping, left Calcutta a few days after the Nootka. Her destination was for Prince William's Sound, where she arrived in September, whilst the Captain Cook and the Experiment were there. She left the Sound the day after, supposed for Cook's River, but having never since been heard of, there can be but little doubt of her being lost.

The Imperial Eagle, Captain Berkley, left Ostend the latter end of November, 1786, and arrived at Nootka, the beginning of June, 1787. Some accounts of his expedition will be met with in the present voyage.

Having given a brief abstract of the different voyages which have hitherto been made to the North West Coast of America, I cannot help noticing an expedition that was planned prior to any of them, and which, had it been carried into execution, must have proved exceedingly advantageous to the Proprietors, and very probably would have entirely engrossed this lucrative branch of commerce.

So early as 1781, William Bolts, Esq; fitted out the Cobenzell, an armed ship of 700 tons, for the North West coast of America. She was to have sailed from Trieste (accompanied by a tender of forty-five tons) under imperial colours, and was equally fitted out for trade or discovery: men of eminence in every department of science were engaged on board; all the maritime courts of Europe were written to, in order to secure a good reception for these vessels, at their respective ports, and favourable answers were returned; yet, after all, this expedition, so exceedingly promising in every point of view, was overturned by a set of interested men, then in power at Vienna.

This work, though published under the name of Captain Dixon, is a series of letters written to a friend, by a person, who appears to be a sensible intelligent Quaker, for whom Captain Dixon makes the following apology.

It yet remains for me to bespeak the candour and indulgence of the reader, in perusing the following Work, as it was written by a person on board the Queen Charlotte, who has been totally unused to literary pursuits, and equally so to a sea-faring life. However, to obviate any objection that might possibly arise from his deficiency in nautical knowledge, I have been particularly careful in correcting that part of the Work, by way of appendix, have given every thing of the kind which, in my opinion, can be any way interesting to a seaman, as also a short sketch of the few subjects we have met with in Natural History, that are likely to

engage the attention of the curious; and I hope that a plain narrative of facts, written at the time when the different occurrences happened, will prove interesting, though deficient in smoothness of language, or elegance of composition.

In the second letter we have a short account of the intention of this voyage, and of the destination of the vessels.

Before I proceed to inform thee of any sea occurrences, it will be necessary to mention a few previous particulars, for thy better information. Before I came on board, my idea of the voyage was so very imperfect, that it was out of my power to give thee any notion of our destination. I now can tell thee, that during the late Captain Cook's last voyage to the Pacific Ocean, it was found that it would be easily practicable to establish a valuable fur trade on the American coast, and to dispose of them to great advantage at China. Though this was so long since as the year 1780, yet the prosecution of any plan lay dormant till spring last, when a set of gentlemen procured a charter from the South Sea Company, and were incorporated for the express purpose of carrying on this trade to the best advantage; to facilitate which, they purchased two vessels and got them ready for sailing with all expedition.

The larger ship which is called King George, and commanded by Captain Portlock (who is commander in chief for the voyage) and the smaller vessel (which I am on board) the Queen Charlotte, commanded by Captain Dixon.

These gentlemen were appointed to the command of this expedition with peculiar propriety, not only as able navigators, but (having been this voyage with Captain Cook) they well knew what parts of the continent were likely to afford us the best trade; and could also form a tolerable idea of the temper and disposition of the natives; add to this, they are men of feeling and humanity, and pay the most strict attention to the health of their ships companies, a circumstance of the utmost consequence in a voyage of such length as this seems likely to be. Having premised thus far, I shall proceed to acquaint thee of every circumstance relating to the voyage, but having an opportunity of forwarding this, I have only time to say, that I am well and truly thine.

Captain Dixon sailed from Spithead, in the month of September 1785, and having touched at Madeira, St. Jago and Falkland's Islands, doubled Cape Horn, and reached Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, celebrated for the death of Capt. Cook, in the month of May 1786. The principal places which Capt. Dixon visited on the

American coast, were Cook's River, Port Mulgrave, Montague Island, and Queen Charlotte's Isles. After which he returned to Sandwich Isles, and proceeded thence to Macao, where he arrived on the 9th of November, 1787.

The country about Cook's River, appears to be dismal and dreary, almost beyond description; the hills sloping down nearest the shore, are covered with pines, intermixed with birch, alder, and various other trees and shrubs, whilst the more distant mountains, whose lofty summits pierce the clouds, are totally covered with snow, and have the appearance of everlasting winter. In another place the author says:

The land, indeed, close by the seaside, is tolerably level, affords a few pines, which, together with shrubs and underwoods, intermixed with long grass, make the landscape not altogether disagreeable; but the adjacent mountains, whose rugged tops far outreach the clouds, absolutely beggar all description: covered with eternal snow, except where the fierce North wind blows it from their craggy summits, they entirely chill the blood of the beholder, and their prodigious extent and stupendous precipices, render them equally inaccessible to man or beast.

As nothing is of greater importance in a voyage of this kind, undertaken wholly with a commercial view, than to know the success of it, we shall transcribe part of the forty fourth letter, which gives an account of the manner in which their cargo of skins was disposed of.

At the time our voyage was first set on foot, China was the market fixed on for the disposal of whatever furs we might procure; and at the same time it was judged of no small consequence to procure a freight from thence. An agreement with the East-India Company was accordingly made; our furs were to be sold to their Supercargoes at a fair price, or left in their hands for them to dispose of at a future opportunity, and they were to have a certain per centage on what ever sum of money they might fetch.

Seals, about 150 land beaver, sixty fine cloaks of the earless marmot; together with sundry racoon, fox, lynx, &c. were left to be disposed of by our captains in the best manner they were able; probably for no other reason than to furnish them with money for their current expences, and no doubt expecting what they had left would be barely sufficient for that purpose.

In regard to the sale of our furs, I should first observe, that there is at Canton a company of wealthy merchants, called the Hong-merchants, with whom our East India Company transact all their business, and purchase from them the whole of the tea and China-ware sent to Great Britain. To these people our furs were offered, with an expectation of their immediately taking them off our hands at an advantageous price; but here we were woefully disappointed, and we found to our cost, the sad mistake of our owners, in appointing the supercargoes to have the sole disposal of their property, for the moment these Hong-merchants had looked the skins over, and fixed a value on them, no other merchant durst interfere in the purchase: indeed as the quantity above-mentioned was not suffered to be divided, there were not many people except these Hong-merchants who had it in their power to buy so large a parcel, and advance the money immediately: add to this, the duty on merchandize in the port of Canton seems not to be regulated by any fixed rule, but rests in a great measure in the breasts of those appointed by the Hoppo to lay it on, and who fix it higher or lower at pleasure. With these people the Hong-merchants have great influence; so that had any indifferent person been at liberty to purchase our skins, and disposed to give us an advantageous price for them, the fear of having an enormous duty to pay, would at once deter him from any attempt of the kind; this we found strictly verified more than once.

In this poor situation were we with respect to the sale of our cargo, during the month of December, and the greatest part

the King George. The blankets and buckles were brought out to trade with the Americans; and we were given to understand they were a very saleable article amongst the Chinese.

On the 26th, our principal furs, viz. the 2,552 otter; 434 cub, and 34 fox, were sold and delivered to the East-India Company's supercargoes, for 50,000 dollars.

It should seem, that our captains had only a mere negative in this business; but finding it impossible to obtain a better price, and it being high time to think of sailing, they were glad to close with this offer, though very far short of what we at one time had reason to expect: indeed there now were other reasons, and those very weighty ones, besides what I have already mentioned, for concluding this business. The furs brought by the Nootka had recently been sold for 9,750 dollars: — 700 fine sea-otter skins, (the cargo of the Imperial Eagle, Captain Berkley) were in the hands of Mr. Beale; a principal owner, and resident at Canton — 1,000 other skins were sent by the Spanish missionaries from California, and that part of the coast towards King George's Sound to Manilla, and from thence were lately arrived at Canton: — two French vessels which had been upon the American coast on discovery, and lately arrived at Macao, had picked up 200 fine sea-otter skins; and fur-seals, which are held in tolerable estimation here, had lately been brought from England: all these being in the market at once, quite glutted it, and had such an effect on the Chinese, that they scarcely thought furs worth taking away. These circumstances duly considered, it certainly was the most prudent step our captains could possibly take to close with their supercargoes, as (exclusive of other considerations) by this means we were enabled to remit bills of exchange to our owners, and our departure was greatly facilitated.

Account of an Epistle to a Falling Minister; also, An Imitation of the Twelfth Ode of Horace. By Peter Pindar, Esq.

IT cannot be long an object of consideration with us whether to pity or detest the writer and publisher who can submit to the disgraceful labour of circulating such indecent reflections on the brightest character, and such unfeeling sporting with private and public calamity. The merit of this reverend author (for clerical we understand his profession to have once been) consists in a very irreverend selection of subjects; and by no means in the working up of his materials. Indeed, the materials he generally uses are, like his subjects, incapable of the distortion his imagination would give them. Characters remarkable for private virtues, men of superior talents, promoters of useful

knowledge, or the public good, have been the usual objects of his satire. P. P. Esq. has profited little by *Churchill*, *Hudibras*, and the *Crazy Tales*. He has certainly, however, some claim to originality; and it is that sort of claim which nobody will dispute: for who but our *Reverend Squire*, delighting in troubled waters, has been wise enough to perceive the great honour that must result from an attempt to bring artists at the head of their profession, philosophers whom science is proud to boast of, and the most exalted personages, down to a level with scavengers and night-men? The *Squire* is a terrible satirist, for he threatens dreadfully; and certainly he does not want for inclination to hack and butcher, if his leaden dagger would permit him. He at times would be poetical also; but then a Louse, a Flea, or a Bug, runs cross his nose, and twists his ideas back to similes that seem to have employed his "lispings numbers."

In the farrago before us, the *falling minister* is no less a person than the idol of the people of England, Mr. Pitt, in his meridian splendor; whom this tragifarcical *Squire* calls an *artful boy*, a *Barbarian*, one that *lodges pigs in holes dug in Palmyra's temple*, a *Joseph*, a *black bloated espie*, a *Hangman that breaks upon the wheel*, a *Murderer*, an *Oliver Cromwell*, a *young old Traitor*, a *Rebel*, a *Cain*. After this, having exhausted all his pretty epithets, he is "roused to anger?" — but, like the man who went to complain of ill-usage to Demosthenes, he shews no other signs of it, than calmly saying so. With the same proof he calls himself a *Poet*, the *Eldest born of Phœbus*. To conclude, the *Squire* has a *tete-a-tete* with Prudence (an attempt at Churchill); and in what he calls "an imitation of Horace," he mentions his former scurrility to the King, insults the Queen, and endeavours to bespatter several of the best characters in the kingdom. This, gentle reader, is a sketch of the piece. The exalted character whom this delicate Eclogue was intended to flatter, and the party which it was intended to serve, have reason to hope, that the first specimen of the *Squire's* political assistance may be the last — They have already enough of such kind of support to disgrace them.

A Tribute to Learning and Virtue.

IN the cathedral of Cambray in France, there is a tomb erected to the memory of the learned virtuous Archbishop Fenelon, with a very long and dull inscription. In its stead, however, D'Alembert proposed the following one: "Under this stone lie the ashes of Fenelon. Reader, efface not this epitaph with thy tears, that others may also read it, and bedew it with their tears like thee!"

*Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.**(Continued from Page 158.)*

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Friday, Feb. 13, 1789.

THE right hon. Mr. Conolly, accompanied by several members of the house of commons, delivered a message at the bar, containing a resolution of their house, and an address to his royal highness the Prince of Wales to which they desired the concurrence of the lords.

The lord chancellor, by order of the house, informed Mr. Conolly and the gentlemen, that an answer would be sent by messengers of their house, on which the commons' messengers withdrew.

The message was then read, when,

The duke of Leinster moved, "That the message of the commons be referred to the committee of the whole house, appointed to take into consideration the state of the nation."

Ordered accordingly.

The order of the day for entering into that committee was read;

Lord Longford, after a few cursory observations on the importance of the subject, moved, that

"The order for the house sitting this day on the state of the nation be discharged, and that instead thereof, the house adjourn sitting on the said committee until Tuesday next."

The lord chancellor came from the wool-sack, and prefaced his seconding the motion by a speech of considerable length, abounding with apposite observations, and a great fund of legal, historical, and constitutional knowledge.

It was a question, said he, of the greatest magnitude, and it involved every thing that is valuable to the people of this country. Law—constitution—property, all were concerned in it;—would your lordships proceed to adopt a hasty decision therefore with documents unread, precedents not examined, and information shut out, when such momentous objects were under examination.

His Lordship observed, that a number of precedents were to be found in the histories of both countries, and mentioned several respecting the appointment of Regents, and conjured their lordships not to adopt the spirit of English parties. He then adverted to the melancholy situation of his Majesty, and mentioned his gratitude and loyalty to the King, in terms truly affecting.

Lord Portarlington opposed the motion of an adjournment of the committee, as calculated only to cause unnecessary delay. As to precedents, said he, they have been ransacked to no

winds to wait them; we should then lose no time, that as soon as the Prince is appointed in England, he may also be appointed in Ireland.

The Earl of Bellamont was against the address: He delivered a speech that lasted near two hours; but from the crowded condition of the house, and the noise below the bar, we cannot collect sufficient to do it justice.

The Earl of Glandore followed.

The Earl of Farnham was for the address and entering immediately upon the business.

Lord Earsfort declared himself as approving the investiture of the Prince of Wales with the Regency in its fullest extent, and unrestrained by any thing but the law and the constitution. But, says he, I cannot agree with the method adopted by the commons on this important occasion; by this address, which is premature, illegal, and unwarrantable, shall we before we know what they have done, or who they have appointed in England, proceed to make a Regent here, and by that means separate the executive power in the two countries.

The Earl of Tyrone declared, that being bound to support the unity in the executive power, he could not vote to divide it. He was willing the executive power should be vested in the Prince, but it must be done in a full and Constitutional manner, by a bill, to wait for which it was better to adjourn the consideration of the address.

Lord Dunsany was for the address sent up by the commons, as the most respectful mode, and spurned the idea of looking up to the parliament of England for direction.

Lord Donoughmore spoke against the adjournment.

On the question being put, there appeared,
Contents 21—Proxies 5—Non-contents 41
—Proxies 2,

Majority against the adjournment 17.

The Duke of Leinster moved, "That the chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again on Monday," which being agreed to,

The house adjourned to Monday next.

16.] The order of the day being read, the documents respecting his Majesty's health, and the resolution and address of the house of commons, respecting the Regency of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, were read by the clerk, when his grace the duke of Leinster moved the committee to an agreement with the resolution; great debates ensued, and on the question being put for the address, the house divided.

Contents 40—Proxies 5—Total 46
Non-contents 20—Proxies 6—Total 26

Majority for the address

19

after some argument, moved, in amendment, that the consideration of this question be postponed till the first of October next.

Lord Earlsfort said, he would not, after the sentiments of the house had been declared by such decided majorities, give opposition to the farther progress of this business; yet left his silence should be construed into an acquiescence of it, he must oppose the original motion.

The Earl of Carhampton expected a motion would have been made to consider of the mode most proper for conveying the address, before commissioners were mentioned.—Your lordships have been told, that this address, without a bill, cannot invest the Prince with a power of Regency.—Are your commissioners to tell the Prince so, and that a bill is to follow? But suppose such a bill does not pass, and that his Majesty immediately recovers, what is then to be done?

Lord Portarlington declared, that the objections he heard, should have been made in the first instance, as the recovery of his Majesty was yet a doubtful matter; Charles the Sixth of France, was afflicted with a malady similar to that of his Majesty, which, though with several intervals, lasted for 30 years; as to the unhappy one which afflicts our Sovereign, we have no authentic documents that can in the least warrant us to stop our proceedings.

The Earl of Farnham said, a bill had been mentioned; but if we followed the example of Great Britain, their lords and commons first addressed the Prince, and then brought in a bill.

The Earl of Bellamont spoke against the original motion, and for its adjournment.

The Earl of Tyrone said, that he had heard nothing to alter his opinion of the impropriety of the address, which conferred with the Regency all the powers of royalty without any legal sanction.

The Lord Chancellor said, that though a bill was intended, there was no mention of it in the address, and thought the Prince of Wales might decline accepting the Regency without the authority of an act of parliament; nor will your commissioners, said his lordship, dare to promise for parliament, that an act shall be passed for the purpose.—He was therefore for the adjournment of the business till October next.

Lord Valentia thought the address intruded on the compact between the two kingdoms, and disrespectful to his Majesty. He did not, he said, incline to the present ministry from party principles, he had many *disobligations* to them.

The motion for adjourning the consideration of the Duke of Leinster's motion being put, the house divided,

Contents	17	—	Proxies	4	—	21
Not-contents	34	—	Proxies	6	—	40

Majority against the motion of adjournment 19

The question was then put on the Duke of Leinster's motion to appoint commissioners, when, as before, there were,

Contents	34	—	Proxies	6	—	40
Not-contents	17	—	Proxies	4	—	21

Majority 19

Lord Portarlington then moved, that his

Grace the Duke of Leinster, and

Right Hon. Lord Charlemont,

be deputed the commissioners of this house to present the address of the lords and commons of Ireland to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The motion was carried without a division.

21.] Lord Portarlington, after observing that the resolution he had to propose was nothing more than a vindication of what noble lords had asserted on a former night, moved the house to agree to the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the lords and commons in addressing the Prince of Wales to take upon him the executive government of this kingdom, on behalf and in the name of his Majesty, during his present indisposition, and no longer, have exercised an undoubted right and discharged an indispensable duty, to which they, and they alone, in the present emergency, were competent.”

Lord Earlsfort was against the resolution, and contended, that the house had no right to call upon the Prince of Wales to take on him the executive government until he was enabled by law so to do. He then vindicated the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant by observing that there was no transgression of duty in his conduct, as it was absurd to suppose that he was bound to transmit the desires of parliament to any other person than the King. He concluded with observing, that it was a monstrous idea, to think of censuring a man for acting according to his oath, and his sense of official duty.

A few words were spoken by lord Donoughmore, Lord Earlsfort, and lord Portarlington; the latter lord contended, that when precedent failed they were to go by the spirit and not the letter of the constitution: he noticed the circumstance of the Duke of Bedford refusing to transmit an address, but he observed that the duke passed no censure, nor did he say it was an improper act, he only said that he would take it into consideration.

Lord Hillsborough thought that the whole plan of proceeding ought to be laid before the house: he did not perceive any foundation for the resolution, and he would therefore move the following amendment:

“Such address having been voted before his Royal Highness had any authority by law to do what by said address was required.”

He continued, that it would have been absurd in the Lord Lieutenant and contrary to his duty if he had transmitted the address, which called upon a fellow-citizen to take upon him the government; this he thought by law was incurring a premunire, and though he was not clear in the distinction of legal terms he thought it nearly amounted to high treason. He said that it went to the disinheritance of the crown, every part of which he was bound to support, and must subject the chief governor to the consequences of an impeachment.

Lord Mountgarret said, that he had heard very strong words—and he thought they furnished the strongest reason why the house should not lie under the imputation—because a noble lord had owned, that the Lord Lieutenant had put a construction upon the act of both houses; the latter part of this nobleman's answer he thought was very little short of accusing the lords and

commons of being traitors to their country—it went even farther, for it blamed the two estates for interfering at all, as they could not interfere otherwise than they did. The people at large expected that the house would vindicate itself, the commons had already done so, and what would be said if the lords on the slightest opposition retracted? The sending off our commissioners, to which so much objection had been made, his lordship said, was the establishment of our right and our independence; the similarity of proceeding at present, and when King William ascended the throne, was striking; it was in both cases by address, and as the Prince of Wales had what was called an irresistible claim, it naturally must have been more acceptable to the people than the proceeding by bill, and conjuring up a phantom to represent a third estate which had no existence. He despised the threats of premunire and high treason—thought the appeal that had been made to noble lords, meant as implying that they were under improper influence, and after disavowing any attachment to party—or self-interest—inisted that every noble lord who had supported the former resolutions, was bound by his regard to consistency to give his vote for the present.

Lord Bellmont observed, that the words premunire and high treason were formidable words—he advised noble lords to consider them; he objected to the resolution as a foundation for censure on the Lord Lieutenant.

Lord Farnham recapitulated the proceedings of the house; first, they were informed from authority, that the King was incapacitated—they then deliberated and agreed to address the Prince of Wales, afterwards the Lord Lieutenant questioned their authority. Wherefore then the imputation? As the Lord Lieutenant's answer was an obvious insult upon the house, he was for the resolution.

The Chancellor declared, that the two houses had begun at the wrong end, that the whole was a blunder, for they ought to have proceeded by bill instead of address, and was against the resolutions, condemning all their proceedings as illegal, unconstitutional, unprecedented, and dangerous; he declared the Lord Lieutenant's commission to be as perfect as ever.

Lord Sunderlin said, if he could have attended in his place before this day, he would have warmly supported what had been done, and the whole procedure had his hearty concurrence.—He was, he said, the last in the house who had been honoured by his Majesty with a seat there, and would be the first on every occasion to testify his gratitude to his Sovereign, and he

His lordship contended that they should not suffer such a stigma to remain on their journals unanswered; it had now become a record of parliament; and how was it possible that the house could assent to its own disgrace? He mentioned a precedent in point from the journals—Lord Sydney had refused to transmit a petition—but he did it simply, and without comment—in the same manner the lords had vindicated themselves by resolving, “that it was the undoubted right of parliament to present such petitions.” If the Marquis of Buckingham had conducted himself with the same temper, doubtless no censure would be proposed at the present moment. But such an affront coming from such high authority could not be overlooked. Much had been said about his patent and oath of office; they might warrant him in refusing to transmit the address, but did they empower him to question and insult parliament? to say that their proceedings were contrary to law, and to charge parliament with an attempt to invest the Prince of Wales with the executive government of this kingdom against the constitution, thereby insulting equally his Royal Highness with the two houses, by insinuating that he was as ready to accept the government without law, as they were to bestow it? He would therefore say, that the censure had his heartiest approbation.

At length the house divided on the amendment,

Ayes	21—	Proxies	9
Noes	30—		8

Majority against administration 8

The original question was then put and carried.

Lord Rortarlington did not think any preface necessary, and moved, “That the answer of his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham in refusing to transmit the address of the lords and commons to the Prince of Wales, was disrespectful to his Royal Highness, and conveys an unwarrantable censure on both houses of parliament.”

The vote of censure (see our Magazine for February, page 112) was put at half past eleven, and carried,

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HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thursday, February 19.

Which was unanimously agreed to, and the house adjourned accordingly.

20.] Mr. Secretary Fitzherbert moved, "That his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's answer to the request of the two houses of parliament, desiring him to transmit their address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, be entered on the Journals."

Mr. Todd Jones said, he believed every gentleman who then heard him, felt the deepest conviction that the constitution of the kingdom was this day at stake—the Chief Governor of this independent kingdom, upon a solemn question, touching the executive branch of the legislature, refuses to take cognizance of a resolution of the two other branches, formally testified to him by their respective presidents, accompanied by both houses met in full parliament—and upon what ground was this refusal? upon his oath—that is, the oath of the Chief Governor can militate with, and pronounce to be illegal, a solemn determination of the parliament of this kingdom. He repeated therefore, that the constitution was at stake, and that the people of Ireland, and he, as one of their representatives, demanded from that house an adjustment of that point. He asserted the Chief Governor of Ireland could not cushion an address, or any solemn instrument of both houses of parliament—if he can, there is no constitution; and he founded his assertion, not upon constructions of acts of parliament, or parliamentary journals, but upon the deductions of common sense, which are equally enjoyed by the peasant, the lawyer, the gentleman, and the Prince; which points out immediately to the meanest capacity, that if the lords and commons of Ireland are not paramount within this realm, to every power but the will of the Sovereign, this kingdom is governed by four estates, and not by three—he therefore maintained that the Chief Governor, not being Sovereign, but only his Minister, could not impede an address of both houses; and if he attempted it he abdicated the King's government.

In his opinion, this was not the first instance in which the Constitution has been at issue since the opening of this session—his Majesty's Attorney General, on a former night had advanced in his place, "That the Monarch of Ireland, in his imperial residence at the castle of Dublin, could not ratify a single act of the Irish legislature; which he only has a right to do in the British privy council." And now the Chief Governor and representative of that Monarch tells us, in his place, that he cannot recognize a solemn instrument of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of Ireland, assembled in full parliament, and that he is precluded from it by oath.

This was an awful situation, it was not a question of regency, nor parliamentary reform, nor of revenue; but it was a question of national independence and external legislation.

Sir, said he, we the people, in silent anxiety, confide in our parliament, demand from her an unimpeached constitution, and await her determination.

Mr. Grattan said, the question he should move was necessary to ground a proceeding upon, which

necessity pointed out, he should therefore avoid all pretatory matter, and move,

"That his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant having declined to transmit the address of the two houses of parliament to his Royal Highness George Augustus Prince of Wales, requesting him to take upon him the executive government of this kingdom, that a competent number of the members of this house be appointed to join the lords, and present the address in due form."

The Attorney General desired to know the parties number.

Mr. Grattan stated his idea to be, that they should appoint double the number of the lords, and therefore it would be proper to wait for their appointment.

The Attorney General declared, that he would give it a negative; for he was certain that the address would never enable the Prince of Wales to take upon him the executive government, and that it was subversive of the laws and constitution of Ireland.

Mr. Parsons repeated the arguments he had formerly used, against proceeding by address, as going to a separation of the countries.

Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hobart agreed in the same channel.

Mr. Conolly said, that in whatever situation he might be placed, he never would for a moment consent to a measure which went to a separation; but he did not conceive that the present did.

Mr. Kearney spoke a few words, after which the question was put, and carried without a division.

Mr. Grattan then moved, that Mr. Conolly be appointed to carry up their resolution to the lords, desiring their concurrence.—Agreed to.

Mr. Conolly returned with information, that the lords would send an answer by one of their own messengers.

Mr. Grattan declared himself ready to proceed upon business without waiting for the answer of the lords:—He said that he did not think it necessary, after what had occurred to say much on the subject he had to propose. It was a vindication of the house from the aspersion that had been thrown on it—he approved of the adjournment yesterday as a wise proceeding—it gave room to a solemn pause—which would render more respectable—more august, and more efficient whatever step the house might be disposed to adopt. He was not responsible for any controversy in which the Chief Governor might have plunged himself with the two estates—but it was their duty to examine his conduct with the most punctilious ceremony. As what he had to propose was to serve as a record in vindication of the character of the country, it ought to be strictly guarded, to be founded in law, and respectable to themselves—instead, therefore, of commenting upon him who had forgot his duty, he would move a resolution which it was impossible for the house to deny, and which, if once admitted, rendered a justification of the Lord Lieutenant's conduct equally impossible. He then moved the house to come to the following resolution:

Digitized by "Resolved,

“ Resolved, that the lords and commons in addressing his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to take upon him the executive government of this kingdom, on behalf and in the name of his Majesty, during his present indisposition, and no longer, have exercised an undoubted right, and discharged an indispensable duty, to which they, and they alone in the present emergency were competent.”

Attorney General. The resolution proposed, so avowedly acknowledges the pernicious doctrines of the address—that if gentlemen agree to it they lay the foundation of a separation of the Irish crown from that of Great Britain. I trust, before they commit themselves to such a measure, they will consider it again and again. I did not imagine that it would be necessary for me to trespass on the attention of the house upon this subject, but the peculiar constitution of this country—and the danger of a separation of the crown oblige me to state my ideas to the public.

By the 33d of Henry the 8th, the King of England is to all intents and purposes King of Ireland—and the second clause of this act declares in express terms—that any man, who, by acting or procuring—or any other way endeavouring to effect a separation of the crowns, shall be guilty of high treason.—And why was this act made?—Upon a case of analogy to the present; because English party had been introduced into Ireland—and the houses of Fitzgerald and Butler were contending for power. The intent of this act was, that by making it high treason, to attempt a separation of the crown of Great Britain and Ireland—to put an end to those contentions—which had a dangerous tendency to it—and to insure a King to Ireland whether one of the house of York or one of the house of Lancaster sat on the throne.

Let no man tell me that you do not stand on the same ground in the case of a Regency, as in the case of a King; it is not the ring of gold about the Sovereign's head, that the act wants to secure to us; no—but a chief Magistrate, and to provide that the supreme executive government should be the same in both countries; so that it is evident that the Regent of England must *ipso facto* be Regent of Ireland; and to prove this doctrine, it is necessary to mention that the act of William takes a different phrase; it enacts that the crown of Ireland is inseparably annexed to and dependant on the crown of Great Britain.

Let me tell the landed gentlemen that this *hereditary* is the only security they have for the

keeping his property, and then obliging him to prove his innocence, which in many cases was impossible; and that gentlemen may know what portion of the kingdom has been thus obtained, I will only inform them that no other lands pay quit-rent.

When we are called upon to request him to take upon him the executive government, and to come to such a resolution—I say, that if ever it shall be recognized by the Irish parliament, the great cement of the kingdom is broken, and the only bond of union is the discretion of the Irish lords and commons—I say, if they can proceed to legislate, without the great seal of England, then the only bond of union is the discretion of the lords and commons of Ireland—a principle, which if avowed, must commit the kingdom, and commit them more holily than ever; I say, if the address vests the royal powers in the Prince of Wales, that the kingdom must inevitably be committed; and it is not after 24 hours consideration, that the house should come to such a resolution. I utterly deny the competence of the Irish parliament, to appoint a Regent for themselves; and notwithstanding what has been said of incurring a premunire, on a former night, I will assert, that by the same rule they might have appointed Lewis the XVth of France to be Regent, or his Holiness the Pope, or the right hon. gentleman who has made the motion. Could he under this authority assent to a law? No; under your own act you make the great seal necessary to every act of legislation. I say, therefore, by your own act you preclude yourselves this power, and I deny that you have any authority to invest the Prince with regal powers.—When the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Grattan) had been asked whether the intended commissioners should present the address before the Prince had been appointed Regent of England? he said it was impossible that the address could reach him before he was appointed by the British parliament; here he acknowledged a difficulty—(Mr. Grattan cried hear! hear!) that gentleman will do me the justice to own, that when the real independence of the kingdom was at stake, I cooperated with him; and when the country was committed, I told him I would be the last man in the kingdom to recede.

But where is the necessity of again committing the country?—Why, if the Marquis of Buckingham did transmit this address, he would be liable to impeachment on his return; he acts only under an English commission, and is responsible to the English government. What will it avail

an address directly hostile to Great Britain—and going to a separation of the kingdoms.

I know this idea has been laughed at, but I wish it to make a just impression on the house. Consistent with the oath he has taken, he could not transmit the address. His oath says, "you shall not consent to the disinheritance of the King, his heirs or successors, nor suffer the rights and privileges of the crown to be diminished, without certifying the same expressly into Great Britain." This is an act to disinherit the King, and to diminish the rights of his crown, and he did right, by his oath, to oppose it.

He then denied, that ever they could act until a Regent was appointed by England—if any officer would dare to affix the great seal to an act, he would run the risk of losing his head, and the misfortune of it would be, that the man would be tried by English lawyers and judges; what then became of your address? He contended that to proceed by bill would be impracticable, and that the Regent was only an office of trust, and liable as any other subject to the pains of misconduct. In vindication of Lord Buckingham, he adduced the conduct of Mr. Ponsonby, who, in 1771, refused to present an address to Lord Townshend, because he could not, consistent with his sense of official duty and feelings of honour, Lord Townshend having the session before accused the commons of a great crime, that of infringing the King's prerogatives. Did they censure him? No; but applauded him for refusing what he could not with honour discharge. Why not then grant the same liberty to the Lord Lieutenant? He then mentioned his Majesty's convalescence, and supposed another examination of the physicians might take place, which caused the Regency bill to be stopped, and the commissioners should meet his Majesty going to his parliament, they would be obliged to return with the address in their pockets, lest they should be accused as traitors. He mentioned that the first and second law lords in the kingdom, agreed in his idea, and almost all professional men.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he must differ with gentlemen on both sides of the house; he would object to any thing that could commit the countries; but he did not think the present measure would; for he thought that the rights of nations, like the rights of the house, ought not to be meddled with. He voted for the address.

for the royal assent, for the royal assent itself. But he was sorry, that the resolution did not agree with the address; for it seemed as if granting an original and summary power, and not one subject to discretion. As to the message and the Lord Lieutenant's refusal, he thought he did right to act up to his feelings; but if there was any thing in the address equivocal, he ought not to pronounce against parliament; he did not wish to censure the Viceroy—but his conduct in this instance met his disapprobation. He wished that the words "according to the laws and constitution of the nation," should be added to the resolution, as they were in the address.

Mr. Forbes observed, that he considered it as incumbent on every member of that house to enter his protest against the arguments advanced, and maintained by the right hon. member, [the attorney general] which tended to establish this dangerous and unconstitutional doctrine, that the Regent of England was *de jure* Regent of Ireland; he was concerned and astonished, that such a doctrine should originate in the Irish house of commons, when he recollected, that in the course of the debates in the English parliament, on the Regency, our right to appoint a distinct Regent, independent of Great Britain, was generally admitted, after Mr. Pitt's opinions on the subject of right, had been adopted.

The arguments which had been urged by the right hon. member, were founded on a construction of the law of Poynning's, and the statutes passed in explanation of it, and on chief baron Yelverton's act; he observed that the legislature, when those acts were passed, had not the present emergency in contemplation; the legislature in framing the provision of those laws proceeded on this principle—"That the executive power of both countries was vested in one person, on whose head the united crowns of Great Britain and Ireland were placed." By the provision, which required that our bills should be returned certified under the great seal of England, it was not intended that the King of Great Britain should legislate in Ireland as King of Great Britain—but, as from necessity, the King of Ireland always resided in Great Britain, and was also King of Great Britain, it was provided that he should affix the great seal of England to our bills, not as the organ of his will as King of the latter country, but as the best evidence and most solemn authentication of the will and pleasure of the King

The village nymphs at e'en their lovers meet,
And mutual change the varied presents bring;
Forget each sorrow, and each other greet,
Once more to view the renovating Spring.

Sonnet to a Lady, under unmerited Reproach.

O THOU, that on the wild waves tost
Of this tempestuous world,
Thy bark all shatter'd, and thy sails all rent,
The golden helm of wealth long lost,
Art left to sing unto the winds thy loud lament:
Canst thou find no shadowy cave,
The ocean's storm to brave?
Will no friendly port receive thee?
Does every gale of hope deceive thee,
Augmenting the rude winds that wait thy peace
away?
And does no sunny ray
Dispel the thick surrounding gloom?—
Fear not: the voice of Truth, before thou reach
the tomb,
Shall dissipate this storm, and Spring again shall
bloom!

*Sally of Capel-street, a new Song.—By a Youth
of Fifteen.*

WHEN Grecian bards adorn'd their lays,
By singing beauteous Helen's praise,
No nymph with her could tally;
But now their theme is far outdone,
As circling planets by the sun,
Compar'd with lovely Sally.

Such charms of person and of mind
Are in the peerless maid combin'd,
If in a dismal galley

I was for ever doom'd to live,
I'd not repine, nor would I grieve,
If sooth'd by charming Sally.

Th' exterior charms the damsel has,
In my esteem do far surpass
The flow'rets of the valley;
For native dignity of mien,
There's none that walk in Stephen's-Green,
Can equal matchless Sally.

Such sweetness in her voice she blends,
Each note abundantly transcends
The feather'd songster's rally:
None other can such bliss impart,
To please the mind, and mend the heart,
As ever-blooming Sally.

Though quite estrang'd to lyric pow'r,
Raptur'd I seize the present hour,
(No longer could I dally)
To tell in unaffected strain,
The graces which can never wane,
In beauteous, smiling Sally.

A Sonnet.—From the Persian.

By Dr. Walcot.

BIRD of the twilight hour, ah! far remove!
Far hence of tuneful sorrow pour thy
throat,
And let the ghost so wan, that died for love,
Dwell 'midst the dews of night upon thy note.

Lone sprite of Eve, no more thy lay prolong,
That swells the murmurs of the passing
stream;—
Methinks I hear despondence in thy song!
O cease, and let me still of Zaida dream.

Tho' Zaida's frown hath robb'd my soul of rest,
Her smiles may beam again, like Summer
fair:
Hope will not yet forsake the Poet's breast,
And meanly yield her dwelling to despair.
But should some happier shepherd woo the maid,
And Zaida's eye, with love, on others shine;
Lone bird of sorrow, let me seek thy shade,
And mix, less sweet, my sound of woe with
thine.

Sonnet to a Rose.

OH! lovely Rose! while yet thy beauties
shine,
And blooming life, thy tender leaves confess;
Go, on my Clara's softer breast recline,
And press, what thousands vainly sigh to
press.

Around her charms a rival lustre throw;
There mix thy fragrance with her sweeter
breath;
There flame thy colours, on her breast of snow;
Till faint and vanquish'd, there thou find'st
thy death.

For while thy living sweets shall waste in air,
And while thy vernal tints shall charm her eye,
While yet thou art a rival of my fair,
E'en then they languish, and e'en then shall
die.

Then, pensive Clara, learn the moral lay,
While beauty blooms, it hastens to decay.

Prologue to the Impostor.

Spoken by Mr. Palmer.

THE Comic muse, tho' privileg'd to wear,
A mask on her own face, strips others bare,
And whilst she gives all nature to your view,
Shall not her mirror shew th' Impostor too?
For tho' most knaves in this ingenious age
Out-trick the law, we trap them on the stage:
But then some poets make their knaves so witty,
That when they pluck their vizors off, you pity.
Now that's a fault of poets dead and gone,
Our bard has kept his conscience clear for one;
Indulge his knave in a few roguish sallies,
To call him witty should be downright malice;
His bitterest enemies with all their railing,
Are well-dispos'd t' acquit him of that failing.

Time was indeed, but that good time is past,
When novelties did not grow old so fast:
Woe to the piece, though at first sight 'twere
striking,
If second sight steps in and mars your liking!
Like a new face, it glitters for a day,
All run, croud, follow, stare—and turn away.
Love hath its honey-moon, but, that once o'er,
From sweet to flat, from flat it turns to sour;
Cross follows cool, as cool succeeds to civil,
My duck! my darling! once, and then—my devil!
E'en

E'en wit's fine edge is dull'd by too much wearing,
And truths twice told will tire us in the hearing:
The orator, that tries his lungs too often,
Will set the lungs of other men a coughing;
No sooner up, than strait all parties join
In one unanimous resolve—to dine;
The lessening senate melts away by drops,
And metaphors are left for mutton-chops.

How then? If novelties be so uncertain,
Sad news for our old friend behind the curtain,
Whose Muse has push'd her Helicon about
So quick, we almost fear the tap is out:
If truth, wit, eloquence are but a jest,
How should a mere Impostor stand the test?

I'll give the Bramble's answer to the Oak,
Small sticks will blaze, when great ones only
smoke.

Epilogue to the same.

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

CUNNING projectors may pretend to find
A scheme for sailing ships against the wind,
But never poet yet could start a scheme
For navigating plays against the stream:
Oh heavens! no sooner does your angry gale
Hit in his teeth, than back goes every sail,
Furious he drives—ah, dreadful situation!
Stern foremost down the rapids of damnation.
Yet here and there a sturdy wit has try'd
To pull and tug and puff against the tide,
But what is one poor puff of his own making,
When all around him the wild waves are
breaking?
Plung'd in the gulf like Ceyx still he raves,
Murmuring his own applause beneath the waves.

Magnetic quacks can stare you into fits,
No muscle stirrs for our magnetic wits;
Stomachs there are that can digest a stone,
Yours will not gulp a little non-sensie down.

Now this is hard, for till your tastes agree,
How can we know what comedy shou'd be?
"Reform," Sir Courtly cries, "reform your
stage!"

Polish the mirror that reflects the age,
Copy from France, give your Apollo grace,
And with pearl powder deck your Muse's face!"

"Oh, rot your delicacy!—Give me fun,"
Sir Saladin Blubber cries, "My dreary Dun
Against your Pegasus nine nights to three;
That is your only galloper for me:
John Bull's my man, I love his honest roar,
I come to laugh, or I come here no more."

Not so Miss Biddy—she is all for feeling,
For sentiment, for sighing, sobbing, kneeling,
Rope-ladders she admires and closet-scenes,
Escapes, surprises, huddling behind screens,
And ever when two meanings mask the jest,
Miss Biddy's purity picks out the best.

Stand by, make way! Lady Bell Blossom's
places!

Slap goes the door and round go all your faces;
In comes her ladyship with vacant stare,
Smiles heav'n knows why, and curries heav'n
knows where.

Ask now what says my lady to the matter,
What does she like?—Her own incessant clatter.

For me, tho' poets various arts employ
To make me wife, maid, widow, man and boy,
Yet all this while there's but one thing in nature
I truly aim to be—Your faithful creature:
Here I'm at home; this is my natural part;
This character flows freely from my heart.

The Poet made by Love.

OFT have I heard from sons of wit,
Poeta nascitur—non fit.
But the assertion is untrue,
No art of Poetry I knew;
In vain I spent the fleeting time,
And rack'd my barren brains for rhyme;
Till my Maria—Oh my heart!
What pain and pleasure in the smart!
Till my Maria met my sight—
I gaz'd with rapturous delight;
And, as my tongue could scarcely speak,
I studied verses for her sake;
And wonderful to tell, my quill
Did yield me verses at my will.
I seldom spoke but it was rhyme,
And what I wrote, she thought sublime.
Each song, each ode procur'd me fame,
When fair Maria was the theme.
No *Poet born*—but, by her aid,
The lover was a *Poet made*.

Advice to the Fair Sex.

ATTEEND, ye fair, while I impart
The secret how to please,
The rudiments of beauty's art
Are short, and only these:

All flatt'ry learn betimes to shun,
Nor once that siren hear;
Know, praise for virtue not your own,
Is satire most severe.

Flatt'ry, the Lethe of the soul,
No science leaves behind;
Worse than the fell Circean bowl,
It poisons all the mind.

'Tis not in gold, bright sparkling stone,
Or brighter sparkling eyes,
The value of the fair is known,
For these the good despise.

What though the spring Elysian glow,
On either cheek were seen;
Or whiter than the virgin snow
Your neck's pellucid skin;

Yet pride or affectation these,
Will more than age deform;
And envy, worse than pale disease,
Shall wither every charm.

True wit exists but with good-nature,
The parent of politeness;
Let that illumine every feature,
And lend the eye its brightness.

Virtue is grace and dignity,
'Tis more than royal blood,
A gem the world's too poor to buy,
If you'd be fair, be good.

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Stettin, February 24, 1789.

WITHIN this little time the face of things has changed greatly. The obstinacy of the majority of the first Order, in opposing the wishes of the King and the three other Orders, has at length obliged his Majesty to come to the disagreeable necessity of arresting Count Perlen and about 30 other members as the only means of preventing an entire discord and anarchy.—Part of the state prisoners are conducted to Frederickshorf, part to the common city prison, and the rest to the main guard near the royal castle, all which was done with amazing tranquillity, though a great number of spectators were assembled upon the occasion.

March 5. In the King of Sweden's address to the States, a few days preceding the arrest of the Nobles, he makes use of these expressions:

"I declare from the height of my throne, that I do not aim at absolute Sovereignty, and that should even the continuation of the present tumults force me to exercise it, I will only do it for the occasion. I hold it as a duty to myself, to punish those who wish to wrest the sceptre from my hands; nor will I permit a faction to favour the views of the enemy, by delaying time."

Their High Mightinesses, the States General of the United Provinces have demanded payment of arrears due from France, amounting to four millions and a half Dutch florins, being the remainder of a sum they stipulated to furnish, when the Emperor agreed by treaty in 1775 to receive money instead of the other demands he made. France refuses payment, and urges that Holland, by entering into the treaty with Great Britain, and refusing to admit France to participate in the same, has thereby cancelled all obligation between them—since which France has formally recalled her ambassador from Holland.

Paris, Feb. 24. The following is an authentic account of the late tumult at Geneva.

Before the year 1782, the citizens and subjects of the republic were armed and incorporated. At that time a regiment was raised, composed of foreigners, which was subject to a military council, and consisted of 1000 men. This expensive novelty required new taxes, and that military power was burthensome to the citizens, who were accustomed to watch in their own defence; however, there were no commotions. A popular tumult, occasioned by the scarcity of bread, in the present circumstances, has altered the face of things. The day the price of bread was raised half a sou, the populace pillaged the bakers shops. On the 27th of January, a cart loaded with bread, and escorted by some soldiers, was attacked and pillaged on its way to the Distribution Office in the quarter of St. Gervais, separated from the city by the two branches of the Rhone; on which a detachment of troops, commanded by a Lieutenant, marched from the nearest post. The populace resisted, and notwithstanding the strict orders of the commander of the detachment, some soldiers fired, by which one man was killed, and another wounded. This only augmented the numbers and fury of the rioters, who obliged the detach-

April, 1789.

ment to give way. The Clergy, Grand Council, and principal Citizens hearing this, and fearful of the effects, intreated the Regency, but in vain, to revoke the proclamation for raising the price of bread. They thought to reduce the people by making all the regiments take arms, and cannons with lighted matches were brought to the place de bel-air, &c. This, which was ordered by the military council, raised all the inhabitants of the quarter of St. Gervais; they unpaved the streets, and formed hastily at the bottom of the bridges of the Rhone a good entrenchment, in the embrasures of which they placed cannon and waited for the troops who were advancing. The first column, greatly annoyed by the cannon was obliged to fall back, after having its commander mortally wounded; the second column did not advance: however, the insurgents having seized one of the city gates, the Lieutenant who commanded that post gave back, and ordered his men not to fire; but having his thigh broke by a musquet ball, his soldiers could resist no longer, and made a discharge which killed a man and the mother of a family, whose apartment looked towards the rampart, and who was suckling her child with the window open. The tumult would have become general but for the prudence of some officers, who made their soldiers retire from those posts which the people attacked. Three magistrates immediately assembled, heard the complaints of the people, and engaged to reduce the bread to its former price, to enlarge some persons who were seized, and grant a general amnesty; upon which tranquillity was soon restored. On the 29th, the burial of the woman, who was killed on the 27th, caused a great concourse of people to assemble, when an ill designing person went and told the military council that the people at the burial would be armed; the council alarmed at this, resolved, notwithstanding the representations and affirmations of some very sensible citizens, to renew their hostile preparations, and again bring out the cannons. The alarm was then general; the people retook the gates and post which they had abandoned after the former capitulation; and after a fire on both sides, which wounded some, they were obliged to make the troops to re-enter their barracks; the soldiers deserted in great numbers, and the citizens replaced them in the city-guard and the patroles, all which was done very quietly.

March 3. Further accounts have been received of M. de la Peyrouse, who, with the frigates la Boussole and l'Astruc, sailed in August in 1785, for the circumnavigation of the globe. M. de Lesseps, son of the French Consul at Petersburg, went to be their interpreter, when they should arrive on the coast of Kamtschatka, where Captain Cook experienced so much embarrassment for want of a linguist. He writes, that from April to September, 1786, they coasted the western shores of America; and, after traversing the Pacific Ocean, arrived at Macao the 3^d of January, 1787. They next went to Manila, whence they sailed the 9th of April, to penetrate towards the north.

The letters last received are dated from the
E c. port

port of St. Peter and St. Paul, otherwise Avatska, where they were the 6th of September, 1787, after having sailed round the coasts of Tartary from Japan, the Kurile islands, and a multitude of places yet little known, and erroneously laid down by geographers.

Our circumnavigators left Avatska, October 1, 1787, and returned southward in quest of fresh discoveries. They are expected home in the summer of this year, after a voyage of the greatest length ever made, and of the highest importance to geography, physics and natural history.

9.] Lately died here, Madame de Zuckmander, a woman, whose maternal love no instance in history can equal. It is impossible for any person of feeling to hear with dry eyes a recital of the circumstances that preceded, and even occasioned her death. She had a son whom she idolized, who seemed worthy of her tenderest affection. Arrived at the age of 20 years, and led away by companions of no great delicacy of character, he accompanied them in their parties of debauch, of which he soon became the victim. He contracted a dreadful malady. The mother, alarmed at the state of her son, attended him both night and day. The medicines administered to him, being given in doses too strong for his habit of body, his blood-vessels swelled and burst in such a manner, that in a few minutes he was drowned in his own blood. The caresses, the eagerness of the unhappy mother, the ardent prayers which she put up to Heaven, could not recal to life her darling child; he stretched out his arms, embraced her tenderly, and gave up the ghost.—Madame Zuckmander did not weep, nor did she

consume the time in vain lamentations: she sent instantly for an able painter, and made him draw the portrait of her son in the state in which he then was, stretched upon the bed, his visage pale, his eyes extinguished, his body bathed in blood, and his arms extended towards his mother. When the painting was finished, she caused it to be placed in her bed-chamber, opposite to her bed, and behind a curtain, which concealed it. She then took the linen that was tinged with her son's blood, and covered with it the sides of bed chamber, where she passed every moment of her life, that was not employed in the care of her affairs. In this manner, this rare example of maternal tenderness lived, for the space of eleven years. At last the wretched mother fell a victim to a grief that had preyed so long upon her heart. At that moment in which she was ready to breathe her last, she collected all her strength, and said to those about her, draw the curtain that is before me. This was immediately done, and the bleeding image of her son appeared in view, to whom, stretching out her arms, she cried, O my son! O my beloved son! I follow thee! I shall rejoin thee again! and, in uttering these words, the tender mother breathed her last sigh!

Vicenna, March 14. The last letters from Naples, contain the melancholy news, that on the 7th of February, Upper Calabria felt three shocks of an earthquake as strong as those of the 5th of February, 1785. On the first shock all the inhabitants fled; the other two destroyed most of the houses rebuilt since the last ravages. Monte Leoni, Reggio, and the environs, have suffered most; and we fear, the news from Sicily will be still more afflicting.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

LONDON, February 28, 1789.

DIED at Canons, aged 25, the noted horse *Eclipse*, who had made the fortune of his master Count O'Kelly, and survived him about a twelvemonth. His heart weighed 13lb. which enabled him to do what he did in speed and exercise. He won more matches, and covered more mares, than any horse of the race-breed was ever known to have done, and his skeleton is to be preserved. He was at last so worn out, as to be unable to stand, and was conveyed, in a machine constructed on purpose, from Epitom to Canons, about Midsummer last.

March 10.] This being the day appointed for the King's message to Parliament, announcing his Majesty's renovation to health from authority, the morning was distinguished by ringing of bells; at one o'clock the Park and Tower guns were fired; besides which, there was a *feu de joye* at the Tower, and the soldiers in garri-son were entertained by order of the Duke of Gloucester their Colonel.

Among the most splendid illuminations that expressed the loyalty of his Majesty's subjects, and manifested the general joy on his happy restoration to health, were the Earl of Hopetoun's in Cavendish square, the Duke of Montague's, the houses of several others of the nobility at the West end of the town, the Opera House, the

three Theatres Royal, Sadler's Wells, the Mansion-house of the Lord Mayor, the monument, the Royal Exchange, the East India house, the Sun Fire office, Mr. Palmer's, Comptroller General of the post-office, and a great many other public buildings and private dwellings.

13.] The workmen employed in repairing St. George's chapel, Windsor, observing the pavement in one part to be sunk, took up some of the stones, when a fracture in one arch appeared.—On this they proceeded to dig, and soon after discovered a coffin, which from the carved trophies upon it, proved to contain the royal remains of Edward IV.

Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Herschel, and Lord Mornington, the several Canons of Windsor, and other gentlemen, were present, when the lid of the coffin was lifted. The body of the Monarch appeared entire; the lineaments of his face very distinguished; and the dress, which consisted in part of very fine lace, not apparently decayed. That the royal corpse appeared thus perfect, is to be attributed to a liquid preparation, in which it was immersed. Sir Joseph Banks brought away part of this liquor, in order to have it analyzed before the members of the Royal Society.

The historians of the time relate, that Edward died of an ague at Westminster, April 9, 1483; and was buried at Windsor.—But all enquiries

after the royal tomb, appeared ineffectual, till the present discoveries.

15.] His Majesty's free pardon arrived at Portsmouth for Mr. Wardrobe, late Surgeon on board the Phaeton, who some months ago was tried by a court martial on board the Edgar, and received sentence of death for striking his superior officer.

18.] The nine following malefactors were executed before the debtors door at Newgate, pursuant to their sentence, viz. Hugh Murphy son Christian Murphy, alias Bowman, for coining; Charles Messenger and Tiedway Pocock, William Collard, and John Norrington, for burglary; James Grace and Joseph Walker, for coining, and William Crandick, for a robbery. They were brought upon the scaffold about half an hour after seven, and turned off about a quarter past eight. They behaved in a decent manner, and seemed fully sensible of their unhappy situation. The woman for coining was brought out after the rest were turned off, and fixed to a stake and burnt, being first strangled by the stool being taken from under her.

Among the prisoners capitally convicted at Maudslott (16 in number,) was Joseph Passmore, for wilfully setting fire to the dwelling-house of W. Mainwaring, shipwright in St Nicholas, Deptford. The fact was fully proved. He first set fire to a little house, belonging to an infant whose mother he had married, having first insured it for 200l. though before insured for 60l. only; this set fire to the houses on each side, which, with the house he called his own, were burnt down.

19.] The lord mayor and sheriffs of the city of London went from the mansion house to Kew palace, to present the city address of congratulation on the King's recovery, to their Majesties.

The King was seated on a chair of state, attended by several noblemen of the household. The lord mayor and sheriffs were introduced by the lord in waiting, assisted by Sir C. Cottrell, master of the ceremonies; when, bending on their knee, they presented their address, which the King received with great affability, and returned the following answer:

"I thank you for this fresh mark of your loyalty, and of your affection for my person. The expressions of fidelity and attachment, which I receive from my loving subjects, are most grateful to me.

"The city of London may always depend upon my watchful attention to their liberties, commerce, and happiness."

have my best wishes for its prosperity and happiness."

A respectable body of the inhabitants of Westminster assembled yesterday at the crown and anchor tavern in the Strand. Henry House, Esq; being called to the chair, Mr. Fox made a motion for an address of congratulation to his majesty on his happy recovery, which being seconded by lord John Townshend, passed unanimously.

[Similar marks of loyalty and attachment have been displayed by almost every town in the kingdom.]

The fertility of certain geniusses in inventing expedients to avoid laws and lawsuits, has been often the theme of public admiration; and the following adventure, which happened about a fortnight ago at Deptford, is none of the least remarkable. On Monday so'night the great bell tolled; on enquiry it was for the death of Mr. ——. On Wednesday, the bell began to toll again, for his burial. The neighbours began to express some surprise at the indecacy of so early an interment; the hearst appeared at the door, with one or two mourning coaches—the grave was opened—the clergyman received notice—and the undertaker's men appeared in the procession in their "customary suits of solemn black," with faces professionally lengthened for the melancholy occasion—when lo! some persons gave notice to the coroner, that it was suspected the deceased had not met with fair play, that, in a word, he was poisoned. The coroner immediately interrupted the progress of the funeral, and went to inspect the body, which was so recently dead, that it could not be much changed—which, indeed was the case, as the deceased was found alive and well, concealed in his own house. This put a stop to the whole proceedings; the procession marched off, the grave was filled up, and the bell ceased tolling.—The solution of this ænigma is, that the dead alive had some exchequer suits out against him, and was upon bail; could he have been allowed christian burial, the disconsolate widow was to have petitioned the board for a release from the suits, which the clemency of that board frequently grants in such cases.—A resurrection would have been well—if the execution of the project had not been prevented as here related.

30.] Advices from every part of the country are filled with particulars of the rejoicings and illuminations on the happy event of his majesty's recovery. To particularize only the names of the places, would make our pages an *Index Vili-*

MARRIAGES.

AT Chester, Rev. Geo. Vanbrugh, LL. B. rector of Aughton, and chaplain to the 40th regiment, to Miss Ravenscroft.—A. Vyvyan, Esq. in the service of the East India company, to Miss Dinsdale, of Battersea.—*Feb. 28*, R. Walker, Esq. of the navy pay-office, to Miss Walker, of Biddesford, Devon.—*March 3*. Thomas Birch, Esq. banker, in New Bond-street, to Miss Hill, of Newman-street.—5. At Titchfield, Hants, captain Faulkner, of the navy, to Miss Spry, of Stubbington.—9. Baron de Robeck, to Miss Anne Fitzpatrick, youngest dau. of the hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, of Park-lane.—11. James Morley, Esq. late of Bombay, to Miss Jarvis, of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, daughter of the late chief judge of Antigua.—22. By special licence, the right hon. John Lord Lindores, to Miss Jane Reeve, youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Reeve, of Henders, Berks.

DEATHS.

1789. **L**ATELY, at Florence, Zuccarelli, the celebrated painter, whose works are well known and much esteemed in the Eng-

lish dominions.—At Paris, aged 67, l'Abbé Brotier, member of the academy of inscriptions and belles lettres, and editor of the beautiful editions of Tacitus and Pliny the elder.—In a fit of apoplexy, as he was entering a public meeting at Edinburgh, Admiral Sir Charles Douglas.—Mrs. Glover, relict of Frederick Glover, surgeon, both formerly of the Dublin theatre.—*Feb. 22* At Powderham castle, county Devon, Miss Eleanor Courtenay, 7th daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Viscount Courtenay.—24. At Guildford, Surrey, aged 78, capt. John Clark.—28. At Paris, suddenly, aged about 50, the Marquis of Conflans.—*March 1*. At Lincoln, captain Steven, late of the 65th regiment of foot.—6. At Stanmore, Middlesex, Geo. Drummond, Esq. banker at Charing-cross.—7. At Lyme, aged 93, William Walter, Esq. major of the 74th regiment of foot.—23. At his house in St. James's-square, in his 76th year, the most noble Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, Marquis of Carmarthen, Earl of Danby, Viscount Latimer and Dumblain, Baron Osborne of Kiverton, knight of the most noble order of the garter, baronet, one of his Majesty's most hon. privy council, LL. D. and F. R. S.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Waterford, March 15, 1789.

LAST Sunday a general thanksgiving to almighty God for the recovery of our most gracious Sovereign, was devoutly offered up in the several places of worship in this city.

Last night, pursuant to public notice issued by the mayor, this city was beautifully illuminated on account of his majesty's recovery.—Every inhabitant seemed emulous to shew his loyalty on this joyful and happy event.

Limerick, March 16. Last night a route was received for two companies and a detachment from the first royal, quartered in this city, to march hence on Thursday next, for Beerhaven, Bantry, and Skibbereen, to replace troops stationed there, who are to join their regiments (the 21st and 24th) in Cork, from whence they will shortly embark for the West Indies.

Kilkenny, March 21. Thursday being appointed to celebrate the heart-felt joy and loyalty of the inhabitants of this city, on the happy recovery of our beloved monarch, the morning was ushered in with ringing of bells, which continued with little intermission all day. At one o'clock the troops in garrison, consisting of the 12th light dragoons, commanded by lieutenant colonel Francis, and the 7th foot, commanded by lieutenant colonel Coote, marched to the parade, where the infantry fired three volleys, which were answered by sky-rending acclamations from the military and surrounding populace.

Colonel Coote, desirous of extending the festivity of the day to the non-commissioners, officers and privates of his regiment, provided for them an ample and substantial dinner, with a proper proportion of liquor, to pour out libations to the health and long life of their royal master.

At night the city and suburbs were splendidly illuminated, the inhabitants vying to exceed each other in brilliancy. Of the buildings deserving of more particular notice, were, the castle, which, being entirely lighted with wax, shone beautifully radiant over the adjoining city; and the foot barracks, the regularity and lustre of which were equally grateful to the eye, whether viewed at a distance, or on the spot. On the centre of the barrack was erected a well executed transparency of—"God save the King," crowned with an imperial diadem—those and the band of music playing in the barrack-yard, rendered it the most admired and crowded spectacle of the night.

Newry, March 21. Last night the town and the quay of Rostrevor were elegantly illuminated, as was also the town of Warrenpoint and its vicinity, when the inhabitants expressed the sincerest satisfaction on account of his majesty's happy recovery.

††† *Illuminations and rejoicings, on the same happy occasion, were made in every part of the kingdom.*

Limerick, March 25. This day came on to be tried, in the city court, before the hon. Baron Hamilton, and a special jury, a cause wherein the King, at the prosecution of lieutenant Peacocke, of the 50th regiment, was plaintiff, and Mr. Andrew Watson, printer of the Limerick Chronicle, defendant, for a supposed libel, alleged to have been published in said paper in August, 1787.—The trial lasted four hours, when the judge gave a most impartial charge to the jury, and in a few minutes they honourably acquitted Mr. Watson.

DUBLIN,

DUBLIN, April 7.

A T a numerous and respectable meeting of the national committee of Roman Catholics, held at their committee room, on Thursday last, a most loyal and dutiful address of congratulation to his majesty, on his happy recovery from his late indisposition, was unanimously resolved on; and a deputation appointed, consisting of Lord Kenmare, Lord Killeen, and Baron Hussey, to present the same to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in order for transmittal to his majesty.

8.] Friday, the suit which had been so long depending in the court of prerogative, between Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, one of the daughters of the right hon. general Robert Napier, long since deceased, and Francis Lord Napier, of Scotland, was determined in favour of Mrs. Evans.—The suit was instituted by Mrs. Evans, to set aside the will of her sister, the late Miss Dorothea Napier, for insanity, fraud, and undue influence, and it had been at hearing since the 15th of January.

The lots on the east side of the continuation of Sackville-street, towards the intended bridge, were sold on Monday last, at the Royal Exchange; that which forms the corner, with fronts to the new street and the Bachelor's-walk, sold at three pounds one shilling a foot—the other lots, one excepted, which can have no windows at the rear, went off from thirty-eight to forty shillings a foot. The west side of the street was not let up.

9.] Amongst the useful and ornamental improvements, now going forward in this city, none merit both appellations more justly than the fountains lately erected by the paving corporation—particularly that at the termination of Sackville-street: this is composed of a circular basement of mountain-stone, ascended by several steps, and protected by a range of stone posts, on which are placed elevated globes in a very neat style of ornament; on the circular basement is fixed an octagon fountain of metal, about six feet high, from which the water is discharged by three mouths, which are opened by levers on a simple permanent principle, and the whole is crowned by an antique vase, on which is sculptured, in alto relievo, several groups of allegorical figures beautifully executed. Whether this is considered in its parts, or in the general effect, the *font ensemble* is certainly unrivalled by any thing of the kind in these kingdoms, and reflects the highest credit on Sir John Blaquiere, to whom the public are indebted for this humane and elegant improvement.

Friday morning a dreadful fire broke out in Skinner's-alley upon the Coombe, which raged with such violence as totally to destroy two houses, notwithstanding the exertions made by the conductors of the several engines, and the rain which fell during the conflagration. This unfortunate accident was occasioned by a cotton stove communicating fire to some of the articles drying.

Early on Monday morning, a duel was fought in the Phoenix-park, by two young gentlemen, said to belong to the University, and whose dispute arose from a difference of opinion relative to some late transactions there. The first shot of each was discharged without any effect, but the

second took place; one of the gentlemen being wounded in the right arm near the shoulder, and the other slightly grazed on the hip. After this, through the interposition of the seconds, an amicable settlement was come to, and the affair terminated without any more disagreeable consequences.

13.] In the afternoon, about five o'clock, as a number of journeymen tailors were sitting in a house in Michael's lane, at a customary annual entertainment given on Easter Mondays, a quarrel arose among some of them, who went out to decide the difference by boxing in the street. Soon after the fight, which was attended with no other ill consequences than a few black eyes, bloody noses, and torn clothes; a police serjeant being sent for, and having received information that there was a dangerous riot and desperate affray, came at the head of a party of police guard, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, and laying hold of two or three persons, whom by their conduct, and from circumstances, appeared to be concerned in the affray, was escorting them to the guard-house; upon which a mob assembled, suddenly attacked the police, disarmed them and liberated the prisoners. In the course of the contest a policeman was killed, and three so dangerously wounded, that it is thought they cannot survive. All the muskets belonging to the policemen were broken by the mob, who appeared uncommonly outrageous and desperate.

20.] Yesterday, being the quarter day of the guild of merchants, the freedom of that corporation was unanimously voted to Lord Henry Fitzgerald; as also a vote of thanks to the two houses of parliament for their conduct this session. The thanks of the guild were unanimously voted to Travers Hartley, Esq.

23.] This morning, at eleven o'clock—(being the appointed day by proclamation for public thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the restoration of his Majesty's health)—his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, attended by the great officers of state, the house of lords in their state robes and order of precedence, attended by their proper officers;—and the house of commons—with their proper officers in attendance, went in state procession to Christ Church Cathedral.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was seated in the government seat in the royal robes;—the temporal lords in the north gallery—and the spiritual lords in the south gallery.

The service began at twelve o'clock, and was not concluded till half past four.

Dr. Beresford, bishop of Ossory, preached an excellent sermon on the occasion, from the second epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians:

"Thanks be unto God, for his unspeakable gift."

After which the grand Dettingen Anthem was sung.

The salute battery in the Phoenix-park fired three rounds of twenty-one guns—which were answered by the troops in garrison.

The concourse of spectators on this occasion was immense, and the spectacle truly august, and every heart beat with a sacred exultation on an occasion so grateful to the affections of a loyal people.

The

The Lord Chancellor was prevented from attending by a violent quinsy;—but Lord Earlsfort officiated in his place.

Last Friday night, the pavement of Lady Anne Fitzgerald's stables in Gloucester street, gave way, and five horses and the carriage, fell into a vault (twenty feet deep) that went under the stables.—Three of the horses were killed and the carriage broken in pieces.

Last Thursday seven men, casting a large metal boiler at a foundry in Church street, the metal, by some accident, boiled out on the men, and six of them were scalded in such a shocking manner, that they died yesterday morning:—The clerk of the foundry, being the only surviving person of the seven, we hear, must have his two legs amputated.

Justice Graham apprehended, in a night-house in Thomas-street, Patrick M'Daniel, and lodged him safe in Newgate. This is the identical fellow who robbed the Linen hall last week; he had been assisted to carry away his booty by a Bridget Nolan and a Catherine M'Eonallan.

24.] This day, Alderman George Sutton was elected Lord Mayor, and Messrs. Thorpe and Vance Sheriff, for the ensuing year.

Quarters of the Cavalry, for the Year 1789.

- 4th Regt. Dragoon Guard.—3 troops Belturbet, 2 Sligo, 1 Augher.
- 5th Ditto—2 troops Maryborough, 2 Birr, 2 Mountmellick.
- 6th Ditto—4 troops Longford, 1 Boyle, 1 Roscommon.
- 7th Ditto—3 troops Tullamore, 3 Philipstown.
- 5th Regt. Dragoons—4 troops Athlone, 1 Portlanna, 1 Loughrea.
- 8th Ditto—2 troops Ballinrobe, 2 Castlebar, 1 Dunmore, 1 Castlereagh.
- 9th Ditto—2 troops Charleville, 3 Nenagh, 1 Mallow.
- 12th Ditto—2 Kilkenny, 2 Carrick-on-Suir, 1 Ballyragget, 1 Ross.
- 13th Ditto—3 troops Phoenix Park, Dublin, 2 Navan, 1 Man of War.
- 14th Ditto—4 troops Carlow, 1 Tullow, 1 Athy.
- 17th Ditto—3 troops Bandon, 1 Macroom, 1 Cork, 1 Killarney.
- 18th Ditto—1 troop Clonmel, 1 Cappoquin, 2 Tallow, 2 Clogheen.

The garrison of Dublin will be formed of detachments equal to a troop, from each of the six

28th Ditto—5 Londonderry, 1 Strabane, 1 Killybegs, 1 Letterkenny, 1 Rutland, 1 Donnegall.

39th Ditto—8 companies Belfast, 2 Coleraine.

41st Ditto—9 companies Kinsale, 1 Clonakilty.

43d Ditto—2 companies Ballyshannon, 2 Enniskillen, 1 Cavan, 2 Carrick-on-Shannon, 2 Granard, 1 Mullingar.

46th Ditto—3 companies Dundalk, 3 Killough, 3 Newry, 1 Carrickmacross.

47th Ditto—6 companies Cork, 3 Cove, 1 Millstreet.

51st Ditto—10 companies Cork.

56th Ditto—3 companies Galway, 1 Athenry, 2 Ballinrobe, 1 Westport, 1 Tuam, 1 Banagher, 1 Newport.

58th Ditto—8 companies Limerick, 2 Clare Castle.

62d Ditto—7 companies Youghal, 1 Middleton, 1 Kilworth, 1 Dungarvan.

63d Ditto—10 companies Galway.

69th Ditto—8 companies Armagh, 1 Monaghan, 1 Omagh.

Note. The 39th and 41st are hourly expected to arrive from Great Britain, to replace the 21st and 24th, under orders of embarkation at Cork, for America.

BIRTHS for April, 1789.

IN Westland-row, the lady of D. G. Browne, Esq. of a daughter.—In Rutland-square, the lady of the Hon. William Forward, of a daughter.—In Henrietta-street, the lady of the Right Rev. Doctor Cleaver, Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross, late first Chaplain to the Marquis of Buckingham, and daughter of the late Right Hon. Owen Wynne, of a son and heir.—In Stephen's-green, the lady of John William Foster, Esq. of a daughter.—In Fleet-street, the lady of Robert Shaw, Esq. of a son.—In Dorset-street, the lady of Henry Lyons, Esq. of a son.—In Abbey street, the lady of William Sweetman, Esq. of a son.—The lady of Nathaniel Nesbitt, of the Rolls, county of Meath, Esq. of a son and heir.—The lady of Alderman William Worthington, of a son.—In Charlemont-street, the lady of Colonel Fawcett, of a son.—In Denzill-street, the lady of Robert Mullock, Esq. of a son.—In Holles's-street, the lady of Bartholomew De La Mothe, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES for April, 1789.

AT Brussa, King's County, Robert Kinahan, of Newgrove, county Tipperary.

Esq.—Thomas Black, of Newry, Esq. to Miss Hale, of Drumnavady.—Captain William Patterson, of the East India Company's Service, to Miss Babington, daughter of the late William Babington, of Marblehill, county Derry, Esq.

DEATHS for April, 1789.

IN Brunfwick-street, aged 96, Thomas Surridge, late of Dunmore, county of Galway, Esq.—In London, Frederick Gregg, of Londonderry, Esq.—In Dorset-street, Mrs. Vaughan, relict of the late Captain Vaughan.—At Portobello, aged 70, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, mother of Joseph Atkinson, of Fleet-street, Esq.—Miss Knox, only daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Knox.—Mark Synnott, of Clondeliver, Esq. High Sheriff of the county of Westmeath.—At Frankfort, county of Limerick, John Standish, Esq.—At Scarreen, William Chapman, Esq.—At Old Abbey, Limerick, aged 15, Miss Fanny Hodges, daughter of the late George Hodges, Esq.—In Cavendish-street, John Boyde, Esq.—At Summer-hill, county of Clare, William Massey, Esq. aged 18, younger son of Sir Hugh Dillon Massey, Bart. one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Clare.—At L'Orient, in France, Thomas Sowdon, Esq. formerly a very eminent Comedian on the Irish Stage.—At Bath, George Goold, of Cork, Esq. a very eminent merchant.—At Cork, Mrs. Watkins, lady of the Rev. Isaac Watkins.—In Kilkenny, Mrs. Blunt, relict of the late Alderman Blunt.—At Levalley, Queen's County, Richard Vicars, Esq.—In Eyrecourt, Mrs. Catharine Greene, relict of the late Rev. Marlborough Green.—In Derry, Miss Scott, sister to Alexander Scott, Esq.—Near Bandon, Isaac Hewitt, Esq.—At Clara, in the King's County, the Rev. Thomas Geoghegan.—At Cork, Miss Penefather, sister to R. and W. Penefather, Esqrs. Members of Parliament for the city of Cashel.—The Rev. Denis Quilty, titular Dean and Vicar-General of the diocese of Kilfenora.—At his house in Downing-street, Westminster, aged

76, the Right Hon. William Holles, Lord Viscount Vane; by his death the title is extinct.

PROMOTIONS.

LIEUTENANT General Sir Charles Grey, K. B. to be Colonel of the 7th dragoon guards.—Major-General Francis Lascelles, to be Colonel of the 8th dragoons.—Walter Butler, Esq. elected a Knight of the Shire for the county of Kilkenny, (the Hon. Henry Welbore Agar, now Lord Viscount Clifden.)—The Rev. Doctor Euseby Cleaver, first Chaplain to his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, and brother to the Lord Bishop of Chester, promoted to the United Bishopricks of Cork and Ross, (the Right Rev. Dr. Isaac Mann, Bishop of Cork and Ross, deceased.)—James Caulfield Browne, of Gallston-park, Esq. to be High Sheriff of the county Wexmouth, (Mark Synnott, Esq. deceased.)—Major Robert Hobart, to be chief Secretary to the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (the Right Hon. Alleyne Fitzherbert, resigned.)

The Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Bank of Ireland, for the Year 1789.

GOVERNOR,

(a) The Right Hon. DAVID LATOUCHE.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR,

THEOPHILUS THOMPSON, Esq.

DIRECTORS,

John Allen,	Amos Strettel,
(a) Wm. Colville,	Abra. Wilkinson,
Samuel Dick,	(b) Patrick Bride,
Jeremiah D'Olier,	(b) Joseph Goff,
(a) Travers Hartley,	(b) Leland Crothwaite,
G. G. Hoffman,	(b) George Maquay,
Alex. Jaffray,	(b) Char. Ward, Esqrs.
George Palmer,	

Those marked thus (b) are the five new Directors.

Those marked thus (a) are Members of Parliament.

A List of such Persons as appeared to be possessed of Bank Stock of 2000l. and upwards, on the 28th of March, -1789.

£	£	£	£
Rt. Hon. David La Touche, 7500	Char. Walker, 10,000	Geo. Macquay, 2000	Rt. Hon. Ld. Pery, 4000
John La Touche, 5300	Alexander Armstrong, 2000	Thady Giehan, 3750	John Bernard, 2000
Pet. La Touche, 4400	Joseph Hiner, 8400	Ab. Skeys, Sen. 3000	John White, 5900
W.D. La Touche, 4900	Lord Lismore, 10,150	Jn. Daw. Coates, 3000	Right Hon. Hugh Carleton, 3000
Rt. Hon. Will. Brownlow, 5000	Amos Strettel, 3000	Mat. Ford, 3500	Sir John Henniker, Bart. 2000
Rt. Hon. Joshua Cooper, 12,200	His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, 4000	Cassimer Delahoyd, 2000	D. T. O'Brien, and Mrs. F.
Rev. Hen. Max-		Gen. Campbell, 4000	
		Joseph Goff, 2000	

£.	£.	£.	£.
Travers Hartley, 2000	Mary Darragh, 2000	P. Ol. Plunkett, 2000	Royal Exchange
Jos Hone, jun. 2000	Doctor Henry	Mat. Ja. Plunkett, 2000	Insurance Com-
Charles Ward, 2000	Quin, 6000	Owen M'Der-	pany, 18,550
Warden Flood, 4800	Charles Strong, 5000	mott, 3000	Alexander Jas-
William Smith, 5000	Hugh Howard, 3400	Mrs. Mary West-	fray, 2950
John Folie, 2000	John Beragh, 2000	by, 2000	Sir Charles Def-
George Godfrey	John Thomas	Randal M'Dun-	vocux, Bart. 8500
Hoffman, 2000	Foster, 4100	nell, 2300	Hibernian Insur-
John Allen, 2000	Maj. Jn. Glover, 3200	Godfrey Greene, 2200	ance Com-
Lel. Crosthwaite, 2000	James Forde, 2000	Ashmure and Sin-	pany, 13,100
John Rivers, 2650	James Lawlor, 8500	nett, 2650	Mrs. Ann Walth, 2700
Major John Cor-	John Johnston, 2000	Samuel Dick, 4800	Reverend John
neille, 7000	Piercys Waggots, 4000	Wm. Keating, 2000	Letablere 2300
John Cumming, 3100	Marine Society, 4000	Thos. Corfield, 2800	Robert Shaw, 5950
Jer. D'Olier, 2000	Thomas Tickell, 2000	Irish Insurance	Wm. Russell, 2000
George Palmer, 2000	Wm. Sweetman, 3200	Company, 8300	Robt. Alexander, 4450
Richard Hare, 5000	Wm. N. Barry, 2000	Wm. Rawlins, 2000	Rev. Dean Ry-
Valen. Browne, 10,000	Wm. Moleworth, 2000	Daniel Caulfield, 2500	der, 10,000
Theo. Wolfe, 10,000	Thos. Keightly, 5000	John Bernard, 2000	Tho. Walker, 21,300

A correct List (in Numerical Order) of all the 100l. Prizes, and upwards drawn in the English State Lottery for the Year 1788.

(Taken from Walker's Numerical Book, No. 79. Dame-street.)

No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.
601	£. 500	13141	£. 100	22469	£. 500	29757	£. 2000	37477	£. 1000
1154	1000	726	2000	699	2000	768	500	933	100
228	100	14561	100	as last drawn.		30128	100	38200	100
292	100	761	100	755	100	189	500	477	100
597	1000	15236	100	814	100	729	100	955	2000
2011	100	273	100	883	100	31128	500	39747	100
923	100	418	100	23114	100	651	500	40009	500
3873	100	459	100	386	100	722	100	257	15,000
4246	1000	477	500	747	100	898	100	414	100
897	100	599	1000	24144	100	936	500	483	100
994	100	16062	500	206	30000	32040	1000	889	5000
5068	100	68	1000	222	1000	272	100	41056	500
100	100	204	100	669	100	664	500	184	100
319	500	330	100	808	1000	993	100	440	2000
457	2000	426	500	25080	1000	33242	1000	42159	100
981	500	659	100	365	100	313	1000	171	100
7188	100	913	100	617	5000	390	100	433	25,000
236	100	17187	100	755	1000	443	1000	472	100
609	100	584	100	816	100	952	1000	691	2000
616	1000	18216	100	933	100	34326	1000	43209	100
652	100	292	500	987	100	35295	2000	241	100
8316	1000	327	100	26162	500	323	500	44023	500
9198	100	395	500	366	20000	335	100	63	1000
949	100	556	100	405	100	348	100	646	100
956	100	754	500	416	100	922	100	896	500
10530	100	19435	100	27517	100	36093	500	45732	100

W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For M A Y, 1789.

We present our Readers this Month with an accurate Representation of the High Court of Parliament Sitting on the Trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. in Westminster-Hall; exhibiting at one View all the Personages concerned in this important Trial; with complete References to explain all the different Parts. Elegantly Engraved, from a Drawing done on the Spot, by an eminent Artist in London, for the Hibernian Magazine.

The British Theatre.

RYDER brought forward for his benefit, an interlude called *Look before you Leap*, translated from the French—and by no means suited to the English stage. He also produced a Farce of his own writing, which though poor in fable, weak in humour, and barren in wit, was marked with a whimsicality that procured it applause. An Irish servant was well drawn and inimitably acted by the author.

The PHARO TABLE.

An alteration from Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy of the Gamster—but without any addition of wit, or humour, to render its revival entertaining.

The LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

A Farce by O'KEEFE, written for the

Bassa of Bagdad

Dora

Juggy (the Taylor's wife)

Mr. Davies

Miss. Rowson

Mrs. Webb

The story is almost literally taken from the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, as far as relates to the misfortunes of *Hunchback*. The Bassa whose favourite he is, has his life endangered by the negligence of his purveyor, who loses a letter containing a pardon, but delivers that from the Porte, which orders the immediate death of the Bassa. The pardon is found and delivered by the Purveyor's nephew, a barber, who with an ample reward, obtains also the forfeit life of his uncle. At the wedding supper of this Barber, who is married to a Taylor's daughter, the Hunchback Jester is choaked by a fish-bone. The Taylor alarmed, conveys him to a Jew doctor, whose servant suffers the body of the supposed patient to tumble down stairs. The Doctor in a simi-

the Taylor, his wife, and the Jews, all severally claim their shares. They are instantly ordered for execution, when Hunchback starts up, proclaims the whole a jest, and that he had undergone all these sufferings merely for the sake of entertaining the Bassa with a good story.

Crumpy, the Jew, and the English sailor, were excellently performed—but no powers of acting can insure stability to a piece evidently written in haste, and deficient in interest.

Mrs. SIDDONS

Finishes her engagement, at Drury Lane this season, and takes a trip to Germany; where, as it is said, she will reside for some time, making Vienna her head quarters. This will be following the example of Garrick, and is commendable policy, for the tragic muse has not that sweet variety peculiar to Thalia—we never tire of merriment.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

A Comedy under this name has been produced at the Theatre in Drury Lane: General Conway the author.

CHARACTERS,

Marquis	-	-	Mr. Kemble
Baron	-	-	Mr. Wroughton
De Folis	-	-	Mr. Parsons
Abbe	-	-	Mr. J. Bannister
Robert	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer
Countess	-	-	Miss Farren
Celia	-	-	Mrs. Kemble
Lisette	-	-	Miss Pope
Lucile	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.

The Scene lies in Paris.

F A B L E.

The Baron is drawn as a man of the world, abroad gay, animated, and beloved;—at home morose, haughty, and reserved. He is in love with Lucile who is in his house, and to whom, by the consent of her father, the Governor, he is shortly to be united, and yet by the raillery and blandishments of the Countess, a lady of *bon ton*, he is perpetually drawn forth into the circles of dissipation. He complains to his friend the Marquis, that his intended bride, with much beauty, is yet dull and awkward; and the Marquis in turn laments that the object of his passion has been taken from the Convent where she had been educated, and carried he knows not where. On the appearance of Lucile, she is discovered to be the object of the affections of both! The Marquis accounts for his confusion by mentioning, that the Lady was from the same Convent with his mistress. The Baron encourages Lucile to give the Marquis all the information in her power; and in a conversation respecting the supposed friend of Lu-

cile, she discovers, in the presence of the Baron, her inclination for the Marquis.

The father of Lucile arriving in town intreats the Baron to use his interest. The latter promises and forgets:—makes an engagement on business, and flies away to a fashionable concert. The Marquis, in the mean time, gives a letter to Lucile, to be delivered to her friend: she answers by a declaration of her passion, but the Baron interrupting her before the direction is written, supposes it meant for himself, and is equally enraptured with the discovery and the manner in which it is made. He still continues, however, to disgust his intended father-in-law, by his inattention and extravagance. The Marquis noting the former, applies himself, obtains the government for De Folis, and at length, when matters are brought to a crisis, is rewarded with the hand of Lucile.

There is an underplot formed from the passion of the Abbe, whose recommendations are clerical conceit, and indifferent poetry, for Celia, the sister of the Baron. He is persuaded by the arts of Robert and Lisette to change his clerical for a military dress, for the purpose of conciliating his mistress, and in the latter is completely exposed and dismissed with ridicule.

This comedy was performed originally at Richmond House Theatre, and has been held in high estimation in the fashionable world, where it is to be wished it had ever remained, not being drawn with that genuine humour, variety, and strength of character which are necessary to the formation of a good English drama.

The General has taken his subject as well as his characters from a French piece; in doing this he has acted erroneously, an English comedy should display English manners, and the scene should either be laid on English ground, or if laid in a foreign country the characters should be English, as in Foote's *Trip to Calais*.

The dialogue is chaste and often neatly pointed—but not sufficiently contrasted in style to support essential differences of manners.

Continuity of action is not observed; of course the interest often fails, and the imposition practised on the Baron offends probability.

The Prologue is by the author; the Epilogue by General Burgoyne. The former displays the colour of the author, who acknowledges the original from whence he borrowed: the latter is neatly written, and was elegantly, though not very pointed delivered, by Miss Farren.

All the players did justice to their several situations, and as the piece is protected by the whole power of the *Beau Monde*, there can be no doubt, but with the share of merit it possesses it will have a considerable run.

Memoirs of Mrs. Goodall, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

AS the Memoirs of the principal performers of the Theatres form a part of our Magazine, we have no doubt but those of Mrs. Goodall will be welcome to our readers. To imitate nature, happily and gracefully, falls to the lot of few. No profession is more difficult than that of the stage, which requires a perfect knowledge of the passions, and the deepest skill properly to pourtray them. Genteel Comedy, in many instances, cannot be supported as it ought, except aided by a good figure, expressive features, youth and beauty, which are very seldom united in one person.—Fashion, it is true, may, during its rage, imagine the wrinkles of sixty smoothed down to the bloom of sixteen; but the errors of the blind enthusiast will not remain for ever—she is only hood-winked for a time, and, like the admirer of made-up beauty, who beholds it stripped of its flimsy adornments, will at length turn away disgusted from the idol which has been set up by folly, and worshipped by false taste.

As the life of Mrs. Goodall affords little variety of incident, we shall only relate such particulars as may be thought necessary to accompany her portrait.

This admirable child of the Comic Muse was born at Derby, in December 1765. A few years before this event, her father, Mr. Samuel Stanton, commenced manager of a company of comedians who performed in the most respectable towns of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Shropshire; and has ever since remained in the same situation, a credit to his profession, and deservedly caressed by the principal families throughout his circuit. Mr. Stanton gave his daughter a genteel education at a boarding school in Leicestershire, where the young lady continued until she had attained her sixteenth year. She was then taken home, and remained under the eye of a careful mother until the summer of the year 1782, when she expressed an inclination to render herself

This gentleman's penetrating judgment soon perceived that her powers wanted only the fostering care of friendly attention to enable them to rise into the first consequence. Her modest diffidence induced him to exert himself in her interests, and bring her forward to public notice and favour. He accordingly gave her a letter of recommendation to Mr. Palmer, manager of the Bath theatre, where she went, accompanied by her mother. Mr. Palmer, who had before heard of her excellence, gladly engaged her; and her first effort on the Bath boards was in the part of Rosalind, in Shakespeare's Pastoral Comedy of *As you like it*. A splendid audience were charmed with the performance; and we doubt not but with good reason, if her merit, at this period, bore any proportion to that which she displayed on her first appearance in the same part this season on Drury-Lane stage, which powerfully attracted our attention, and called forth our warmest praise.

Mrs. Goodall's Rosalind is a performance rich in every requisite the part demands. Her form is that of perfect symmetry; her step that of fascinating grace. Her action unembarrassed, yet adorned with all that delicacy that speaks the beautiful disguised female. Her archness attractingly soft, and her sensibility pure and unaffected.

At the expiration of his season, Mr. Palmer found it his interest to allow her a handsome salary, commencing from the night of her first appearance, to which he added a benefit.

The very flattering encouragement she received from the Bath audience induced her to listen to the advice of the manager, which was to pay her court to the Tragic Muse. Juliet and Portia were chosen; but it was found that *sighs* and *tears* did not become her half so well as *smiles* and *dimples*. She therefore quitted the side of Melpomene, and returned to that of Thalia. When Mr. Palmer relinquished the management of the Bath theatre, Mrs. Goodall's interest in it gradually decreased; though the public, till the last, retained the good opinion it had at first formed of that merit which was at that

management; until Mr. Middleton, the present Romeo of Covent-garden theatre, came to Bath; where he met the public for the first time in the character of Othello. Mrs. Goodall played Desdemona. The tragedy was several times repeated to full and applauding houses. This success excited envy in the lady who usually held the dagger and the bowl, who imagined her department had been infringed upon. A dispute arose, which not terminating to the wish of our heroine, she gave notice to the manager of her resolution to relinquish her engagement at the expiration of the season.

Mrs. Goodall's merit was conspicuous, and the knowledge of it was not to be confined to one spot:—long before the close of the season, the proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre proposed very liberal terms for three years, which were accepted; and she quitted Bath with a heavy heart, where she left many friends and admirers, by whom her loss was felt and lamented. And Mrs. Goodall has been heard to declare, that, if her treatment behind the curtain, had borne any proportion to that before it, no interested motive would ever have induced her to quit a spot which had become so dear to her.

Mrs. Goodall made her first appearance on Drury-Lane stage on the second of October, 1786, in the character of Rosalind as before observed; and since that time has played different parts, in which such has been her merit, that even the absence of the lively and elegant Farren has not been regretted.

A Dialogue between the Ghost of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and a Recollet Friar. By the King of Prussia.

Friar.

A H! what is that I see enter the church? A spirit! Quick, holy water and a brush!

Marcus Aurelius.—What are you doing there with your lustral water? I suppose you are a priest of Jupiter. Hear me a moment.

Friar.—I, I a priest of Jupiter! This must certainly be some 'goblin damned.'

But I no longer know the capital of my empire. I have been to look at the column erected to me; but I could not find the statue of the wise Antonius; my father. It is the statue of a very different person.

Friar.—I believe so, Mr. Ghost, that illustrious pope, Sixtus the fifth, caused your column to be repaired; but he took care to place on it the statue of a better man than either your father or you. You are damned.

Marcus Aurelius.—I have ever thought it would be very easy to find a more worthy person than myself: but I believed, at the same time, that it would be very difficult to find a more excellent man than my father. The suggestions of filial piety may have misled me: every man is liable to error. But why do you call me damned?

Friar.—Because you are so. Did you not persecute the very people to whom you were under obligations, and who procured you rain to enable you to beat your enemies?

Marcus Aurelius.—Alas! I was far from persecuting any person. I returned thanks to Heaven, that, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, a storm seasonably came, in the very moment when my soldiers were dying of thirst; but I never understood, that I was under obligations for this storm to the persons you mention. I assure you, I am not damned. I have done too much good to men, to incur the displeasure of that Divine Being, to whose will I have constantly endeavoured to conform. But you, who appear to me in such an ill humour, who are you, if you please?

Friar.—It is very easy to see that you come from some distance, since you are unacquainted with father Fulgentius, that famous Recollet, resident in the Capitol, and who speaks to the pope, sometimes just as I speak to you. Cardinals come to visit me in my cell. I am confessor to the duchess of Popoli. Every body knows who I am.

Marcus Aurelius.—Father Fulgentius in the Capitol! Things seem to me somewhat altered! Tell me, I beg, you, where is the palace of the emperor, my successor? Is it still on Mount Palatine? for truly I cannot

off, in a small city, called Vienna, on the banks of the Danube. I would advise you to go thither to see your successors; for here you will run the hazard of seeing the inquisition. I must inform you, that the reverend Dominican fathers do not understand railery, and that they would treat pretty severely your Marcus Aureliuses, your Antoninuses, your Trajans, and your Tituses—people that do not know their catechism.

Marcus Aurelius.—A catechism! The inquisition! Dominicans! Recollets! Cardinals! A Pope! And the Roman empire in a small city on the banks of the Danube!—I did not expect all this. But I can conceive that, in the course of sixteen hundred years, the face of affairs in this world, must have undergone a considerable change. I have a curiosity to see this Roman emperor—one of the Marcomans, Quadi, Cimbri, or Teutones, I suppose.

Friar.—You shall have that pleasure when you please, and even much greater. You would be astonished, then, were I to tell you, that the Scythians possess one half of your empire, and that we have the other; that a priest, like me, is now the sovereign of Rome; that father Fulgentius may be so, in his turn; that I may give my benedictions in the very spot where you dragged vanquish'd monarchs at your triumphal car; and that your successor on the Danube has not a single city that belongs to him as such, but that a priest lends him his, whenever he has occasion for it.

Marcus Aurelius.—You tell me strange things! These great revolutions could never have been effected without great calamities. I still love mankind, and I pity them.

Friar.—You are too good. It certainly cost some torrents of blood, and about a hundred provinces might be ravaged: but it could not well be otherwise, to enable father Fulgentius to sleep in the Capitol at his ease.

Marcus Aurelius.—Rome, then, that capital of the world, must be much decayed,

I have become truly one since my death. I find tranquillity far preferable to glory. I suspect, however, from what you have said, that father Fulgentius is not a philosopher.

Friar.—How! not a philosopher! I am an admirable one. I have taught philosophy, and what is more—theology.

Marcus Aurelius.—What is this theology, if you please?

Friar.—It is—it is what has produced me this comfortable residence. You seem to be chagrined at my happiness, and at the little revolution which has befallen your empire.

Marcus Aurelius.—I adore the divine decrees: I know that we ought not to murmur against them. I admire the vicissitudes of human affairs; but since every thing is liable to change, since the Roman empire is no more, the Recollets also may have their turn; and a more enlightened philosophy, a more excellent theology than that of father Fulgentius and his priests, may yet triumph in this spot.

Friar.—You heretic! I excommunicate you; I am going to matins.

Marcus Aurelius.—And I to rejoin the sages and heroes in Elysium.

To the Editor of the *Hibernian Magazine*.

SIR,

NO person can be more sensible of the respect due to the fair sex than I am, and yet I hold it as good and sound doctrine, that to conceal any improprieties they may be guilty of from inadvertence, would be a breach of that very respect we profess. For what is respect, love, or friendship, if we see our friends fall into errors without giving them warning, or gently putting them in mind of the duty they owe to themselves? That person must have very little real regard for his friend, who would allow him wilfully to fall into an error that it is in his power to prevent. So much, sir, for my notions of respect for the fair sex.

Therefore, with your permission, I will

habit, and which do not differ in appearance from the round hats worn by men, but never worn by men in church. I am of the opinion holden by the Spectator in one of his excellent papers (I forget which) that we ought to keep fashion as much as possible out of the church; there are so many other places, indeed, such as the opera, the theatres, balls, concerts, ridottos, routs, drums, and hurricanes, where we may be as fashionable and as properly fashionable as we please, that I would be for reserving a plain simplicity and a decency in garb for our places of religious worship.

Of the riding habits lately become so common with those who never ride, I shall only observe, that however benefitting it may be to ladies in the character of Diana, it is still a masculine garb, and in our eyes does not add those graces to the female appearance which have been by some supposed peculiar to it. When first introduced into this country, it was worn only by ladies when intending to go on horseback, and has many conveniencies for that exercise. To put it on, therefore, when one pays a visit, or goes to church, is such a deviation from the original design, that I hope the ladies will take the matter into serious consideration.

One observation I cannot help offering, because it seems to carry some weight with it. We know that all external marks of decency are arbitrary, different nations having very opposite methods of paying respect, demonstrating joy or sorrow by their dress. But the custom of each country is a law to that country, and when a great number of years have elapsed, we become that law so naturally, or rather it becomes us so naturally, that any deviation from it, has an uncouth, vain, and affected appearance, not to say worse of it. And I never knew a man or woman over-solicitous to deviate from common custom who did not fall into error.—Now custom has established it in this country, that no person shall approach his majesty in his palace, unless in full dress. Need I tell the ladies that one part of this full dress is,

a few moments consideration from the ladies.—I know that with their good sense and nice discrimination between what is proper and improper in manners, a hint is as good as a volume—and your admitting the above will much oblige,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

SENEX.

The Parliament of Mammuthia.

From Mammuth, or Human Nature displayed, in a Tour into the interior Parts of Africa, just published.

THE fumes that transported me to those excesses having in a short time subsided, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I was awakened, after the space of about three hours, by a sound like the bellows of Carron, broken into distinct, though at first unintelligible articulations. I lifted up mine eyes, and lo! an hundred colossal statues of the ancient demi-gods of Ram-java-ram, and as many living figures of the same nation, invading at once my sight, presented to my imagination a momentary idea of the Arch-devils of Milton assembled in council in the horrid hall of Pandæmonium. So profound was the sleep into which I had fallen, and so extraordinary the scene that now opened to my view, that it was more than two minutes before I recollected the train of events that had brought me into the Senate house of a nation in the centre of Africa: if that, indeed, may be called an house which had neither door, walls, roof, nor windows. It was an amphitheatre in the near vicinity of Guttygurr, formed by the hand of Nature, in which commodious seats for the members were cut out of the foodful earth by that of art, planted around with cedars, sycamores, planes, and other lofty and umbrageous trees, the interstices between which were filled with the most beautiful aromatic shrubs. A river, deep, yet clear, except in great storms, forms the southern limit and fence of this noble spot; but on every other quarter it is bounded by precipitous hills, finely covered up to the middle with wood;

of the mighty Niger; the various animals that grazed on its sloping bank; the trees, woods, and old hollies and yews, growing out of the fissures of the interspersed rocks, clearly and accurately reflected in the transparent expanse below, formed one of the most captivating scenes that is to be found in the whole circle of nature. Here and there colossal statues of the heroes of former times raised their sublime heads almost to a level with the clefts of the trees. Living Mammuthians, chosen by the free votes of different districts, were inflamed with a virtuous emulation of their ancestors, while on their own fiat depended the prosperity of their contemporaries. Melek-Ammon-Baudaer, in the centre of the curve line that bounded the amphitheatre, sat sublime on a throne scooped out of a perpendicular rock, in size and shape nearly resembling the cliff of Kinnoult in Scotland. A thousand cedars nodded in solemn majesty on its awful summit. Its roots, its sides, and the interstices between the basaltic columns of which it was composed, were adorned with all the variety of vegetation. And flocks of ravens, ringdoves, and other birds, winging their way in various directions, now approaching, now receding from the hierophant, appeared like the angels of heaven, in the act of doing homage to a god. It is in animated not inanimated and inferior nature, as has already been observed, that the ornaments of Mammuthia consist. In that country an anxiety about pearls and diamonds would be regarded as the play of children picking up shining stones. As the common people fancy themselves to be highly adorned by glow-ants, disposed in different figures over such parts of their bodies as they chuse to exhibit, by means of certain powders and ointments in which those insects delight, so, to be surrounded, in this manner, by the fowls of heaven, seemed to the Mammuthians magnificence worthy of a crown. To superior natures, no doubt, the greatest ornament that could be imagined would be the voluntary homage of intellectual beings.

The voice above mentioned, that assailed my ears, was that of the ambassador from Challo-palavar, who was making an oration in favour of the commercial treaty proposed by his court, of which I have already given an account. Different opinions were entertained on that subject in the senate, but a great majority agreed that it should be rejected. It would be but an ungrateful task, I am afraid, if I should attempt, even with tolerable success, to report the speeches in the parliament of Ram-java-ram. One argument, however, I cannot refrain from reporting, on which great stress appeared to be laid by the most distinguished

members. It had been said, that the operation of the commercial treaty in question would for ever banish all war, and secure perpetual peace and concord between the two nations; but, in answer to this, it was replied, that the establishment of perpetual peace might be productive of many consequences dangerous, not only to the political independence, but the internal liberty, and what remained of the national character, the manly virtue, and generous feelings of the inhabitants of Ram-java-ram. That a degree of diversity, jealousy, and animosity, should prevail among neighbouring nations, was agreeable to the course of Providence; necessary to the exercise of the noblest virtues; and even, by interrupting the progressive dominion of authority and fashion, conducive to the advancement of knowledge. The very nature of things, it was urged, depended on contrariety and opposition; and the vices or unjust views of princes, the sparks that kindled the flames of war, both between nations and individuals, were to be considered as forming a part of the general plan, in the same manner, as even the excrementitious parts are not lost in the animal œconomy, for as much as they afford a strong and healthful pabulum for vegetation.

It is a law in the senate of Ram-java-ram, that each member shall declare the reasons of his vote, and that none shall speak oftener than once on the same subject. If a member recollects any thing that he intended to have said, but had omitted, he communicates it to some other member, who is to give his opinion after him; and for this purpose, a short interval, of about five minutes, is suffered to elapse between the conclusion of one speech and the beginning of another. Each of these intervals affords an opportunity to the gentleman who has already spoken, of suggesting what he pleases to those who have not yet spoken, who are always ready enough to adopt it, if it be anywise deserving of consideration. It is also enacted by the parliamentary law of those extraordinary assemblies, that as soon as any member has risen up, but before he proceeds to speak, a brief narrative is read aloud, by the clerk, of the side on which he voted on all former questions of importance, the degree of importance necessary to that enumeration being determined by the clerk, whose permanence in office depends on the good opinion that is entertained of him by the house. But what is a matter of greater delicacy still, the principal actions of his life, whether good or bad, are also, on that occasion, proclaimed to the senate in a tone equally audible. If any splendid act of virtue has been performed by a man, it is embalmed (probably with

with his own privacy) in the records of parliament, after being duly authenticated by his friends; if he has done any thing notoriously unjust or dishonourable, it is faithfully entered on those journals, in like manner, by his private or his political enemies: for it must be observed that a seat in the Mammuthian senate is as great an object of ambition as it is in Holland, Great Britain, or Ireland. I must also take notice, with regard to the constitution of parliament in the central parts of Africa, all which bear a very close resemblance to each other, that the members do not deliver their opinions in any fixed order, but whenever the speaker chuses to invite them. It was in this manner that the patricians were asked to give their opinions in the Roman Senate. It was in calling upon the different members to declare their opinions, according to the course or turn of the debate, that the Speaker chiefly displayed his judgment, his acquaintance with affairs, his discernment of character, and his parliamentary importance. It will readily occur, that the intervals of silence between the different speeches, together with the ceremony of reading over, as a preface to each oration, a summary review of both the private and public conduct of the author, must have taken up a considerable time, and greatly prolonged the sittings of parliament. They did so. And yet, when I reflect on the vain repetitions and endless wranglings which arise in our national assemblies on almost every subject of deliberation; when I reflect on the very long and frequent speeches of our commissioners to parliament, and on our adjourned debates, I am clearly of opinion that more business is done in the senate house of Ram-java-ram in equal portions of time than in that of Great Britain, as well as in a more dispassionate, deliberate, and candid manner.

I have not, in this comparative view, taken into account the time that is spent in our Parliaments in prayer, and in attendance at certain appointed times, as fast days, anniversaries, and thanksgivings, on the public duties and ceremonies of religion, because I would not willingly seem to insinuate that the time employed in these is spent to no purpose. But this I may venture to affirm, that the dread of the Exordium is as great a check at least, on the speeches and votes of the Mammuthian senators, as prayers are on those of the members of either house of the British Parliament.

During the few days that I had an opportunity of witnessing the forms and the transactions of the Parliament of Ram Java-ram, I saw the wisdom and efficacy of that prelatory narrative exemplified in a very striking manner. One of the members of that assembly

being called on to deliver his opinion on a certain subject, with which my readers cannot possibly have any concern, a lusty, sleek figure, with his nose rendered prominent to an amazing degree by a most plentiful use of perfumes, instantly started upon his legs, and with a countenance that bespoke how readily he was prepared to bear, and even to join in the laugh which was about to be raised against himself, heard, without confusion, a long list of infidelities to his friends, and inconsistencies in his conduct. But the whole assembly were moved with irresistible laughter, nor could the authority of the reigning hierophant restore composure and attention. Still, however, that African Vicar of Bray maintained his ground, and, with a smile on his countenance, waved his hand as a signal that he was about to proceed with his oration. The laughter that shook the Senate was redoubled, and the Speaker himself, who was scarcely able to retain his gravity, was under a necessity of calling on another member to deliver his opinion on the subject in question. Thra-lybulus then sat down, smiling to those who were next him, without any symptom of being at all disconcerted, and muttering, that if he did not always say the same thing, he always meant the same thing—but it is not believed in Mammuthia that he will be a member of next Parliament.

The legislative power of Ram-java-ram is lodged solely in the Parliament, in which the clergy, the nobility, and commoners, sit together in one hall, as they did in Scotland before the union. By the clergy of the Mammuthian nations, I understand the prophets, philosophers, or hierophants, who, having subdued all artificial wants, live on the very summits of the hilly regions, on the produce of a grazing farm, and what wild creatures, quadrupeds, fishes, or fowls, they subdue in the mountains, lakes, and woods. By the nobility, I mean those that follow the occupations of husbandmen, shepherds, fishers, gardeners, and, in a word, all who gain an honest livelihood, without mechanical labour, whether by catching or cultivating whatever the bounty of nature holds out to the industry of man. By the commoners are understood all manufacturers and merchants. These classes, in their different districts, send their representatives to Parliament, in which the reigning hierophant (who is elected by the free voices of the masters of families in the different districts of the kingdom, and holds his office for life) has no other power than that of a president. Yet, notwithstanding this narrow limitation of the royal power of the legislative body of Mammuthians, a constant jealousy is kept up among that wise people of the crown and a vigilance lest the reigning hierophant should

should trample on the forms of government, and render the royal succession hereditary in his family. Nor is all this caution without reason: for the hierophant in power presides, as often as he pleases, in the courts of justice; he appoints the chief officers of the state and army; he has a large annual revenue at his disposal: and what is most important of all, the people are as ready to throw themselves with unbounded confidence into the arms of kings; as they are to avenge the inequalities of fortune, by humbling their immediate superiors.

As there is nobody who would thank me for a journal of what passed in an African Parliament, and as, therefore, I do not mean to return to the Parliament house of Ram-java-ram, I shall just mention here some particulars which struck me as I sat in the gallery.

It was not those who either spoke longest, or reasoned most acutely, that spoke with the greatest success in the senate of Ram-java-ram: but they who possessed the reputation of patriotic virtue; they, whose panting breasts, after labouring in vain to bring forth what seemed too big for utterance, found relief in tears, and in glowing expressions, dictated, not by the circumspection of syllogism, but reflected from the living surface of some grand and animating object, that, without the slow and formal approaches of the discursive faculty, struck the imagination like lightning, and seized the heart by storm. The language of nature on such occasions, I mean those that are called natural signs, was more persuasive still than the most ardent or most sublime metaphors, and communicated, as by electricity, the impressions from whence they sprung to the breast of every beholder. Such inspired orators did not, however, give way to the enthusiasm of their feelings before they had convinced the understanding by plain arguments. But the pathetic part of their speeches was that on which they laid most stress.

I must not forget to take notice, that, among the speakers who were heard with most attention, there were several who not

are not to be subdued by the frowns of fortune.

The Zegrís, a Spanish Novel.

IT was about the middle of one of those nights, which in the spring season, are so beautiful on the coast of Granada. The surface of the sea was smooth; the heavens serene. The air loaded with the fragrance of myrtle and orange trees, and with the variety of perfumes which nature lavishes in those delightful regions, was agitated by the gentle breath of zephyr. The majestic silence of the night was interrupted only by nightingales of these charming groves.

On a sudden, the tranquillity of these beautiful scenes, the residence of happiness and peace, was disturbed by the voice of war. Don Lewis de Ferez, who was walking in his garden with his family, was surprised by the discharge of fire-arms, and tumultuous cries in one of the adjacent houses. The steeples of all the villages announced a descent of the corsairs of Barbary, and spread universal consternation.

Don Lewis dispatched his son to assemble the militia of the hamlet. He took to arms, left his house under the guard of his servants, and hastened to join his vassals. They already mounted to more than one hundred; and reinforcements continually arrived. He sent assistance to the house attacked; and judging, from the general alarm, that the enemy would not fail to retreat, he repaired to a small creek, which was the only part where the pirates could have landed.

As don Lewis had foreseen, it happened: the pirates were hastening to this spot with their plunder. A discharge of fire-arms put them to flight, about eight or ten excepted, who bravely made a stand with bayonets fixed, to cover the flight of their companions. The incessant fire of the Spaniards was so effectual, that, at last, of this handful of brave men, one alone remained. He endeavoured to gain the ships; but they were already at sea, and crowding sail from the shore.

The gallant behaviour of this prisoner procured every mark of respect from don

be treated without mercy.'—The slave, looking at don Lewis with an air of indifference, answered, 'Have I not already shewn you that I am not afraid to die? Go, christian; I have lost all that is dear to me, and life is no longer of moment.'—Don Lewis then asked him from what part of Barbary he came.—'From Barbary!' replied he; 'I know no such country. You call my country by that name; but we also give it to the land of christians. My nation bears an immortal enmity to thine and whatever thou mayst do, thou canst not augment it.'

These bold expressions, far from irritating don Lewis, inspired him with an exalted opinion of his prisoner. He perceived that this African was not of vulgar rank. A few days after, don Michael being declared to be in a state of convalescence, the father, in the transports of his joy, was desirous to treat his prisoner with marks of particular distinction.

The two sisters of don Lewis were desirous of seeing this haughty corsair. He sent for him into their presence. They were struck with his noble air, and with his modest, yet not abject deportment. Don Lewis informed the African, that his son was no longer in danger, and that his captivity should be made as easy to him as possible. He was to be considered as a prisoner on parole, and to be treated as one of the family till happier times.—The slave thanked don Lewis for his humanity: 'All places,' said he, 'are now alike to me. There is but one alone that could afford me pleasure. But you are capable, my lord, of exalted generosity; and I would, therefore, presume to request a favour of still greater consequence in my eyes.'

Don Lewis kindly encouraging him to proceed, the African, thus continued: 'Your people, my lord, have plundered me; but I do not complain: it is the custom of this kind of war. One inestimable treasure has escaped them. I may not, however, always be so fortunate. I may not always fall into such hands as yours; and I entreat

smiling, returned his treasure. 'Keep it yourself,' said he; 'it is yours without a ransom: it shall never be taken from you.' The grateful African thanked don Lewis, as well as the lovely sisters who had appeared so much interested in his favour. The curiosity of the ladies could not be concealed; and, on their requesting to know for whom the portrait was intended, he answered, with all the expressions of the most ardent passion, that it was the very imperfect resemblance of his mistress, the adored Azida, who was more beautiful than the houris of paradise, and to whose perfections no mortal could do justice. The sisters smiled at this passionate answer, and then enquired of what country was this paragon of beauty.—'Azida,' answered he, 'is the daughter of Ali Horuc of Tetuan. The name of Horuc is famous in the Mediterranean. He is a rough corsair, it is true; but with me he has the highest merit: he is the father of Azida.'—'You sailed from Tetuan, then,' said don Lewis.—'Yes,' answered the slave; 'but, for my part, I have no inclination for these cruizes, since we seldom meet with any but weak and defenceless enemies. But the inflexible Horuc will give his daughter to none but a sailor like himself; and what is there I could not do to obtain Azida?'

In the mean time, the Moorish vessels had returned to Tetuan. The news of their disaster, and of the capture of Saydan, could not be conveyed to Horuc, who was at that time confined to his bed by a severe indisposition. Azida was the first who heard the fatal news. It was too much for a mind already distracted by the supposed loss of her lover. Her female attendants were long apprehensive for her life; and it was many days before tears came at length to her relief.—'Ah! me!' said the beautiful forlorn, 'I weep! while Saydan is perhaps in chains! Is this a moment for tears, when I ought to fly to his rescue?'—She went instantly to collect her gold and jewels: she hastened to find her brother Abdallah. She

Abdallah applied to a Moor who had been in this disastrous cruise, and who spoke the Spanish language. This man undertook to negotiate the ransom of Saydan; and as a communication subsisted between Tangier and Algeiras, he crossed without difficulty to the Spanish shore in the habit of a Spaniard.

Saydan, in the mean time, was so far happy in the delicate and generous friendship of don Lewis and his sisters, that he would scarce have thought himself a captive, but for his absence from his adored Azida. They had frequent conversations: in these was conspicuous that generous flow of soul, in which each of them forgot the distinction of master and of captive.

‘How is it possible,’ said don Lewis, one day, to the African, ‘that a warrior, like thee, could be brought to associate with pirates, with the enemies of mankind?’—‘My lord,’ answered Saydan, ‘the appellation of mankind is not confined to the christians. Besides, you must be sensible, that there exists between the Mahometans of Africa and the christians a perpetual war, which short and ill-observed truces scarcely interrupt. The weak is vanquished by the strong, detained in slavery, and never restored to liberty but for a pecuniary consideration. So far we are upon equal terms.’—‘What a detestable practice,’ replied don Lewis, ‘thus to make slaves by violence, and to sell men like abject beasts!’—‘I allow,’ said the African, ‘that our custom of making slaves may be sometimes violent and cruel, but it is never base. Your generosity to me, my lord, has every claim to gratitude; it has every claim also to the truth; and I will appeal to yourself whether I do not state it justly. Never, then, did a vessel leave your ports, to carry vile merchandize to the western coasts of Africa, there to purchase men, and women, and children, that we never knew, that never did us wrong! Never did our vessels transport those unhappy beings to distant climes, to exist there without repose, without consolation, without hope; to die there in perpetual bondage, or under the scourge of their ruthless executioners. Never did we procure gold, the produce of the sweat, of the blood of those deplorable victims of unfeeling avarice. What can be more reproachable than this! To do the greatest possible injury to innocent men; to reduce them to this state of wretchedness, without allowing them the means of self-defence, without running any hazard in attacking them! And to exercise this infamous practice from the basest and most contemptible motives! And yet we, who detest this conduct, we are the enemies of mankind! What strange philosophy is this! Ye enlightened, ye humane Europeans, ye are the

friends of the human race, and—*ye have bowels of iron!*—For my part, my lord, I shall adhere to the nobler philosophy of the sage Mehemet Taffer, president of the great college of Fez, in which I was educated. He taught me, that a nation may be glorious in arms, splendid in riches, and illustrious for arts and talents, and yet, if inattentive to the cultivation of universal reason and justice, it shines not with real glory, and is still sunk in ignorance and barbarity. My lord, shall we judge of the Europeans by the rule of Mehemet Taffer?’

Such was the frankness with which the noble African addressed his conqueror. In other conversations, the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, and the perfidious and cruel treatment was mentioned by Saydan, and deplored by don Lewis. ‘But we have been punished,’ said he, ‘for that false and inhuman policy. That sensible decay under which our monarchy now languishes, began precisely at the period when your ancestors were expelled.’

The Moor who had been dispatched by Abdallah, to effect the ransom of the noble Saydan, soon arrived at the castle of don Lewis. He was astonished to find the corsair in a captivity of a kind unknown at Tetuan. He presented to him letters from Abdallah and Azida. With that ecstasy did this ardent lover behold the well-known characters of his adorable mistress! It was some time before he could open it, and read its inestimable contents:

Azida to Saydan.

‘Ah! Saydan! Saydan, where art thou? If the black angel have—I shudder at the thought. But if thou art still living, if the characters traced by the hand of thy faithful Azida should reach thee, receive the gold and jewels which the trusty Marcon will deliver. Give the whole for thy ransom, and leave that detested country. Return instantly with Marcon. My brother is going to send to Mantefa, to inform Hamet-Muley Zegri of our misfortunes. Return instantly, if thou lovest thy

AZIDA.’

Saydan hastened to obey his beautiful mistress. He repaired to Don Lewis, who, actuated by the extraordinary esteem which he entertained for his captive, had determined to take no money for his ransom. The profession of a merchant too was beneath the dignity of a noble Spaniard; and it was more consonant to his exalted sentiments to require the liberty of a certain number of christians, in proportion to the rank of Saydan. He was thinking of this proposal, when Saydan came to present the letters, with the money for his ransom. But how great was the anxiety of the African. on ob-

serviving a sudden emotion of the countenance of don Lewis! 'Who art thou?' demanded he: what is thy name?'—'My name,' answered the slave, 'is too illustrious to be concealed. It is Saydan Zegri.'—'What!' said don Lewis, art thou a Zegri? Can this be true? 'I am of a family,' replied Saydan, 'unaccustomed to falsehood, that contemptible vice of vulgar souls: I am a Zegri.'—'I have been informed, however,' returned don Lewis, 'that Hamet Zegri left no posterity, or that it was extinct at Morocco'—'I am not surprised,' resumed Saydan, 'that you know the name of Hamet. He was a great man. If his sovereign had known his worth, Ferdinand and his soldiers would have perished before the walls of Granada. After the loss of that city, Hamet was determined neither to be, nor to seem to be a christian. He took refuge in Morocco. His posterity resided there for more than a century, down to my great-grand father Ibrahim Zegri, who, to shelter himself from the storms of a court agitated by excessive despotism, retired to Mantefa, in the province of Tremecen, where we have great estates, and where Hamet Muley Zegri and I were born.'—Don Lewis offered his hand to Saydan: 'I am descended,' said he, from Ysuf Perez, brother of Hamet Saydan; come and embrace a Zegri.'—'Art thou a Zegri, my lord?' exclaimed Saydan: 'I believe it, I believe it. Thy conduct to me has been worthy of that name.'—Don Lewis sent for his sisters: 'This is a Zegri,' said he, presenting Saydan to them: 'he is of our family.'—The sisters received this news with equal pleasure and surprise; and the scene that ensued resembled the discovery and restoration of a friend long lost to his family.

This will not appear surprising to those who consider, how much the Spanish nobility pride themselves upon illustrious ancestry; that a kind of sanctity is impressed upon the name of an ancient house, which entitles all that bear it to every possible respect; and that the blood of the Moorish conquerors of Spain still flows (as in this particular instance) in the veins of some of the noblest families of that country.

The situation of things was greatly changed by this unexpected discovery. It gave to Saydan the knowledge of the Spanish branch of his illustrious family: it restored, without any stipulation, his liberty, and the certainty of seeing Azida; but to this happy event it necessarily prolonged the time. Don Lewis neither could nor would send Saydan back without rich presents, and in a situation, and with an equipage, worthy of the name of Zegri.

The happy time at length arrived. Yet Saydan, impatient as he was to behold his beloved Azida, could not leave these excel-

lent Zegris without regret. It is not possible to describe a parting scene, all the characters in which had displayed that generosity of sentiment which dignifies the human mind. The son of don Lewis accompanied Saydan to Algeiras. He gave him a rich diamond ring. 'Take this,' said he, 'for the beautiful Azida. Presented by Saydan, as the gift of a Zegri, she cannot refuse it.'—The two Zegris parted, and the African vessel was not long in sight.

Three months afterward, a Spaniard whom Saydan had redeemed, arrived at the castle of don Lewis. He informed him, that the vessel which had brought him to Carthage, was laden, on his account, with a considerable freight; and he delivered to him this letter:

'The Slave Saydan to his generous Master.

'You and yours, my lord, are incessantly in the heart of Saydan. He claims your congratulations: he is the husband of Azida. My dear master, be assured of the friendship of my brother Hamet. He has received your present. Receive ours. Besides others, which you will distribute among our illustrious relations, there are two Arabian horses, with their genealogy. We imagine that one of them will be for you, and the other for the young and noble Zegri, don Michael. Azida wears his ring: she sends him a scarf embroidered by herself. Ah! my lord, you are not here, nor are we with you. This is the only regret with the husband of Azida. Why did fortune, in cruel sport, separate the two branches of a cedar once so lofty? May the God of all nations protect the Zegris of Spain and of Africa; and when you look toward these shores, say, Saydan Zegri is there; and loves us. Adieu.

Histories of the Tete-a-Tete annexed; or, Memoirs of Lord Limp, and Miss T-sd-ay.

WHEN we trace hereditary vices in families, we are too apt to impute to peculiar depravity in the original stock of the family, transmitted through the branches, what in fact arises merely from viciousness of education. The father, corrupt in his morals, corrupts the son, and from that cause vice descends with the blood of the ancestor.

It was lord Limp's misfortune to have been bred up under all the disadvantages of evil example. Before approaching maturity had marked his cheek, he was initiated into the vices of the town. An uncle introduced him to the temples of pollution, and took pleasure in seeing his novice become an adept in the meretricious orgies of Venus.

His heart, however, early in life, became captivated

captivated with a lady of beauty and virtue, whom he married immediately on his attaining full age. The noble earl whom he called uncle was then living, but soon after paid the debt of nature, by which his father succeeded to the title and estate.

Some short time previous to this event, lord Limp became enamoured of Miss T. the heroine of this *tele-a-tele*; and though her person and accomplishments do no great honour to his taste, he commenced an amorous attack upon her virtue.

At this time his lady had brought him a fine boy, but she and her child soon experienced the most cruel neglect, which was followed by insult, and at last terminated in a separation.

Miss T. can boast a genteel family and connections: she had often resided in the house of lord Limp's uncle, whose lady was fond of her, and used her with great attention and tenderness. At these times of temporary residence his lordship frequently urged his suit, but was always treated with coolness, and often with contempt. She ridiculed his manners as well as his person, and even made a jest of his lameness.

On his lordship becoming heir apparent to his uncle's title and estate, the lady relaxed considerably from the strictness of conduct she had assumed, and at last became as attentive to her lover as he had been to her. No longer reserved, she threw out every lure to increase his passion, every art to seduce him from his lady; and he being ready and prompt to meet her, an elopement to the continent soon took place.

Here they resided some time revelling in the voluptuousness of sensuality: but when passion cooled, the lovers returned to England, and his lordship in return for the sacrifice of miss T.—'s virtue and reputation has settled three hundred pounds a year on her for life, and still continues to live with her.

It is very clear that on the part of the lady love was not the stimulant to dishonour: distant as the prospect was, ambition was the motive.—She saw a coronet behind a cloud, and went off with lord Limp, in hope that grief would break the heart of his lady.

Of his lordship she cannot be jealous, because he is not an object of love, without which jealousy never exists; but her pride suffers under sufficient mortification to render her life unhappy. She knows that his lordship has no love for her; and that to her, in his amorous favours, he is strictly parsimonious, though he distributes them liberally among the lowest of her sex.

The lady of this right honourable character claims pity. Miss T. often assumes her title, enjoys the pomp of that situation which she deserves, while she with a niggardly hand

sufficient to exclude actual indigence resides in an obscure lodging.

This is not her ladyship's only grievance: her cruel lord denies her the satisfaction of conversing with her own son, and has attempted by the chicane of law to prevent her from a comfort which is her right by nature, the comfort of embracing her child, and attending with maternal solicitude to the nurturing his infancy, and tutoring his young mind in the precepts of morality and religion.

Miss T. is rather superficial in those accomplishments which are called polite. Her skin is remarkably fair, abundant in flesh, and red. Her eyes are large and full, and her nose long.—When young she was an object of desire, but not of love, and time has materially lessened her attractions; her teeth are all gone except two in front; furrows appear in her face, and lassitude is perceivable in every motion of her person.

Our Impartiality calls upon us to give place to the following Letter, by way of Animadversion in that of our last, Page 200, addressed "to the Good People of Ireland," and signed "Peregrine Phillips."

To the Editor.

S I R,

THAT love of humanity which so evidently characterises your writings, has induced you to admit some strictures on the laws for the prevention of smuggling. Those strictures, had they had been just, would not have required appeals to humanity for their support; and such appeals generally imply weakness of argument, I shall not take up the time or attention of your readers in answering Mr. Phillips at large.—The act he alludes to, he says, is pregnant with mischief.—1st. "I would, &c."—that is, it would prevent smugglers carrying on their depredations as they have hitherto done; and if they are obliged to go to their parishes, I think the evil is the least of the two. But we know very well that these men will find employment enough in an *honest* way, if they will be content with a reasonable reward for their labour.—2dly. "It would, &c."—It cannot destroy the coast fisheries: it only puts them under proper regulations. Fish will be equally numerous and equally cheap; with only this difference, that we shall have some chance of getting it at a reasonable price in London.—3dly. "It would, &c."—Is there any necessity for a grand nursery for seamen, to be a grand nursery of smuggling and every species of illicit practice, where the whole attention is directed to defraud the government of its duties?—4thly. "It would, &c."—It

is no uncommon thing for thieves to fly the kingdom; but I see no great injury the state will sustain by a loss of them. Honest men will find the more to do. If France and Holland will receive with open arms a few desperate smugglers, it only shews the weakness of their power, which we should rejoice at; and if they thus kindly rid us of knavery, so much the better.—5thly. “It would, &c.”—Suppose, as is the case, these large open boats are kept by government, instead of plundering smugglers? The wreck and the wrecked, I fancy, would not fare a whit the worse.—6th. “It would, &c.”—It does, and it will prevent every species of smuggling, otherwise the outcry against it would not be so violent: and let it be remembered that the outcry is by the interested robbers, exasperated that they can rob no longer.—7thly. After describing, &c.”—A curious construction!—no boat or property is forfeited without an act of criminality being committed; for the punishment of which “these few emphatical words” are properly made a part of the act.

The remainder of the Letter contains much *patbos* on the disconsolate state and *long faces* of the “poor fishermen.”—Poor fellows! what a pity it is that smuggling should receive so severe a check!—Mr. Phillips is very angry at Mr. Pitt for having at length effected that demolition of smuggling, which many of his predecessors had attempted in vain. This is the result of pure rectitude, and may operate among that class of people to the total extermination of *political injustice* and *moral depravity*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

The Miseries of improper Education; or, the History of the Family of the Leverets.

(Continued from Page 123.)

I TAKE for granted, gentle reader, that thou hast heard of such a thing as fashion; perchance thou mayest understand

have not yet been able to determine the gender of fashion. Grammatical readers, therefore, will be so good as make proper allowances for me.

In our last chapter, we mentioned what, in general, were the prevailing sentiments in the Leveret family, and left off with a promise to give some account of that fine method of education which was adopted in the case of the two young gentlemen of this family, and which, we will venture to say, was the best possible method for enabling them to put in practice the sentiments they had been taught. In this mode of education, there was, however, nothing new, nothing uncommon, for it was, in one word, *fashionable*. The young gentlemen, as soon as they had arrived, not at the years of maturity, but at that time of life when youngsters are able to sit on horseback, were provided each with a horse and a servant to attend them; the servant could not walk so fast as to keep up with his young masters, and consequently was provided likewise with a horse; this servant, too, would have disgraced the family had he appeared in such cloaths as his wages enabled him to purchase; a livery of course was provided for him, suitable to the supposed rank and antiquity of the family; it is but justice to add that in the choice of this livery, family-pride was out of the question; fancy entirely determined the colour of the body and cuffs, there having been no livery in the family before this period according to the best records that can be found. But here I find a fit of digression coming upon me so strong that I hope my compassionate readers will indulge me for a few moments.

There was a time, gentle sir, or madam, when the stages of men's life were thus denominated—*Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age*. This division has obtained in the world, at least among all civilized nations, for some thousands of years. But lately, in consequence of some encroachments made by that tyrant *Fashion*, whom I mentioned above, the period of *Youth* has been entirely

might perhaps have not been so well relished, nor pursued with so much avidity. And as early impressions are the strongest, the wisdom of such parents as make *men* of their sons before they have ceased to be *boys*, must be very evident. Such are the *advantages* of this new mode of arranging the stages of life. In justice to my subject it remains that I should point out its disadvantages. In few words, then, it shortens human life. The body is enervated by profligacy before the mind has expanded by science, or strengthened by virtue. The distinctions between good and evil are done away, and never known. The enemy of mankind is invited to an easy prey. The passions that contribute to happiness are wasted in vicious indulgence. The fund of life is exhausted before the great purposes of rational existence have been learned, and the prime of life is burthened with the infirmities of age.

To return to our young gentlemen. — Furnished thus with all that can administer to pleasure, with money, and companions to teach them to spend it, and at a time of life when the passions will readily obey the call of indulgence, they soon were noticed as two of the most genteel and polite beaux the city produced. They visited the turf, that academy of good breeding and good company, and soon knew the particular qualities of each favourite horse, betted with spirit, and sometimes came home with their purses stored with their winnings — a circumstance that gave no little delight to their parents, especially when they saw the gold, and were informed that they had acquired an intimacy with my Lord this, and the Duke of t'other, and that at the race-balls they had the honour to dance with the Hon. Miss — or Lady Jane —. So firmly were their parents persuaded of all this, that they depended on hearing soon of John or Charles, or both, eloping to Gretna-green with some heiress of quality. For, as was observed in the first Chapter of this history, the young gentlemen were very handsome, and thought themselves much more so — two circumstances that seemed to insure success.

But their winnings at the gaming-table, or the turf coffee-house, were not so frequent as could be wished; and Mr. Leveret found that whatever those winnings might

company they kept, and enforced their arguments with so much eloquence and persiflage, that Mr. Leveret gave way, especially as his wife concluded with — “and surely, my dear, you would not have your boys moping in the counting-house all day, and seeing nothing of the world; it is horrid to curb the vivacity of youth, and bring up your children to be methodists — no, no, my life on't John and Charles will make their fortunes sooner than we expect.”

Gentle reader, if thou hast ever been present in the great senate of the nation, peradventure thou mayest have observed that although those gentlemen who are called the minority may be defeated, they are never convinced. Precisely so, it was with Mr. Leveret; he was obliged to yield to the solicitations of his wife and daughters, without being at all convinced that his own arguments were not the soundest. — Ladies in general know so little of the nature of business, that Mr. Leveret never could persuade his family that money was much more easily dissipated than collected; and that in many cases expences increase without a proportionable increase of profits; as to the sons, the notions instilled into them in their youth were now in full operation, and whenever their father hinted to them any thing respecting expence, he received answers, not of the most gentle kind. And here, by the bye, it may be, observed, that parents who neglect to give their children a pious and rational education, deceive themselves very much if they expect any very extraordinary returns of filial duty, for that is a virtue unknown to a dissipated or a vacant mind.

But lest my readers may suppose that Mr. Leveret was now troubled with a certain compunction for the improper manner in which he had brought up his sons, I must here, in pursuance of historical fidelity and truth, inform them, that no such alteration in his sentiments had taken place. The folly, the danger, and the profligacy of their conduct never, in truth, gave him any uneasiness; his chagrin arose entirely from the expence their manner of living was attended with — for Mr. Leveret was one of those parents who regard their children's vices and virtues alike; that is, who

believe they were never guilty of associating with persons beneath their rank.

While Mr. Leveret was left in a defenceless minority at home, his arguments had the voice of the public, and this, to do him all manner of justice, without his procuring, or indeed his approbation. For as a man's neighbours ever know more of his affairs than he does himself, so the persons with whom Mr. Leveret had transactions, knew much more of his character than he wished them to know, and much more of his family than he knew himself. Even those who were entertained at his table, affected to discover a something of superior grandeur in the family government, which could not last long. And what increased the general suspicion was, the discovery of certain transactions in the way of business wherein Mr. Leveret had a principal hand, and which could not be reconciled to that spirit of honour, and integrity which distinguishes a British merchant or trader. The system of deception, however, which is recorded in the first chapter, and which was still prevalent in this family, operated now to blind them more and more, and as, "whatever is every body's business is nobody's," nobody thought it worth his while to speak in language more loud than a whisper, or more intelligible than shrugs or winks.

The Miss Leverets, now at that age when courtship is expected, were tall, showy girls—squired by beaux to public places, and devoted to a life of genteel sloth. As men of business were necessarily often at their father's table, they were not without overtures of marriage from such. Maria, the eldest, was first addressed by a young merchant, the junior partner and probable successor of his uncle, a man of considerable wealth; but this young man was rejected because he had something very awkward in his gait, and partook little or none in genteel conversation. Her next swain was a shopkeeper of considerable eminence and justly reputed of good fortune—but she could not bear the thought of a shopkeeper, and he was discarded. Thirdly, came a gentleman, who had a place of £500 per annum in a public office, but the name of a clerk was odious—and he took his leave—lastly, advanced a young clergyman, with a good living; but as he expressed some odd notions about the absurdity of expensive conduct, and the pleasure of domestic society in the country, he also was permitted to take his departure. Sally, the second daughter, had her share of offers, much of the same kind with those now recited, but as they were rejected for similar reasons, we shall not here particularize them.

The refusal of so many offers, and some as advantageous as could be expected, may seem strange; but we hope enough has been

already said of the principles adopted by this family to account for this. Certainly it did not proceed from an aversion to marriage; but from an ambition after high life, and that opinion we have already recorded, namely, that there is no happiness but in a coach, and five thousand pounds a year. For, while the young ladies were rejecting all offers suited to their rank, they were forming designs on the hearts of every young man of rank whom they met with in public places, at routs, balls, &c. And, in doing this, it has been reported on good authority, that they often trespassed the bounds which female delicacy almost always prescribes to itself, and for which it is so much approved by the world at large, that we never can like a young woman who is forward and bold. Hence the designs formed by these unhappy maidens were always unsuccessful, and always the subject of ridicule.

When public censure has no exceptions, and when public ridicule is universally acknowledged, there must be some foundation for them. This was unfortunately too much the case with the ladies whose history we are recording. They afforded ample fund for the censorious, and they gave the charitable no opportunity of interposing in their behalf. The years were now fast approaching at which the name of old maid is applied; and no coronet had yet been seen in their train—they were now supplanted at public places by younger and less assuming beauties, and the hopes that had dazzled the eyes of their parents began now to vanish; but too late was it now to undo what had been done; too late to recall the mind from those principles so early and so assiduously instilled. Notions of high life prevailed as much as ever, while the means of supporting appearances became every day less, for an event about this time happened which overturned the grand system contrived to impose on the world, and at once demonstrated the folly of educating children in notions above their situation.

The event we are about to record was no other than the death of Mr. Leveret—an event which as his family knew they could not prevent, so from what I have already related it will appear they were not very anxious to provide against. Here some of my readers may be inclined to blame them, and perhaps indeed some small portion of blame they deserved, especially since they could not be ignorant that he was the prop of the family pride as he had been the author of it. But it is to be observed, that this indifference of theirs towards the future was in exact conformity to the system of imposing on the world which was pursued in this family.

(To be continued.)

The Orphan.

[From Lady Crauden's "Journey to Constantinople.]"

AT the post beyond Blois, while the horses were changing, (an operation not performed in one minute, as in England) one of my servants came up to the door, and said, "*Ces maudits postillons ne veulent point laisser monter cet enfant derrière la voiture.*" The word *enfant* always strikes to my very heart: among the many reasons I had before, I have now an additional one for feeling about an *enfant* of any sort.

I am at this moment above an hundred miles distant from the most affectionate, the most engaging, and the most beautiful child that ever mother had—and for the first time I have ever left him——

Quel enfant ? said I, looking out on the left hand towards the hind wheel of my Berline—I saw a boy seemingly about ten years old, decently dressed in mourning—a crape round his hat, and black buckles in his shoes.

Madame ! says he—and the tears in his eyes stopped his voice—

Eh bien, mon enfant ; parlez—

Madame, le maitre de poste a Blois m'a conseillé de monter derrière votre Berline, comme il n'y avait point de malle à présent les postillons ne veulent pas m'y laisser.

Comment vous appelez vous ?

Cassius.

Cassius—voilà un beau nom—Oui Madame, said the child ; who had never heard of any other Cassius but himself—*mon pere était gentilhomme*—and he gave me a pocket-book which contained letters. One of these was from a lady of quality to the child's distant relations at la Rochelle, desiring them to place him on board a ship.

Comment— says I ; *vous voudriez servir—*

Oui Madame ; je ne saurais être domestique, parce que mes peres étaient gentilhommes and among a variety of questions which I asked him——and to which he answered modestly and pertinently——whenever he recollected that circumstance it was a painful idea——He had a brother and a sister at Paris, who had sent him to go from thence to la Rochelle on foot, with six livres, and his letters of recommendation, for his support and protection. What unfeeling people ! *Avez vous diné aujourd'hui ?* It was then about six o'clock.

N O T E.

* *Servir* in French conversation always means *serve* in a military capacity, and not as a servant.

Hub. Mag. May, 1789.

Oui Madame, le maitre de poste à Blois m'a donné à dîner——ce sont les postillons d'ici qui ne veulent pas que je monte derrière votre voiture. The postillions were by this time listening to my conversation with the child, and one of them with a gruff voice said—*Si ce petit monsieur veut payer un cinquième cheval, il montera.—Et si j'avais une grande malle, comme de coutume ?* Says I, *Montez, montez, mon enfant ;* and turning to the postillion, *vous aurez de quoi boire à sa santé ;* so he was pleased, and the boy delighted ; but as in France more than in any other country in the world, the value of every thing is——“so much money as it will bring ;”——my maid was surprised at my bonté d'ame.——As I never eat but once a day in travelling, and that at the end of my journey——I shall never forget my supper last night.——I got into my bed fatigued, and ordered my maid to bring me a soup. I had lain half an hour ; the room was dark ; and when the door opened, the first thing I saw was Cassius holding two wax-lights, preceding my maid. He said *Mademoiselle* might go to her supper, and he would wait upon me, and his countenance had a mixture of comfort, joy, and gratitude in it, scarcely to be seen but in the candour of youth. This morning I had settled with the mistress of the inn that she should agree with the waggoner to take Cassius safe to la Rochelle.——I had given him some money (too little for charity to name——perhaps what the avaricious would think too much), and a recommendation signed with my name, and my seal upon it, when the postillions I had ordered to take me to——came to inform me, that as it was a cross country-road, they expected three times the sum usually paid.——As I might just as effectually argue with a horse as with a French postillion, I asked where the posthouse was ?——

Only two doors off——

I went there ; the master was out, but his wife was at home ; and while I was settling matters with her, one of the old-fashioned French post-chaises stopt at the door, with an officer in it, seeming emaciated by sickness, and his head wrapped up very much——Cassius was at my elbow : *Madame, Madame,* says he, *ce monsieur n'a point de malle* (in fact all the baggage was before) *j'irais bien plus vite à la Rochelle, si vous vouliez lui demander de me laisser monter sur sa voiture.*——I went up to the chaise, and curtsied very low ; the officer bowed slightly ; I slept back ; but Cassius pulled me by the sleeve,——so I once again advanced, and curtsied——*Monsieur——Madame.*——

I brought Cassius forward——*Voici un pauvre orphelin qui va à la Rochelle——*

H h

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Il est venu depuis Blois sur ma Berline ; si vous voulez bien lui permettre de monter derrière votre voiture, ce sera moi qui vous en aurai l'obligation.—*Moi*, I repeated in a higher tone of voice. The officer had begun by staring at me from head to foot ; and before I had finished my speech he had endeavoured, but in vain, to draw off his night cap—*Tout ce que vous ordonnez—tout ce qu'il vous plaira, Madame.*—

And I had the satisfaction of seeing the little orphan comfortably seated, and flying towards Rochelle, certain that he would neither be robbed nor beaten on the road—”

On the present State of Society in all civilized Nations, but particularly in France and England.

IT is commonly observed, by shallow thinkers, that human nature is the same in all nations and ages, and that the traits of difference and discrimination are lost in the contemplation of that general mass of light and shade which display the character of all mankind ; but, on the contrary, it will be found, on accurate investigation, that nothing with which we are at all acquainted is either so variable in its nature as the human mind, or, in reality, so greatly varied. So manifold and great are the circumstances of diversity, and even opposition which distinguish the tribes and nations of men, that there is some difficulty in ascertaining the radical and common principles of human nature. While some philosophers trace the origin of our nature to the brutal state, others undertake to shew that the ways of thinking of men, placed in different situations, are and must be, not only different, but in several respects, particularly in moral sentiments, diametrically opposite. That we may not, however, seem to rest a truth of such curiosity and importance on the uncertain theories of ideal speculators, we may appeal, for its certainty, to the whole circle of ancient as well as modern history. Nor will the extreme diversity that takes place in the human character appear surprising, when we reflect on the endless variety of

is constantly something that we bring home to ourselves ; the most inexhaustible, because, while other objects are fixed in time and place, the mind embraces things past, present, and to come ; it wanders, according to the noble imagery of MILTON, through eternity ; and while it endeavours to grasp and comprehend the whole universality of things, is, itself, at least by itself, incomprehensible. In its own nature, as well as in its relations, it presents to the investigation of the philosopher and the historian matter that is truly and literally unfathomable and unbounded.

As there is a peculiar character stamped by the hand of nature and accident, on every individual, every family, tribe, and nation, so also there is a peculiar character impressed on every age in the history of the world. To trace the marks of distinction between the successive ages or generations of men in the history of a particular country, is, perhaps, possible ; but in taking a review of universal history, the eye can take in only a few general divisions. Too many landmarks would degenerate into a labyrinth. An expanse so wide must be divided into a few enclosures, if we would compare them with one another to advantage, and acquire a knowledge of their respective qualities.

If we divide the whole lapse of time since the first dawnings of History to the present moments into eight periods, measuring each, not by its duration, but by its importance to us, the whole of human transactions will take their proper stations in one or other of the squares in the following table. The first period extends from our earliest accounts of things to the migrations of Egyptian and Phœnician colonies, westward into Asia Minor and Greece. The second, from that æra to the times of Amphictyon, who united into one political system the several rude and independent Grecian states. The third, from that epoch to the reduction of Greece, and almost all that was known of Asia by Alexander. The fourth, from the death of Alexander to the times of Julius Cæsar, who converted the Roman Repub-

to the age of Lewis XIV. and an Englishman that of Queen Anne: the second from the time of that Queen to the present—It is this second subdivision on which it is proposed to make a few comparative observations.

First, The present age, or general system of society, is the oldest of any with which we are acquainted: I say, of any with which we are acquainted, because, from certain natural appearances, as the wrecks of whole species of animals now extinct, and the evident traces of convulsion by fire and water to be met with over the whole face of the earth, it is possible that nations and empires, and societies of nations and empires, may have existed in some former periods, of which no vestiges remain, that may have as much excelled us in science and art, and civilized life, as we excel the Indians and wandering Arabs.

Secondly. One of the prerogatives of years is, wisdom founded on experience. Accordingly, if we examine the history of the world we shall find, that each succeeding age esteemed itself wiser than that which preceded it. In order to judge of this pretension, which is made by the present age as well as others, we must observe, that there are two kinds of wisdom; moral wisdom, or the art of life and happiness; and intellectual wisdom, consisting in abstracted knowledge, commonly called science. With regard to the first, it was more studied and carried more into practice in ancient than in modern times. The moral philosophy of the ancients terminated in life and action: that of the moderns leads merely to speculation. This also is the case, for the most part, with those different systems of religion, which profess to supply the place of Ethics. But, on the other hand, if the moral philosophy of ancient times was more practical than that of the present; the natural philosophy of the moderns excels that of the ancients, because it is experimental.—These observations are applicable to the first, as well as the last, subdivision of the eighth and latest period in the history of the world: let us try to hit off the shade by which, in respect of letters, philosophy and manners, the last is distinguished from the present century.—The spirit of experimental philosophy has of late been rapidly increased and extended. If this spirit, in the sixteenth century, be reckoned at the number one, and in the seventeenth at two, and in the first fifty years of the eighteenth at four, it may, for the last forty, be computed at eight. Authorities are more and more set aside. The conjectures of Newton himself, even in England, are not regarded with submissive veneration. His ethereal fluid is forgotten, and every eye is turned to the powers of electrical fire, and the different species of air.

This spirit of experiment, by contributing to mechanical invention, abridges the labours, and multiplies the comforts of mankind. In England, the country that gave it birth, it is intimately connected with the prosperity and grandeur of the nation. In strokes of policy, and stratagems of war, our rivals, the French are, on the whole, our superiors. But, by mechanical invention alone, notwithstanding the high expence of living, and the growing weight of taxes, we are able in various articles, to undersell nations where labour is twice as cheap, the expence of living twice as low and taxes more than twice as moderate.—Mechanical invention has of late been applied with the most prosperous success, even to the refined art of painting.—And here it is natural to take notice of another characteristic of the present times, and particularly the present genius of England: I mean a generous disposition to encourage merit, and to mature every rising art. How many germs of invention are crushed in embryo for want of patronage and protection? The liberal support, encouragement, and assistance, extended to the obscure inventor, by the liberal and ingenious proprietors of the Polygraphic Art, have nourished and brought to glorious perfection an accidental discovery, which, but for their liberality, must have been lost to England and to the world.

The spirit of experiment has extended from natural to moral philosophy, the operations of the mind, the rise and progress of the passions, are watched with care, and made the subject of observations intended as a basis for pneumatics.

Thirdly, the reigning taste for facts and experiments, the discriminating genius of an accurate philosophy has influenced our poetical compositions and books of entertainment. The days of epic poetry, and unbounded fire of imagination, are over. The *Henriade* of Voltaire is too close a copy of real life and manners to satisfy that desire after something great and perfect, which is to be satisfied only by fiction. No Ariosto, no Spenser appears, or can appear in the present age. The only poetry of the present times is the descriptive. Heathen gods, monstrous animals, hobgoblins, and witches, are wholly exploded. We scarcely endure even angels and devils, though their existence be authenticated by the sacred writings. Even on the stage plot and incident are, in a great measure, banished. No such interesting extravagance is now to be met with in our plays as gives animation to those of Shakespeare, Vanbrugh, and Congreve. In both France and England it is, with a few exceptions, a tedious moral preacher that harangues the inattentive audience.

Fourthly, That precision, that cold accuracy which begins to run through our literary compositions, begins also to tinge our manners. Whatever quality gives a tincture to the taste of a nation, gives also a tincture to the national character. The French have long been distinguished by a peculiar delicacy of taste; and, accordingly, a peculiar delicacy runs through their manners. The irregularity and boldness of the English taste corresponded for ages, and still, in some measure, correspond with the general spirit of the nation. The stateliness which the Spaniards affect in their behaviour is analogous to the loftiness which they approve in composition. But these features begin to be softened and melted down into greater and greater uniformity. For,

Fifthly, It is a property, and, perhaps, the most distinguishing characteristic of civilized nations, that, as they advance in refinement, they are more and more assimilated to each other. The most cultivated nations in Europe are more and more studious of propriety and decorum of behaviour, or what the nation that takes the lead in this matter calls *Bienfiance*: a circumspection and reserve, but ill concealed under a mask of openness and affability. This gradual assimilation,

Sixthly, is owing to the gradual and rapid extension of intercourse among states and kingdoms. This intercourse is promoted by commerce, by travelling, and by literature, the most subtle as well as the widest and strongest bond of connection amongst mankind. All these, but particularly literature, wear off the antipathies that set men at variance, and unite them by the social ties of sympathy. A striking proof and example of the influence of literature on humanity has been lately exhibited to the world by the effects which have been produced on the sensibility of the French court and nation by a late performance, entitled *MEMOIRS OF THE LATE WAR IN ASIA*. This publication, which contains a narrative of the imprisonment and sufferings of the British officers and soldiers that fell into the hands of Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, and, among the rest, of those who were delivered up to Tippoo by the Admiral Suffrein: this publication, translated into the French

Councils, they do not exclude those of humanity: at the same time that the French King pours troops into Mauritius and Pondicherry, he writes a letter to his ally to let go those officers and artificers, of whose skill he might greatly avail himself in military preparations against the English.

Seventhly, The progress of humanity has influenced, and promises still more and more to influence the laws and institutions of this and other kingdoms. A spirit has arisen which will soften the rigours of the gloomy jail, and finally explode that inhuman practice of imprisonment for debt.

Eighthly, The progress of humanity is attended with that of its usual concomitant effeminacy. Men, in their dress and gesture, more than at any former period, resemble women. They wear long hair highly perfumed; they thicken and lengthen it by borrowed locks. They use brushes and dentifrices for bleaching their teeth; to shew the whiteness of which, they constantly simper and laugh. They even go beyond the women in effeminacy; for, laying aside their knee and shoe-buckles, as too indelicate and hard for their limbs, they use, in their stead, ribbands of the finest silk. Nay, not a few of our young gentlemen, and even some advanced to their grand climacteric, adorn their faces with paint, and, in order to whiten their hands, which know not any coarser occupation than that of handing a lady into her chariot, or, out of it, into the side box of a play.——In Italy and France men wear ear-rings. The ears of Englishmen are yet entire; but it is not improbable that they will by and by undergo perforation.

Ninthly, There is a circumstance which, though apparently frivolous, is characteristic of these times: I mean, the fashion of speaking, at all the Courts of Europe, in a very low tone of voice: whether it proceeds from an aversion to exertion, or that the same precision and mensuration which influence the public taste in literature and science, have extended themselves to common conversation. People of fashion seem studious to measure out just such portions of sound as will waft their sentiments to the ears of those with whom they converse, and no more. In like manner, on one's entering

when it would be one; for never since the times of the Roman Emperors were corruption and sensuality more prevalent than at present, in Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, Austria, and England. There is less of ceremony in what is called intrigue, less of the romantic apparatus of gallantry. Here too, as well as in the open and avowed intercourses of society, ceremony is more than ever laid aside. The parties concerned proceed in a pretty direct manner to the point of question.

Tenthly, If from the higher we descend to the lower ranks of society in this country, we shall find occasion to remark, that of late years civility and decency of manners have made great advances among what foreigners call the Canaille of the English metropolis. A gentleman of the army, who had been absent from his native country not less than thirty years, and who was therefore better qualified to make observations on the never-ceasing vicissitudes of our affairs than those who reside constantly on the spot, being asked by the writer of this essay, what struck him most forcibly on his return to London, made answer, "I was surprised to find that a gentleman might walk in the streets without being abused by the mob."—There was never so great a concourse of people assembled in the streets of this capital, as on the occasion of the late rejoicing at the recovery of His Majesty: and there never was a public rejoicing carried on with so great harmony and decorum.—On the manners of the lower people it may also be observed, that, if they are more civilized than their forefathers, they are also somewhat more tractable, tame, and submissive. To these observations it may be added, that now-a-days we have very rarely even a boxing match where the antagonists are not urged on by the expectation of some pecuniary reward; or some bett or wager laid by the spectators—so universally has venality pervaded all ranks and circumstances of life. But,

Eleventhly, It is remarkable, that though the present age be humane and charitable, beyond any that preceded it, the great spirit which actuates the public councils of states and kingdoms is commerce. It is equally remarkable, that it is not avarice which is at the bottom of the phrenzy, but rather ambition and the influence of custom. This age is not avaricious; but it is now very generally understood, in this period of refinement and extended intercourse, when military affairs are carried on, on so prodigious a scale, that the sinew of war is money. Men of genius, too, have been at great pains to shew the manner in which industry forms the wealth and strength of nations.

Twelfthly, There is, to concentrate the outlines of the present age into one miniature picture, a singular union of public profligacy with private humanity. The same man that will sell his vote to the highest bidder, will even straiten himself in order to perform a benevolent action. The men of these times are more addicted to pleasure than to vanity, and to vanity than to avarice; yet, from a strange commixture of circumstances and opinions, it is the fashion for nations and individuals to affect extreme prudence in all things, to calculate loss and gain, and steadily to pursue their own interest. Selfishness is avowed, paradoxical as it may appear, in some instances where indolence and passions of different kinds, and benevolent affections, are, in reality, the true springs of action; for all romantic efforts of bravery and virtue are regarded with a pity, seasoned as much with contempt as with respect. In commercial countries like this, especially, even generals and admirals, well knowing that independent fortunes procure influence and political friends, and that government, more than half popular, these advantages can drown all clamours concerning misconduct, are sometimes more anxious to reap the emoluments of office than the laurels of victory. And it must be confessed, that there is a period of society when such prudential regards seem necessary, if not to the safety, yet to the tranquillity of life. Who can doubt, that if Mr. Hastings had been as eager to accumulate a fortune as to serve his country, he might have easily found means to quash his present persecution. Though this great spirit be an exception, it may be affirmed of the present age, in general, that the Epicurean gains ground on the Stoic philosophy; and that the means of pleasure are preferred to the echoes of FAME.

On the National Character of the Spaniards.

IF the Spaniards have ever had distinguishing marks applicable to all the inhabitants of their peninsula, it was when the Arabs, by establishing themselves among them, imprinted on them a peculiar character, and notwithstanding the different causes which separated them, communicated to them a part of their manners, their turn of thinking, their taste for the arts and sciences, and whatever other traces we find of them in those provinces in which they remained longest; and when the high idea which they entertained of their nation, and which was justified by circumstances, rendered them all like the portrait drawn of them at present, in which they are represented as grave, austere, and generous, fond of war, and of romantic

romantic adventures; and lastly, when in their general assemblies, which they called *Cortes*, they all had more or less an active part in the government; when they directed or watched over the operations, and when they entertained more lively sentiments than at present of that patriotism which has so powerful an influence over the opinions, the affections, and the manners of those whom it animates. But these three causes of uniformity in the national character have almost disappeared, and have given up the Spaniard to the more immediate influence of climate, laws, and the productions of different provinces; so that in order to paint these people such as they are at present, it would be necessary to subdivide them into Castilians, Catalans, Arragonese, Navarrese, Andalusians, Biscayans and Asturians, and to delineate a particular character of each of these; a difficult and disagreeable task, which one could not execute, without placing almost always the exception by the side of the rule, and in discharging which, it would be difficult to be exact without being too minute, to be just without appearing severe, and to be an apologist without seeming a flatterer.

This revolution, however, has not been so general, as not to leave some characteristic marks, by which the whole Spanish nation may still be known. A part of their manners have survived those events which changed them. The empire of its climate, has been modified, but not destroyed. In many respects the provinces live under the same form of government. The court of a monarch, almost absolute, is still the centre of the vows and affections of the whole kingdom. All the modern Spaniards profess the same worship. In literature, they have still the same models, and the same taste. In these respects they have preserved marks of resemblance with their ancestors, and these we shall endeavour to display.

At the period when Spain acted so great a part on the public theatre, when it discovered and conquered the new world, and when, not contented with ruling part of Europe, it convulsed and shook the other, either by its intrigues or military expedi-

distinguish him still in our days, and which have often recalled to my remembrance the following lines of one of our poets, respecting original sin, notwithstanding the consequences of which, the august destination of man may still be perceived. The poet calls him,

A fallen king, in whose exalted mien
Strong traces still of majesty are seen.

The modern Spaniard preserves still in his, the marks of his former consequence. Whether he speaks or writes, his expressions have a peculiar turn of exaggeration, which approaches near torodomontade. The Spaniards, I hope, will forgive me, for treating them with a little severity upon this point: for they ought to keep in mind, that every nation has its faults, as well as good qualities, and that these are so intimately connected, that faults are often the consequences of an excess of good qualities, in the same manner, as the latter are often the consequences of the former, and plead their excuse.

I will venture, therefore, to repeat, that the Spaniard entertains a high idea of his nation and of himself, and expresses this sentiment openly and without reserve. His self-love does not appear in those ludicrous exaggerations of speech which provoke laughter rather than anger, and which characterize the inhabitants of Gascony, one of the provinces of France. Whenever he boasts, it is with great gravity, and with all the pomp of his language. In a word, a Spaniard, as a man of genius said to me one day, *is a Gascon in buskins*.

I am, however, very much inclined to believe, that the genius of his language may account for the bombast of his style. The Spaniards have not only adopted many of the words and expressions of the Arabians, but they have been tinged also with the oriental spirit, which these people naturalised in Spain. This spirit is found in all Spanish works of imagination, in their books of piety, in their comedies, and in their romances. It is, perhaps, one of the causes of the slow progress which sound philosophy makes among them, because, carrying every thing beyond truth and reality, loading the simplest idea with images, and fond of

are compensated by very valuable qualities, or rather are the source of them. The pride of individuals, like that of the nation, elevates the soul, and puts it on its guard against meanness, and such is, indeed, the pride of the Spaniards. In Spain, as well as elsewhere, there are vices and crimes, but, in general, pride is the most prominent feature in the national character of the Spaniards. It appears among the lowest classes, even in a dungeon, and under the rags of misery. It regulates in a certain degree, the genius of a language naturally diffuse, in which the ear seems to delight in throwing together sonorous words, and in which abundance of phrases is often taken for abundance of ideas. Pride is generally concise; it disdains details, and delights in those enigmatic expressions, which leave employment to the thoughts, and often even much to be guessed. Hence it happens, that the Spaniards, who when their imagination is in the least animated, display all the luxury of their language, are very laconic when their minds are free from the turbulence of passion. I could mention an hundred examples, but I shall be contented with one. Having had occasion to speak to a Spaniard, who lodged on a lower floor, and having found him caressing a young child, with much gravity, I said to him, are you the father of that child? A Frenchman of the same rank, would have modestly replied, *Yes, Sir*, or at least, *I have reason to believe so*, and would have told me much more than I wished to know; but the Castilian, without the least emotion, and even without smiling at my question, replied coldly, *he was born in my house*, and then changed the conversation.

This gravity of the Spaniards, which is now become proverbial, is, however, far from being what it is commonly thought; it indeed, banishes what we call affability and pre-possessing manners. They do not go to meet you, they wait for you. But this external severity conceals often a good and obliging disposition, which may be easily discovered by those who give themselves the least trouble to search for it. Strangers to the vain grimaces of French politeness, they

for falsehood and contempt; but they make ample amends for this want, by that frankness which is not feigned, and by that benevolence which both announces and inspires confidence. Their great lords are destitute of dignity, if we call dignity that haughtiness which is always circumspect in its advances, for fear of producing familiarity, and which cares little for being loved, provided it be respected. Without forgetting what they are, they do not shew in an offensive manner the difference of rank, and they do not disdain to form connections in those which are below their own. One no longer sees among them a Duke of Alva, a Don Louis de Haro, or a Penaranda, whose characters, displayed to the eyes of all Europe, have without doubt greatly contributed to propagate that idea which is still entertained of the imperious haughtiness of the high nobility in Spain; it is at least much less than what it was formerly. If some of them have retained any traces of it, they appeared only in coolness, timidity and embarrassment, which they share in common with the rest of the nation.

This exterior gravity in all classes, conceals a gaiety which needs only be called forth to appear. I shall not quote as a proof of this assertion, those Spanish amusements in which buffoonery is so well received; this would rather be an argument against my opinion, since it has been remarked, that the theatre of gay nations is more serious than that of grave nations, as if the mind delighted principally in emotions which draw it from its habitual state.

But to judge whether the Spaniards are sprightly, I shall conduct the reader into their circles when they are there at their ease; to their repasts before the vapors of their food and wine have disturbed their brains; I shall make him take a share in their conversation, full of lively sallies, pleasantry and quibbling, all children either lawful or illegitimate of mirth, and I shall ask him if it appears less free or worse supported than in our clubs and *petit soupers*. I shall be doubtless told, that this gaiety is too noisy and disagreeable; but, however it may be

cheap, and can be readily procured; and on the other hand, when one considers the hard and laborious life of those mule drivers and carters, who courageously climb the steepest roads, those husbandmen who in the plains of Andalusia and la Mancha, inure themselves to the labors of the field, which the nature of the soil, the distance of their habitations, and the scorching heat of the warmest climate in Europe, render more painful than they are elsewhere; when one considers that quantity of Gallicians and Asturians who, like the inhabitants of Auvergne and Limousin in France, go to a great distance to seek for the tedious and painful means of subsistence, and lastly, when one sees that laziness with which the Spaniards are so much reproached, confined within the bounds of the two Castiles, that part of Spain which has the fewest roads, canals or navigable rivers, has not one a right to conclude, that this vice is not an indelible feature in the national character of the Spaniards, that it depends upon changeable circumstances, and that the government, active and enlightened as it is at present, may make it soon disappear entirely?

There is another fault, which has much affinity to laziness, or which at least discovers itself by the same symptoms, and from which it would be difficult to exculpate the Spaniards. This fault is slowness. Enlightened knowledge, it must be confessed, makes a very slow progress among them. In politics, in war, and the other operations of government, and in those even which occur in the ordinary course of life, when others are in action, they are still deliberating. Distrustful and circumspect, they ruin as many affairs by slowness as other nations by precipitation; and this is the more surprising, as their imagination, so lively, ought rather to be irritated by delay. But among nations, as among individuals, there is not a single quality which is not often modified by a contrary quality, and in this contest, the triumph inclines to that side to which the mind is carried with the greatest force by the circumstance of the moment. Thus the Spaniard, naturally cool and collected, when agitated by nothing extraordinary, is enflamed even to enthusiasm, when his pride, his resentment, or any of those passions which compose his character, is roused by insult or contradiction. Hence, therefore, this nation, the gravest, the coolest, and apparently the slowest in Europe, becomes sometimes the most violent, when particular circumstances take them from their state of habitual tranquillity, and deliver them over to the empire of their imagination. The most formidable animals are not those which are subject to the most violent agitations. When we look at the lion, his visage appears

as grave as his step, his motions have all some object, and his voice is not spent in vain noise. As long as one respects his inaction, he loves silence and peace; but if provoked, he shakes his mane, his eyes dart forth fire, he roars, and is immediately acknowledged as the king of animals.

It is this combination of slowness and violence which constitutes, perhaps, the most formidable species of courage, and such is, in my opinion, that of the Spaniards. Those causes which kept it in continual activity have disappeared. For a long time they have not had as neighbours the Moors, who daily added fuel to it, nor have they been so much actuated by hatred, jealousy, and fanaticism, three united motives, which increased its intensity. The wars of the last century, and those of the succession, have not been sufficient to preserve it in the same degree of fermentation in which it was formerly. The courage of the Spaniards seems, therefore, to be dormant; but it may be easily roused, and it is indeed roused on the least signal. The revolution which has been brought about in this respect is not sensible, but in circumstances, where courage, useless, and sometimes fatal, is rather the vice of a ferocious people, than the virtue of a polished nation. The times when the name only of the infidels excited fury, and the age of a Pizarro, and an Almagro have disappeared, much for the happiness of Spain and of humanity. The inhabitants of the colonies in Spanish America, and the natives which are still preserved, no longer groan under the yoke of the mother country. If religious intolerance subsists still in Spain, it appears only in declamation, and the spirit of persecution is much abated. People have even begun to perceive, that religion may allow policy to consider as useful neighbours those in whom they have hitherto beheld irreconcilable enemies. In Spain, as elsewhere, the progress of knowledge and philosophy, though slow, has sensibly softened the manners of the inhabitants, and the traces of ancient barbarity successively disappear. Formerly, assassinations were very common in Spain; every man of the least distinction kept assassins in his pay, and they were hired in the province of Valencia, as false witnesses are hired in some of our provinces in France. The weapon used in this horrid custom was a triangular poignard, which, concealed under the cloke, was taken forth with impunity on the first set of resentment, the wounds of which were more dangerous than those of a sword, as the latter cannot be used privately, and as the management of it requires some dexterity. The use of this perfidious weapon is not abolished entirely, and leaves room for some of those inculpations with which foreign nations

tions are continually blackening the Spaniards. The manners of a people are not corrected by violent and sudden means: a minister under the late reign experienced this to his cost. Long clokes and slouched hats favored every disorder, and in particular those which endanger the safety of the citizen. Desirous of reforming such abuses, he had recourse to coercive laws, and even to force, in order to abolish these modes in the capital; but the people mutinied, and the minister was sacrificed. Fashion, rudely attacked, survived him in part; but milder and slower means, the example of the court, and of those who depended on it, and the activity of a vigilant police, have greatly removed these inconveniencies. That kind of mask which under the name of hat, encouraged insolence, by ensuring impunity, has entirely disappeared, and the cloke, a vestment very convenient for those who know how to use it, no longer favours any thing but laziness.

The use of the fatal poignard subsists yet in some parts of Spain, and above all in the southern provinces, but only among the lowest of the people. There are still bravadoes who make it the terror of the weak, and violent men, to whom it is the instrument of speedy vengeance. The ecclesiastics have exerted themselves much to disarm their hearers, by their influence, and by charity. The Archbishop of Grenada, in particular, has employed preaching with great success for this purpose. The poignard and assassination are still, however, very common in Andalusia, and one may there see how powerful the influence of climate is, when it is not counteracted by moral remedies. During summer, a certain wind in that province causes a species of phrensy, which renders those excesses much more common than at any other of time of the year. But let the physical face of Spain be changed, let canals and roads be formed, in places which have hitherto been inaccessible, let readier means of communication facilitate and render more active the watchful care of the agents of government; let a more extensive population keep under the eye of public vengeance those villains whose solitude proves their security, as wild beasts reign only with impunity in the desert, let the progress of agriculture, industry and commerce, give employment to idleness, which is the source of all mischief, in a word, let the plan formed by the present government be put in execution, and we shall see in this respect, as in others, the influence of climate yield to these powerful causes. The revolution which has been operated in the manners of the Spaniards within these fifty years a test the certainty of this prognostic. It is in the present century, that two barba-

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rous customs have been almost gradually abolished, the Rondalla and the Pedreades, which reason and humanity ought to have proscribed long ago. One of them was a kind of challenge given by two bands of musicians one to another, without any other motive than that of trying their valor. They presented themselves before one another, with fire-arms and swords, and after having discharged their fuses, they commenced the attack with their side weapons. Will any one believe, that this custom still subsists in Navarre and Arragon? That of the Pedreades has not disappeared long. This was also a kind of combat, between two bodies of people, armed with slings, who attacked each other with stones. Such manners undoubtedly equally impeach those who preserve them, and the government which tolerates them. However, as there is scarcely any pernicious usage, which has not some cause and advantages at least in appearance, there are some people who regret that those institutions are attacked, which, while they display ferocity, prove and support bravery. But those are to be pitied who by such opinions prove, that in their conception reason is incompatible with true courage, the only courage which the glory and safety of a nation requires, as if in the wars which one nation carries on with another, armies of barbarians have never been seen to contend successfully against disciplined troops, and as if being accustomed to unrestrained disorder, secured the success of military operations. It has been without doubt, the favorers of such paradoxes, who have regretted the revolution brought about by Cervantes in the manners of the Spaniards, by throwing indelible ridicule upon those adventurers, who neglecting the duties of their situation, and the care of their families, created to themselves dangers, that they might have the vain glory of braving them; who gratuitously offered the assistance of their restless valor to those who did not seek for it, and whose importunate service is, at least, useless in a country where charity assists the wretched, and the police protects the weak.

Remarks on Nobility. By Lord Chancellor Bacon.

LET us speak of Nobility, first as it is a part of a state; next as it is a condition of particular persons. A monarchy, where there is no nobility at all, is ever a pure and absolute tyranny, as that of the Turks. For nobility attempts sovereignty, and draws the eyes of the people somewhat aside from the line royal. But, in a democracy, there is no need of nobles. Nay, that popular state is much more quiet, and less liable to factions and seditions, where there are no stocks of nobles: for there, men's

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eyes are upon the business, not upon the persons; or if upon the persons, it is for the sake of the business, as being fittest for it, and not out of any regard to flags or images of ancestors.

The Swiss, we see, are a flourishing people, notwithstanding their diversity of religions, and of cantons. For utility is their bond, and not respect. The form of government in the United Provinces of the Low Countries is certainly excellent: for, where there is an equality, the consultations are more disinterested, and the payments and tribute more cheerful.

A great and potent nobility in a monarchy addeth Majesty to the prince, but diminisheth his power; and putteth life and spirit into the people, but depresseth their fortune. It is well when the nobles are not too great for sovereignty nor for justice; and yet maintained in that height, that the insolence of the multitude may be blunted by their reverence of them, as by a bar in the way, before it pour itself forth upon the majesty of kings. On the other hand, a numerous nobility causeth poverty and inconvenience in a state; for it occasions a vast expence. And besides, it being a thing of necessity, that many of the nobility should, in course of time, fall to poverty, there follows a kind of divorce and disproportion between honour and estate.

As for nobility in particular persons, it is certainly a venerable thing to see an ancient castle or building not in the least decay; or an aged tall timber tree sound and perfect. How much more, to behold an ancient noble family, uninjured by the waves and storms of time! For new nobility is the act of royal power; but ancient nobility is the pure act of time.

Those that are first raised to a high pitch of nobility generally excel their descendants in the brightness of their virtues, but by no means in innocence! for there is rarely any rising to honours but by a mixture of good and evil arts. But it is reasonable, that the memory of their virtues should descend to their posterity; and that of their vices die with themselves.

Nobility of birth commonly abates industry; and he that is not industrious, envies another's diligence. Besides, noble persons cannot be advanced much further; and he that stands at a stay while others rise, can hardly avoid motions of envy. On the other side, nobility very much allays the envy of others toward them; for this reason because noblemen seem to be born in the possession of honours.

Certainly kings, that have a wise and able nobility about them, shall find an easier slide in their business, by employing them principally; for people naturally bend to them, as born in some sort to command.

Some Account of Monsieur De Calonne.

CHARLES Alexander De Calonne was born at Douay, in the year 1734. His father was First President of the Parliament of Flanders, descended from a noble family, originally of Tournay, and well known in the history of that city, which makes honourable mention of his ancestors in the remotest times. Having finished his studies at the university of Paris with extraordinary success, he was appointed, in his three-and-twentieth year, Advocate or Solicitor-General of the Superior Council of Artois; and before he had attained the age of twenty-five, was promoted to the office of *Procureur-General* or Attorney-General of the Parliament of Flanders, which he exercised with distinguished abilities for six years. He was then called as *Rapporteur* to the King's Council, to report to his Majesty the most momentous affairs of administration; of which arduous and laborious task he acquitted himself in a manner that evinced his profound knowledge of the government, constitution, history, and jurisprudence of France, and established his reputation as a writer of no less perspicuity and judgment, than elegance and energy of diction.

In 1776, he was named Intendant of the Province of the *Trois Evêches*, and for fourteen years fulfilled the duties of that important office with universal approbation and applause, and greatly to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, by whom he was much beloved, and who expressed the utmost regret at his departure when he quitted that province in 1780, being appointed Intendant-General of Flanders and Artois. The same amiable affability of manners, and mild and equitable conduct in the administration of public affairs, which had procured him their esteem, conciliated no less the affections of his countrymen in Flanders, to whose commercial interests he shewed particular attention, in promoting the fisheries and every useful establishment both during the three years of his residence at Dunkirk, and after being appointed in the year 1783, Comptroller-General of the Finances and Minister of State. In this high and important office he continued till 1787, and during the period of his administration raised and maintained the public credit by a punctuality till then unknown in the payments of the Royal Treasury, although on his accession he found it drained to the lowest ebb; and soon had the mortification to perceive that the annual income had been inadequate to the annual expenditure. To trace the cause of this deficiency, its origin and progress, was the secret work of many an hour, supposed by the public to be devoted to pleasure and repose, as he con-

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ceived it of the utmost importance to conceal the deficiency till he had explored its source, and provided an adequate remedy for it, such as would restore the proper equilibrium between the annual income and expenditure, and provide a surplus for emergencies without increasing the burthen of the people beyond their ability to support. For this purpose he prevailed on the King to revive the ancient usage of national assemblies, by calling together the Notables of the kingdom; and after laying before them a true state of the finances, he boldly proposed, as a chief remedy for the deficiency, that the pecuniary privilege and exemptions of the nobility, clergy, and magistracy, should be suppressed. Well aware that a measure which appeared to militate so much against the immediate interests of the three most powerful ranks of the community must meet with opposition, but confiding perhaps too much in the generosity of that Assembly, and the justice of the cause, he determined at all events to risk the sacrifice of his own situation, rather than longer to conceal or palliate the evil. So fair an opportunity to overthrow a Minister was not neglected by his enemies; murmurs were excited, and every artifice of calumny and detraction put in practice with so much success, that finding himself supplanted in the favour of his Royal Master by the Archbishop of Thoulouse, and persecuted by every means that the most powerful hatred could invent, or the most inveterate malice perpetrate, M. de Calonne found it necessary to take refuge in England, where his first care was to justify himself from the cruel and unfounded aspersions of his enemies, who are themselves compelled to admit that his *Requête au Roi*, and *Réponse à l'Écrit de Mr. Necker*, are master-pieces of eloquence, and written with as much moderation as elegance and perspicuity.

Having in our Magazine for March last, Page 117, given Dr. Fallon's Account of the great Quantity, and frequency of Rain at Killalla, which is founded on the just Principles of sound Philosophy, we shall here insert, by way of Supplement to that ingenious Performance, some Observations on the natural Indications of Changes of the Weather, and on the Use of the Barometer.

IT is a fact universally allowed, that there are certain indications of a change of weather, and that this change may be known some short time before.

1. A thick, dark sky, lasting for some time, without either sun or rain, always becomes first clear, then foul; that is, changes to a fair, clear sky, before it turns to rain.

2. A change in the warmest of the wea-

ther is generally followed by a change in the wind: thus, the northerly and southerly winds, commonly esteemed the *cause* of cold and warm weather, are, in reality, the *effects* of the cold or warmth of the atmosphere.

3. Most vegetables expand their flowers and down, in sun-shining weather; and, toward the evening, and against rain, close them again, especially at the beginning of their flowering, when their seeds are tender and sensible: this is visible in the down of dandelion, and the flowers of pimpernel. If the flowers be close shut up, it foretells rain and foul weather; if spread open, fair weather. The stalk of trefoil swells against rain, and grows more upright.

4. All wood, even the hardest and most solid, swells in moist weather, and foretells rain.

5. Stones and wainscots, when they sweat, portend rainy weather.*

6. Close weather, with a southerly wind, presages rain.

7. A red sky, at sunset, indicates wind.

8. When the wind suddenly shifts and blows in a different course to the sun's apparent motion in the heavens, which is from east to west, it foretells wet and blowing weather.

9. A circle round the moon, at some distance, is generally followed by rain the next day.

10. Sheep will feed early in the morning, and cattle, deer, and rabbits, feed hard against rain; and a heifer will put her nose, and snuff in the air, before wet.

11. Flame is more susceptible of air than we are: thus, the trembling of the flame of a candle foretells wind; as do the bending flame of coals, and their throwing more ashes than usual.

12. The obscuring of the smaller stars indicates a tempest.

13. Sea-weed hung up in a dry place, will give or grow damp before rain.

But a good weather-glass or barometer is more to be depended upon than any of the above rules. No farmer, therefore, should be without one; and the following observations on that instrument will enable him to foretell the weather with sufficient accuracy.

1. The rising of the quicksilver presages, in general, fair weather; and its falling, foul weather, as rain, snow, high winds, and storms. But this observation holds good with respect only to the single-tubed barometers; the case being reversed in those with double tubes.

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* These first five are the observations of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon.

2. In very hot weather, the falling of the quicksilver indicates thunder.

3. In winter its rising presages frost; and, in frosty weather, if the quicksilver falls three or four divisions, it will certainly thaw; but, in a continued frost, if the quicksilver rises, it will certainly snow.

4. When foul weather soon happens after the falling of the quicksilver, expect but little of it; and, on the contrary, expect but little fair weather, when it proves fair shortly after the quicksilver has risen.

5. In foul weather, when the quicksilver rises much and high, and so continues for two or three days before the foul weather is quite over, expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

6. In fair weather, when the quicksilver falls much and low, and thus continues for two or three days before the rains come, expect a great deal of wet, and probably high winds.

7. The unsettled motion of the quicksilver denotes uncertain and changeable weather.

8. You are not so strictly to observe the words engraved on the plate, (though it will generally agree with them) as the rising and falling of the quicksilver; for, if it stands at much rain, and rises up to changeable, it presages fair weather, although not to continue so long as it would have done, if the quicksilver were higher; and so, on the contrary, if the quicksilver stood at fair, and falls to changeable, it indicates foul weather, though not so much of it, as if it had sunk lower.

From these observations it appears, that it is not so much the height of the quicksilver in the tube, that indicates the weather, as the motion of it up and down; and, therefore, in order to make a right judgment of what weather is to be expected, we ought to know whether the quicksilver is rising or falling; to which end the following rules are of use.

1. If the surface of the quicksilver is convex, that is, standing round at top, or

sticking to the glass, which prevents its free motion, till it is disengaged by shaking.—Disturbing the glass then, occasionally, does good. Some glasses have screws at bottom to screw up the quicksilver, when you make an observation, instead of shaking it, as it is generally fixed to a wall. When, therefore, you wish to be accurate, shake or screw up the quicksilver, but unscrew it again, to give it room to sink, as it may require it.

Account of a Narrative of the Expedition to Botany Bay, &c. By Captain Walter Tench, of the Marines.

THIS Narrative seems to be the most perfect of any that has yet appeared. Captain Tench vouches for the truth of the circumstances related; and we, after making proper enquiry, can warrant the existence of the author, who served his country near thirty years, as a lieutenant in the marine service.

The subject does not require any criticism; the author having written for the early gratification of the public. The following are some of the most interesting passages.

“ May, 1787.

“ Governor Phillip having at length reached Portsmouth, and all things deemed necessary for the expedition being put on board, at day-light on the morning of the 13th, the signal to weigh anchor was made in the commanding officer's ship the *Sirius*. Before six o'clock the whole fleet were under sail, and, the weather being fine, and wind easterly, proceeded through the Needles with a fresh leading breeze. In addition to our little armament, the *Hyena* frigate was ordered to accompany us a certain distance to the westward, by which means our number was increased to twelve sail. His majesty's ships *Sirius*, *Hyena*, and *Supply*, three victuallers with two years stores and provisions on board for the settlement, and six transports, with troops and convicts. In the transports were embarked four captains, twelve subalterns, twenty-four serjeants and

thoughts, I strolled down among the convicts, to observe their sentiments at this juncture. A very few excepted, their countenances indicated a high degree of satisfaction; though, in some, the pang of being severed, perhaps for ever, from their native land, could not be wholly suppressed; in general, marks of distress were more perceptible among the men than the women.

"To add to the good disposition which was beginning to manifest itself, on the morning of the 20th, in consequence of some favourable representations made by the officers commanding detachments, they were halted and told from the *Sirius*, that in those cases where they judged it proper, they were at liberty to release the convicts from the fetters in which they had been hitherto confined. In complying with these directions, I had great pleasure in being able to extend this humane order to the whole of those under my charge, without a single exception.

"We made the island of Teneriffe on the 3d of June, and in the evening anchored in the road of Santa Cruz, after an excellent passage of three weeks from the day we left England.

"There is little to please a traveller at Teneriffe. He has heard wonders of its celebrated Peake, but he may remain for weeks together at the town of Santa Cruz without having a glimpse of it, and when its cloud-topped head emerges, the chance is, that he feels disappointed, for, from the point of view in which he sees it, the neighbouring mountains lessen its effect very considerably.

"The inland country is described as fertile, and highly romantic; and the environs of the small town of Laguzza mentioned as particularly pleasant.

"The restless importunity of the beggars here, and the immodesty of the lowest class of women, are highly disgusting.

"In sailing from Teneriffe to the south-east, the various and picturesque appearances of the Peak are beautiful to the highest degree. The stupendous height, which before was lost on the traveller, now strikes him with awe and admiration, the whole island appearing one vast mountain with a pyramidal top. As we proceeded with light

37 deg. 40 min. south, and by the time-keeper, in longitude 11 deg. 30 min. east, so that our distance from Botany Bay had increased nearly an hundred leagues, since leaving the Cape. As no appearance of a change in our favour seemed likely to take place, Governor Phillip at this time signified his intention of shifting his pennant from the *Sirius* to the *Supply*, and proceeding on his voyage without waiting for the rest of the fleet, which was formed in two divisions. The first consisting of three transports, known to be the best sailers, was put under the command of a lieutenant of the navy; and the remaining three, with the victuallers, left in charge of Capt. Hunter, of his majesty's ship *Sirius*. In the last division was the vessel in which the author of this narrative served. Various causes prevented the separation from taking place until the 25th, when several sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics, were shifted from different ships into the *Supply*, in order to facilitate his Excellency's intention of forwarding the necessary buildings to be erected at Botany Bay, by the time the rest of the fleet might be expected to arrive. Lieutenant Governor Ross, and the staff of the marine battalion, also removed from the *Sirius* into the Scarborough transport, one of the ships of the first division, in order to afford every assistance which the public service might receive, by their being early on the spot on which our future operations were to be conducted.

"From this time a succession of fair winds and pleasant weather corresponded to our eager desires; and on the 7th of January 1788, the long wished-for shore of Van Diemen gratified our sight.

"After so long a confinement, on a service so peculiarly disgusting and troublesome, it cannot be matter of surprise that we were overjoyed at the near prospect of a change of scene. By sun-set we had passed between the rocks, which Captain Furneaux named the Mewston and Swilly. The former bears a very close resemblance to the little island near Plymouth, whence it took its name; its latitude is 43 deg. 48 min. south, longitude 146 deg. 25 min. east of Greenwich.

"In the night the westerly wind, which had so long befriended us, died away, and was succeeded by one from the north-east. When day appeared we had lost sight of the land, and did not regain it until the 19th, at only the distance of seventeen leagues from our desired port.—The wind was now fair, the sky serene, though a little hazy, and the temperature of the air delightfully pleasant: joy sparkled in every countenance, and congratulations issued from every mouth. Ithaca itself was scarcely more longed for by Ulysses, than Botany Bay by the adventurers who had traversed so many thousand miles to take possession of it.

"Heavily in clouds came on the day" which ushered in our arrival. To us it was "a great, an important day;" though I hope the foundation, not the fall, of an empire will be dated from it.

"On the morning of the 20th, by ten o'clock, the whole of the fleet had cast anchor in Botany Bay, where, to our mutual satisfaction, we found the governor, and the first division of transports. On inquiry, we heard, that the Supply had arrived on the 18th, and the transports only the preceding day.

"Thus, after a passage of exactly thirty-six weeks from Portsmouth, we happily effected our arduous undertaking, with such a train of unexampled blessings, as hardly ever attended a fleet in a like predicament.

"We found the natives at Botany Bay tolerably numerous as we advanced up the river; and even at the harbour's mouth we had reason to conclude the country more populous than Mr. Cook thought it: for on the Supply's arrival in the bay, on the 18th of the month, they were assembled on the beach of the south shore, to the number of not less than forty persons, shouting and making many uncouth signs and gestures. This appearance whetted curiosity to its utmost, but as prudence forbade a few people to venture wantonly among so great a number, and a party of only six men were observed on the north shore, the governor immediately proceeded to land on that side, in order to take possession of his new territory and bring about an intercourse between its old and new masters. The boat, in which his Excellency was, rowed up the harbour, close to the land, for some distance; the Indians keeping pace with her on the beach. At last an officer in the boat made signs of a want of water, which it was judged would indicate his wish of landing. The natives directly comprehended what he wanted, and pointed to a spot where water could be procured: on which the boat was immediately pushed in, and a landing took place. As on the event of this meeting might depend so much of our future tranquillity, every

delicacy on our side was requisite. The Indians, though timorous, shewed no signs of resentment at the governor's going on shore; an interview commenced, in which the conduct of both parties pleased each other so much, that the strangers returned to their ships with a much better opinion of the natives than they had landed with; and the latter seemed highly entertained with their new acquaintance, from whom they condescended to accept of a looking-glass, some beads, and other toys.

"Owing to the lateness of our arrival, it was not my good fortune to go on shore until three days after this had happened, when I went with a party to the south side of the harbour, and had scarcely landed five minutes, when we were met by a dozen Indians, naked as at the moment of their birth, walking along the beach. Eager to come to a conference, and yet afraid of giving offence, we advanced with caution towards them; nor would they, at first, approach nearer to us than the distance of some paces. Both parties were armed; yet an attack seemed as unlikely on their part, as we knew it to be on our own. I had at this time a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, in my hand. The child seemed to attract their attention very much, for they frequently pointed to him and spoke to each other; and as he was not frightened, I advanced with him towards them, at the same time baring his bosom, and shewing the whiteness of the skin. On the cloaths being removed, they gave a loud exclamation; and one of the party, an old man, with a long beard, hideously ugly, came close to us. I bade my little charge not to be afraid, and introduced him to the acquaintance of this uncouth personage. The Indian, with great gentleness, laid his hand on the child's hat, and afterwards felt his cloaths, muttering to himself all the while. I found it necessary, however, by this time to send away the child, as such a close connection rather alarmed him; and in this, as the conclusion verified, I gave no offence to the old gentleman. Indeed, it was but putting ourselves on a par with them; as I had observed, from the first, that some youths of their own, though considerably older than the one with us, were kept back by the grown people. Several more now came up, to whom we made various presents, but our toys seemed not to be regarded as very valuable; nor would they for a long time make any returns to them, though before we parted, a large club, with a head almost sufficient to fell an ox, was obtained in exchange for a looking-glass. These people seemed at a loss to know (probably from our want of beards) of what sex we were, which having understood, they burst into the most immoderate

immoderate fits of laughter, talking to each other at the same time with such rapidity and vociferation as I had never before heard. After nearly an hour's conversation by signs and gestures, they repeated several times the word Whurra, which signifies, Be gone, and walked away from us to the head of the bay.

"The natives being departed, we set out to observe the country: which, on inspection, rather disappointed our hopes, being invariably sandy and unpromising for the purposes of cultivation, though the trees and grass flourish in great luxuriance. Close to us was the spring at which Mr. Cook watered; but we did not think the water very excellent, nor did it run freely. In the evening we returned on board, not greatly pleased with the latter part of our discoveries, as it indicated an increase of those difficulties, which before seemed sufficiently numerous.

"Between this and our departure, we had several more interviews with the natives, which ended in so friendly a manner, that we began to entertain strong hopes of bringing about a connection with them. Our first object was to win their affections, and our next to convince them of the superiority we possessed; for without the latter, the former we knew would be of little importance. An officer one day prevailed on one of them, to place a target, made of bark, against a tree, which he fired at with a pistol, at the distance of some paces. The Indians, though terrified at the report, did not run away; but their astonishment exceeded their alarm, on looking at the shield which the ball had perforated. As this produced a little shyness, the officer, to dissipate their fears, and remove their jealousy, whistled the air of Malbrooke, which they appeared highly charmed with, and imitated him with equal pleasure and readiness. I cannot help remarking here, what I was afterwards told by Monsieur De Perrouse, that the natives, of California, and throughout all the islands of the Pacific ocean, and in short wherever he had been, seemed equally touched and delighted with this little plaintive air.

"Our passage to Port Jackson took up but few hours, and those were spent far from unpleasantly. The evening was bright, and the prospect before us such as might justify sanguine expectation. Having passed between the capes which form its entrance, we found ourselves in a port superior, in extent and excellency, to all we had seen before. We continued to run up the harbour about four miles, in a westerly direction, enjoying the luxuriant prospect of its shores, covered with trees to the water's edge, among which many of the Indians were frequently seen, till we arrived at a small snug cove on the southern side, on whose banks

the plan of our operations was destined to commence.

"The landing of a part of the marines and convicts took place the next day, and on the following, the remainder was disembarked. Business now sat on every brow; and the scene, to an indifferent spectator, at leisure to contemplate it, would have been highly picturesque and amusing. In one place, a party cutting down the woods; a second, setting up a blacksmith's forge; a third, dragging along a load of stones or provisions; here an officer pitching his marquee, with a detachment of troops parading on one side of him, and a cook's fire blazing upon the other. Through the unwearied diligence of those at the head of the different departments, regularity was, however, soon introduced, and, as far as the unsettled state of matters would allow, confusion gave place to system.

"Into the head of the cove, on which our establishment is fixed, runs a small stream of fresh water, which serves to divide the adjacent country to a little distance, in the direction of north and south. On the eastern side of this rivulet the governor fixed his place of residence, with a large body of convicts encamped near him; and on the western side was disposed the remaining part of these people, near the marine encampment. From this last two guards, consisting of two subalterns, as many serjeants, four corporals, two drummers, and forty-two private men, under the orders of a captain of the day, to whom all reports were made, daily mounted for the public security, with such directions to use force, in case of necessity, as left no room for those who were the object of the order, but to remain peaceable, or perish by the bayonet.

"As the straggling of the convicts was not only a desertion from the public labour, but might be attended with ill consequences to the settlement, in case of their meeting the natives, every care was taken to prevent it. The provost martial with his men, was ordered to patrol the country around, and the convicts informed, that the severest punishment would be inflicted on transgressors. In spite, however, of all our precautions, they soon found the road to Botany Bay, in visits to the French, who would gladly have dispensed with their company.

"While the convicts were on board ship, the two sexes had been kept most rigorously apart; but, when landed, their separation became impracticable, and would have been, perhaps, wrong. Licentiousness was the unavoidable consequence, and their old habits of depravity were beginning to recur. What was to be attempted? To prevent their intercourse was impossible; and to palliate its evils

evils only remained. Marriage was recommended, and such advantages held out to those who aimed at reformation, as have greatly contributed to the tranquillity of the settlement.

“ On the Sunday after our landing, divine service was performed under a great tree, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, chaplain of the settlement, in the presence of the troops and convicts, whose behaviour on the occasion was equally regular and attentive. In the course of our passage this had been repeated every Sunday, while the ships were in port; and in addition to it, Mr. Johnson had furnished them with books, at once tending to promote instruction and piety.

“ On first setting foot in the country, we were inclined to hold the spears of the natives very cheap. Fatal experience has, however, convinced us, that the wound inflicted by this weapon is not a trivial one; and that the skill of the Indian in throwing it, is far from despicable. Besides more than a dozen convicts who have disappeared, we know that two, who were employed as rush cutters up the harbour, were (from what cause we are yet ignorant) most dreadfully mangled and butchered by the natives. A spear had passed entirely through the thickest part of the body of one of them, though a very robust man, and the skull of the other was beaten in. Their tools were taken away, but some provisions which they had with them at the time of the murder, and their cloaths, were left untouched. In addition to this misfortune, two more convicts, who were peaceably engaged in picking of greens, on a spot very remote from that where their comrades suffered, were unawares attacked by a party of Indians, and before they could effect their escape, one of them was pierced by a spear in the hip, after which they knocked him down, and plundered his cloaths. The poor wretch, though dreadfully wounded, made shift to crawl off, but his companion was carried away by these barbarians, and his fate doubtful, until a soldier, a few days afterwards, picked

fabre, capable of inflicting a mortal wound, and clubs of an immense size: small targets, made of the bark of trees, are likewise now and then to be seen among them.

“ From circumstances which have been observed, we have sometimes been inclined to believe these people at war with each other: they have more than once been seen assembled as if bent on an expedition. An officer one day met fourteen of them marching along, in a regular Indian file, through the woods, each man armed with a spear in his right hand, and a large stone in his left: at their head appeared a chief, who was distinguished by being painted. Though in the proportion of five to one of our people, they passed peaceably on.

“ Soon after our arrival at Port Jackson, I was walking out near a place, where I observed a party of Indians busily employed in looking at some sheep in an inclosure, and repeatedly crying out, Kangaroo, kangaroo! As this seemed to afford them pleasure, I was willing to increase it by pointing out the horses and cows which were at no great distance; but unluckily, at the moment, some female convicts, employed near the place, made their appearance, and all my endeavours to divert their attention from the ladies became fruitless: they attempted not, however, to offer them the least degree of violence or injury, but stood at the distance of several paces, expressing very significantly the manner they were attracted.

“ Some young gentlemen belonging to the *Sirius* one day met a native, an old man, in the woods; he had a beard of considerable length, which his new acquaintance gave him to understand, by signals, they would rid him of, if he pleased, stroking their chins, and shewing him the smoothness of them at the same time; at length the old Indian consented, and one of the youngsters taking a penknife from his pocket, and, making use of the best substitute for lather he could find, performed the operation with great success, and, as it proved, much to the liking of the old man, who in a few

*The Rise and Progress of the Arts and Government of Asia.**From Rutberford's View of Ancient History, lately published.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the frequent revolutions and conquests that have taken place in Asia, the eastern empires have always been despotic. No government however is a system of oppression from the beginning. The progress of power, particularly of tyrannical power, is slow and gradual. Although there were no fundamental laws in Asia which controuled the power of the monarch, ancient customs had the force of laws, and were a barrier for some time against despotism. But the limits which customs set to sovereign power are vague and undefined. This obscurity is favourable to the monarch, who, by insensible but certain steps, extends his authority. But as monarchs are at first unacquainted with the extent of their own power, and become absolute only in the course of a progress, of which they do not foresee the termination, the governments of Asia, although despotic in the form of administration, were at the beginning favourable to the subject. It was one great object of government, in all the eastern empires, to encourage population and agriculture. The original law of the Creator, "increase, multiply, and replenish the earth," has never been forgotten in Asia, where, in modern as in ancient times, a numerous progeny is looked upon as the chief blessing which heaven can bestow. The monarch distributed rewards annually to such as had many children. To render population a blessing, it is necessary that the earth should produce sufficient nourishment for its inhabitants. The fine climate and fertile soil of Asia invited its possessors to avail themselves of this bounty of nature. To make agriculture flourish became an object of public attention and of imperial munificence. The satraps, whose provinces were best cultivated, enjoyed most of the royal favour: and superintendants were appointed to inspect their rural labours and

equality and the present connection of mankind. The monarch of the east, exchanging the splendor of his throne for more genuine greatness, freely mingled with the humblest but most useful of his subjects. On that day the husbandmen were admitted without distinction, to the table of the king and his satraps. The sovereign accepted their petitions, enquired into their grievances, and conversed with them on equal terms. "From your labours," said he, "we receive our subsistence; you derive your tranquility from our vigilance; since, therefore, we are mutually necessary to each other, let us live together like brothers, in concord and love."

A similar festival is observed in China to this day. The Chinese emperor, surrounded with his courtiers, and in the presence of all the people, assists at the opening of the earth, and holds the plough with his own hands. As agriculture, the true and permanent source of wealth and prosperity, was thus honoured and encouraged in Asia, the mode in which the sovereigns raised their revenues was not oppressive to their subjects. The first provision for the monarchs was a part of the territory appropriated to their use. The wars in which they engaged became another source of their wealth. They drew the sword as an instrument of opulence as well as of conquest; they fought battles in order to possess the spoils of nations; and, without burdening their own subjects, enriched themselves by expeditions to which glory was annexed. The chief object of ancient conquest, of the achievements of Sesostris, of Ninus, and Semiramis, was depredation and plunder; the captives which they carried along with them added to their fame, and augmented their power; the great works, which defended or adorned Egypt and Babylon, were erected by foreigners reduced to slavery. Hence the practice of carrying a whole people into captivity, and transporting a nation from one country to another. Such was the mode of the Egyptian and Assyrian kings. Thus the ten tribes of Israel were carried away by the king of Assyria, and the Jews by the king of

to the temples of the gods, and the palaces of kings. Viewed as the attributes of empire, and the distinction of sovereigns or their satraps, they were neither contagious nor ruinous, nor descended to the lower orders of the people.

The wars, too, carried on in Asia, though dreadful, were not lasting. As the eastern nations were inexpert in military operations, the success of an army was rapid, and one campaign was decisive. A single victory opened many provinces to the conqueror, and gave a new name to an empire.

Hence Asia was populous under the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, notwithstanding the wars it sustained, and the revolutions it underwent.

The history of the arts in Asia, both in ancient and in modern times, presents us with a very singular appearance. In the first ages they made a progress which astonishes us by its rapidity; but having attained a certain stage, they make no farther advances. Notwithstanding the duration of their empires, neither the Egyptians nor the Asiatics ever acquired new lights or graces, improved on their early models, or brought their first efforts nearer to perfection. Their faculties appear limited to a certain number of ideas, and to a narrow degree of knowledge, beyond which they never aspire. While in Europe the human genius is continually making advances, and striking out new inventions or improvements, in Asia it is stationary, and continues at the same point from which it set out. Every thing in the east remains immutable. The inhabitants of Asia have cultivated the fine arts from the earliest times; but a latter age never improved the models of a former; and their last efforts are as distant from perfection as their first. Notwithstanding the length of time in which they had cultivated astronomy, they could never calculate the eclipses of the sun or moon; although they had directed their genius to architecture, they never discovered the method of casting an arch. In poetry the same tropes and figures constantly recur. In painting we find a continual repetition of given forms. All human improvements were arrested in a certain stage of their career. This remarkable phenomenon arose probably from the following causes.

In all periods of their history, the Asiatics have carefully avoided intercourse with strangers, and treated them with contempt. They remain confined to their own country, and never travel into foreign kingdoms to enlighten their minds, or extend their ideas. The intercourse of one people with another has the same happy effect on the national character, that the intercourse of individuals has on the personal. Preju-

dices are dispelled; mutual communications are made; emulation is kindled; and a finer edge given to the faculties of the mind. A sequestered nation, like a solitary individual, can never be highly improved or refined. Variety and diversity of character call forth every intellectual exertion; acuteness directs application; research affords materials for philosophy; fancy embroiders the groundwork of reason; taste becomes the guide of genius; good sense governs the eccentric excursions of imagination; different tempers of men strike fire by collision: thus arts flourish, science improves, and individuals and nations, from a diversity or discord of character, find the true harmony of the social system. This connection of the Grecian republics with one another contributed to the improvement of arts in Greece. The same general commerce and intercourse of modern nations have given the people of Europe a great and a sudden ascendancy: a variety of national character has occasioned new combinations of ideas; the rivalry of neighbouring nations has whetted the faculties of men, and opened new veins of ingenuity; the fine fancy of the Italians, the philosophic genius of the English, the elegant and correct taste of the French, and the indefatigable assiduity of the Germans, meeting from distant quarters, have happily united their common efforts, and, blending together, have accelerated the advancement of every art, whether of utility or of ornament, and carried literary excellence to a degree of improvement and perfection unknown to the ancients. The exclusion from the intercourse of other nations, among the people of the east, fixed eternal obstacles to the progress of the arts and sciences.

Hereditary professions, which were established in Egypt and in all the east, extinguished that noble emulation and ambition, which is the animating soul of genius, and the true principle of excellence in all the arts. Without this impulse, the human mind languishes and loses its powers. When the son follows invariably the profession of his father, he remains contented with his original station, and never aspires to a more elevated or dignified rank. He regards the efforts of his ancestors not as specimens but as standards of excellence; and, substituting industry for ingenuity, studies to copy and to imitate, without even the desire to excel. Hence the fine arts become like the mechanical; genius is fettered by precedents; and the waving line of fancy exchanged for a perpetual round of repetitions. The class of artisans were in the last and lowest of their casts or tribes, and all who composed it were held in contempt. A person of an inferior tribe, whatever merit he possessed, could never rise to a superior. In such a state

state of society, the spirit of emulation, the love of fame, and every sentiment of ambition, must have been extinguished or suppressed. Hence no painter, sculptor, or statuary, ever rose to eminence in Asia; nor was there any visible difference to be remarked between the productions of one artist and those of another.

A different way of thinking and of acting prevailed in Greece. An eminent painter, an ingenious architect, a skillful statuary, enjoyed among the Greeks the highest consideration, and the most flattering distinctions. The laurel was bestowed on them by the consenting voice of their country; and their names were celebrated by posterity at festivals and on public occasions. A city valued itself as much on having produced an artist celebrated for his talents, as for having given birth to a statesman or a general of the highest merit. To this elegant and liberal turn of mind Greece owed that pre-eminence and superiority in the arts which it enjoyed over other nations. Without this intercourse with other nations, without emulation and ambition, Asia has always continued the same; and the modern history of the arts is a repetition of the ancient.

Character of the Irish.

[The following Article is selected from a Novel, just published, which is beautifully descriptive of the ancient Times of Chivalry. The venerable Castle of Chepflow, once the Baronial Residence of the celebrated Richard Earl of Pembroke, commonly called Earl Strongbow, is supposed to be haunted by the Ghost of that Nobleman, who relates his History, with that of the beautiful Gerald, to a Gentleman in Confinement there, in the Reign of Charles II.]

AND here, courteous stranger, said the ghost, I will a little descant upon the genius and manners of a people, part of which I had the fortune to subdue, the glory to govern. I will not describe their persons. You cannot be unacquainted with their air, and port, and other external advantages; you must have beheld many of them on this side the channel, either intent on soliciting, at the court of king Charles, for the wealth and honours of their nation, or on learning the laws of this realm, or on connubial engagements with tender heiresses and affluent relicts, or on the pleasures of an improved and luxurious kingdom. The men of Ireland, then, are brave, hospitable, generous: in activity of body, in hilarity of mind, unrivalled by any of the northern Europeans. The very lowest of the people possess a native courtesy, un-

known to those of the same, or even a better degree, in England. When enlightened by science, and refined by the labours of the poet and philosopher, (blessings that are stealing fast upon them) they display an intellectual ability, which few nations can equal, and none excel. The idea that Ierne is a second Bœotia, I know to be as ill-founded, as it is malignant. It is a notion broached by mercenary wits, in compliment to the pride and prejudices of this country; men who seek to thrive by soothing the insolence of the vulgar; for it is the vulgar alone, whether rich or poor, who cherish such conceptions, till at length this narrowness of mind becomes hereditary, and falsehoods are transmitted from generation to generation. Peradventure the time may come, when the senate of Britain shall owe its brightest ornaments, her theatre its wittiest pieces, her armies the wisest generals, to the nation she now despises. But alas! courteous stranger, as the human condition is defective in every clime, so the natives of Hibernia have their share of imperfection. In their bravery there is a lawless and contentious spirit; their activity is frequently exerted in rapine, their valour in revenging the petty quarrels of their chieftains, or personal offences from unimportant causes. Though hospitable, they are addicted to excess, and exact the like intemperance from the guest and the companion. In friendship prompt, fervid, variable, transitory. Where they hate, violent are their designs, artful the execution of them: while their benevolence seems rather the result of animal good-nature, than of thought, or a conviction of any merit in the object of it. It will perhaps be a century, ere their aversion from labour, and their love of dirt, will submit to the encroachments of industry and neatness (I speak of the unilluminated mass of the nation) It will perhaps be a century, ere the unrespectable pride of being descended from some ancient and almost forgotten ruffian, will rise into a more sublime and more useful sense of dignity. It will perhaps be some ages ere pilfering will depart from the lower class of people, profusion from the superior orders; ere the latter will learn economy and independence of court-favour, the former the honest pride of well-acquired property. It will perhaps — But hark! I hear the early cock from yonder village. Farewell!

It was not amiss that his lordship did hear the cock: else he, probably, would have continued *perbapsing* against Ireland, with that peevishness to which, as he owned on a former occasion, the shadowy beings of the nether regions were considerably addicted. However, I was not, in any sort, displeased (though maternally descended from a king

of Tipperary, who flourished about the year five hundred) with this little digression of Strongbow *de moribus Hibernorum*.

Authentic Account of the late Lord Vane.

THIS nobleman was great-grandson of the famous Sir Henry Vane who was beheaded on Tower Hill soon after the Restoration. In the 10th year of the reign of William and Mary, Christopher, the eldest Son of Sir Henry Vane, was created Baron Barnard, of Barnard-castle, in the bishopric of Durham. He built, at his own expence, the elegant church of Shipborne, in Kent, near his seat at Fairlawn, from a design of the celebrated architect James Gibbs; in which the first sermon was preached by the pious and learned Dr. Joseph Trapp. Lord Barnard married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, and sister and coheir to John Duke of Newcastle. He died on the 28th of October 1723, in the 70th year of his age. He left two sons Gilbert and William. Gilbert succeeded to the honours of his father; and his son Henry was created Earl of Darlington. William, the second son of Lord Barnard, was created, June 11, 1720, Viscount Vane and Baron Duncannon, of the kingdom of Ireland. He married Lucy the daughter of William Jolliffe, of Caverswall, in the co. of Stafford, Esq. and died Monday 20th of May 1734, of an apoplexy, at his seat at Fairlawn; having the Friday preceding been elected knight of the shire for the county of Kent. He was buried on the fifth of June following with great solemnity in the church of Shipborne. He had three sons, the younger and survivor of whom was the late Lord Viscount Vane; who married, in May, 1735, Frances, the widow of Lord William Hamilton, and daughter of Francis Hawes, Esq. of Purley, in Berks. She died, March 31, 1788, and was buried at Shipborne with all the accustomed splendour of the family. The late Lord Vane was born Feb. 4, 1713, and died on the 5th of April 1789. He was buried on Saturday the 8th with great funeral pomp, in Shipborne church, the burial place of his illustrious ancestors from the time of

Though obliged, at one period of his life, to submit for her sake, to much embarrassment on pecuniary accounts, he supported her, though in a state of voluntary separation, with a noble liberality. He supplied her expences in a handsome house in Hill-street to her death, and then buried her at Shipborne with a splendor suitable to her rank, and the style in which he had supported her. The singular charms of this Lady placed her in the very first rank of admired and fashionable beauties during twenty years. Much surprize has been expressed that his Lordship should continue his attachment after some supposed deviations on her part, which have a tendency to alienate the strongest affection. But he was an enthusiast in love as well as in politics; and, in the earlier part of his life, had made the most solemn vows, superadded to the nuptial engagements, that he would never forsake her, whatever might be her conduct, nor be separated from her by a divorce, which some of his friends are said to have recommended. The story of a Lady of Quality, in Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle*, is supposed by the candid to have been much embellished by the fertility of that writer's invention. Lady Vane, in a fit of most unjustifiable resentment, furnished the Novelist with a few particulars which he worked up, by the aid of imagination, to an entertaining episode. Versed as he was in the arts of publication, he knew that personal anecdote would contribute greatly to the sale of his book; and, incited by the desire of rendering his narrative interesting, it is not to be wondered at, that he should have adorned the little truth he possessed with the graces of poetic fiction. Lord Vane, was cruelly used in it; as his character and conduct were most grossly misrepresented. His Lordship has been generally exhibited to the public in colours very different from the true ones, in consequence of Smollet's story, and the malicious reports of his enemies. He was not that weak man which the world was taught to believe him. He was indeed eccentric on the subjects of love and politics; but, in other matters, his understanding was acute,

turned them with equal ardour of constancy ; and joined to her bewitching beauty the virtues of prudence, fidelity, and œconomy ! Had this been the case, Lord Vane would probably have lived in comfort, and died invested with the first property and honours of the kingdom. Notwithstanding his Lordship had alienated so much of his great wealth, he died possessed of considerable estates totally unembarrassed. Some of them are in Kent : on one of which stands the beautiful mansion-house of Fairlawn, lett on lease to Henry Lyell, esq. father-in-law to Earl Delaware ; and others in Staffordshire, with the old mansion at Caverswall, in which, among others, is a very valuable picture of Oliver Cromwell, given to his ancestor Sir Henry Vane (who was beheaded), by Oliver himself, and also another remarkable one of Christiana Queen of Sweden, presented to Sir Henry, by Gustavus Adolphus the King, while Sir Henry was ambassador at the Court of Sweden. The whole of his estate, after the payment of a few legacies is bequeathed to David Papillon, Esq. his Lordship's relation. The title is extinct.

A remarkable Instance of the fatal Effects of Duelling in France.

IN the month of January 1627, Count de Boutteville, and the celebrated de Frette, having fought between Point and Saint Germain-en-Laye, Boutteville's second was killed in combat, by Doinville, the second of la Frette.

After this duel, Boutteville fearing that he should be arrested, retired into Flanders, to the court of the Archduchess. The Marquis de Beuvron, who was desirous of avenging the death of his friend Thorigny, killed by Boutteville, having learned, that he resided at Brussels, hastened thither with his Squire, Buquet, to find him ; but being both known immediately upon their arrival, notwithstanding their disguise, guards were appointed to watch them closely, in order to prevent any farther mischief. Boutteville, upon this, having protested to the Archduchess, that he would never fight in her territories, the Marquis of Spinola was commissioned by that Princess, to endeavour to reconcile the two antagonists. He therefore invited Boutteville, des Chapelles, and Beuvron to dinner, at his hotel, where a number of people of the first quality were assembled, in presence of whom each of the parties, after a cordial embrace, solemnly promised, that he would never do any thing which might give the least offence to the other.

Some days after this reconciliation, Boutteville, who was probably sincere, having repaired to Nancy, received no less than eight different letters from Beuvron, in which he

informed him, that being too prudent to go and meet him in Lorraine, he begged he would be so obliging as to approach Paris. Des Chapelles † wrote also to Beuvron, “ you make a great deal of noise, Sir, giving out every where, that you intend to fight ; but this I shall never believe till I see you in action.”

The Archduchess, in the mean time, had requested letters of remission for Boutteville ; but the King declared, that he could not in conscience grant them, and that all he had in his power to do to oblige his aunt, was not to give orders for his being arrested, unless he returned to court, or to Paris.

When Boutteville was informed of this refusal, he said, he would fight in Paris, and even in the *Place Royale* ; and having posted thither with all speed, sent word to Beuvron, that he was ready to give him satisfaction. At nine in the evening, they repaired to the *Place Royale*, where Beuvron said to Boutteville, “ Let us now settle our quarrel, without putting our friends to pain.” — “ By no means,” replied Boutteville, “ I wish the sun to be witness to our actions. Besides, I am under a particular engagement with two friends, who wish to be of the party, and were I to fail, I should be obliged to give them satisfaction also : Des Chapelles is one of them, and la Berthe is the other. For this reason, let us meet here to-morrow about three in the afternoon, and do you, Sir, endeavour to bring with you two friends.”

When Beuvron quitted his antagonist, he ran to St. Martin's in the Fields, to President de Mesmes, in order to speak with the Marquis d'Amboise, son-in-law of that magistrate, whom he found ill, and very weak through loss of blood. “ What a misfortune,” said Beuvron ! The opportunity you so much wished for, is now arrived. Boutteville expects me to-morrow with two friends. The Count des Chapelles, whom you are desirous of seeing with his sword in his hand, is one of them, but weakened as you are, you must not think of it.” “ Not think of it,” cried d'Amboise ! “ were I certain of expiring the next moment, I would be of the party.”

Next morning the combatants met, and after each of them had been examined by a gentleman, to see that none of them had private armour, each took his adversary.—

N O T E.

† Des Chapelles was one of the most desperate duellists of that period. Biot, the famous song writer, speaks of him in the following couplet. “ Pluto enchanted with his arrival in hell, made him a Captain of his Guards.”

Boutteville

Boutteville attacked Beuvron; des Chapelles Buffy-d'Amboise; la Berthe Buquet, and the combat began with swords and poignards. Boutteville and Beuvron, rushing forward and seizing one another by the collar, threw their swords on the ground, and held their poignards elevated without striking. At length, Boutteville, as they say, first proposed to put an end to the combat, and they reciprocally begged their lives from one another. Buffy-d'Amboise, however, was not so fortunate; des Chapelles gave him a mortal wound in the breast, and la Berthe was also wounded dangerously by the Squire of Beuvron.

A duel so public, and of which thousands had been spectators, having soon reached the ears of the king, Louis XIII. an order was sent to the Grand Prevot, to seize Boutteville and des Chapelles, but they had betaken themselves to flight, as well as Beuvron and Buquet, who retired to England.

The two former, less prudent, or less diligent, were arrested at *Vitry-le-Brulé*, conducted on foot as far as *Vitry-le-François*, and there put into an apartment closely guarded, where they passed seven days, during which they appeared to be very quiet, and amused themselves in playing at piquet.

When they arrived at Paris, and were shut up in the Bastile, commissaries were appointed to interrogate them. Boutteville confessed every thing ingenuously, but des Chapelles did not shew the same candour.

Madame de Boutteville, alarmed for the fate of her husband, threw herself at the King's feet, in order to solicit for his pardon. The Prince and Princess of Condé, the Duke and Duchess of Montmorency, the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, Cardinal de la Valette, and the Count d'Alais, all endeavoured to second her petition, and to excite the Monarch's pity, but without effect. His Majesty remained inflexible, and the parliament received orders to bring the two criminals to trial.

The Bishop of Nantz, who had liberty to see them, attended them regularly, and prepared them for death. "Madame," said the Count de Boutteville to the lady of the President de Mesmes, in a letter which he wrote to her, "Were I not truly sensible of the crime I have committed against God, and of the wrong which I have done to you, I should not have taken the liberty to request you to do the greatest act of piety which can proceed from a generous and Christian mind, which is, Madam, to forgive me, for having torn from you your dear and only child, not by hatred, or a desire of revenge, having never had any cause but to esteem him, but through a vain and false idea of worldly honour, which I must confess, is contrary both to the law of

God and to natural reason. Be satisfied with my blood, which I shall shed for the expiation of my crime: I hope divine justice will be so, and that you will not call for the vengeance of Heaven against me, while by my prayers, I endeavour to repair the injury you have received from an unhappy wretch, who dies, Madam, yours, &c.

At the same time he sent the following letter to Madame de Boutteville.

"The Bishop of Nantz will tell you, my dear wife, in what disposition of mind I am about to quit the world; and I flatter myself, that it will afford you some consolation for the loss which you must sustain. You will consider with him, which may be best for the safety of my soul, and take care to pay whatever debts I may owe. Prayers may be of much service to me; but the principal thing will be to satisfy my creditors, Adieu.—I will not tell you how much I love you, lest that might increase your affliction."

On the 11th of June, Boutteville and des Chapelles were conducted to the Palais.—Boutteville appeared first in the Grand Chamber, and was interrogated, after which des Chapelles was brought in, and having answered some questions put to him by the First President, he begged permission of the Judges to say a few words, and having obtained it, addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, since you have done me the favour to assemble here on my account, and since my crime has brought me into your presence, I must beg two things of you: the first is, that justice may be satisfied in my person, and the second, that you would shew mercy towards my cousin.—Though I am sensible, that you are not ignorant of his merit, for all France is sensible of it, yet as I have the honour of knowing him more intimately, I can with justice assert, that it is superior to that which the applauses of the public give him; a regard to his family, and the services which his ancestors have done to the kingdom, ought also to make you incline to the side of mercy. It appears to me, that by saving an excellent officer and a valiant general, you will contribute to the good of the public, and prevent the lamentations of posterity, who undoubtedly will be sensible of this loss. His passion for duelling will grow cool with age, and a man like him, who has no other object but the glory of the state, and of his prince, may be employed on every occasion. With regard to myself, I expect from your justice what is due to the action I have committed, for I do not pretend to plead any excuse, but only to beg you would consider the family, the merit and the actions of my cousin Boutteville."

Next day about eleven in the forenoon their sentence was read to them, which had been passed the evening before, and which was, that they should both be beheaded.—The Princess of Condé, the Duchess de Montmorency, the Duchess of Angoulême, the Countess de Boutteville, and several other ladies, hastened to the Louvre, to speak to the King, who consented, but with great difficulty, to see them. All the ladies threw themselves at his feet, and implored mercy. The Countess de Boutteville fainted, and the rest burst into tears, while the King, who was rather teased than softened by their solicitations, said to the Princess of Condé, “I feel as much for their fate as you, but my conscience forbids me to pardon them.”

About five in the evening the two criminals having arrived at the place where they were to go through the last scene, the executioner cut Boutteville's hair behind, and the latter putting his hand towards his beard, the Bishop of Nantz said to him, “Did you not promise, my son, to think no more of the things of this world, and yet you think of them still!” He was then asked whether he would have his eyes covered with a bandage, but he replied in the negative, and a moment after his head was separated from his body.

Des Chapelles, who had remained in the cart, and who had his back turned towards the scaffold, having learned that Boutteville had satisfied justice, cried out, “My cousin is dead, let us pray to God for his soul.” When he mounted the scaffold, perceiving Boutteville's body, he said, “This then is the body of my cousin!” Then resting upon the arm of a young ecclesiastic, who was near, he knelt down, rose up again, and having laid his head upon the block, submitted to the fate of his unhappy companion.

After the death of the Count des Chapelles, many letters were handed about at Paris, which he had written to different people the evening before his execution. That which he wrote to Madam de Boutteville was as follows:

“My dear Cousin, were you less virtuous, I should not attempt to give you consolation. You have lost every thing that you could lose, but all France loses with you. Your husband was still younger, but he

children, who have need of being educated under your protection. Teach them, what you know so well, to live in the world in the bosom of virtue. Change not your condition, if you wish to be the most esteemed female of the age, as your husband was the most esteemed of men. Dear Cousin, I give you part of the consolation, which I shall find in accompanying him, and I recommend to you with my whole soul, my poor mother.—May God bless and comfort her! I am, &c.”

Companion to the Card-Table.

WE have had some treatises *pro* and *con* without end and number on card-playing, some gravely and learnedly proving that it is a very wicked and scandalous employment, and others that it tends to the filling up of time, the banishing of scandal, and consequently the saving of many reputations. Which of these opinions is the best, I am not to decide. There are two of them; and the world will be divided. There are people who would sooner touch a red hot iron with their tongue, than touch a pack of cards. There are others who would not refrain from a hand at whist if the salvation of themselves and posterity depended upon it. Those who consider cards as an enemy, have not that Christian charity which is enjoined us towards our enemies; and those who consider cards as their friend, are perhaps too rapturously fond, too confident, too familiar—and this excess of love embitters what disappointments they may happen to meet with.—But I am running into a treatise on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of playing cards, when I only purposed to represent to you some little improprieties of conduct which render our card tables not quite so amusing as they ought to be, or rather as one could wish them to be—for as to how amusing they ought to be, that is a point in dispute, and not for me to meddle with.

You cannot be ignorant, sir, that cards compose three fifths of our employment in genteel company, and as this is considerably the greatest portion of the time allotted for our social meetings, it is a thousand, aye ten thousand pities that any thing should occur to disturb our good-humour—But, if there is one person in the room who is

Quadrille has had its day. Time was when basto was triumphant—but whist is the rage now—nobody plays quadrille under sixty years of age—all play whist, and I once thought the change was much for the better, as silence which is the most essential requisite, in this game, would banish all idle tittle-tattle, prevent all bye-blows, and violent attacks on absent characters, and, in short, drive the monster Scandal from polite assemblies to feed and grovel with fish-women and ballad-singers—but sorry am I to say it—and yet must say it, because it is the subject of my letter—that this very important object has not yet been brought about by whist. For, granting that the company are as silent as the grave during the round, yet no sooner is the last card played than every tongue, as if compressed before against its will, rushes forth with astonishing rapidity, bearing before it and carrying down with it the reputation of wives, widows, bachelors, and virgins, in one general torrent of destruction. Not that I mean to accuse the ladies only of this fault; on the contrary, were I to speak my mind, I should immediately assert that the men are much worse than they; but that is not my business at present.

Nay, sir, which brings me to the article of keeping the temper—the worst of it is, that even during the playing, if the cards run cross, a reputation is bandied about, and part of it bleeds at every lost trick. To give you some idea of this would be easy, but as you probably have witnessed such scenes, I have only to say, it is a very hard case when one's reputation depends—not on how we play our own cards, but on the success of other people in playing theirs. But I pass from this instance of want of temper to another.

It is not only the losers who cannot keep their temper—the winners are often as bad—or worse; for when money is lost, it is but natural that it should carry off some portion of good-humour with it; but when one wins, to be noisy, boisterous, and exultingly triumphant, it is far more disagreeable; to the bye-stander it is very much so; and as to the losers, it only serves to exasperate them. And here I must say that the gentlemen are

his hammer, knocking down lots with his fist. How I have seen the weak nerves of the ladies shake at every trick this noisy man had won!

The whist-loving part of mankind are undoubtedly much indebted to the ingenious Mr. Hoyle; he has laid down the best laws for determining all disputes, the best rules for making the most of your hand, the best calculations for insuring your chances—and therefore may deserve to be called the Justinian, the lord Coke, and the Blackstone of Cards, but he would have done the world infinitely more service, had he laid down rules for the preservation of temper. And really, if ladies and gentlemen would take a moment's consideration, they would be satisfied that it is quite enough to lose one's money, without losing one's temper at the same time, and to be poor for an hour or two, than to be unhappy for a whole evening, besides the chance of making others so. And they ought likewise to consider, that the hour of victory is not always the hour of triumph, and ought never to be sullied by an ungenerous (though perhaps not intended) exultation over the fallen, especially as the very next game, for aught they know, may turn the tables, and metamorphose the vanquished into the victor.

Although I have reached the bottom of my sheet of paper, I am convinced that I have not exhausted the subject, and shall therefore on some future occasion bespeak a place in your Magazine for what remains. You see, I enter not into the dispute concerning the lawfulness or unlawfulness of cards. Custom, that makes laws in matters of more moment than this, has established the “innocence of a harmless rubber,” and I wish to remove what little improprieties prevent the harmless rubber from being an amusing one. I consider myself as speaking only to such persons of both sexes as play for sums of money too small to injure their fortunes, and yet large enough to occasion the little asperities, inequalities, and roughnesses of temper, which are unseemly in gentlemen, but in ladies, I do declare, quite unlovely.

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Continued from Page 214.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Friday, February 20, 1789.

MR. FORBES then adverted to the present situation of the two countries, which does not appear to have been in contemplation of the legislature of either at any period till the present; the King of England and Ireland is rendered incapable by indisposition of exercising the royal authority; after this incapacity had been ascertained by parliament.—In England, the minister of that country declared, that every subject had an equal right with the heir apparent to the Regency—his opinion was adopted by both houses—if the two houses of parliament in England had this right, it was equally competent for the lords and commons of Ireland, as branches of a self-existent and independent legislature, similar in constitution and privileges to that of Great Britain, to appoint any subject Regent of Ireland—but according to the principles established in England, the two houses might reject the claims of the Prince of Wales, and appoint the lord mayor of London Regent.

Does the right hon. gentleman mean that the two houses of parliament in Ireland, would be obliged by any law to adopt such a person, as Regent of this kingdom? On the principle that the Regent of England having the dominion over the great seal of England, unless the same person is Regent of Ireland, all the functions of our legislature must be suspended for want of that great seal.

Is not this in effect a declaration, that the Regent of England is *de jure* Regent of Ireland; we are called on to sacrifice the substance to the signs of our constitution, and to adhere to the letter of acts, in which there is no provision for this emergency, and laws passed to secure the independence of our parliament are to be perverted by forced constructions into instruments, for the establishment of a most humiliating and dangerous dependence. Fortunately there is no reason to apprehend that the parliaments of the two kingdoms will differ in the choice of a Regent; but if they had differed, he trusted no member of this house would have urged us to have sacrificed the independence of our legislature to the use of the great seal of England; if the Regents had been different, the provision of the act, which requires the great seal of England to be affixed to our bill—must have been

curred in this business between the two countries, they were to be imputed to the principle on the subject of right as established Mr. Pitt; which was laid down in too extensive a manner, though he agreed that the Prince had not a right to assume the government, without the consent of parliament. He also said, that this question of right would not have been agitated here, had not the Lord Lieutenant by his answer challenged the two houses to the discussion. Mr. Forbes adduced many other arguments, which we are prevented from giving by the general extension of the debate.

The Attorney General replied; he said that when he first considered the subject, it struck him exactly as it did the hon. gentleman—but on maturer consideration, he had altered his opinion.

Mr. Serjeant Toler spoke against the resolution.

Mr. Bushe supported the resolution. He replied to the attorney general's supposition—that the Prince would be addressed to take upon him the government, when the commissioners should be met by the King perfectly recovered—the address requested him to act during the King's indisposition, and no longer. He spoke with much warmth against the Marquis of Buckingham, for not confining himself to a plain refusal, and using unnecessary words—asserting, that the two houses of parliament had called upon the prince to take upon him the government of this kingdom contrary to law.

Mr. Serjeant Toler rose to combat the pernicious principle of the two houses of parliament being competent to appoint a Regent—and repeated some former arguments upon the subject.

Mr. Kearney said, that although he voted for the address, he would not for this resolution.

Mr. Holmes went against the resolution as going to a separation of the countries.

Mr. C. O'Neill said, he rose in consequence of what had fallen from a great law-officer—whether from a conviction, or reasons of state, he did not know. A great deal had been said of the authority of two lords belonging to another house, and very improperly; though he agreed to their personal character, he should not subscribe to their opinions; it was a question which required not the knowledge of a great lawyer, but a knowledge of the constitution. A great lawyer might be a powerful advocate for life and property, and yet possibly might be

word for *falsity*; I say it is totally impossible, without a violation of the constitution.

The great object of Mr. Yelverton's bill, which had been held out to terrify us, was to prevent the alteration of bills by the British privy council, and nothing more; it left the constitution just as it found it, save this amendment. It had been said, that if the King was in Ireland in his royal castle, he could not give the royal assent; he denied it; the great seal would not then be necessary as a sign of his approbation, and he contended that England would have acted like us only to insure their restrictions. But the question before the house was, "Had the Lord Lieutenant acted properly?" He thought he had not—he had presumed to set his *opinion* against the legal act of the two houses of parliament, and therefore he should agree to the resolution.

At length the question was put, and the house divided—when there appeared,

Ayes,	—	—	130
Noes,	—	—	71

Majority against the minister 59

Mr. Grattan laid, that after this decision, upon which he congratulated the house, that no man would say their proceedings were illegal, or oppose the doctrine of lawyers against the constitutional opinion of parliament; or say that the new Lord Lieutenant appointed by the Regent will be in danger, in order to undermine the government. To vindicate the house he then moved,

"That his excellency the Lord Lieutenant's answer to the message of both houses of parliament, requesting him to transmit into England their address to the Prince of Wales, was ill advised, contains an unwarrantable and unconstitutional censure on both houses; and attempts to question the undoubted privileges of the lords spiritual and temporal, and of the commons of Ireland."

Which after some amendments put thereon, which were negatived, the main question was put and carried.

Ayes,	—	—	115
Noes,	—	—	83

Tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Forbes, and Sir J. Blaquiere.

Tellers for the Noes, Mr. Wesley Pole, and Mr. Marcus Beresford.—Adjourned about one in the morning.

Two Months Money Bill.

25.] Mr. Mason reported from the committee of supply.

The Speaker proceeded in reading the report, until he came to that part which relates to the

that gentlemen in the course of argument might not avail themselves of what had no foundation; he did not think the exceptions necessary which related to our treaties; but he adopted them lest any alarm real or pretended should go abroad; this was no new matter, and they might proceed according to the usual rules of parliament.

In the report from the committee of accounts it had been stated, that they had not had time to examine the various articles, and therefore the house would act wisely to pause; for if they voted the establishments for a year, they would be bound to provide for them, although no examination had taken place. He then moved,

That after the words "annuities (which provides for the public creditors) be added, and "also, for the advancement of trade (this goes to the colony treaty) and also for continuing the effect of our commercial treaty with the French King for one year, ending the 25th of March, 1792, and also for the different branches of the establishment, and the expences of government, for two months, ending the 25th day of May, 1789."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted, whether in point of form the amendment could be agreed to—it implied, that the treaties depended on the supplies, for being carried into effect, which was not the case—the treaties only inhibited the crown from assenting to any tax which would increase the duties; if they therefore provided for their treaties for a year, and for the establishments only for two months, whatever might be their motive, they introduced a perplexity into their resolution, which it would be impossible to get over—it would also imply, that the establishments were to be discontinued from the 25th May next, while the supplies would be continued.

Mr. D. Browne said, that some strong reasons should be adduced, why they were called upon to vote the supplies for two months, when they were usually granted for a year.

Mr. Molyneux thought half an hour sufficient to understand the accounts, and that the short money-bill was for the purpose of keeping together a party.

Mr. Brownlow declared, that he was not attached to any party—that he had nothing to ask for himself or any one else, and he would confess, that he was at first anxious to forward what was called the King's business; but when no time had been allowed to examine the public accounts, he must approve of the present proceeding. As to the public creditors, they could not be alarmed, because they were expressly provided for. He then turned to the peculiar situation of the country at the present time. The address

the parliament, and put an end to the session, by which many beneficial laws and judicious regulations were lost to the country. What my Lord Townshend did, my Lord Buckingham may do; if we pass the money-bills for the usual time, Lord Buckingham will probably prorogue, or even dissolve the parliament. What would our constituents then say to us, who had it in our power to prevent the injury and disgrace, by voting the supplies for a limited time? He was therefore of opinion, that they should pause before they advanced, and vote the supplies for two months only.

Mr. Griffith declared he was one who had not time to examine the public accounts, which ought to be done with care and accuracy; we were now in dangerous circumstances, in a state of warfare with the chief governor, and we may either be prorogued, or dissolved. He cared not for any party, nor was of any; but thought the party of Ireland ought to be supported.

The Attorney General said, the right hon. gentleman has fairly avowed his reasons for making his motion. He remembered Lord Townshend's administration, and that after the protest and prorogation, an address of thanks was voted to Lord Townshend, which cost the nation half a million of money: he hoped never to see the like again.

He declared, the amendment made the resolution rank nonsense; and from the words of the resolution, it would be impossible by any means to frame a bill in the committee of ways and means so as to agree with the resolution. He said it was the first time he ever heard that a treaty of commerce was to be carried into effect, by granting duties, unless it was to pay a subsidy.—Was it ever heard, that a supply was to effectuate treaties of commerce? The tax don't go for that purpose; if a bill is to be framed in this way, you will commit a breach of both treaties; it falls to my lot to give effect to the resolutions of the house, by framing bills on them; but I think it utterly impossible to frame any bill on this resolution, and hope the right hon. gentleman will frame one himself, for I defy any man to frame a bill of the resolution where the whole is to be applied to the establishments. How then can he distinguish the several applications (which are numerous.) The six months money bill was voted on a decline of trade; that is not the case now; but this is not the stage for doing business of amendment; if it can be done, it is in a future stage of the business; for if done now, it will be impossible to follow it, as the bill must follow the resolutions, and, therefore, I entreat it may not be pressed in this stage of the business, but the right honourable gentleman may press it in another, if he can get a majority to agree with him.

Mr. Bushe said, he was almost led to imagine, that the last right hon. gentleman at the beginning was disposed to support the amendment; he had admitted, that one quarrel with the Viceroy had cost half a million; why then run the risk of another—when we can prevent it by a short money bill? considering that every article had raised in price since the time of Lord Townshend—he supposed that a similar affair

would cost at the present day a million at least; we should therefore be the more cautious in not laying ourselves open to it. As to what had been asserted about rank nonsense, and it being a tax, and not a supply, he did not understand it. As to the introduction of the treaty, it was not at all necessary, but inserted merely to quiet those who might have doubts. He must mention, that a strong foundation had been laid for their proceeding, in the committee of accounts; and if disposed to go into the merits of the affair, he would tell them that the very first article in the report, namely, the debt of the nation, was erroneous. In England they had no such thing as a committee of accounts, and though some persons might think it advisable to put down these old forms, he trusted the house would not be disposed to part with an advantage which they had over the constitution of Great Britain; he thought the present would be an ill-chosen moment to relax in their vigilance from the people; he mentioned the reports that were floating about the town—one was, that the King would prorogue the parliament, by which the Regency-bill would fall to the ground; if that was the case, it was necessary the Irish parliament should be sitting, to agree in the King's recovery, and to tranquillise the people—whereas if they assented to a long money bill, they would certainly be either prorogued or dissolved.

Mr. G. Ponsonby said, it fell to his lot as well as that of the right hon. Gentleman to frame bills, and he could not perceive that there would be any difficulty from the amendment proposed, nor that it would tend to delay any further public proceeding. He then went into a distinction between a tax and an appropriation, which, he contended, the amendment could not make, as every appropriation required a distinct law.

The Attorney General said, that although the hon. member agreed that this was not the stage to appropriation, yet he wished to do so, by mentioning a provision for certain purposes in the preamble of the money-bill, and repeated that it would be utterly impossible to frame a bill.

Mr. Ponsonby termed the objection, a quibble.

The Solicitor General was against the amendment, and declared, that as a lawyer, he could not frame a bill from the alteration it would produce.

Major Hobart thought there was more ingenuity than weight in Mr. Bushe's argument, that it would be necessary for the house to be sitting in case of a Regency—when it was more than probable that their Commissioners had already put the Prince of Wales in possession of the government; he was against the amendment, as furnishing a bad precedent; he hoped, however, that if there were any members who had voted against a short money-bill when it was to obtain a free trade, that they would oppose it on the present occasion.

Mr. O'Hara rose and said, one reason for his doubting the necessity of a short money bill was, that the house had the revenue bill in reserve, without which the money could not be raised. But that he would even facilitate the right hon. member's amendment, by advising him to strike

out such parts as were liable to objection, so that the supply for loans and annuities might be voted for a year—but the establishments only for two months without saying any thing of the French treaty, &c. which was the proper subject of the committee of ways and means. That he was far from having formed his opinion decidedly, and rather wished to coincide with the more impartial members of the house.

Mr. Grattan said, his idea was originally that of the last hon. gentleman; he wished to have it as fair and simple as possible; by introducing the colony trade and French treaty, he would not have it understood that he thought them in danger; it was not so much from the strength of argument as to obviate every possible ground of objection; in providing for the committee and loans for the usual time, they satisfied the public creditors—but, as to the establishment, they confessedly had not examined them—and, therefore, consistent with their duty—they could not vote them for longer than two months—he wished to avoid all embarrassment in the committee proceedings, and therefore, acceded to Mr. O'Hara's amendment—the alarm upon which so very much stress was laid, was fictitious, and no objection had been made to the *principle* of the amendment; the *mode* was the only thing which they had attacked, endeavouring thus for want of better defence to embarrass the house with tricks and expedients. The right hon. gentleman had declared in a loud voice, that the amendment was rank nonsense. [The Attorney General rose to set the right hon. gentleman right; what he said was, that the amendment contradicting the resolution, rendered it nonsense.] Mr. Grattan then continued, he said, that his right hon. friend must have forgot that the remainder of the resolution was to be struck out, and as to the objections grounded on the preamble, they were of little weight, because the preamble could be altered, while the resolution would enable the nation to fulfil every article of her commercial engagements, and preserve the public credit.

He repeated that his motive for introducing the provision for the French treaty and colony trade, was, that he thought it better to provide by bill than by argument against the objections that might be stated to the house as ground of alarm, were they omitted. It was idle to tell the house that their resolution could not be carried into effect, from the impediments of committee officers; it was to tell the house that they had no authority, and that they had lost the great instrument of coercion, the power of withholding the supplies; it was a language unadapted

will tell him, that he sets up the web of difficulty against the obvious sense and fundamental principles of the constitution; he noticed the acknowledgment of the Attorney General, that half a million of money had been expended on a former occasion, in the corruption of the commons; if the commons of that day had taken the modest, constitutional step they were about to take at present, they would have prevented the plunder of the people, their own disgrace, and the triumph of the Viceroy; if the Lord Lieutenant, then, had not been committed with parliament—if he did not stand charged with having questioned the dearest rights of the house, upon the grounds of public economy, furnished by this fact, gentlemen were bound to support a short money bill. He, therefore, begged country gentlemen not to be led away with the idea of a Summer parliament—as the delay attendant on the resolution would oblige them to sit but a very little time longer than usual; he was content to adopt Mr. O'Hara's amendment—"Phrase it as you may, (says he) do it as you please—but do it."

Sir J. Blaquiére contended, that the opposition to the mode of proceeding, came from those gentlemen only, whose particular duty it was to prepare the bills, and who had opposed the Prince's government without limitation. The house he trusted, would exercise its own good sense, and not be led away by the prejudices of those, who however respectable, as individuals, were on this occasion merely to be considered as the servants of the house. A more accurate examination of the public accounts had been the avowed motive with many gentlemen for passing this short money-bill. His motives were of a higher nature, nor would he hesitate to avow them; the principle which warranted the prorogation of the 20th of January, naturally led at this time to a dissolution; the same principle which would have limited the Prince in the exercise of the regal function, dictated a dissolution. The refusal of transmitting the addresses of the two houses, and their censure of this measure, committed the Chief Governor, with the two houses, and obviously induced a dissolution of parliament. The Lord Lieutenant's conduct, in his opinion, from the 20th of January, the day of prorogation, to this hour, was perfectly consistent, and he honoured him for it; how far it was constitutional, was not now the question; but in point of consistency, a dissolution must follow, and was unavoidable; that such a measure would punish the innocent with the guilty be admitted, but set off his Excellency's justice against his resentment, and he must be made of

provided but to the 25th of May; which, after some conversation, was carried,

Ayes, — 102

Noes, — 77

The house adjourned till to-morrow.

POLICE ACCOUNTS.

26.] As soon as the speaker had taken the chair,

Sir E. Newenham observed, that the enormous tax levied on the city of Dublin for the police establishment, required investigation—therefore he moved,

“That a committee be appointed to examine the accounts of the commissioners of police; that said committee shall have power to send for papers, persons, and records, and also to examine in the most solemn manner.”

Sir H. Cavendish agreed to the motion; but observed, that as some articles might require a personal view, such as a house furnished equal to one fit for a man of the first rank and fortune, he would move an amendment—“that the said committee have power to adjourn from time to time, and from place to place.”

Sir E. Newenham said, the amendment entirely coincided with his wish.

Both the amendment and resolutions were accordingly agreed to.

The house, according to order, resolved itself into a committee of the whole house, to consider of ways and means towards raising the supply granted to his Majesty.

The right hon. J. M. Mason in the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, that, from the manner in which the duties were to be granted, it would be necessary for the committee to come to two resolutions; first, one for the duties that were to be granted only for 2 months, and secondly, another resolution for the duties which are to be granted only for 12 months. He took notice that the loan bill ought to be the first to go out of the country, as it affected the faith of the nation: he then moved, “That it is the opinion of this committee, that the several duties herein after mentioned be granted to his Majesty from the 25th of March, 1789, to the 25th of March, 1790, inclusive.”

Mr. Grattan moved the following amendment, “to the 25th of May, 1789.”

The Attorney General rose to make his protest against this measure. Limiting the supplies, or withholding from his Majesty a mutiny bill, never ought to be done except in cases where the crown was supposed to be improper in the exercise of its prerogative, in proroguing or dissolving parliament. He said that it was idle to pretend,

whatever cause of complaint they might have against the minister, started at the idea, and it was reprobated; the present is a nasty measure, and he should meet it in every stage. He said he had reports of Whiteboyism finding its way into the metropolis, and of combinations being entered into, not such as the journeymen pin-makers were some time ago found guilty of, and punished for, and of associations being formed; but for his part he gave no sort of credit to these reports; for one, he should resist the present measure in the first instance. He had voted once for a short money bill—the occasion demanded it—the circumstances of the times, when your Treasury was bankrupt, and your trade and credit reduced to the lowest ebb, demanded it; for it is a dignified measure, when taken up in momentous and constitutional causes; but it loses its weight when it is resorted to on trivial occasions; and in respect to the present measure, he considered it as a measure of passion, and he should give it his most decided opposition.

Mr. Brownlow defended the necessity of the measure; he said he had not the smallest personal dislike to the Lord Lieutenant, but he should not consent to leave it in his Excellency's power to follow the conduct of lord Townshend; he did not know what the right hon. gentleman meant by the words *nasty measure*; it was a plain bold principle, and for his part he was determined never to place too much confidence in any Viceroy, and the measure met his most hearty approbation.

Mr. Browne (College) combated with much warmth the insinuation intimated by the right hon. gentleman. He had heard much of parties and jontos; for his own part, he disclaimed the knowledge of such; he was not of that party that hopped and skipped and jumped about with every change of men and measures; not of that party that held off and waited the change of the winds or the arrival of the packets, in order to decide on which side of a question they should vote; nor of that party that maintained the parliament of England, had a right to pass laws for Ireland; nor that which revived the exploded and damnable doctrines of the time of Charles I. nor of that which would put it into the power of a Viceroy to frustrate the operations of parliament, and then turn them into ridicule. He asked, was it no reason for refusing the supplies, when the chief magistrate first prorogued the parliament, afterwards censured their proceedings, and by his conduct gave every reason to apprehend another prorogation, or dissolution? If gentlemen wanted reasons, he could furnish them with a bushel of reasons for the manner in

in that house, to act to the best of his judgment by the instructions and for the interests of those who sent him there (his constituents). He heard no arguments sufficient to alter his opinion, and he would therefore vote for the amendment.

Mr. Grattan rose to make some observations on what had fallen from a right hon. gentleman (the attorney general). The right hon. gentleman, he said, had brought the charge of faction, and against whom has he brought it?—He has brought it against the lords and commons; he has brought it against the representatives of the people, who last night adopted the principle of the present measure; and he said it was a strong instance of the very great moderation of the house, to listen with so much patience to such a charge—it was the undoubted prerogative of the crown to prorogue or dissolve parliament, and it was the undoubted privilege of the representatives of the people to limit the supply; and it was their duty to guard as much as possible against an improper exercise of the prerogative of the crown; for a lord lieutenant might have bad advisers.

Mr. Grattan here alluded to what the right hon. gentleman had mentioned respecting an association being formed; he said if such a paper does exist, and signed by persons who approve of the measures of this house, such a paper is not only constitutional, but necessary; he again entered into a defence of the present measure, and he said that limiting the supply in the present exigency was absolutely become necessary.

The Attorney General, in a few words, explained; he said he did not bring the charge of faction.

Mr. Hardy said he should esteem it as the pride of his life to act in uniformity with some particular persons. He vindicated the conduct of those who supported the present measures from any motive of faction, as the persons who supported those measures were respectable both for their great property and extensive parliamentary connexions.

Mr. Parsons said, as an association had been mentioned, in his opinion the paper ought to be produced, that the purport of it might be known.

On Mr. Mason putting the question, that the committee do agree to Mr. Grattan's amendment, a division took place,

For Mr. Grattan's amendment to the	} 65
25th of May, 1789,	
Against it,	50

Majority for the amendment	15
Tellers for the ayes, Mr. Saunderson.	
Tellers for the noes, the Attorney General.	

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved the usual duties; and at half past eight o'clock the chairman reported progress, and the house adjourned.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

The two Priests.—A Tale.

HAIL, Charity, enthron'd in highest heav'n!
Offspring of race celestial, deign to in-
fuse

A kindred spirit o'er an iron world!
To soothe our hearts to nature, so that men
May love as brothers, not as brutes behold
A human wretch in agonizing pang,
And pass insensate by, tho' sent by fate
To aid the throbs of ruthless poverty,
That sink the man to dark oblivious shades,
And oft a timeless end: then shall society re-
new
Her courage, and mankind, like you reverend

O'er the wide blasted heath, till in yon bower,
In pity's fostering hand for shelter led,
He grateful enter'd as the tempest pour'd,
Thanking his God for mercy and protection,
And guiltless of offence to heav'n and earth.
The truly great in silence how resign'd,
Tho' fate is hostile to their sanguine wishes!
Scarce was he seated, when a pompous youth,
From a fine pamper'd steed, with dancing skip,
Enter'd for shelter: rich he was and proud,
And the church own'd him for her fav'rite son,
If wealthy livings, and a lofty dome bespeak
Him favour'd, that can boast them both.
His dress imply'd his grandeur, but it's said,
That Moria had his worship more than God.
Our shivering wight address'd in plaintive stile.

For he was just as Socrates, and wife,
And all the village thought him more than
man:

In strictly following what his faith inculcates,
This tender parent, and accomplish'd husband,
With great example led to emulation,
And bless'd the country round in virtuous lore;
Yet not this flock alone, but the wide world,
His nobler soul embrac'd with kindred warmth.
These are the characters that speed the faith,
All else unworthy of the son of Jesse!
He on his duty to a dying pauper,
Our mendicant accosted—"Spare, O spare,
To a poor wether'd wretch some human suc-
cour!"

For pity's sake relieve a poor old man!"
He turn'd, he sigh'd, 'twas misery press'd re-
lief;

He gave the all he had with tearful eye;
Pointed to a just God for future succour,
And wrapt the trembler in his upper gar-
ment.

Oh, heav'n! expand the bosom of the great,
Or give the expanded bosom worldly riches!

*NIGHT.—A descriptive Piece. By a young
Gentleman.*

HAILE! silent night; parent of soft re-
pose,
With downy wing—in sable colour clad;
Spangled with stars, or the vast concave wide
Vying, their little, various, sparkling fires,
With the mild lustre, of pale Cynthia's beam,
Which, on the surface of a murr'ring rill,
(Clear and unruddled, save by gentlest breeze
Of incense-waiting zephyrs balmy breath)
In sportive circlets and refracted rays,
Dances along, to the melodious sound
Of grief-worn Philomela's love-sick notes;
Whilst warbling thro' the grove, her tuneful
plaints,
Shrill Echo hears, and soothes her fancied woes,
By back returning, the sad pleasing strain;
All else is hush'd, and nature seeks repose.
With wary step, and keen sagacious eye,
The watchful mastiff, (guardian of the fold)
His master's flocks, from midnight theft defends.
Behold! in misty vapours white array'd,
The rugged mountain's brow and verdant sides;
Consulted all, in seeming chaos lost.
Each flow'ret too, as it oppress'd with sleep,
Doth droop its head, and shuts its leafy pride.
Fatigued with toil and heat, the weary hind
Forgets his daily labours, and enjoys
That sleep, a stranger oft to princely state;
Nor at his lot severe repines; whilst he,
(Bless'd with content, that chief of earthly

And now her wailing midnight revels holds;
Whilst she o'er man her baneful influence
sheds,

That sure, though ling'ring, poison of the
mind.

But hark! wild music now assails my ear,
Louder and louder, sweeter and sweeter still:
'Tis the shrill lark, which sprightly hails the
dawn,

And soaring high, proclaims th' approaching
day.

With pace majestic, sable Night retires
With all her train, to visit other climes,
And yields bright Sol possession of the sky.

A PASTORAL.

COLIN.

ANGELIC Phillis, let us haste,
Nor heav'nly bliss delay,
With Venus in yon myrtle grove,
Enthron'd in sweets of May.

PHILLIS.

I fly, my Colin, to the grove,
In blooming flow'rets gay,
With softest harmony and love,
To pass the beauteous day.

COLIN.

There's Flora's coxcomb flattering round,
In his capricious tour;
I once incur'd the like contempt,
From ev'ry circling hour.

PHILLIS.

I ne'er resign'd this fond, fond heart,
Till Colin chang'd, I saw;
And know that I shall ne'er infringe,
O sacred love! thy law.

COLIN.

Then to yon antique spire repair,
Th' enchanting sounds repeat;
My life! my dear! my lovely fair!
My transport is too great.

PHILLIS.

With thee thy future bliss I trust,
We'll never more be twain:

COLIN.

Gods! let this breathe my warmest thanks,

PHILLIS.

These arms reward my swain.

A PRAYER.

AGAIN I bend the votive knee,
Almighty God, O Lord to thee;

Again let animated bloom,
 Dispel the clouded shades of gloom,
 Again let anguish cease :
 Waft, waft to her one heav'nly gale,
 Let sickness not so oft prevail,
 To damp her bosom's peace.

Ah ! far remove each heaving sigh,
 The pallid cheek, the low sunk eye :
 Let Health's benigner ray
 Round her its balmy blessings fling,
 In florid bloom of vivid spring,
 And long exert its sway.

Be far remov'd from her each care,
 That too oft fall to mortals share ;
 With health let ev'ry good,
 From bounteous Heav'n be shower'd down,
 The measure of her days to crown,
 And round her hov'ring brood.

But if, O Lord, thy fixed decree,
 Be seal'd to set her spirit free,
 Make thy chastizing rod
 A gracious instrument to raise,
 Her thoughts beyond the solar blaze,
 Fast by the Throne of God.

O may it teach her Jesu's love,
 Who left celestial courts above,
 To purge the sinner's leav'n !
 Make her on Faith triumphant rise
 To gain the never fading prize,
 And scale the mount of Heav'n !

R. Y.

Cellbridge, April 28th, 1789.

Sonnet to the Moon.

*Composed while walking over the Carragh at
 Midnight.*

BLEST be thy friendly light, which o'er the
 plain
 Conducts my wand'ring steps, and guides my
 way
 To her the best lov'd, who feels the pain
 And owns the pleasure of fair Friendship's
 sway :
 Thy beams transcend the lustre of the day :
 And still to thee will I my homage pay,
 Planet benign ! and to th' Almighty pow'r
 Who form'd thee and the thousand glitt'ring
 stars,
 Which, shining round at this dread midnight hour,
 Add glory to the heav'nly universe :
 Beneath his guidance safe, and free from fears,
 Dauntless I tread the solitary road ;
 And tho' my heart th' uncertain future tears,
 Confide in him, " my father and my God."
Trin. College, 15th May, 1789.

*The Sharper's Revenge ; or, The Farmer
 Outwitted.*

SOME time long since, I've heard it said,
 Nay, I've heard where, but, zounds ! my
 head
 Has quite forgot the time and place,
 But this I know, 'twas at a race.
 If time and place I here could mention,
 'Twould nothing add to my intention ;

The jest's the same, be where it will,
 At Epsom, or near Sunning-Hill.

Two sharpeners went some cash to get,
 Of those that were inclin'd to bet,
 But luck against them chanc'd to go,
 Which brought them poverty and woe.
 (They who at gaming risk their money,
 Full well deserve to want a penny.)
 No money now, and far from town,
 They chanc'd to see a country clown,
 Some distance off a pig was driving,
 Whose lusty sides shew'd he was thriving ;
 He nearer drew, and they agreed,
 (For of some cash they stood in need)
 That each should take a diff'rent way,
 Their tricks upon the clown to play ;
 But ere they parted, each knew well,
 What part o'th' story he should tell.
 The clown and bite by this time meet,
 The sharper thus the clown does greet ;
 " Good-morrow, master, what's your haste ?
 You'll tire your sheep you walk so fast."
 " Zheep," says the clown, " you cannot see,
 Or else some wool you sure must be,
 Not know a zheep from grunting pig,
 This zurely is a monstrous prig."
 At this the sharper seem'd enrag'd,
 Till in high contest they engag'd ;
 Each his opinion held most stoutly,
 And that 'twas truth swore most devoutly.
 At length, to prove which rightly spoke,
 They laid a wager firm as oak ;
 And he whom chance brought first that way,
 Must tell which should the money pay.
 Sharp now appear'd some distance off,
 When Hodge at Bite began to scoff ;
 " You gentleman I dare to zay,
 When he does know what we did lay,
 Will tell the truth, and now I think
 I zee you paying down the chink."
 Sharp now arriv'd, tho' slow his pace,
 When Hodge prepar'd to tell his case,
 And thus began : " Zir, you must know,
 That I to wagers is a foe,
 But that this man, whom here you zee,
 Offer'd to lay a bett with me,
 That this same pig here is a zheep,
 He mought as well zay I'm a zleep ;
 Now, Zir, I hope that you will tell,
 The truth, as thus the case befell."
 Hodge waits the answer with attention,
 While Sharp proceeds his mind to mention,
 " I'm sorry, Sir, that you in haste,
 Should of your money make such waste,
 But 'tis a sheep I make no doubt."
 At this Hodge makes a wondrous rout,
 Cries, " Zirs, you're either blind or mad,
 Pray look again—I wish I had
 My pig at home safe in the stie,
 I'd shew you, Zirs, with half an eye,
 Of the same litter plenty more,
 Just nine, and this makes half a score."

But now to draw t'wards the conclusion,
 (I fear I've made too long intrusion)
 The money Hodge was forc'd to pay,
 For they in numbers had the sway.

FOREIGN

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Tangiers, Feb. 15, 1789.

IN pursuance of the emperor's order, the pacha of this city, some days since, assembled at the castle, the several consuls resident here, and read to them a letter from the emperor, signifying that if the corsairs should capture ships belonging to Christian powers, and be disposed to sell them at the port of Tangiers, he was desirous of being informed without delay whether it would be permitted. The answer of the consuls was, that the question seemed to imply that the emperor of Morocco entertained hostile designs, and that the procedures of the European courts would be governed by the several treaties in which they were engaged. A few days after the emperor sent a letter to the consuls, assuring them that he was at peace with all nations.

Vienna, March 4. The last letters from Naples contain the melancholy news, that on the 7th of February Upper Calabria felt three shocks of an earthquake as strong as those of the 5th of February, 1785. On the first shock all the inhabitants fled; the other two destroyed most of the houses rebuilt since the last ravages. Monte Leone, Reggio, and the environs, have suffered most, and we fear the news from Sicily will be more afflicting.

Venice, March 8.] The election of a new doge was concluded and publicly announced on Monday afternoon, in the person of Ludovico Manin procurator of St. Mark, born the 23d of July, 1726.

Leipsa, March 12. The news of the complete recovery of his Britannic Majesty is just now received here, and with great joy, at court. The chevalier de Pinto, now prime minister in the foreign department, shed tears on the occasion. The factory here will celebrate this great event in a most festive manner. The Queen felicitates the British Sovereign and his court in letters of her own hand writing, and with sincere joy.

Paris, March 16. The fermentation in the provinces is far from being calmed. It is said that M. de Dampas, a provincial gentleman, has been stoned at Aix, and that another nobleman, commander of a ship, was killed there in a popular insurrection. The troubles in Brittany also are not appeased. The third citate, we learn, is formed into a regiment and armed, and the

eye to bear; by moon-light the prospect was beautiful beyond conception. The experiments made on this expedition are not only extremely curious and entertaining, but must prove of great use to astronomy.

The only animal seen in these elevated regions, was a black spider found under stones.

M. Oriani, in his astronomical essays, for the last year at Milan, has inserted an interesting memoir on refractions, in which he supposes with Fuler, that the heat of the air, on which its density depends, decreases in an harmonial progression; but the experiments of Mons. Saussure shew that the progression is much more rapid, and very near to an arithmetical one.

The famous Abbe de Raynal is now living at Marselles, in the 76th year of his age. He was requested by that city to be their representative at the States General, but excused himself on account of his age and infirmities.

Copenhagen, March 24. The treason meditated by the Swedish gentleman named Benzenstierna, and his accomplice O'Brien, who yesterday were examined for the first time, is not the only danger with which we were threatened. Three other persons have been taken into custody, on suspicion of a design of setting fire to the city in three different places. In several houses and other buildings, combustible matters have been found.

Hamburg, March 26. In the new form of constitution which the King of Sweden has ordered for the future government of his kingdom, an oath of allegiance is to be taken by all the members of the senate, to the following tenor:

"I acknowledge that there is an hereditary King, who has the power of governing the kingdom; of making war or peace; of concluding foreign alliances; and of distributing favours as he shall think most fit.

"That the supreme tribunal of the kingdom shall consist of plebeians as well as nobles, and the number shall depend on the pleasure of the King.

"That every subject shall have an equal right to purchase lands, and that the repairing of the highways shall fall equally on every description of persons.

"That with respect to the highest offices in the state, they shall be exclusively given to

when he immediately cut off a lock of his hair, which he neatly folded up in a bit of paper, and then with a most benevolent smile, gave it to his faithful attendant; saying, "My friend, take this lock of my hair, and when I am dead, present it to my father and mother, as a token of my friendship for you. They will no doubt reward you for all the trouble you have had with their dying son."

The correspondent who has sent us the above paragraph says, he has been credibly informed by his friend at Paris, that the lamentable illness of the Dauphin originates from the dancing-masters having put him in the stocks to make him turn out his toes; by which operation, they have wrenched his hips, and even hurt the spine of his back; so that ever since that poor infant was put into the hands of the gentlemen of the pump, he became sickly and deformed, and is now past all hopes of recovery.

Hague, April 7. The news from Sweden is very interesting:

The nobles persist in acknowledging the legality of the late measures; many of them finding resistance useless, have retired into the country, leaving public affairs to take their own turn. The king therefore pursues his own plans uncon-

trouled, for the other orders of the state are at his devotion.

The secret committee has resolved to support the King in the prosecution of the war, and that the country shall be accountable for the debts already incurred, as well as for all loans which shall in future be raised either at home or abroad. In consequence of which, the Bank has issued to the King two millions and a half of Spanish dollars as a provisional subsidy, and has agreed to furnish him with 500,000 monthly, from the opening of the campaign.

For this loan, the committee has engaged to assign over the first public revenues, after the re-establishment of peace.

This secret committee has reported the state of that kingdom to be in a very flourishing situation, more so than could be expected; the last investigation of the public revenues was in 1772.

The King hurries on the public business as fast as possible, and will then break up the assembly; that being done, he will take the field immediately, and open the campaign in person.

Volunteers are assembling all over the kingdom in great numbers, and the service goes on with the greatest alacrity.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Whitehall, March 24, 1789.

THE French ambassador has just received letters from his court, in which their Most Christian Majesties express their warmest congratulations upon the recovery of our most gracious Sovereign, and desire that his excellency will shew every possible respect and joy upon the ensuing occasion; and that the expence may be no object of consideration, they have ordered it to be placed to their Majesties. On this information the Count de Luzerne waited upon Lady Harcourt, and requested her ladyship to acquaint their Majesties of the intention of his court.

26.] The Queen had a drawing-room at St. James's to receive the congratulations of the nobility and gentry, which was the most numerous and brilliant one ever remembered.

April 2.] Being the day appointed for the Queen's entertainment at Windsor, on account of the restoration of his Majesty's health, there was a grand court and evening drawing-room at Windsor Castle; after which there was a ball in the council chamber, and a supper in St. George's Hall, the most magnificent and numerous in point of company ever remembered.

5.] General Acland was bound over to keep the peace before N. Bond, Esq. towards John

a warrant for that purpose, granted by the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge.

7.] In the evening, Mr. Hesse of the Bank was stopped, and robbed of his watch and money, by a desperate footpad in Bermondsey-street, Southwark. The villain, after robbing Mr. Hesse, ordered him to walk straight forward, at the peril of his life, without looking to the right or left. After proceeding in that manner to some distance, seeing a light in a public-house, he went in, and two men, who were drinking there, agreed to go out with him in pursuit of the robber; and, coming up with him, the first man that laid hold of him he shot instantly dead, but being closed upon by Mr. Hesse and the other stranger, he was secured.

8.] Came on the election of twenty-four directors of the Bank, when the following gentlemen were chosen.

S. Beachcroft, Esq.	R. Neave, Esq.
T. Boddington, Esq.	Jos. Nutt, Esq.
R. Clay, Esq.	I. Osborne, Esq.
B. Coney, Esq.	E. Payne, Esq.
W. Cooke, Esq.	G. Peters, Esq.
E. Darell, Esq.	C. Putter, Esq.
T. Dea, Esq.	T. Raikes, Esq.
W. Ewer, Esq.	G. Thornton, Esq.
D. Giles, Esq.	S. Thornton, Esq.
J. Harrison, Esq.	J. Whitmore, Jun. Esq.

" His Majesty receives with the greatest satisfaction the dutiful and loyal address of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.

" His Majesty accepts in the most gracious manner the renewal of their professions of affectionate attachment to his person, family, and government, and feels with the greatest sensibility the joyful expressions of their hearts upon the interposition of Divine Providence, in restoring him again to the personal exercise of his royal functions. The happiness and prosperity of his faithful subjects in Ireland are objects very near his Majesty's heart, and he confides in the wisdom of the Parliament of that kingdom, that they will pursue such measures as will enable him to fulfil his intentions of promoting the general interests of all his dominions.

" His Majesty thanks his faithful Commons for their loyal and affectionate address, and for their assurances of the sincere and cordial satisfaction which they feel on the interposition of Divine Providence in removing from him the severe indisposition with which he has been afflicted.

" Nothing can be more satisfactory to his Majesty than the disposition expressed by the House of Commons cheerfully to proceed in making such provisions as are necessary for the honourable support of his Majesty's government.

" He receives with the greatest pleasure the acknowledgments of the House of Commons of their sense of the solicitude which his Majesty can never cease to entertain for the interests of Ireland, as well as their professions of respect and attachment to his person, family and government."

10.] Towards the north angle of Somerset-square, Mr. Bacon's famous cast in bronze of the river Thames personified, and surrounded with attributes, was erected. The figure measures upwards of eight feet, and is nearly a ton and a half in weight: under the right arm is an antique urn, behind which a cornucopia extends to the left side. The pedestal on which it is placed was finished several months since. The statue of his Majesty, also in brass, is to be elevated over the reclining Thames. The whole of this beautiful performance, which in point of composition would do honour to any age, will be completed before the Royal Academy opens.

14.] Two of the ships which are already taken up by government, and sitting out in the river for Botany Bay, are to be laden entirely with bricks, mortar, iron, and other implements for building.

15.] In the evening her Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, went to Covent Garden Theatre. On her Majesty's entering the box, the theatre thundered applause. Her Majesty sensibly felt the congratulations. When seated, the ordinary curtain was drawn up, and discovered a splendid drop-cloth, displaying his Majesty's arms superbly emblazoned, having a scroll over it, with the words *LONG LIVE THE KING*, and another underneath, *MAY THE KING LIVE FOR EVER*. Two cherubs supported the lower scroll, waving wreaths of laurel over it. The whole painting was decorated with a rich foliage

of roses and myrtle surrounding it. Its unexpected display added considerably to the effect.

Mr. Banister, with the principal singers belong to the theatre, then came forward, who were joined in the song of *God save the King* by the whole audience, and encored a first, second, and third time; with which her Majesty was so impressed, that she shed tears of joy.

17.] A servant belonging to Major Congreve, of Charlton, in Kent, was robbed by two highwaymen, each of whom was armed with a cut-throat and pistol, as he was returning with his master's chaise. The alarm being given, two men went in pursuit of the robbers, and meeting with the patrol, who had also received information of the robbery, they mistook each other, and one of the men levelled his piece at the patrol, which fortunately flashed in the pan. The patrol took both the men before Sir Sampson Wright, who, being told the circumstances, discharged them.

23.] This day being appointed for a general thanksgiving for his Majesty's recovery from his late illness, his Majesty went to St. Paul's church, accompanied by the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cumberland, and his Royal Highness Prince William; and attended by both Houses of Parliament, the Great Officers of State, the Judges, and other public officers, to return thanks to God.

At Temple Bar his Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, two Aldermen, and four of the Common Council, being all on horseback, when his Lordship presented the city sword to his Majesty, who having returned it, his Lordship carried it before the King to St. Paul's.

The Prayers and Litany were read and chaunted by the minor canons. The *Te Deum* and anthems composed for the occasion were sung by the choir, who were placed in the organ loft, and were joined in the chorus, as also in the Psalms, by the charity children, in number about six thousand, who were assembled there previous to their Majesties arrival. The common service was read by the Dean and Residentiaries, and the sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of London.

Divine service being ended, their Majesties returned with the same state to the Queen's Palace at about half an hour after three o'clock. The guns at the Tower and in the Park were fired three times, first upon the King's setting out, secondly at the singing of *Te Deum*, and thirdly upon his Majesty's return; after which the brigade of foot guards fired a *feu de joie* in St. James's Park, being drawn up in the front of the Queen's Palace.

25.] *The Illuminations.*—These testimonials of the general feeling on the great event of the Sovereign's recovery, which were postponed until last night, by direction from the Secretary of State, were last night not less brilliant in particular instances, though, perhaps, not quite so universal, as on the former occasion; for an account of which, see Mag. for April, page 218.

B I R T H S.

March 22. **A**T Bolton Percy, the lady of the 1789. Rev. C. Atkinson, a daughter.—28. Lady of Thomas Giffard, Esq. a son.—*April 2.* Lady of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. a daughter.—4. Lady of Thomas Skipp Bucknell, a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

March 24. **A**T St. George's, Hanover square, 1789. William Wrexall, Esq. member for Luggershall, to Miss Jane Lascelles, eldest daughter of the late Peter Lascelles, Esq. of Knights, in Hertfordshire.—Edward Coles, Esq. of Upper Seymour-street, late governor of Bencoolen, to Mrs. Sarah Pain, widow of the late Captain William Pain, of Poole.—*April 1.* By special licence, Lord Apsley, son of Earl Bathurst, to the youngest Miss Lenox, sister to Lord George Lenox.—3. Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart. of Murkle, to the Right Hon. Lady Madelina Gordon, second daughter of the Duke of Gordon.—10. At Ilfracombe, Thomas Roger Ridge, Esq. commander of his Majesty's excise revenue cutter at Portsmouth, to Miss Baily.—11. Sherborne Stewart, Esq. Captain in the first regiment of life-guards, to Miss Mason.—14. Jeremiah Curteis, Esq. barrister-at-law, to Miss Barret, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Barret, rector of Hothfield, Kent.—24. Bernard Edward Howard, Esq. of Farnham, to the Right Hon. Lady Eliz. Bellafyse, youngest daughter of Earl Fauconberg.

D E A T H S.

AGED 97, Thomas Amory, Esq. author of John Bunce.—*March 24,* 1789. At Margate, in great poverty, Mrs. Ann Emelinda Foster, aged 42, author of "The Old Maid," a novel, and other works. She was grand daughter of Henry Masterman, Esq. of York, and legal heiress to his whole fortune. Her first husband was Mr. Skinn, an attorney; her second, Nicholas Foster, Esq. an officer in the army, and son of an Irish baronet.—William Latton, Esq. formerly ambassador from King

George II. to the Emperor of Morocco, and father of Henry L. M. A. vicar of Woodhorn and Felton, co. Northumberland.—In a miserable garret, in an advanced age, Captain Barber, of one of his Majesty's regiments of foot. He had been for many years on half-pay, and lived in a very close and retired manner. He was remarkable for being always followed by a Newfoundland dog, to which he was particularly attached. He has left a legacy of 4000l. either to the Foundling or Magdalen Hospital. He had a sister, to whom he has bequeathed only 10l. a year.—28. At the Inoculation Hospital at Pancras, of a dropsy of the chest, in his 72d year, Edward Archer, M. D. sole physician of the United Hospitals for the Small Pox and Inoculation.—31. At Mannheim, in his 44th year, Charles Prince Palatine, of Birkenfeld, Duke of Bavaria, major-general in the service of his Imperial Majesty.—*April 1.* At Bristol, William Woollery, Esq. an eminent West India planter.—2. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. John Lord M'Leod, Major-general in the British service, and Colonel of the 71st regiment of foot, also Count Cromartie, and a commandant of the order of the Sword, in the kingdom of Sweden.—8. Earl of Caithness, shot himself.—15. At Doncaster, aged 63, Francis Laye, Esq. formerly a Captain in the 31st regiment.—16. John Boldero, Esq. Banker, in Cornhill.—He was found dead in his bed, without having had any appearance of indisposition the preceding evening.—At Box, near Bath, aged 64, Mr. Morgan Davis, formerly of Petty France, county Gloucester. He was a native of North Wales, and supposed to be one of the heaviest and bulkiest men in England, weighing 32 stone, at a period when he used to ride after a pack of hounds the whole day.—17. At Canterbury, after a short illness, in his 32d year, William Jackson, Esq. only son of John Jackson, Esq. one of the aldermen of that city.—19. At Oxford, of a dropical disorder, after a lingering illness, and universally lamented, aged 75, Sir Charles Nourse, Knight, senior Surgeon in that city, equally distinguished for the length and eminence of his practice.

D O M E S T I C I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Londonderry, March 31, 1789.

WEDNESDAY last being the day appointed for testifying the loyal feelings of the inhabitants of this ancient city, on account of his Majesty's happy recovery from his late severe indisposition, the morning was ushered in by the joyful ringing of bells, and a beautiful display of various colours; at twelve o'clock, the 46th regiment, commanded by Major Leighton, fired a *feu de joye* in the Diamond; and at night there was a most brilliant illumination, every window was lighted, and in many of them were displayed most beautiful transparent paintings of the Sovereign, and other applicable and very ingenious devices were exhibited to view; the night was also distinguished by the firing of cannon, bells, &c., music, songs, and other demonstrations of loyalty. On Thursday evening, the town-

hall was finely illuminated, and a splendid ball and supper given to the ladies.

A letter from Newtown Limavady mentions, that on the night of Monday the 23d instant, that place was elegantly illuminated on account of his Majesty's recovery, and that the inhabitants and the neighbouring gentry, testified every mark of joy on the happy occasion.

Messrs. Cox and Thompson having made every necessary examination in their power, concerning the depth and bed of the river between the quays where the ferry-boats ply, and having given it as their decided opinion, "That a wooden bridge can be erected there," on Thursday last, they presented to the corporation, in Common Council assembled, an estimate of the expence, which amounts to only 10,000l. British money. The corporation, with a spirit and promptitude, which should ever endear them to their fellow-citizens,

citizens, unanimously resolved to accept the estimate, and to complete the plan.

April 21. On Friday came to be tried before Mr. Justice Henn, and a special jury, a cause in which Messrs. Samuel and John King, in prohibition, were the plaintiff, and the Rev. Edmond Hamilton, defendant; the cause was, whether a modus, of sixpence in value, in lieu of the tythes of each parishioner's flax, existed in the defendant's parish, or not? When, after a trial which lasted three hours, and an impartial charge in favour of the modus, being given to the jury by the learned judge—the jury retired, but finding it impossible to agree in their verdict, a juror was withdrawn by the consent of the attorneys concerned, whereby the event of this cause remains undetermined until the next assizes—when, it is expected, it will again be tried.

Limerick, April 24. A few days ago, a meeting of the manufacturers and tradesmen of this town was held at King's Island, when it was unanimously agreed to discontinue the use of English porter, or any imported malt liquor.

DUBLIN, May 2, 1789.

Copy of a Letter received by the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Kenmare.

Dublin Castle, 24th April, 1789.

“MY LORD,

“I am commanded by the Lord Lieutenant to inform your Lordship, that his Excellency has received a letter from the Right Hon. Lord Sydney, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, acquainting him that he has laid the address from the Roman Catholics of Ireland before the King, and that his Majesty was pleased to receive the same in the most gracious manner.

“I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

“R. HOBART.”

Right Hon. Lord Kenmare.

Thursday morning, some villains broke open the warehouse and offices of Messrs. Darby, in Jervis-street, from the latter of which they carried off bills, notes, and bonds to a considerable amount, together with the contents of two chests of hyson tea deposited in the warehouse.

Wednesday, being first day of Easter Term, the Judges and King's Counsel proceeded in the usual procession to open their respective Courts.

Same day, Maria Lewellin was brought up to the bar of the Court of King's Bench, in order to plead his Majesty's most gracious pardon, but it being objected by the Clerk of the Court,

formed on account of his Majesty's recovery, in the Catholic Archiepiscopal Chapel of Francis-street.—The Primate, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Meath, the Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, and several other titular dignitaries of the church were present, attired in their sacerdotal insignia.

The music consisted of a Te Deum and Anthem, both composed for the purpose by Mr. Gordinani, and they did very considerable credit to his well established reputation. They fully proved the falsity of the assertion that no modern master attends to, or can emulate the ancient style of music; for these excellent compositions were perfectly in that style, and in its best, its happiest manner: possessing a richness of melody and fullness of harmony that elevated the soul, whilst they left the ear nothing to desire. The overture was uncommonly pleasing and well adapted; the *sanctus* a bass solo, striking, solemn, and magnificent, and executed by Mr. Weyman with an ability, precision and judgment peculiarly his own. The trio, by Master Hamilton, Mr. Passerini, and Mr. Weyman, was sung with equal taste and expression; the idea of it was just, though new, and the composition as happy as the idea: and the succeeding chorus was in its author's best style, shewing fancy and knowledge of effect, that would do honour to any master; leaving, by the aid of the accompaniment, an impression of beauty and propriety not easily equalled. The concluding chorus of the Te Deum was conceived with brilliancy of imagination, and had much of the grandeur and magnificence of Handel; it consisted of two movements, the first adapted to solemn expression, and the second, which was a *presto*, to an effect of boldness and spirit.

The anthem was distinguished by elegance, spirit, and character, but with that simplicity of taste which genius dictates, and displayed both fancy and science; and the concluding Hallelujah was powerfully impressive, grand in thought, rich in style, and admirably given. The accompaniments throughout were highly engaging, and most pleasingly suited to the subject, and the digressions were managed with the utmost address.

The band consisted of more than 100 of the principal instrumental performers, public and private, in this city; and of about forty singers. Too much praise cannot be given to Dr. Troy, and to the ecclesiastical gentlemen under his direction, for their polite attention to the accommodation of the company, and for their very marked civilities. Alike honourable to themselves, and obliging to the public, they merited,

lor of this kingdom, were interred in Christchurch, by his Lordship's special directions given in his will.

The coffin was richly elegant—the heart very grand, with Rutland's plume, and drawn by six black horses.

The first mourning carriage was Dean Hewitt's, in which was the Dean, his Lordship's second son, accompanied by Dean Buton, his Lordship's chaplain.

Six mourning coaches followed, containing some of the officers of the Court of Chancery, clergymen of the parish, and the servants, male and female, of his late Lordship—and his sons—all in deep mourning—with full linen.

His Lordship's body-coach, with six gentlemen, supporters of the pall.

Another of his Lordship's coaches, with Dean Hewitt's curates.

Twelve gentlemen's carriages following next—the servants in full linen.

His Lordship's remains when arrived at the cathedral, were conducted to the choir. The Sub-dean read the usual sentences—the principal part of the service was read by Dr. Allott. The body was afterwards conducted to the place of interment.

8.] Pursuant to his Majesty's command, the Great Seals of this kingdom were put into commission, until his royal pleasure be known, respecting the appointment of a Lord Chancellor. The commissioners to whose custody the seals are committed are, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Mr. Justice Braddick.

9.] Our Linen-hall, is now not only the greatest, but also the most eminent market-place in Europe, affording space and all possible accommodation, to both buyer and seller; the several additions to this useful pile of building being arranged with judgment, having an elegant simplicity, beautiful to behold, but devoid of unnecessary expence or ornament, and fitted not only for the sale of linens, but also of cottons, plain and printed, and every other species of mixed manufacture. The Board (whose every effort has been to promote and extend the staple of this country) having also erected, in the centre of the building, a coffee-room, or exchange for negotiating business; and the draper, factor, and merchant, are invited to send or deposit there their several letters, foreign or domestic, com-

Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons.

11.] The Fete Champetre given by Mrs. Fortescue, at Leixlip Castle, was alike well-tantried, delicate, and pleasing. Her genius for taste and elegance pervaded the whole, and gave it a colouring of amenity peculiarly distinguishing. The fineness of the morning added considerably to the enjoyment of the party, and gave new charms to the lovely scene of the surrounding demesne, where "nature wanders as in her prime." The company consisted of a numerous assemblage of the first in rank and fashion, and the entertainment was alike distinguished by propriety of style and correctness of manner. To the ease of the country it joined the polish of the court.

The Countess of Farnham's elegant party, on Saturday night, at her house in Rutland-square, had every attraction of taste and fashion. The company, though not very numerous, were of the first distinction, and the style of the entertainment was equal to such an assembly. The ball was pleasant, gay, and lively, and the supper abounded in every thing which art or nature could produce at an early season. It was equally delicate and magnificent. The company separated not till far in the next morning.

12.] About four o'clock this morning, some villains attempted to enter the house in Booterstown avenue, lately occupied by the Countess of Brandon, deceased, and now in the possession of Captain Tisdall, with an intention to rob the same—but the Captain hearing a noise at one of the parlour windows, got out of bed, and discharged a pistol towards that place where he conjectured the robbers were at work—one of them must have been wounded desperately, as he cried out twice, "O God! I'm killed!" they in consequence made a precipitate retreat. There is great reason to suppose, from the great quantity of blood which was scattered about the window and rails, that the fellow died soon after. The Captain only took the house the day before.

14.] The bargain for the loan and lottery, for the present year, having much engaged the public attention, it has occurred that it would be satisfactory to the holders of government security, to know the particulars, and at what periods the contractors are to make good their payments.

The amount of 3 and a half per cent. debentures

lottery tickets, for the amount of each — They are also to pay, on the 24th of June, 100,000*l.* on account of the bargain for 1788, for which they are to receive 3 and a half per cent. debenture — so that the amount of 3 and a half per cent. to be issued from this to the 24th of October next, is no less than 618,240*l.*

18.] The liberal sum just granted by Parliament, for the promotion of the inland Navigation, does credit to their wisdom and justice. Whilst its mode of appropriation guards it from wanton waste, its expenditure must produce the greatest service; the accommodation of the public will be materially assisted, and the carriage of goods be so much reduced in price as will prove an eminent national benefit.

Thursday evening, the Countess of Beatrix entertained a splendid party at her house in Rutland-square. The company was numerous, amounting to near 400, and consisted of the principal in rank, fashion, and beauty that the capital at present contains. The entertainment was a ball and supper, the latter alike distinguished by taste and magnificence. The enjoyment of the company was so pleasing, that the rooms were not entirely clear till six o'clock yesterday morning.

20.] This day, being Quarter-day of the Guild of Merchants, the freedom of that Corporation was unanimously voted to Lord Henry Fitzgerald; as also a vote of thanks to the two Houses in Parliament for their conduct in this session. The thanks of the guild were likewise voted unanimously to Travers Hartley, Esq.

Thursday, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, and a great number of the nobility and gentlemen, assembled at Ryan's, pursuant to annual custom, to celebrate Lord Townshend's birth-day — his Lordship's health was drank with repeated plaudits; and this truly respectable company expressed the most ardent and sincere wishes, that the love and gratitude of Irishmen to him, who in every situation, and in the worst of times, had proved himself the true friend to this country, might, for centuries yet to come, preserve the anniversary of Lord Townshend's birth-day, as an æra auspicious to the prosperity of Ireland.

The Right Hon. John Earl of Darnley, having lately attained his age of 21 years, arrived in this kingdom the latter end of last month, was sworn, took his seat in the House of Lords, and voted with the minority, on the day when the fate of the Pension-bill was determined. This first instance of his Lordship's popularity and attachment to the interest of this kingdom, although a Peer of Great Britain, must certainly distinguish him in the hearts of the real friends of this country: and a few days ago his Lord-

ship out the least riot or irregularity among the populace.

The fatal consequences resulting from the late affray in Michael's-lane, have not been confined to the police alone, as one of the taylor's wounded therein, has since died in consequence of the injuries received upon that unfortunate occasion. See page 221.

The house of George Putland, Esq. of Merriam-square, was robbed of a considerable quantity of plate, upon which was engraved Mr. Putland's crest — The villains effected their purpose by forcing one of the iron bars of the kitchen window, and, as is supposed, putting in a small boy, who handed out the plate.

A question of pretty general concern was lately decided in the Court of King's Bench, London, viz. "Whether a person, at an Auction, had a right to retract a bidding, previous to the lot being knocked down?" It was contended that he had not, upon the grounds that the conditions expressly stated that the last bidder should be the buyer, and that a person's first bidding, and then being at liberty to retract, might prove exceedingly injurious to property, by conveying an idea to the company that some defect had been discovered; but this was over-ruled by the Court, who observed, that to make a contract binding, the consent of both parties was necessary; whereas in this case, the bidding was a mere offer on one side, which was not accepted by the other, until the hammer was actually down; and therefore the first party had certainly a right to retract while that was suspended.

21.] Last night, about twelve o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in the work-houses of Mr. Thomas Badge, chandler, in North King-street; which raged with incredible fury for more than two hours, and in that space of time consumed a large quantity of raw tallow, and manufactured goods (soap and tallow) together with all the working utensils, and the entire of the building containing them. From the nature of the combustible materials, nothing could be saved; but the engines with great exertions preserved the dwelling-house, and the extensive adjoining brewery of Mr. Clarke, from destruction; the flames being so violent as to have caught them more than two or three times. — Had the night proved like the two preceding ones — stormy, nothing could have saved the entire neighbourhood from ruin.

Dresses, a la Mode de Paris.

The *Magasin des modes* brings over a lady's and a gentleman's dress. — The former is a caraco of blue *pekin*, with long sleeves, and

banderolle of plain white gauze, trimmed at the top *behind*, with a large knot of the same, the ends of which fall on the *chapeau* to the bottom, and *before*, with four elegant white feathers.

The hair is done in large buckles, one of which turned over falls on the brow, and four on each side fall in two rows on the bosom. Behind are separate waving curls confined by a steel slider.

A long fan of plain green paper.

Shoes of blue p^{kin} and blue Rosettes.

The Gentleman's dress, is a coat of blood-coloured cloth, with lining of the same. The buttons are of plain gilt brass.

The waistcoat is of silk *tricot*, citron yellow, trimmed with a moderate fringe of white silk.

The breeches are of the same colour.

The coat is worn buttoned, from the first button to the last but one.—A sure indication that the dress is not calculated for summer.

The hair is dressed *en des d'ane*, divided in a horse-shoe behind, with five curls on each side, the three lowest horizontal, the two above perpendicular. A long twisted *queue* behind.—A hat *a la Androsmane*.

A large cravat of plain muslin, the ends of which, without lace or ruffle, form a very full knot, and fall low on the breast.

The ruffles and frill of the shirt are plaited.

Yellow gloves are worn, with a bamboo cane, white silk stockings, and oval buckles of various designs.

BIRTHS for May, 1789.

IN Granby-row, the lady of Joseph Coff, Esq. of a son.—In Exchequer-street, the lady of George Syngé, Esq. of a son.—In York-street, the lady of Edward Westby, Esq. of a daughter.—In Park-street, the Hon. Lady Anne Whaley, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES for May, 1789.

AT Castle Connel, William Linley, of Sheffield, Esq. to Miss Henrietta Murray, daughter of the Rev. John Murray, Dean of Kilaloe.—At Waterford, Captain Dunford, to Miss Walsh.—At Levitts-Town, county of Kildare, Thomas Fitzsimons, of Ardinary, county of Wicklow, Esq. to Miss Callen.—R. Hetherington, of Bride-street, Esq. to Miss Cox, of Mount-Beller, county of Tipperary.—At Cork, Captain Colin Campbell, of the 24th foot, to Miss Eliza Hungerford, daughter of Thomas Hungerford, of the Island, Esq.—In Coarievile, John Sullivan, of Ballintober, county Limerick, Esq. to Miss Eliza Knight, daughter of Christopher Knight, Esq.—Richard Staunton, of Rue,

came to Ireland as first chaplain to his Grace the late Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant, and was consecrated in 1784, Bishop of Kilaloe and Achonry, from which he was translated in 1787, to that of Leighlin and Ferns.—In Waterford, Mrs. Kearney, Lady of Richard Kearney, Esq.—Valentine Lanigan, of Leigh, county of Kilkenny, Esq.—In Callen, Samuel Ladyman, Esq.—William Hayden, of Croan, Esq.—Near New-Ross, the Rev. Charles Agar, Archdeacon, of Emley, and cousin to his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.—In Derry, Miss Scott, sister to Alexander Scott, Esq.—At Belgriffen, county of Dublin, Mrs. Bradley.—Near Bandon, Isaac Hewitt, Esq.—In North Anne-street, Peter Laleman, Esq.—In Silver-street, aged 88, James Ivory, Esq. formerly a very eminent merchant.—April 28. At his lordship's house, in Sackville-street, in the 74th year of his age, the Right Honourable James Hewitt, Lord Viscount and Baron Lifford, of Lifford, in the county of Donegal, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and one of his Majesty's most honourable privy council. His lordship was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1767, and created Baron Lifford, the 9th of January, 1768, and was further advanced to that of Viscount, 4th of January, 1781; he was married first to the only daughter of the Reverend Archdeacon Weld, (with a fortune of £17000) by whom he had four sons; the eldest, the Reverend Doctor James Hewitt, succeeds his father, and is the present Lord Viscount Lifford; 2d son, William Williams Hewitt, formerly an officer in the army, and late a banker in Cork; 3d son, Joseph Hewitt, his Majesty's third serjeant at law, and member of parliament for the borough of Belfast; 4th son, the Reverend John Hewitt, Dean of Cloyne. He married secondly, Miss Ambrosia Bayly, daughter of the Reverend Mr. Bayly, by whom he had one son, George, now at Oxford College, and two daughters, Ambrosia, and Elizabeth. His lordship was deemed a lawyer of very great professional knowledge; he was for a long time one of the King's serjeants, in England, and in the year 1766, was appointed one of the justices of the King's bench, in which he continued until he was made Chancellor of Ireland, on the death of Lord Bowes, which station he filled for upwards of 21 years, and discharged its duties with unimpeachable and unsuspected integrity.

PROMOTIONS.

WILLIAM Bellingham Swan, Esq. to be Inspector General of Excise and Licences for the province of Ulster.—Robert Wynne,

W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For J U N E, 1789.

A concise Character of Miss FARREN.

(With an Engraving of that accomplished Actress, in the Character of Beatrice.)

THIS theatrical luminary at present enlightens the Hibernian hemisphere, to the very great joy of every lover of the drama. Her rapid progress in the scenic art has been truly astonishing. She seems to have known, as by intuition, all the secrets of that arduous science. While some have by slow and gradual steps, and by a circuitous and rugged road, travelled to the temple of Fame, and after a painful journey have been with difficulty admitted; this lady has been so fortunate as to arrive there by the shortest and pleasantest pathway, has gained immediate admittance, and been crowned with the fairest wreaths of laurel.

Her figure is well calculated to captivate and charm in all the elegant and sprightly characters of Comedy, and in not a few of the serious ones of Tragedy. Her face is extremely beautiful, the fair index of a well cultivated mind. Her eyes are bright and piercing: Her features regular and striking. Her voice is clear and musical, and she has it under the most perfect command; making it express the liveliest notes of joy, or the deepest accents of woe. Her deportment is easy or majestic, as the character she personates may require. Her action is

We will conclude our little sketch of this exquisite performer with some elegant lines written on her by a Nobleman, not less distinguished for his taste and abilities, than for his rank and fortune.

To Mr. Humphrey, on his Portrait of Miss Farren.

O Thou! whose pencil all the Graces guide;
Whom Beauty, conscious of her fading bloom,
So oft implores, alas! with harmless pride,
To snatch the transient treasures from the tomb.

Pleas'd, I behold the fair, whose comic art
Th' unwearied eye of taste and judgment draws;

Who charms with Nature's elegance the heart,
And claims the loudest thunder of applause.

Such, such alone should prompt thy pencil's toil;

Of saving Folly give thy labours o'er:—
Fools never will be wanting to our ill;

Perhaps a FARREN may appear no more.

Curious Anecdotes and Opinions of some ancient Philosophers.

Anaxagoras, among the rest of his philosophical assertions, affirmed "snow to be black." He was famous for foretelling "that a stone should drop at such a time from the body of the sun;" which was said to have fallen accordingly in the river Argos, in Thrace.

Archelaus (whether Athenian or Milesian seems yet undecided) held, "that the stars were burning masses of iron, of which the sun was the greatest."

Socrates, (called by the oracle at Athens, the wisest man), had, for the better trial of his philosophical temper, a very perverse wife, named Xantippe; he used to tell her, "He only married her to exercise his patience."

Hegesias, was surnamed Death-orator, from a book of his writings, in which he set forth the inconveniencies of life, and the advantages of death, with so much art and rhetoric, that his fallacious reasoning induced many to despise the former and embrace the latter, for the benefits thereof—But he had himself more wit than to confirm his doctrine, by a wilful resignation.

Theodorus was surnamed the Atheist, from a book that he wrote on the existence of the Deity, and took upon himself the name of Theos, signifying God. Stilpo asked him, in a scoffing manner, "If he really thought himself what he called himself;" and he answered "Yes;" upon which Stilpo told him, "he might as well think himself a jackdaw."

Eubulides, born at Miletus, was not only a philosopher but a great logician. He invented several ways of argumentation and interrogation, particularly that called the fallacious, which got so much into esteem, that Phileutas killed himself, by excessive study to become master of it.

Menedemus, the Etrurian, was by trade a soldier and tent-maker, till, by hearing of Plato and others, he quitted his military employment and became a philosopher. His native country being enslaved by Antigonus, king of Macedonia, he solicited the tyrant to let his country at liberty; but not prevailing, he refusing all manner of sustenance, betook himself to death.

Protagoras was in his youth a porter that carried burthens of wood for subsistence, till met by Democritus in the fields with a bundle of fuel upon his shoulders, which was bound up so methodically, that Democritus caused him to untie it, that he might see him make it up in the like manner; which he performed so artificially, that Democritus told him, "He had a genius capable of much greater matters;" so took him home; and in process of time made the clown a philosopher.

Anaxarchus, the philosopher of Abdera,

was a man of that constancy of temper, that when he was ordered by Nicocraon, king of Cyprus, to be pounded to death with pestles, all that he said, when under his torments, was—"You pound only the case of Anaxarchus, himself you hurt not."

Gontran, one of the princes of the Franks, having, in 585, overthrown the army of a Duke Mummol, found among the plunder, a large quantity of plate, appropriated to household uses. This he ordered to be broken to pieces, and to be distributed to the poor, reserving for the service of his palace, only two silver dishes, "which," he observed, "were all that could be wanted."

Naudé affirms, that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.) that the queen, alone, could boast of two shifts.

Curious Manner of Punishing those Guilty of a Libel in Russia.

WE complain very heavily of the men who write libels; but the method we take to punish has not the effect which is intended; it does not deter the offenders, nor terrify others from committing the same crime. Imprisonment, pillory, burning the libel, and some other things of the same sort, are what these gentlemen earnestly desire; it saves them the expence of advertising. They manage these things differently in Russia. A gentleman in Peterburgh thought fit to publish a quarto pamphlet, reflecting upon the unlimited power of the sovereign, and exposing the iniquity with which it was exerted. The offender was immediately seized by virtue of a warrant signed by one of the principal officers of state, was tried in a summary way, his book determined to be a libel, and he himself, as the author, condemned to eat his own words. The sentence was literally carried into execution; a scaffold was erected in the most public streets in the town, the imperial provost was the executioner, and all the inferior magistrates attended the ceremony. The book was severed from the binding, the margins were cut off, and every leaf was rolled up in the form of a lottery ticket, when it is taken out of the wheel at Guildhall. The author was then fed with them separately by the provost. The gentleman had received a complete mouthful before he began to chew; but he was obliged, upon pain of the severest bastinado, to swallow as many of the leaves as the attendant surgeon thought it possible for him to do without the immediate hazard of his life.

History of a Lady's Companion.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I am one of those young women whom ladies of a certain rank and disposition are too ready to consider as "servants and low people," yet as my birth and education have never been disgraced by any one action of my life, and therefore cannot in themselves be disgraceful, I beg leave to supplicate your favourable attention to this letter, the purpose of which is to rescue from many mortifications and insults a class of young women who cannot be considered as having been guilty of any crime to deserve the treatment they too frequently meet with.

I am, Sir, a *lady's maid*, the humble attendant of a lady of quality. Some, who consider me in a higher rank, call me her *companion*, to which last name I am justly entitled as far as being always in the same room, riding in the same coach, &c. can entitle me. I am the daughter of a clergyman; who died about three years since, and who, as clergymen of small cures must inevitably do, left my mother and family unprovided for. What could be done during his life, however, by the best of parents was not neglected. He took upon himself our education, and besides instructing us in polite literature, and the modern languages, his chief study was directed to the storing our minds with piety and virtue. Our little mansion was the house of piety and industry; we were early taught the value of time, the importance of religion to our well-being, and the danger of imbibing a loose morality by an imitation of fashionable life. To give a diary of one day's employment in our family will be sufficient for the whole year.—In the morning about six o'clock in summer and eight in winter, the family were called together, when my father read a part of the morning service suited to our condition; we then departed to our different avocations until nine, our breakfast-hour; after that we sat down to our various works, knitting, sewing, tambouring, and other businesses suited to our sex and capacities; at these we generally continued until one o'clock, after which we were at liberty to walk about the fields, or amuse ourselves in my father's library until the dinner hour. This was our greatest enjoyment; our meal, indeed, was frugal, for it was becoming our situation in life; but as we were permitted to sit more than two hours together, during which my father examined us on what we had read or observed the preceding day, and communicated to us in a familiar and affectionate manner the result of his own reading on a vast variety of subjects, an intellectual plea-

sure was diffused around our little table, which the opulent and the luxurious are strangers to. In the evening my father called us again together into what was called the *school*, where we were taught the principles of polite literature, and examined in our progress in the languages. These instructions were generally short, calculated to excite but never to weary our attention, and delivered as they were from a beloved parent, they were dear to us as our own happiness. The school over, we were at liberty to pay a visit to an agreeable neighbour, or were accompanied by our father or mother in these occasional interviews.—As my father was much beloved by his parishioners, there were few families where we were not welcomed with gladness, and dismissed with prayers and good wishes.—When the shadows of the evening came on, we returned home, and after recommending ourselves to the protection of Heaven, departed at an early hour to rest. Such in general was the happy tract of our lives; we were made sensible of the value of time, and much of that which is wasted in folly and empty amusement was employed by us to increase our stock of happiness, and add to the stores of knowledge. But alas! those days of ease and peace are over; they are to be remembered now only with regret, nor would I have recalled the memory of delights that I fear will never more be mine, if it were not to contrast them with the mortifying situation in which I am now placed. You will excuse, Sir, this detail of my happiness—you will hear no more of it.

After my father's death, the support of our family was gone; my mother, unable to contend with the storm of affliction, fell into a melancholy state of mind from which she was happily delivered by the Supreme Disposer of all events. But I fear I shall be tedious again—suffice it to say, that at the particular request of a relation I was taken into the house of a lady of quality, as her *companion*, a situation for which I was supposed to be fitted by my education, manners, and genteel appearance. I was flattered into beauty, affability, and politeness; and my friends foresaw that I should be extremely happy under the patronage of a woman of my lady's rank, and that when used to the change of situation, nothing would be wanting to promote me in the world.

It was a change of situation indeed! from tranquillity to turbulence, from peaceful days and quiet nights to tumultuous bustle, and broken slumbers, from the enjoyment of that happiness which proceeds from a contented mind, to the perpetual aim at pleasure, which is the mark of a

restless mind that has no sources within itself. The vicissitudes of day and night were in this family not to be recognized; half the day, and the most valuable half, was wasted in sleep; almost all the night in riot: lady M. was miserable unless in a crowd, and yet more miserable when she left it. The pleasures of the preceding night could not bear the reflection of the morning. Her husband was too polite to interfere with her parties and schemes, for he had parties and schemes of his own. They were in every respect a fashionable couple—civil when they met, civil when they parted—presence never occasioned a smile, nor absence a sigh. They were both attached to a town-life, and both planned and executed their schemes of felicity without consulting each other. My lord was a member of the gaming-club—my lady kept a pharo-table; he flirted with the loose women of *ton*; at her morning levees every beau was welcome. As the play says, “they never loved one another well enough to quarrel,” and jealousy was a stranger to their breasts. Their mutual indifference has often astonished me; neither was without passions; and if we can suppose their indifference was affected, it certainly had so much the appearance of reality that it was seldom easy to know the difference.

The furniture, equipage, suite of servants, &c. were all of the most splendid kind, and befitting a nobleman of high rank. Our manner of living to me had at first all the air of madness, or romance; what the hours of the family were, it is impossible to say, for all hours were kept, but a particular preference given to every hour of the night.—Each day brought some new pleasure with it; nothing was done but in a crowd; our society, whether at home or abroad, was numerous; solitude could be found in no part of our mansion.

Judge, Sir, what a contrast this was to my former way of life; and think how it was possible for me to reconcile myself to a mode of life in fact so inconsistent with the rational system I had been taught. I will not say, however, that the splendour of high-life had at first no attractions; I will not deny that at first there seemed a charm in greatness, in the company of persons of

with the appellation of *Miss Malton*; and frequently professed how much she would do for me; but familiarity soon changed the scene, and trifling as the remark may be, my happiness with her decreased when she rose in despotism from *Miss Malton* to plain *Betsy*, and had quite vanished when she called me “*Malton*.” But it is necessary now to describe the nature of my place in this family, that you may the better understand the true occupation of a *Companion to a Lady of Quality*—a place often mentioned, but, were it better known, would seldom be mentioned without compassion.

My business shortly was this; to be always ready at a moment's warning to join my lady in every party of pleasure or business she chose to mix with. I attended her in the morning to all sales, auctions, exhibitions, &c. and particularly was present at the important affair of *stopping*, which means “looking at, and turning over,” the goods of a mercer's, or haberdasher's shop. My opinion was always asked, but in that kind of way, that it was very easy to see she did not expect I should think for myself, “*Malton*, don't you think this a very pretty ribbon?” “*Malton*, don't you think that a horrid silk?” No person in my situation could avoid answering in the affirmative to such questions; if I presumed to differ I was silenced by “you! what should you know about silks!”—I attended lady M. also at all visits, unless the party were particularly select; and was present in all companies at home, where I acted as a kind of upper servant. Silence was enjoined me on every occasion, unless when spoken to, and then silence or difference in opinion were crimes. The most absurd opinions were given, in my hearing, which I was not permitted to rectify; and often the whole party had been reasoning on premises the most untrue, and which I could have contradicted by two words, had not two words been more than fell to my share. I confess that I often felt this as a *woman*; and, as one who had been used to think on the passing subjects, and freely give my opinion, it was particularly irksome. But in time I acquired such a mastery over myself, that I heard the most egregious nonsense, misre-

In the country where three people cannot procure a fourth to play a rubber at whist, they content themselves with what is called *dumb hand*, or *dumby*. The part of *Dumby* in town was always performed by your humble servant, and when you consider the habitual restraint on my tongue on all occasions, you will think me very properly qualified for the silent game. Wherever a gap was to be filled up in any amusement, the *companion* is sure to be employed for that purpose. Music had been one of my employments at home, and it was allowed that my voice in singing was superior to that of almost any young lady not on the stage. Soon after my arrival in this family, my lady once or twice commanded me to sing at her concert parties. The applause I received was enough to kindle no common degree of vanity. Lady M. too was a singer; but whether she was afraid the applause bestowed on me might make me too vain, or whether better singers were in the room I know not; but this I know, that I was never afterwards desired to exhibit this talent again in company, although in private her ladyship would often honour me by desiring to hear me first sing over any air she wished to learn.

These were the least of my mortifications. To be pestered by the supercilious gallantry of our male visitors, who considered me as a creature worth their notice only as a prostitute, was to me shocking; yet I was daily compelled to listen to the fulsome nonsense of the beaux who frequented our house; and severely rallied by my lady if I ventured to express my dislike at what was said. "You, forsooth, give yourself airs, Malton, as if Sir John was serious in talking to a person in your situation,"—which, by the bye, Sir, I could not help thinking was the very reason why I ought to "give myself airs," that is, in other words to express my contempt for him who meditates the ruin of a young girl, merely because she is unprotected.

I have presumed, Sir, to give you this short sketch of my situation, that it may induce those who are anxious that their children should get into opulent families, to consider, that as the character of a servant is of importance to a mistress, so the character of a mistress is of no less importance to a servant; and that there can be no more dangerous situations for a young woman of genteel person and manners, than to live in a family where the duties of life and the tender concerns of relative situations are absorbed in dissipation and voluptuousness.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
ELIZ. MALTON.

Observations on the Tragedy of the Fair Penitent.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

IN reading *The Lounger*, a work (written after the manner of the *Spectator*) which was published two or three years since at Edinburgh, I met with one paper which, I think, does not possess an equal share of candour with the rest: it is a Critique on Rowe's Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*; and as the periodical publication of the *Lounger* no longer exists, I hope you will indulge me in my attempt to vindicate some passages, the objections to which, in my opinion, carry no great weight with them. I only wish to point out those assertions of *Theatricus*, (for such is the signature to the critique), which, I conceive, his mere *ipse dixit* will not establish the truth and propriety of.—Speaking of the characters he says, "that of *Altamont* disgusts us by its insignificance; that *Sciolto* is the most interesting, as well as most respectable person of the drama; and that the character of *Lavinia* is extremely insipid, and so much the less allowed, for that she is quite unnecessary, her presence serving only to introduce two dull scenes of conjugal endearment between her and her husband, &c."—I have quoted fairly the writer's own words. That *Altamont* is rather in the back-ground of the picture we are ready to allow, from the great strength that is given to *Horatio*, *Lotbario*, and we may add *Sciolto*: he *must* be so; but still a man, who,

"When sentence of the cruel law forbade
His father's venerable corpse to rest in
earth,
Had given himself a ransom for his
bones," &c.

can never, in the eye of goodness, be insignificant. 'Tis true, this is not represented on the stage; which induces *Theatricus* to observe, that "the encomium by his friend makes him no favourite with the spectator." This I beg leave to contradict; for, let us suppose ourselves totally ignorant of the piece, and seated at the *first representation* of it, would not this account of *Altamont's* filial piety (carried to the extreme, that is, even *after death*) make him immediately a favourite with the spectator? Again, his *courage* we have not the least reason to call in question—far from it—in the play he gives proofs of it; and mankind seem generally to allow, that the possession of this quality alone, though it may not take away from the *worthlessness* of a character, does largely from the *insignificance* of it. He is "despised too for accepting the bride on
such

such mortifying conditions" as we read in the play. He is even taxed with *meanness* for it, but in my opinion, Mr. Editor, very undeservedly. Has Altamont the least room to suspect that Calista is attached to *any* other, much less to Lothario? of whom all he could know was, that he had offered himself to Calista, and had been immediately rejected by her father. He observes, indeed, that Calista appears sad at the idea of being united to him; and, previous to the marriage, honourably mentions the circumstance to Sciolto. What is Sciolto's reply? Why, that it is merely

———"the cozenage of her sex,
"One of the common arts they practise, &c.

To come to Sciolto. We readily grant that there are many amiable *traits* in his character that conciliate our esteem, and, consequently, interest our feelings; but we think that of Horatio nearer perfection, and therefore more *respectable* than his. We ourselves see that Horatio is grateful to his benefactor, faithful to his friend, virtuous, prudent, courageous, and an affectionate husband. The accusation against him for his not *immediately* forgiving Altamont is trivial indeed, when it is remembered, that he *received a blow* from, and had *his life attacked* by, the very man towards whom he was acting in the most generous manner.

The objections we have to Sciolto are, his talking in so loose a style concerning woman-kind, in his first scene; in which, as his own daughter is the subject, there is a gross indelicacy; it resembles more the language of a libertine, than that of a man venerable from his years and virtues: and secondly, the *cool, deliberate* resolution of *murdering* his daughter; for however he may have been deceived in her, will any one attempt the justification of his fixed determination to revenge himself on her for her imprudence, by savagely slaughtering her? Need I add, that Horatio was obviously meant by the author to stand foremost in his piece? (and perhaps the judgment of Rowe was, at least, equal to that of Theatricus, nor indeed was Sciolto ever looked upon as higher than a third-rate part.

With respect to *Lavinia*, it must be allowed, that she does not attract the attention of the audience so much as Calista; but must it follow that she is therefore quite unnecessary? It is easy to assert, but often found difficult to *prove* the assertion; and altho' *set pro ratione voluntas* may do very well in absolute monarchies, Englishmen do not tamely submit to it. After all, what is his great objection to Lavinia? Truly, that "her presence serves only to introduce two dull scenes of conjugal endearment."

Perhaps, however, *many* will think it a

relief from the vicious intercourse betwixt Lothario and Calista, to be gratified with a scene of conjugal tenderness, that has *virtue* for its basis, without thinking it *dull*: at any rate, I will not do such injustice to mankind, as to suppose that the generality of them would prefer *poetic* vice to *dull* virtue; supposing for a moment that were the case: the contrary, however, is the fact; for in the regions of the drama few conjugal scenes will be found better written.

But is Theatricus ignorant of the wonderful effect that is produced by *contrast*? If *he* is, however, most of our best writers in every class are *not*: and was it for this only, Lavinia is not unnecessary; for were it possible to represent the piece one night without her, the spectators would soon perceive the loss they had sustained.

I will beg leave to conclude with remarking, "that a writer ought to be fully convinced of the *strength* of his *powers*, and of the *justice* of his *comments*, before he attempts to write criticisms on such an author as Rowe."

The Origin of Illuminations shewn.

To the Editor,

S I R,

IT may be a subject of enquiry, what can have been the origin of illumination as a mode of rejoicing; or why, in this age of improvement, we can be satisfied with the labour of so many days for the transitory enjoyment of a few hours, and which, but in the frail memory of those who viewed the scene, leaves not a trace behind. — Are not we in this age, and would not also our posterity, be better pleased in contemplating the efforts of genius, on viewing the brazen monument, the marble pillar, or the engraven tablet, erected by their progenitors, as a sign to future generations, for them to keep in grateful remembrance some memorable event, rather than only to be told, through the page of history, the rejoicings of an hour, however highly celebrated? or, if personal enjoyment be only sought, why not celebrate the festive day in the style of a neighbouring gentleman, by which the hearts of so many were substantially exhilarated? And to their luxurious kind of enjoyment might be added that of rendering the prisoner free! After indulging these reflections, may we be permitted to hazard a conjecture?

To light up, and dance around, the flame of the blazing pile, has been, and is to this day, a mode of rejoicing with man in an uncultivated state. Nay, light is so pleasant, that the sun, the great fountain of light and fire, have both been considered as divinities, and to these objects have solemn acts of worship and adoration been offered. It is a custom

custom with the Church of Rome, to this day, that the images of their saints, their precious relics, and high altars, be illuminated with lighted tapers. Darkness naturally causes gloomy reflections; Light, on the contrary, causes cheerfulness and hilarity. The mind of man is still intent upon emulating the works of its Creator. This feeble attempt of imitating the light of day, though only for a few hours, and in the darkness of night, was probably the origin of the idea, that man could not shew forth his gratitude of heart in rejoicing more sincerely than by means of a few artificial combinations of natural productions, thereby to effect a humble imitation of that great gift of Him, who by his almighty fiat said, "Let there be Light, and there was LIGHT!"

On the Prevalence of Gossiping and Tattling.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

A Few days ago, a friend from the country called at my house, and after some chat on common topics, asked me if I knew Mr. John Consols, a merchant. On my answering in the negative, he seemed greatly surprised; "not know him! why, he lives in the next street."—I endeavoured to convince him that a knowledge of our neighbours, merely because they are our neighbours, was seldom sought after in Dublin; but he seemed to doubt this, and it was not until after a residence of some weeks in town that he was satisfied of the truth of my assertion.

It is a common saying, and like many common sayings, a very just one, that in Dublin "no man knows his next-door neighbour," and that "half the town knows not how the other half lives." Some men have lived all their days in the same street, without knowing or troubling themselves about the other inhabitants of it; or if, perhaps, the brass plates on the doors obtruded a sort of knowledge of them, it extended no farther than to their names. They remained ignorant, and were content to remain ignorant of their business, families and connections. The stranger, therefore, is obliged to direct his enquiries to the ale-house, the baker's, or the huckster's shop.

In the country, the very reverse is the case; go to any village, or even some considerable towns, and the memory of the first man you meet will serve for a directory. If you meet with two or more, you may learn the "whole, true, and particular account of the birth, parentage and education, the character and behaviour," of every family and individual in the place. What they are worth is ascertained to a farthing. You

have their business, profession, or trade; whether married or single; if the former, how many children, their ages and characters; if the latter, what prospect there is of marriage; what females are chaste, virtuous, lovely, and "of good report;" who lately made a slip, whose child was christened last Sunday; with many other particulars interesting to vulgar curiosity.

In Dublin, again, every man enjoys his circle of friends, with whose history he may be supposed to be acquainted; but even they frequently live so remote from him, that he knows little more of them than they are pleased to discover. As to his neighbours he must possess an uncommon share of curiosity, if he knows more than accident discovers.

There is, however, no general rule without exceptions. There are some persons of a disposition so oddly contrived for scrutiny, that they are miserable if they don't know every body, and every circumstance concerning them. These Dublin gossips are as eminent in their way as any the country can boast of, even in their largest manufactories of village-news and tattle. Wherever a family of true Dublin gossips fix their habitation, they very soon acquire a competent knowledge of the personal history of their neighbours, and sometimes extend their enquiries over a whole parish. By what means it is possible to acquire this knowledge, without a personal acquaintance, will be seen hereafter.

Some years since, it was my lot to drink tea in a gossiping family in the parish where I reside. I found that their knowledge was prodigious, and they were astonished at my ignorance; and, as I could plainly perceive, entertained no very favourable opinion of my understanding.—"What! don't you know Mrs. — at No. 10?—nor Mrs. Thingumy over the way—nor Mr. — at the corner! Bless me! that is very extraordinary!" But, to convince me that they pitied my ignorance, and that with them the best half of the use of knowledge was communication, they employed three long hours to give me the history of every person living around us, from the "great merchant up the steps," to the cobbler, down in the stall. Relieving each other by turns, and mutually supplying each other's lapses of memory, they furnished me with such a cargo of private anecdote as would supply a fashionable newspaper for a year; and would have loaded me with more had I not recollected a particular engagement, leaving the story of *Mrs. Muslin* and the *young Clergyman* unfinished. The information I had before received was too much for my memory, but it is no misfortune to forget what we cannot believe, which

which was the case with the greater part of what I had heard.

I could not help, however, enquiring how they, who saw but little company, could possibly arrive at this extent of knowledge; and from what cause all the scattered rays of scandal concentrated in their sun, while my planet, that had been fixed there many more years, had not received a glimpse from this luminous body. To explain this apparent mystery, you must know, sir, that this family of gossips had made a *confidante*, of their servant *Betty*. *Mrs. Betty* was the privy-counsellor and chief adviser of all family affairs; and as every servant, who wishes to succeed in a family, will first endeavour to discover its weak side, she soon found that her interest lay in gratifying her mistress's curiosity. From her situation she would, of course, soon become acquainted with the servants of the neighbouring families; and what servant is there who does not know more of their masters and mistresses affairs than they themselves do? *Mrs. Betty* accordingly was employed to *sift Molly*, and *Jenny*, and *Nancy*, &c. every morning when trundling the mop, or sweeping the street door, afforded an opportunity. Much was gained in this way; and if the water-cock in one house was out of order, what so easy as to add a new acquaintance and new secrets by supplying, or being supplied with water? On the matter being thus explained, I recollected that many of the histories began with "our *Betty* saw them," — or "our *Betty* told us of it yesterday." — or "our *Betty* assured us she saw it with her own eyes." — and once or twice *Mrs. Betty* was called into the room to give *viva voce* evidence, which she usually performed with wonderful accuracy as to time, place, person, and circumstance. *Betty* was a genius; and, like other geniuses, supplied her defects of memory by the strength of imagination: it was easy to see that it was her interest to render every particular big and important.

wish, by an application to this house. Their visitors, however, as observed already, were but few; and this may be easily accounted for.

Let no country gossip henceforth pretend that this amusing science, the child of memory and imagination, and the parent of lies and misunderstanding, is confined to villages and boroughs. Little as the greater part know of "what is doing at the next door," we are not without many whose knowledge is extensive, and who propagate that knowledge with a minuteness, that can be equalled only by the avidity with which they acquire, and the eagerness with which they communicate. It may also be observed, that Dublin and country gossips agree in another particular; where there are two ways of telling a story, they content themselves with one only, and that generally the most unfavourable. Memory is their sure friend, but memory may fail; or if not, where truth has left a blank, recourse is always had to the powers of invention. An occasional head-ach has been reported as the symptom of early pregnancy: a visit from a relation in the country has afforded suspicion of crim. con.; and I have known more than once, that taking a walk has produced the marriage licence, and a journey to the Lake of Killarney has been occasioned by the importunity of creditors.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

A GOSSIP-HATER.

Serious Anecdote of Thomassin, a French Performer.

THE particulars of the last days of Thomassin, a celebrated actor in France, the very antidote in sorrow, will serve as a caution against the indulgence of melancholy at its early approaches. In a lowness of spirits, which he had not sought at first to overcome, and of which he was no longer master, he sent for a physician, whom

*Mr. Burke's Letter.**To the Right Hon. Frederick Montague.*

My Dear Sir,

WITH the consent, as you know, and the approbation of the committee, I am resolved to persevere in the resolution I had formed, and had declared to the house, that nothing should persuade me, upon any occasion, least of all upon the present, to enter into a laboured, litigious, artificial defence of my conduct. Such a mode of defence belongs to another sort of conduct, and to causes of a different description.

As a faithful and ingenuous servant, I owe to the house a plain and simple explanation of any part of my behaviour which shall be called in question before them. I have given this explanation; and in doing so, I have done every thing which my own honour and my duty to the house could possibly require at my hands. The rest belongs to the house.

They, I have no doubt, will act in a manner fit for a wise body, attentive to its reputation. I must be supposed to know something of the duty of a prosecutor for the public; otherwise neither ought the house to have conferred that trust upon me, nor ought I to have accepted it. I have not been disapproved of by the first abilities in the kingdom, appointed by the same authority, not only for my assistance, but for my direction and control. You, who have honoured me with a partial friendship, continued without intermission for twenty-four years, would not have failed in giving me that first, and most decisive proof of friendship, to enlighten my ignorance, and to rectify my mistakes. You have not done either; and I must act on the inference. It is no compliment to mention what is known to the world, how well qualified you are for that office, from your deep parliamentary knowledge, and your perfect acquaintance with all the eminent examples of the ancient and modern world.

The house having, upon an opinion of my diligence and fidelity (for they could have no other motive), put a great trust into my hands, ought to give me an entire credit for the veracity of every fact I affirm or deny; but if they fail with regard to me, it is at least in my power to be true to myself. I will not commit myself in an unbecoming contention with the agents of a criminal whom it is my duty to bring to justice. I am a member of a committee of secrecy, and I will not violate my trust, by turning myself into a defendant, and bringing forward, in my own exculpation, the evidence which I have prepared for his conviction. I will not let him know on what do-

Hib. Mag. June, 1789.

cuments I rely; I will not let him know who the witnesses for the prosecution are, nor what they have to depose against him. Though I have no sort of doubt of the constancy and integrity of those witnesses; yet because they are men, and men to whom, from my own situation, I owe protection, I ought not to expose them either to temptation or to danger. I will not hold them out to be importuned or menaced, or discredited, or run down, or possibly to be ruined in their fortunes, by the power and influence of this delinquent, except where the national service supercedes all other considerations. If I must suffer, I will suffer alone! No man shall fall a sacrifice to a feeble sensibility on my part, that at this time of day might make me impatient of those libels, which by despising through so many years, I have at length obtained the honour of being joined in commission with this committee, and becoming an humble instrument in the hands of public justice.

The only favour I have to supplicate from the house is, that their goodness would spare to the weakest of their members any unnecessary labour; by letting me know, as speedily as possible, whether they wish to discharge me from my present office. If they do not, I solemnly promise them, that with God's assistance, I will, as a member of their committee, pursue their business to the end—That no momentary disfavour shall slacken my diligence in the great cause they have undertaken—That I will lay open, with the force of irresistible proof, this dark scene of bribery, peculation, and gross pecuniary corruption which I have begun to unfold, and in the midst of which my course has been arrested.

This poor Indian stratagem, of turning the accuser into a defendant, has been too often and too uniformly practised by Devi Sing, Mr. Hastings, and Gunga Goom'd Sing, and other Banyans, black and white, to have any other the slightest effect upon me, whom long service in Indian committees has made well acquainted with the politics of Calcutta. If the house will suffer me to go on, the moment is at hand when my defence, and included in it the defence of the house, will be made in the only way in which my trust permits me to make it, by proving juridically on this accusing criminal the facts and the guilt which we have charged upon him. As to the relevancy of the facts, the committee of impeachment must be the sole judge, until they are handed over to the court, competent to give a final decision on their value. In that court the agent of Mr. Hastings will soon enough be called upon to give his own testimony with regard to the conduct of his principal. The agent shall not escape from the necessity of deliver-

ing it; nor will the principal escape from the testimony of his agent.

I hope I have in no moment of this pursuit (now by me continued, in one shape or other, for near eight years), shewn the smallest symptom of collusion or prevarication. The last point in which I should wish to shew it, is in this charge concerning pecuniary corruption, a corruption so great and so spreading, that the most unspotted characters will be justified in taking measures for guarding themselves against suspicion. Neither hope, nor fear, nor anger, nor weariness, nor discouragement of any kind, shall move me from this trust—nothing but an act of the house, formally taking away my commission, or totally cutting off the means of performing it. I trust we are all of us animated by the same sentiments.

This perseverance in us may be called obstinacy, inspired by malice. Not one of us, however, has a cause of malice. What knowledge have we of Sir Elijah Impey, with whom, you know, we began, or Mr. Hastings, whom we afterwards found in our way? Party views cannot be our motive. Is it not notorious, that, if we thought it consistent with our duty, we might have at least an equal share of the Indian interests which now is almost to a man against us?

I am sure I reverence the house as a member of parliament and an Englishman ought to do; and shall submit to its decision with due humility: I have given this apology for abandoning a formal defence, in writing to you, though it contains in effect not much more than I have delivered in my place. But this mode is less liable to misrepresentation, and a trifle more permanent.—It will remain with you either for my future acquittal, or condemnation, as I shall behave.

I am, with sincere affection and respect,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful friend, and humble ser.
Gerrard-street. (Signed)

May 1, 1789. EDMUND BURKE.

A Biographical Sketch of Zuccarelli the Painter.

habitants of the country as they probably were in the happy state of simplicity.

His works are the ornaments of the most famous galleries in Europe. Count Algarotti and Mr. Smith, the British Consul, were the first who noticed Zuccarelli's merits. His latter paintings are not so valuable as those of his early days.

He also engraved in *aqua fortis*, and in 1783, he published at Florence, engravings from the pictures of Andrea del Sarto, John Mannozi, &c.

His great genius in the arts was united to an excellent moral character; simple, modest, grateful, compassionate, and generous; to which uncommon virtues was added the most gentle manners in conversation, a most pleasing manner in reciting his own travels through France, Holland, and England.

In dress he was always neat and decent.

From a life well regulated he reaped the advantage of preserving a calm and serene mind to the last.

He died at Florence the 30th of December 1788, in the 86th year of his age.

Memoirs of Mr. John Quick, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

AS no performer possesses a larger share of public favour than our present subject, we flatter ourselves that, by giving every particular we have been able to collect, we are adding to the present volume an article which may be deemed at least amusing, and therefore acceptable. Mr. John Quick was born in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, London; and at the very early age of twelve years entered upon the mimic scene; on which he continued for a length of time, exercising his powers in the service of the Tragic Muse—the Richard, Romeo, Tamerlane, &c. &c. of the barn, publick-house, or more respectable town-hall, just as her weeping ladyship happened to shift her quarters. At the age of eighteen, while he was playing in Kent, the company he was with had made a halt at a country town, and had fixed on a small ale-house for their place of residence during their stay. But their appearance not being very well relished by mine host, he secured two

but I have secured the trunks."—At another time, while he was figuring away in all the pomp of tinselled grandeur, and high-sounding blank verse as the noble Tancred, at Croydon fair, unluckily he had the mishap to fall from a hay-loft into a stable; by which untoward accident his drapery received some additions which were not only rather unsightly, but at the same time not very grateful to the smell. The hero's mischance occasioned a delay, and the audience became impatient: But, when poor Tancred's tale was told, pity succeeded displeasure, and his return was hailed with loud plaudits, which enabled him to become "himself again."—It may gratify the curious to inform them that Mr. Carr, the manager of the Croydon company, dressed the usurper Richard in the very same garments which were worn by Garrick on his first appearance in that part at Goodman's Fields. This dress was held by our strollers in *high estimation*, not only decking kings, but, for want of *stock armour*, it was even worn by the *Ghost* in Hamlet. During Mr. Quick's theatrical travels a whimsical dispute took place at St. Mary Cray, in Kent, between himself and another performer, about which of the two should be the first gravedigger in the abovementioned play. The contest was carried on even to the representation of the scene before the audience; in which the rivals took their stations, opposite to each other in the grave; where, to the no small entertainment of the house, they chanted the same ditty, and repeated the same part. At length, however, the good-humour of the audience was exhausted, and opinions concerning the right of choice between the two knights of the spade were divided. Presently all was confusion and uproar, which at length subsided on Quick's grappling the only *scull* the theatre owned, which was "unclogged with baser matter," and a *long beef marrow-bone*: these he kept possession of until the entry of Denmark's prince, whose gravity was not a little disturbed on the occasion. An arch wag among the spectators, on Hamlet's saying to the scull "Get thee to my lady's chamber," cried out. "No, no! send it to little

a time he personified the tragic and comic sible heroes, *Oroonoko* and *Mungo*, upon the same terms. Mr. Quick's first appearance before a London audience was under the management of Mr. Foote, at the Haymarket theatre. While he was in that situation he was particularly noticed by that elegant and excellent performer the late Spranger Barry, who was on the point of engaging him for Ireland, but happening to play *Beau Mordecai*, for the benefit of Ned Shuter, of merry memory, he was warmly recommended by Macklin and Woodward to Mr. Colman, who placed him on Covent-Garden stage, where he has been long a favourite with the town.

Mr. Quick's stipend is considerable, and no performer earns it harder. Being blessed with good health, and having the welfare of his employers at heart, he has been remarkably constant in the punctual discharge of his theatrical duty.—We believe not more than one apology, on account of ill health, has been made for him in the twenty years he has trod the boards of Covent-Garden.

His cast of parts is the most extensive in the theatre; and there is hardly a night's performance, in the season, in which he is not engaged.

Having played Old Men so long, those who saw him three times seven years ago, in aged characters may be surprised at finding him now a man of forty only.

He married the daughter of a clergyman at Bristol, and has a son and daughter; and he has often expressed his utmost wish is only to live to see his boy step into his *father's shoes*, hoping they may *fit him*.

Portraits of Lord and Lady Vane, drawn from the Life.

To the Editor.

S I R,

A LONG and intimate acquaintance with Lord and Lady Vane enables me to contradict some parts of the account you have given of those two eccentric persons. Though Dr. Smollet was as willing as he was able to embellish his work with *fibres*

when he had read them he shut the book, but said not a word, till she asked him, what he thought of it? He replied, "I hope they will create no misunderstanding between me and your Ladyship." I think, Sir, MORE cannot be said to shew the TRUE character of BOTH. Lady Vane's plan in life was, to be supposed a woman of the best heart imaginable, of a *warm* constitution, and married *against her inclination*, to a man she detested. The latter, I believe, is true; but the former is utterly false, false as she was to her lord. At the times when she left him he certainly had something like the hare or fox-hunter about him, i. e. a pleasure in the pursuit. She would frequently like houses at Bath, or in country places, with no other view than to get them furnished, and then sell the furniture for half what it cost, to get a little cash in her pocket; and did so often distress her lord, that for some years he lived *within the rules of the King's Bench*, somewhere, I believe, in Southwark. When I spent a summer with them at Sunbury, the instant he left the table, either at or after dinner, she was the first to speak of him with contempt, and wished the whole table to join with her, as sometimes they did, till I protested against such ungenerous conduct. I asked them (Bodens and Jacky Bernard were of the number), how they could partake of the hospitality of a man's table, and treat him in such a manner? This silenced them, and angered her. By some means (not by mine) Lord V. was told of it; and when I left Sunbury, I was the only man, he said, he ever saw at his house whom he wished to see at it again; a speech as flattering to me as if it had come from her Ladyship; and I believed Bodens would rather have been *his* favourite than *hers*. She lost the use of her legs many years before she was confined to her bed, in which she lay many more before she died. Latterly, after having been wavering whether she should not become a good Catholic, she determined to die in profession of that religion she was educated in, and was regularly attended by a clergyman, repented sincerely of her past life, and satisfied that she had made her peace with God. She had extracted all the fullsome flatter-

him into a company of strangers of sense, and that he joined in conversation with them upon any subject (except his wife), and that they would all pronounce him a sensible, well-bred man when he left them. — Long before he died he lost those faculties; for I have a letter before me, which I received near a year since from him, that proves, past a doubt, that he knew not what he wrote about any more than I who received it did.

Histories of the Tete-à-Tete annexed; or, Memoirs of the Treacherous Host and Miss R ———.

A Misfortune, as melancholy as ever brought sorrow into a family, gives rise to the subject of this *Tete-à-Tete*. Our heroine is the daughter of a noble lord, whose services in the cause of his country received, more than once, the unanimous thanks of the senate, and were further rewarded by the sovereign.

The lady cannot boast of accomplishments. Nature has been very sparing in her endowments of beauty, and equally rigid in bestowing mental qualifications. A weak mind in a warm constitution forms a dangerous coalition against virtue. The chastity of Miss could not withstand their exertions, and she fell a sacrifice to a man, whose appearance is rather repelling than commendatory, and who does not possess a single quality that could be supposed to introduce him to the notice of a sensible woman.

Mr. W. is the son of an officer who resided near Dublin. His father's fortune was rather narrow, but he shared it most liberally with his son, to whose education and appearance in life he paid every attention. On leaving school he was entered a fellow-commoner in the university of Dublin, where he was generally disliked, from the vanity and puppyism that marked his character; and, notwithstanding the pains taken with his education, he attained but a very superficial knowledge of literature, and never applied himself to the study of any profession.

Soon after his father's death, he found himself reduced to ways and means for a

refused to accept the defiance, alledging, that his antagonist, being on the stage, was not a gentleman.—Brereton, enraged at this insult, instantly dispatched a letter to his namesake and relation, at Bath, the celebrated George Brereton, of fighting memory, who, on receiving it, came post to London, determined to make an example of W.

For this purpose having armed himself with a stick, and prepared his Wogdons, a favourite pair of pistols, he sallied forth in search of the enemy, and found him, in company, at a coffee-house under the Piazza; where, in a laconic style, he demanded if W. was the person who had refused to fight Mr. Brereton, on account of his being a player? and W. answering in the affirmative, Brereton replied with the *argumentum bacculinum*, by immediately beating W. in a severe and brutal manner.

In consequence of this flogging, W. was confined to his room: doctors and lawyers were sent for; the one to cure the bruises inflicted, the other to point out the best mode of recovering damages. To this mode of redress there were, however, many exceptions.—Brereton threatened a posting. To live under the disgrace of stigmatized cowardice, was inevitable, unless he fought, and ruinous to every prospect he had in view. Spirit is as necessary to a man who intends to live by play, as knowledge in the laws of chance—so a challenge was at last determined on. Brereton was a man who never refused, but too often solicited, invitations of this kind. A meeting took place, and W. was severely wounded. This *rencontre* was, however, a feather in our hero's cap, of which he made the most advantage; puffing his own courage in every company, by praising at the same time the intrepidity of his antagonist, who, on the other side, spoke of him in terms not the most respectful, or flattering to his character.

In the course of some time, W. resolved upon trying a matrimonial scheme, and having found a woman to his purpose, entered

himself of an opportunity when virtue was off her guard, and nature revelled untroubled.

Though we must reprobate his conduct as base and cruel—though we must pity the victim to his designs, yet we cannot find an excuse for her conduct—It was not only indelicate, but ungrateful. Mrs. W. paid her every attention and respect. She should have left the house on the first overture being made:—the woman who ventures to struggle with temptation, let her prudence be ever so strong, seldom escapes falling; but, as we hinted before, this young lady's understanding was weak, and inadequate to repel attempts that were favoured by what the polite world terms sensibility, but what the natural world knows to be appetite. Miss R. was scarce seventeen when she surrendered her honour; and, strange to tell, her seducer was turned of forty-five!

This amour lasted for some time before discovery. The first evidence of it was a natural symptom of the consequences, which was too apparent to admit of doubts. On finding from a servant that appearances had raised just suspicions in her family, the lady resolved to avoid an *eclaircissement*, by flying to her lover, and with him she eloped from Bath.

The behaviour of the father was such as might be expected from a noble mind struggling under a cruel misfortune; he felt like a man, but resolved to act with that dignity which became his character, and treated the delinquents as objects of contempt, not of resentment. W. however, has prudently taken care not to venture into Bath, where the people hold him in such hatred, that, should he again appear among them, there is no doubt but he would feel just and public indignation adequate to his offence.

The Miseries of improper Education; or, the History of the Family of the Leverets.

C H A P. II.

(Continued from Page 240.)

portion of envy beheld the grand style in which his family lived, it was believed that he died immensely rich. Some said he had left fifty thousand pounds in the Bank—Others, to prove that they had better information, increased the sum to eighty thousand—and a few, who declared that it could not be otherwise from the style in which his family lived, ventured to estimate his fortune at a *plum*, or, one hundred thousand pounds.

Now, gentle reader, however untrue such reports might be, or however untrue we shall soon prove them to be, yet, as no scandalous story is without some foundation, we shall endeavour to account for the general opinion that Mr. Leveret died rich. And in doing this, our readers are not to expect that we are responsible for the opinions to be given, seeing they are none of ours, but belong to the public in general who entertained them.

The *first reason* given, why Mr. Leveret died rich, was, that he lived rich.

Secondly, The manner in which the family lived would, by a moderate computation, require the smallest of the sums mentioned above, and therefore it was presumed he possessed that sum.

Thirdly, the family, particularly the sons, gave such frequent intimations of a fund of wealth, that no person could refuse to believe them, without supposing with great rudeness, that the young gentlemen told fibs.

Whether any or all of these amounted to a proof of the wealth of Mr. Leveret, our readers must determine. Something, however, must be said in favour of those who judged from appearances as in *reason first* and *second*; for, although when we see a family live economically, it would be wrong to suppose them poor, yet whenever we see grandeur, fashion, and equipage, it is very natural to suppose that there are means proportioned to such ends—I say natural to people of an honest disposition, and who are not much acquainted with the world.

behind him—why—it was very well—and would be much wanted to keep up the old style.”

While those rumours prevailed abroad the face of affairs at home remained much the same, only that Mr. Leveret was buried in a plain and decent manner, which surprised all the world, that is, all the acquaintances of the family, who generally were accounted “all the world.” And what will appear very wonderful to those who are unskilled in the weakness of human nature, those who were Mr. Leveret’s creditors, and who would have never entertained an atom of suspicion about the payment, had his funeral been of a piece with the other splendid appearances of the family, now began to be exceedingly alarmed, when they saw him interred in a homely manner, and at a moderate expence, and it was with pain they refrained from application for a year, which, as the business was dropped, they thought ought to be done out of respect to the widow.

The funeral solemnity over, and the whole family arrayed “in suits of solemn black,” preparations were made to receive company in style; a few performers were hired, and a mourning concert given. This was rather contrary to the etiquette; but as people who ape fashion cannot be supposed to be so well acquainted with it as those who follow it naturally, such mistakes must often happen, and they generally afford the best topics of ridicule to those, who with a perfect knowledge of fashion, either cannot or will not follow it.

The truth is, no will being found, the family began to look a little into their own situation. This occasioned a privy council to be held, in which all the branches of this illustrious family were present, namely, the two sons, the two daughters, and the mother. As Mr. Leveret had been one of those close men who seldom entrust their family with their business-affairs, they unanimously concluded that his money was deposited in that large house in Thread-needle-

Maria thought of encouraging the addresses of the young merchant who had formerly been her humble slave ; and, Sally, whose appearance in mourning seemed perfectly captivating, turned her thoughts, that is her eyes, to a young banker with whom she had danced at the last assembly, but the progress of this family must here be interrupted, to be resumed in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

IN our first and second chapters we have given the history of this family from the first establishment of their system of conduct and of education ; and at the end of the last chapter we left them in mournful weeds bewailing the death of their father, and much more the loss of the supposed family fortune. We have seen fully the system of deception by which they endeavoured to impose on the world, and we are now come to a critical period in this history, at which the whole system must either be overturned, or, if supported at all, supported by one of those uncommon exertions of ingenuity and strength, to which the world has applied the name of “ bold strokes.”

And here, gentle reader, I cannot but wonder at the enterprizing genius of the age, which prefers “ striking such bold strokes,” to all the effects that may be produced by habitual industry and assiduous integrity. But as it is more my business to record facts than to account for them, I shall dismiss this subject with only remarking, that when we, in the pursuit of fortune, aim at striking a bold stroke, instead of persevering in a course of industry, we exchange certainty for chance, contentment for anxiety, and nine times out of ten rectitude for dishonesty.

The Leverets, on examining their affairs, found them in a situation nowise very agreeable ; a few months passed away in condoling visits, and the old style was preserved ; but matters became at length so critical, that the style was no longer to be kept up as it had been ; for Mr. Leveret, although he died not rich, left his affairs, however, unincumbered with any very great debts ; the few creditors he had, who, as we have

vanity. Whether this was the case, we have never been able to learn ; it is very probable that the family would, nay it is very certain they did report something to the said purpose, but how far in this respect they adhered to truth is a secret that cannot be discovered in this history. Be this, however, as it may, the family now began to be sensible of their situation ; and, in such a case, let us consider what some people would have done.

It is probable that certain people, after duly repenting the life they had led, would have boldly faced their situation, probed it to the quick, and by a total retrenchment of all superfluities, have enabled themselves to discharge every debt, and thus created an interest in the hearts of all who compassionate distress and relieve it, where they have reason to think there is a good principle.—The sons would have resigned their horses and their dogs, and have applied to business, and the girls by industry and a change in their behaviour have convinced the world that they had a sense of their past folly, and a desire to accommodate their outward appearance to their actual situation,—I say, such probably would have been the conduct of certain people whose hearts are good, but who are led astray by the various invitations and solicitations of fashion and vanity.

The Leverets, however, had “ a spirit” above this, a spirit above their situation ; they very resolutely determined to shew mankind an example of the same grandeur they had seen before, and, as by paying the few debts that remained of Mr. Leveret’s, they had acquired, or rather had preserved a good credit in the world, that is, among the tradesmen, they determined to make use of that credit to the utmost. If my reader should happen to think that they are to be blamed for this, let it be remembered that it cannot be the blame of inconsistency, for this really, as I hope will appear from considering the former chapter, was a part of their plan. It never once entered into their heads that to contract debts without the prospect of payment is a crime ; or if it had, probably, they thought that their chances of wealthy marriages was a prospect sufficient

marked, that "making oneself cheap," is always an act of imprudence, but particularly in those who set so high a price on themselves. At length it became so common to see the Miss Leverets, that little or no notice was taken of them; no whispers of "who are they?" filled the theatre, or the ball-room; the ladies turned their heads suddenly to them, and as suddenly from them; and even the gentlemen nodded to them with that familiarity which is the farthest from respect or admiration, not to say love. The beaux no longer escorted them; and, indeed, (a wonderful instance of brotherly affection) they generally visited public places attended by their brothers only. No gallants waited to hand them to their coach, nor to ask whether they had a coach or no; no lords appeared in their train; and it was now a very considerable time since they had been taken out by an illustrious partner to open a ball.

These were vexatious circumstances, but to whom? To those who had no resources within themselves, and who were now become so sensible of the desperate state of their affairs, that the least slight offered to them, from this consciousness, operated with a poignant severity that never was intended. It was no longer possible to attract attention, and it was no longer possible to put on the appearance of deserving it.

While this was the condition of the females, the young gentlemen were equally unsuccessful.—John had offered a considerable bet on a famous horse at Newmarket, and the knowing ones happening to be taken in, he found it impossible to pay his bet, and underwent the disgrace common on such occasions. The news of this spread—bad news fly with astonishing velocity; and, as his inability to pay fifty pounds argued something "rotten in the state of Denmark," the actual situation of the whole family was discovered; creditors flocked in from all parts; tears, fits, prayers, and entreaties, were at first employed, and employed so successfully as to obtain time from the creditors—but all prospects of grandeur now vanished. "Men shut their doors against a setting sun." Those who had been the *dear friends* of the family proved fashionable ones, and the history of Timon of Athens was strictly applicable to the Leverets.

Dear friends, I have said—and here shall we not pause to wonder at the folly of those persons of both sexes whose notions of friendship are confined merely to companionship in elegant expences, and who, while they can give treats, balls, and concerts, to one another, are the *best friends* in the world; but, when adversity comes, fly from the afflicted family as from a pest-house. Such, gentle reader, are the greater part of what

we call friendships. The least distress, or appearance of distress, dissipates the gay illusion, and discovers how very small, out of a large acquaintance, are the number of friends.

The downfall of this family was not yet quite complete; it wanted, however, not much of it.—The second son having contracted a very great debt at a gambling-table, and given bills to the amount, so far forgot what he was about as to sign the name of another person instead of his own, and what was a very singular instance of want of memory, actually put the name of a second person on the back of those bills. There is a something of particular nicety among men of trade, that they will allow a man to write any thing for them but their names; this was remarkably the case with the gentlemen whose names Charles Leveret had mistaken for his own, for they complained to a magistrate, who would probably have punished the young gentleman if he could have found him. But, Mr. Leveret, aware of the inconveniencies attending a business of this nature, wisely withdrew to the continent, and, in less than three weeks after his departure, certain intelligence was brought to England of his being killed in a drunken squabble at a gaming-house in Dunkirk.

It becomes necessary for me now to pass over some years of the history of this family, merely because a detail of their many mortifications, difficulties, escapes, and distresses, would add but little to the moral deducible from what has already been given. The miseries of an improper system of education never were so fully exemplified as in this family. It was a system in which piety and virtue, industry and integrity, were excluded; hence they erred without consciousness, and were guilty without repentance; even when every earthly support failed, they were too proud and sullen to seek for that support which is from above! A few words, therefore, shall suffice to wind up this history.

Mrs. Leveret, after many years of struggling with pride and poverty, died of a broken heart—and in a situation truly pitiable. Maria, the eldest, accepted—not the hand—but the *protection* of a gentleman of fortune in the city, and, after passing through the regular stages of that infamous life, yielded up the remains of it in an obscure lodging in Fleet market, and was buried at the expence of the parish.—The youngest sister, by a strange fatality, acquired a habit of drinking which soon ended her day. John, the eldest son, after his disgrace at Newmarket, embarked for the West-Indies and was never more heard of.

Account of a Work, entitled, Private Worth the Basis of public Decency. An Address to People of Rank and Fortune. Dedicated to the Bishop of London. By a M. of P.

THAT universal laxity of principle which has for some time pervaded all ranks of people, and that almost total dereliction of religious duties and observances, a due attention to which is so essential to the well-being of society, have employed the pens of many considerate and judicious writers, who have pointed out the evils and their sources; but have failed in effecting any thing like a change of conduct in the people.—The writer before us has given his sentiments in a manner that ought to insure them peculiar attention; and they are very properly dedicated to the Bishop of London, from whose character and conduct much good is expected in the reformation of his diocese.—The example of the higher ranks is the leading cause of all the evils we complain of; and “how the characters of such as fill the superior walks of life may affect inferiors, and operate on public decency, is an object peculiarly interesting to all who have any regard for the laws of Heaven or the laws of England. And it is not easy to make a conscientious election among candidates for power, who are chiefly distinguished by politics without morality, morality without religion, and religion without morality; who cover private profligacy by public pretension, and who substitute prudery for virtue, or resolve all human and divine obligations into mere form or etiquette.”—This is but too just a description of the leading characters of the times; and to such is the present performance addressed.—The author considers the influences of Example, Education, and Family Deportment.—Under the first, the following just reflections occur.

“Piety never did and never will thrive or become generally acceptable but under the sanction of rank and fashion. It is a most singular circumstance, that there never was a time or country on earth where the highest character in the community discovered more private virtue, and all the inferior orders of men practised it less, than with us. This curious contrast between the manners of the public, and those of the first magistrate, might suggest some very entertaining, and even useful speculations.—Kingdoms, like individuals, derive almost all their moral and best distinctions from the example of their sovereigns; we should for that reason be the most blameless as well as the happiest people in the world. Our throne is literally established in righteousness; the decency, the dignity, the seriousness, and the sanctity of the royal deport-

ment are objects of universal admiration, and might well be expected to arrest the imitation, or stimulate the emulation, of all. It seems equally ominous and unaccountable, both in a moral and political point of view, to see so many bad subjects under so good a prince, the worst servants controuled and directed by the best master; the most pious reign debased by the grossest vices; and the body politic constituting a monster of immorality with a heart full of the noblest purposes; and hands always in mischief, feet of the coarsest clay, and a head of the finest gold.”—“The example of the great possesses a most powerful and prolific influence in the production of either good or evil, and makes mankind every where much better or much worse. All their property, however immense, is but a gratuity, all their authority but a delegation, from God. Their habits of reserve, their numberless assumptions, and their whole demeanour, are calculated to awe the multitude, and preserve the established respectability and dignity of rank. They are consequently regarded by the vulgar as so many divinities, and with a species of homage and reverence that borders on idolatry. And the reasoning by which most people reconcile themselves to the follies and vices in fashion would have no effect but for the sceptical notions and loose lives of the great. If men, say they, who know better and are not under the same necessity with us of burying their misfortunes in debauchery; of abandoning religion and decency for an indulgence which they cannot have but in their absence; of cultivating habits of breaking the sabbath and of despising the worship of God; of relinquishing all principle, and bidding defiance to all law, because they cannot afford to be honest; are, notwithstanding, guilty of these enormities, what can be expected from us who are bribed by every thing around us to do worse, but have little or no assistance, either from our own or others principles, to do better? Why should they monopolize the wickedness as well as the wealth of the world? Their minds, better instructed, are abler to see through the manifold impostures, to detect the sophistries, and to resist the impetuosity of passion, than ours. They have more at stake, must be greater losers, and, from their education and habits in life, have a clearer and readier apprehension of their risk than we, who err as much, perhaps as often, from ignorance as from depravity. We can hardly go wrong in following their steps, who are aware of the dangers to which the least deviation on the right hand or the left must expose them. Why, therefore, may we not imitate them as they imitate others? They never can mislead us but from wantonness alone, as they

they often enough do that without the least temptation which we are so generally unable to avoid. Though it suited our inclination, we do not always find it convenient to be good. People of fortune have constantly the means of virtue in their power; the want of these in others but too frequently drives them into the arms of vice."

From these extracts the reader will be enabled to form a correct judgment of our author's manners, and his way of thinking; and we apprehend will have nothing to censure in either. — With respect to the boasted charities and good deeds of the *great*, how despicable do they appear when seen in their motives! — They are seldom influenced by any thing like actual charity, and many of them seem to delight in the wretchedness of those of *their own blood* whom they ought to support with decency. Yet do not their names swell the lists of the *humane*! — The author on this subject expresses himself well:

"No ears are so deaf to the complaints of the wretched as theirs who are accustomed to incessant flattery, stunned by the altercation of gamblers, sated by the noise of intemperance, or distracted by the bustle and requisitions of ceremony. The man of gaiety and dissipation is a perfect churl in whatever does not contribute to his own immediate gratification. The vain man, though seldom among the first to explore the haunts of modest distress or abate the rigour of private misfortune, will endow an hospital, swell the list of any *public* charity, and grudge no expence to monopolize the plaudits of a moment. The man of fashion spends all, and often more than he can spare, in decorating himself for shining in the circles he frequents; and is so engrossed by company, compliment, punctilio, and personal admiration, that he has neither time nor heart to admit the claims of humanity."

— Now, these descriptions of people form so large a class of the higher ranks, that 'till some reformation is effected among them, little can be expected in the more subordinate classes. Their respective duties are here pointed out, and recommended with pecu-

most people hesitate at no expence to decorate and adorn them. The valet struts in as full a suit, a head as well dressed, clothes as richly laced and scented, and a manner as starch and lofty, as his lord. Her ladyship's maid at the same time flounces in volumes of drapery as sumptuous, in silks of as great value, in trinkets as brilliant and as fashionable, in perfumes as sickly and profuse, as any duchess. All this excessive and superlative finery is lavished on creatures as completely uninformed as the stocks of which Pagans carve their wooden gods, the wax or blocks which constitute the gewgaws of a toyshop, or the boards of which publicans form their gilded sign-posts.

Even, when their *occupation* of parasites and pimps is over, they cease to be tools, but continue apes of their master's vices. — Their luxuries are at an end, but the habits of slander acquired in the drawing-room, the blasphemy imbibed in the hall, and the frauds witnessed at the gaming-table, are by no means laid aside with their liveries. These are the acquisitions which render the discarded domestics of great families such a constant and powerful accession to that alarming system of knavery and depredation which the lower orders, especially in the metropolis, carry on against all who are higher, richer, or better, than themselves. It is principally in the kitchens and halls of these houses, where no bounds are set to animal indulgence of any kind, that we perceive what monsters of insignificance, lewdness, and depravity, high-living and little work make of ignorant and low minds. These are the sources which incessantly deluge the town with prostitutes, our streets with pick-pockets, our highways with robbers and footpads, our prisons with felons, our gibbets and drops with malefactors.

Left our servants should not be sufficiently corrupted, and made useless and worthless by indulgence, we often debase ourselves to a sordid imitation not of what the best should be, but of what the worst are. That our men and women of fashion should be ambitious of appearing, both in dress and diver-

tion or improvement of late years in equipage or domestic economy has not facilitated the encroachment of our servants on our ease and indolence!" "Our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addressed of their enormities, are laid aside. By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses; and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves, as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb waiters; that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us.—By their profusion and mismanagement in housekeeping they have compelled us to allow them board-wages, by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public houses, and money in their pockets to squander there, in gaming, drunkenness, and extravagance.

"The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience."

In publications like the present, where little but excellence is to be met with, our comments must necessarily be brief; and after the passages we have given it is needless to detail our opinion. We will gratify our readers more by concluding our account with the following beautiful and well-written observations of the author:

"There are local advantages involved in our circumstances which few other nations can boast. Our mountains teem with flocks and herds; our vallies are loaded with variety of the best corn; and our orchards, gardens, and even hedges, abound with all kinds of the healthiest and most useful fruit. No hurricanes or tornadoes tear up the labour and hopes of our husbandmen, mangle the plantations of the field, or involve both man and beast in the ruin of their habitations! No earthquakes raging around and

beneath our feet wrap the busy multitude in horror, and threaten to bury the living among the dead! No volcanos, preying on the entrails of our mountains, impregnate our atmosphere with electrical vapour, or deluge our plains with liquid fire! No prowling monsters, from the pathless desert or the unfrequented forest, infest our dwellings or our haunts, prevent our rural excursions, or scare our social intercourse. We seldom hear the crash of battles, the shouts of the victor, or the groans of the wounded; and never see the warrior in *garments rolled in blood*! Famine thins not our streets; the demon of civil discord is at rest; and the pestilence, awful messenger of fate! rides no where through the land *on the pale horse of death*. Plenty and peace, ministers of present prosperity and harbingers of good things to come! are seen in all shapes and all places hand in hand, gladdening all faces by their presence, smiling and blessing a happy people! While religion, in all her purity, divinity and holiness, is cherished, protected, exemplified, and caressed, as the guardian of virtue, the guide of life, and the bond of society."

The Dying Laura.—A Sentimental Fragment.

DOES that rose look so gay to mock my faded form? I will turn me from its beauties, while it remains the symbol of what I was, and wait the evening hour when it will become the emblem of what I am.

The venerable oak, which stretches forth its bare limb, where no verdure sprouts, and in whose trunk vegetation has lost its powers, soothes my anxious heart. But that tree has long been the glory of the plain. An entire age conducted it to a slow maturity, and a long course of years watch over its decay. While I am scarce opened into blossom, when I feel my approaching end, and a moment beholds me perish.

But wherefore should I complain? my life has been without offence, and that I die for love cannot be imputed to me by the Being who gave me such a tender heart; and clothed the virtue of heaven in the mortal form which Horatio bore.

I loved heaven in him, and am going to an eternal participation of it with him. His form is mouldering away; but what of that? our souls are still united; and my dust will soon mingle with his. The cypress that rises beside his grave will soon cast its shadow over mine.

If his shade is suffered to haunt this spot, if his immortal spirit quits its immortal abode to hover over me, he will see me the victim of his loss, nor will it disgrace even

his celestial nature to feel the glory of the sacrifice.

Ye chaste authors of my being — ye tender guardians of my infancy — ye faithful friends of my youth, regret me not, you will soon see me no more. — But I shall be happy.

A Description of the Inhabitants of Pegu.

By William Hunter, A. M.

THE inhabitants of Pegu are of a muscular make, their stature is about the middle size, and their limbs, in general, are well proportioned. Their complexion is swarthy, being a medium between that of the Chinese and of the inhabitants of Bengal. In feature they resemble the Malays; their face is broad, their eyes large and black, the nose flat, the cheek-bones prominent, and the mouth extremely wide. They wear on the chin a tuft of hair, of unequal lengths; and shave the rest of the face. Their teeth are always of a jet black, which, however disgusting it may be to an European eye, is, among them, esteemed a great ornament; and accordingly they are at very great pains to accomplish it.

They wear various ornaments in their ears, many of them in common with other eastern nations; but one that appears to be peculiar to this people is a thin plate of gold, rolled up in the form of a quill, about the thickness of a finger, which is thrust into a hole made in the usual part of the ear, large enough to receive it. The foregoing description is chiefly applicable to the Birmahs; that is, the natives of Ava, or their descendants, who are now very numerous here, as the government is entirely in their hands. The original inhabitants of Pegu have faces more nearly approaching to the oval form; their features are softer, more regular, and seems to express greater sense and acuteness than those of the Birmahs, with whom, in other respects, they agree. The Birmahs, however, who pique themselves on being descended from the conquerors, and wish to be distinguished from

themselves, that about two children out of five perish in consequence of the operation. Some persons of higher rank have, instead of this, their thighs covered with the representations of tigers, and other wild beasts, imprinted by a process similar to the former.

The men have long black hair, tied on the top of the head, over which some wear a white handkerchief in form of a turban; others go with their heads bare, and decorated with flowers. They wear about their loins a piece of party-coloured silk, or cotton cloth, which is afterwards passed over the shoulders, and goes round the body. Those of higher rank have the cloth so long as to hang down over their thighs and legs; which, among the lower class of people, are bare. The women have a kind of short jacket to cover the upper part of their bodies; and the remainder of their dress is a piece of cloth, which is fastened round the loins, and hangs down to the ankles. This is doubled over a few inches at the fore part, where it is open, so that the thigh is discovered in walking through its whole length. This mode of dress, they tell us, was first introduced by a certain queen of Ava, who did it with the view of reclaiming the hearts of the men from an unnatural and detestable passion, to which they were, at that time, totally abandoned; and succeeded so well that she is remembered at this day with gratitude as a public benefactress to the kingdom.

In their behaviour to strangers they are obliging, and shew a degree of frankness that one would by no means expect to meet in a nation whom we have been accustomed to look upon as barbarous. They express great curiosity to see the manners of strangers, which make them often come into their houses, and observe all that is doing, without appearing to be under any constraint. They also take pleasure in imitating the dress and behaviour of those who come among them, and appear highly delighted when a stranger imitates any of theirs. In return, if you go into their houses, you are received

brave, possessing great strength of body, and capable of sustaining fatigue, they only want a regular discipline to render their power truly respectable. Their principal weapons are the spear and scimeter, both of which they handle with great dexterity. But the use of gunpowder is not unknown to them, for they often employ muskets with matchlocks. They are frequently at war with the Siamese, over whom they have been often victorious. The prisoners taken in these expeditions they detain, and employ in the occupations to which they were brought up. Many of the ship-builders at Rangoon are Siamese, who have been taken in war. For carrying any desperate enterprise into execution, they have a lot of people who, very probably, have been criminals, reserved for the purpose, to whom it is death to return without having effected the business that they were sent on. This appears a strange piece of policy, as one should imagine that those men, whom we cannot suppose to be bound by any principles of honour, or actuated by any affection for the state to which they belong, lie under great temptations to join the enemy. What means are used to prevent so probable a consequence; whether they are accompanied or commanded by men who are more worthy of trust, and able to restrain them, or encouraged by the hope of rewards on their return with success, I have not been able to learn. Be this as it will, it is very well known that the Birmahs are not singular in this practice, which is adopted, by many of the other despotic powers of the East.

Anecdotes of the late Mr. Henderson.

MUCH has been said in your Miscellany respecting the late Mr. Henderson, of Pembroke College, Oxford, whose extraordinary abilities and eccentricity of character justly rendered him, during his life, an object of general curiosity, and will continue to stamp an adscititious value on any authentic particulars that may be recorded of him.

It may not perhaps be impertinent or su-

perfluous to mention, that his clothes were made in a fashion peculiar to himself: he wore no stock or neckcloth; his buckles were so small as not to exceed the dimensions of an ordinary kneebuckle, at a time when very large buckles were in vogue. Though he was then twenty-four years of age, he wore his hair like that of a school boy of six. This stranger was no less a person than Mr. H. who had that morning been enrolled in our fraternity, and had been recommended to apartments situated exactly under mine: which, I believe, was the sole reason of his being introduced to me in particular, as it was not otherwise probable that I should have been singled out as the person who was to initiate this freshman in the ways and customs of the College.

Mr. H. passing some hours of that day with me, I was gratified with a rich feast of intellectual entertainment. The extent and variety of his knowledge, the intrinsic politeness of his manners, his inexhaustible fund of humour and anecdote, concurred to instruct, please, and amuse me.

From this period, to the time of my relinquishing an academical residence (a space of about four years), I was frequently honoured with the society of Mr. H. I had therefore many opportunities of being acquainted with his natural disposition, his habits of life, and his moral as well as literary character.

His temper was mild, placable, and humane. He possessed such a spirit of philanthropy, that he was ready to oblige every individual as far as lay in his power. His benevolence knew no bounds; and his liberality was so diffusive, that it submitted with difficulty to the circumscription of a narrow income. He was fond of society, and well qualified to shine in it. He was frank, open, and communicative; averse to suspicion, and untinctured with pride or moroseness.

His mode of life was singular. He generally retired to rest about day-break, and rose in the afternoon; a practice, however, that was frequently interrupted by the occasional attendance which he was obliged to give to the morning service of the college chapel. He spent a great part of the day in

quently observed by him, before he retired to repose. He used to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and taking his station at a pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body; after which he would pump over his shirt, so as to make it perfectly wet, and putting it on in that condition, would immediately go to bed. This he jocularly termed "an excellent cold bath." The latter part of this ceremony, however, he did not practise with such frequency as the former.

His external appearance was as singular as his habits of life. I have already mentioned those exterior traits which struck me in my first interview with him; and the same peculiarities remained with him during the whole time of my being honoured with his acquaintance, and, I believe to the end of his life. He would never suffer his hair to be strewed with white dust (to use his own expressions), daubed with pomatum, or distorted by the curling irons of the friseur. Though under two and thirty years of age at his death, he walked, when he appeared in public, with as much apparent caution and solemnity as if he had been enfeebled by the co-operation of age and disease.

With regard to his moral and religious character, he was a pattern highly worthy of imitation. He was, in the strict sense of the phrase, *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*. He showed a constant regard to the obligations of honour and justice; and recommended, both by precept and example, an attention to moral rectitude, in all its ramifications. He had the courage to reprove vice and immorality where ever they appeared; and though he was sometimes treated, on these occasions, with contumely and insult, he bore, with a moderation truly Christian, so ill a return for his well meant endeavours. In his principles of religion he was orthodox, without being rigid. His devotion was fervent, without making too near an approach to enthusiasm or superstition. He was perfectly acquainted with the religious dogmas of every different sect, and could readily detect the respective fallacies of each. But, however he might differ from these sectaries, he behaved to them, on all occasions, with great politeness and liberality, and conversed with them on the most amicable terms of general sociability.

His abilities and understanding were eminently conspicuous. His penetration was so great as to have the appearance of intuition. So retentive was his memory, that he remembered whatever he learned; and this facility of recollection, combined with a pregnancy of imagination and solidity of judgment enabled him to acquire a surprising fund of erudition and argument; a fund ready at every call, and adequate to every

His learning was deep and multifarious. He was admirably skilled in logic, ethics, metaphysics, and scholastic theology. Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, and Burgerdicius, were authors with whom he was intimately conversant. He had studied the healing art with particular attention, and added to a sound theoretic knowledge of it, some degree of practice. His skill in this art he rendered subservient to his philanthropy; for he gratuitously attended the valetudinarian poor wherever he resided, and favoured them with medical advice as well as pecuniary assistance—He had a competent knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and every branch of natural and experimental philosophy. He was well acquainted with the civil and canon laws, and the law of nature and nations. In classical learning, and the *belles lettres*, he was by no means deficient. He was master of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as of several modern languages. He affected not elegance either in his Latin or English style; but was happy in a manly, perspicuous, and forcible diction, which he preferred to the empty flow of harmonious periods. He was versed in history, grammar and rhetoric. In politics he was a firm Tory, and greatly disapproved the general conduct of the Whig party. In this respect he resembled his friend Dr. Johnson.

His skill in physiognomy remains to be mentioned. He spoke of the certainty of this science with all the confidence of a Lavater. He constantly maintained, that by the mere inspection of the countenance of any individual in the world, he was able, without having either seen or heard of the person before, to give a decisive opinion of his disposition and character. Though I am inclined to consider this as an extravagant boast, I am ready to allow that the characters of many persons may be discovered by such inspection, and that Mr. H. frequently succeeded, in a wonderful manner, in his attempts of this kind.

He pretended to a knowledge of the occult sciences of magic and astrology. Whether this was, or was not, a mere pretence, I leave to the judgment of the enlightened reader. Suffice it to remark, that his library was well stored with the magical and astrological books of the last century.

I never knew any one whose company was so universally courted as that of Mr. H. His talents of conversation were of so attractive a nature, so variable and multifarious, that he was a companion equally acceptable to the philosopher and the man of the world, to the grave and the gay, the learned and the illiterate, the young and the old, of both sexes.

Yours, &c.

C. C.

*Account of the King and Island of Whaboo.
From Dixon's Voyage round the World, just
published.*

ON the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of December, the wind blew fresh, and the sea ran too high for us to expect to be visited by many of the natives; but the king and his attendants came on board several times during those four days. He never omitted bringing some trivial matter with him, by way of present; but he was treble overpaid by the generosity of the Captain. It was indeed extremely necessary to purchase his friendship and protection, as we knew he could have tabooed the inhabitants at his pleasure, and not suffer a canoe to approach the ships.

Our whale-boat, while we remained at anchor in this harbour, was generally secured to the ship's stern. Strict attention was paid to her, to prevent her being stolen; but in the evening of the 11th, before the rising of the moon, several canoes were observed about her. The Captain therefore instantly fired a musket over them, and they fled with precipitation.

The next day we caught a large shark, and made a present of it to the king, who in return sent a fine hog on board by his son. The youth, however, possessing more craft than honesty or honour, sold us the hog for a large toe*; suppressing the circumstance of its having been expressly sent by the father as an equivalent for the shark.

Having observed a bay to the westward of our situation, which seemed to promise a good harbour, the Commodore sent three of the officers in his long-boat to survey it. On their return, which was early in the morning on the 15th, they reported that they could find no good anchorage in any part of that bay.

Among the few visitors who were permitted to come on board, an old priest made his appearance, whose authority we found was very considerable. He never came without two attendants, one of which prepared his Ava, and the other waited on him as a servant. Though Captain Cook has mentioned the Ava, and the manner of taking it, a few words upon that subject may not be unnecessary. The Ava is a root used solely by the chiefs, and is thus prepared by a servant kept entirely for that purpose. He chews a sufficient quantity till it is well masticated, then puts it into a wooden bowl, pours a little water over it,

N O T E.

* Long flat pieces of iron, somewhat narrower than a carpenter's plane iron, much valued by the Indians.

and strains the liquor through a cloth. Thus prepared, the Arce or chief drinks it with a degree of eagerness and satisfaction. This beverage creates intoxication, accompanied with a kind of stupefaction, and is probably as pernicious, as an Englishman would think it filthy and disgusting. From the use of that, or some other cause, the priest appeared much emaciated and diseased, his body being covered with a whitish scurf.

In the morning of the 14th we saw a number of natives busily employed on a distant hill; and about noon the next day they were so advanced in their work, that we could perceive they had been building a house. The same afternoon we were deserted by all the canoes, and none of them returned to us in the evening. We were somewhat surprised at this circumstance; because, on every preceding evening, several women came on board, and continued with our men the whole night: this intercourse being allowed, because it could not be prevented.

It is certain that the people were tabooed, for, on the 16th, not a single canoe was to be seen in the bay; but round the spot where the temporary edifice was erected, the people were very numerous; and in the evening several large fires were made at a small distance from that structure.

On the 14th, about ten in the morning, a man came on board with a small pig as a present, and also gave us a branch of the cocoa-palm: the priest too paid us a second visit; and about noon Teereteere arrived, bringing with him a hog, and some cocoanuts. Plenty of canoes now came about us, and we were convinced that the taboo was taken off; but we could not obtain any certain intelligence why it was laid on. We were informed that some solemn festival had been held on the summit of the hill; and we gathered, from different information, that there had been an offering of a human sacrifice, out of what sex we could not learn. The women still continued under the operation of the taboo, and none of them were permitted to approach the ships.

About two o'clock in the morning of the 10th, a sudden gust of wind parted our small bower cable; but after much difficulty and trouble, we found the anchor, and got it on board in the morning of the 12th. We were now pretty well supplied with hogs and vegetables; but no women were permitted to come on board the ships, and we were made acquainted with the reason. A woman had been detected eating pork in one of the vessels, from which they are always tabooed on shore; her crime was considered of the first magnitude, and she really became a sacrifice to appease the wrath of their deities, for so atrocious an offence.

This

This ceremony occasioned so many people to assemble on the mountain, and the strict taboo that had been imposed. There was, however, another reason for their being so numerous. The King had ordered the House to be erected on the hill, to serve as a repository for the various articles which the natives might receive from our ships. When the building was compleated, orders were issued from him for every one to bring the things he had procured, to his storehouse, and there deposit them. These orders were instantly obeyed, and the conscientious King framed a plausible pretext to keep half of them for his own use. This conduct was so opposite to equity and justice, that the priest did not scruple, when on board the *Queen Charlotte*, to express his detestation of it in the most pointed terms, and flatly charged him with deceit and fraud. It appears, however, from this transaction, that the King has absolute authority.

In the morning of the 20th, we weighed anchor and made sail, and at noon we were about ten miles from the bay. Piapia, the King's nephew, was on board the Commodore's ship, accompanied by Teereteere's Ava-chewer. Piapia was indeed so much attached to the Commodore, that he resolved to go to England with him; and the attendant expressed an inclination to go with him. Several canoes, in which were many of the relations of the two adventurers, followed the King George to a considerable distance from Whahoo; and, at their separation, which they supposed for ever, they testified their grief by their lamentations, wringing of hands, and other expressive tokens and gesticulations. Piapia and his servant shewed some concern at parting; but their attention was almost wholly occupied on their new adventure.

At noon on the 22d, the island Oneehow bore west south-west; Wymoa Bay, where we proposed to anchor, being to the southward. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Portlock came to anchor, and we prepared to do the same at a convenient distance. We found no bottom with eighty fathom line, and being unavoidably drifted to leeward, we could not make the situation we at first proposed; but at six o'clock we came to a good situation in eighteen fathom water, almost a league from the King George, and above a mile from shore.

When these islands were discovered by Captain Cook, he first anchored at Atoui, where he found hogs and vegetables in great abundance. In the morning of the 23d of December, canoes came round us in great numbers, laden with hogs, cocoa-nuts, and vegetables. They were very moderate in their expectations for roots and nuts; but,

finding us pretty eager in purchasing large hogs, their demands were at first exorbitant for such as came under that description; but, upon our appearing indifferent, they grew more reasonable in their prices, and we could buy one of their largest hogs for one or two toes. On our requesting them to procure us water, they brought us some of a most excellent quality, and continued to supply us on the same moderate terms that the inhabitants of Whahoo had done. The regular price of cocoa nuts was five for a smallish nail. The taroo and the sugar-cane were plentiful, fine, and cheap.

On the 25th, being Christmas day, we had much conviviality and good cheer; and, as usual, toasted our friends and mistresses.

The weather was variable, but moderate, till the 4th of January 1787, by which time we had packed five puncheons of salted pork, but hogs were not so plenty as we had found them. We suspected this scarcity to be artificial. From the 4th to the 9th, we were barely supplied with a sufficiency for our immediate consumption.

Besides the articles for food, the natives traded largely in fishing lines, mats, cloaks, necklaces, caps, and many other curiosities. Numbers of beautiful bird skins, finely preserved, were also offered to us. At our request, they furnished us with many of these birds alive: they have a long beak, the wings and back are brown, and the breast and throat of a shining red; their size does not exceed that of a sparrow. They are certainly a species of the humming-bird, described by Pennant. We paid so liberally for these, that a variety of other birds were brought, and, among them, a species of the teal, or wild duck.

Concluding from hence, that plenty of game might be found upon the island, and being fond of the diversion of shooting, Captain Dixon took his gun on shore, attended by only one servant in an Indian canoe. He was apprehensive, however, that he should not experience much sport, supposing the curiosity of the natives would induce them to crowd about him: but he found himself mistaken, for the inhabitants applied themselves so closely to their manufactures and other employments, that they could not find leisure to observe his proceedings; he therefore traversed the country at his ease, and met with no kind of interruption. But game were not so plentiful as he expected, though he generally returned with a few of the trophies of the field.

Our wood was, by this time, considerably reduced; we therefore applied to the natives to procure us some: they readily engaged to furnish us with any quantity, nearly on the terms we were supplied with that article

ele at Whahoo, though the natives here were obliged to fetch it from the mountains. So great a value did they set on iron, that they brought even their poles, rafters, and fences for sale: some of them even demolished part of their habitations, and exchanged it for a small quantity of that estimable metal.

Proceedings of the British House of Commons on a Motion relative to the Corporation and Test Acts.

Friday, May 8, 1789.

MR. BEAUFOY called upon the House to imitate the examples of liberality and toleration set them by the surrounding nations, and hoped from their justice, that they would not, for the intemperate zeal of a few interested individuals, persist in punishing the Dissenters, a numerous body of men, who, he could affirm, from his personal knowledge of them, were as loyal as any other description within these realms. The grievances under which they laboured were not of a religious, but civil description; not the prevention of their conscientious worship, but an illiberal and severe exclusion from all employments, whether civil or military, under that Government which it was their inclination as well as duty to support and defend. By the act, the operation of which they had so much reason to complain, if one of them should accept of an employment, without receiving the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, and of course in violation of their consciences they were liable to the enormous penalty of five hundred pounds—the whole of which was held out as a temptation to any that chose to inform; but the injury did not end here, for his conviction rendering him incapable of suing for his debts, if not able to command the penalty, he had no alternative left but miserably perishing in a gaol. Such were the evil consequences of this act, unbalanced by any good. The bishops of this country need not fear their intrusion into their enviable situations, because independent of industry used by the former for their advancement, it was well known that it was a leading principle among the Presbyterians to preserve their pastors in a state of equality and mediocrity. They were equally incapable of accepting the highest and lowest offices of the state, from a seat at the Board of Trade to the tide-waiter, without the previous qualification of receiving the sacrament. This Mr. Beaufoy forcibly termed a shocking contamination of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, making it the instrument to gauge beer-barrels and measure soap wate!—and then moved,

“That a Committee be appointed to
Hib. Mag. June, 1789.

consider of such parts of the Corporation and Test Acts as prevent persons from accepting any office, civil or military, without taking the oaths and the sacraments prescribed.”

Sir H. Houghton seconded the motion.

Lord North rose to oppose it. Nothing, his Lordship said, should have induced him to trouble the House again on a subject that had so fully been discussed upon a former occasion, and after having so explicitly delivered his sentiments upon that occasion, but the fear after having pledged himself, while health and strength remained, to persevere in his opposition, of having his silence misinterpreted into acquiescence. There was nothing new to engage the attention of the House upon the occasion; what had been said before in favour of the motion was again urged in its favour, and the same objections that had already found weight with them, still remained with unabated force. After a long life spent in an increasing reverence of those laws which he admired from the beginning, it was his decided opinion, notwithstanding the unceasing opposition they had met with from the hon. Gentleman, they ought to be defended as the great bulwark of the constitution, and cautioned the House of the danger of undermining them; but while he thus opposed their wishes, he begged he might not be thought to be an enemy to them as a body. On the contrary, he professed himself warmly attached to many of them individually, and to all of them as far as public safety would justify that attachment.

It was an established maxim of politics, that no person should be entrusted with places of power without giving every security for his attachment to the Established Church; it was plain, therefore, that if persons were averse to giving that security, the laws requiring it were not laws of persecution, but of safety; as to their being intended, as was said, for the mere exclusion of Roman Catholics, that was by no means the case—they were intended for the purpose of shutting out numbers of fanatics of all descriptions, who were inclined to be troublesome in the times in which they were enacted.

King William, while Prince of Orange had declared by letter, and had afterwards, while seated on his throne, declared as his sentiments that all people in power should be of the established religion of the country. If the complainants had it in their power by their compliance with certain rules to entitle themselves to certain privileges, it was absurd to call the enforcing those rules a persecution.

He was sorry to hear comparisons made, and conclusions drawn unfavourable to this country, with respect to her neighbours.

It is well known that toleration was all that was granted elsewhere, and that but of a very recent date, which was of so long a standing amongst us. Abroad, indeed, an absolute monarch must nominate whom he would with effect: with us, our monarch might nominate indeed, but certain rules prescribed by parliament must be complied with before that nomination could be of effect. There established rules might be broken through, here they might be amended.

His Lordship then drew to a conclusion, by apologizing to the House for engrossing so much of their time. "I declare, says his Lordship, that I have on this occasion been actuated by my conscience—I confess I should always like to see the Members of the Church of England the dispensers of the principles of toleration; but I should never wish to see them reduced to ashes for that indulgence which they now grant. I honour the Dissenters of every persuasion; but I have no inclination to endanger the supremacy of the Church of England by investing the Dissenters with a power superior to the established Religion of the land!"

Mr. Fox followed. He admitted that his noble Friend had spoken very ably and very gravely in a cause, which he was incapable, with all his powerful talents, to defend—He had formerly, when the question was agitated, expressed himself diametrically opposite—to his Lordship. He now rose for the very same purpose. He was astonished that his Lordship proceeded on such weak grounds. Every step which he had taken was deceptive and erroneous; and every thing which he had advanced was, in his opinion, fallacious. His doctrines were detrimental to those sentiments of liberty which every Englishman professed, and tended to the introduction of that anarchy and confusion, by which the days of Charles and James were disgraced. Were such opinions promulgated for universal adoption, he confessed that he could not be surprised by the immediate introduction of the superstitious mischiefs and persecutions formerly exercised against every person who attempted to think for himself. As to principles of religion, he had always under-

necessity for administering an oath, when he happened to accept of an office connected with Government? No. The injunction was absurd, and ought to be abolished.—The private mode in which a man acted as to religious opinions, was totally unconnected with that general tenor of action, on which were founded the principles of universal morality, and those social qualities which cement and unite society. But say some gentlemen—We know your opinion—We are sensible of those sentiments of religion and politics which you ought to profess better than you do yourself. This is an assumption of intellectual power unauthorized by every enlightened age—but which has unfortunately been predominant in times of fanaticism and superstition. It has been this assumption of intellectual power for others, which has given origin to all the confusion that has prevailed since the existence of a regular form of government. He must, however, take the liberty of mentioning, that a government founded upon the basis of truth, of justice, of liberality, would never attempt to commit a deprivation of privileges, till it had received an offence which demanded correction. Applying this hypothesis by way of analogy to the case of the Dissenters, he called upon the favourers of such inconsistent doctrines to explain what crimes or offences they had committed, that a total exclusion from a share in the executive government was deemed absolutely requisite. They had, on the contrary, been guilty of no act that could be understood detrimental to the established religion—unless their manly exertions in moments of peril and danger, which had infused into the hearts of those who belonged to the Established Church principles repulsive to tyranny and oppression, be considered as offences against the Constitution. Were a man to publish his sentiments, and say, I dislike this form of Government, and I dislike that constitutional principle, would any person be so mad as to affirm, that these sentiments, which he attempted to inculcate—when at the same time he supported with energy the real constitutional principles—would any man, I say, be mad enough to affirm, that such an action could affect the executive

to do with the direction of a machine, whose wheels are totally calculated for a vastly more enlarged motion?—The idea is absurd.—Then drop, for God's sake, those harsh and rigid principles of religion, which must be considered as disgraceful even to the most barbarous age. The noble Lord had made a very proper distinction between people denominated Roman Catholics, and those more properly called Papists. The distinction was happy and pertinent. The laws now in question were enacted as a barrier against the intrusions of the Papists, and not against the Roman Catholics; and he hoped that there were no such persons as Papists existing in England this day. If you reject the Dissenters from a share in the executive government—if you exclude them from the acceptance of any office, unless they receive the administration of the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England—you in fact deprive a numerous description of men of the free exercise of their natural rights—and insinuate that they are evil disposed subjects, and committed something notoriously detrimental to the constitution. If you thus, as it were, whisper away their characters—if you consign their reputation to the accident of a moment—to a blast of wind from any quarter—you act with much injustice—because you decline to explain in a manly manner the causes of jealousy or suspicion by which you are actuated. Had the severe doctrines recommended by the noble Lord been adopted, the happy improvements which have marked succeeding ages would never have taken place, because the same antiquated principles would have been considered as immutable. The noble Lord had spoken very handsomely of the Dissenters. The reason was obvious. The encomiums which his Lordship had bestowed could not be avoided, because if he spoke of the Dissenters at all, he was convinced that they merited the highest eulogy—and because such sentiments were consonant to the feelings of the House of Commons, many respectable members being connected with the Dissenters by ties of the most tender and affectionate kind. But, says the noble Lord, let us not forget the moderation of the Church of England, and its salutary institutions in the days of Charles and James. Such an analogy was inapplicable and fallacious on the present occasion, the Dissenters having uniformly supported Government, and the constitution of the country.

The noble Lord had entered into a considerable digression concerning the improvements evinced by the Church of England. To whom are those improvements chiefly attributable? To the Church of England alone? No. But to these very Dissenters that we at present refuse a participation of

the executive government, unless they consent to the administration of the oath. We should recollect that we cannot now institute laws for the preservation of the church, against any new system. But we are soliciting, as the hon. mover asserts, a restitution of those natural immunities to which the Dissenters are so justly entitled. The principal objection to this act is, its inadequacy to the correction of the grievances of which it pretends to complain. The noble Lord had dwelt a considerable time on the operations of Conscience, and that in the exercise of worship the Dissenters were left entirely to its directions. The words were never more ludicrously applicable. Why does the Church of England assume all the religious authority and government of the empire? It is only a part of the religion of the kingdom. A half and not a complete whole of the Established Religion. The Church has the supremacy in England, and the Kirk similar authority in Scotland. If therefore we were right, it was a presumption that they were wrong, and, according to that principle, excluded from the enjoyment of offices in their own country. Hence arose an absurdity and danger. Hence the exclusion of all those gallant men who had stood forward in battle against the enemies of this country, and whose well-earned laurels had added to the renown of British glory!—Hence the exclusion of all those men whose learning and ingenuity had added to the literary fame of this country! Hence the exclusion of these men, whose profound legal knowledge and powers of eloquence had not been excelled in any age or in any country!

Mr. Fox then said, from every consideration which can be formed, the members of the Kirk of Scotland deserve as much freedom and distinction as those of the Church of England. They are both subjects of the same King—both protectors of the same constitution! To renounce the privileges of either would be absurd, to prefer either inglorious! If the House of Commons agree, that a Test Act is right, they must admit that this is wrong!—If A. B. applies to a clergyman, and he refuses to administer the Sacrament, A. B. may, if he please, commence an action against the clergyman; but the clergyman has recourse to an old expedient which has been frequently adopted.—He affirms before a magistrate that A. B. has led a wicked and reproachable life, consequently not entitled to the administration of the Sacrament. Thus A. B. may be exposed to suffer from the caprice of the moment, by his subordination to a mock magistrate, not authorised by the laws of the land. Beside whatever the clergyman chuse to perform is sanctioned by the perpetual suspension—by the law of indemnity.

He wished to God, that the House would order the suspension of both absurdities for ever ! I am therefore of opinion, that we should go into the Committee proposed.

Here again I differ from the noble Lord—for, says his Lordship, if we are to resist—to alter—to amend—we must not go into the Committee ; we must not examine the propriety of the objections. Mr. Fox then mentioned the fate of a bill introduced for subscribing articles towards the relief of the Dissenters. After it had passed the Commons, it was twice rejected by the Lords. Upon a third effort, the expedient was successful, and the Church received no injury whatever. The moderation and mildness so happily expounded by the noble Lord, was in this instance likely to be wonderfully exemplified ! *tempora mutantur !*——The Church of England, at present in the plenitude of her power, in the zenith of her glory, cannot surely countenance the spirit of persecution adopted by the severe and uncharitable disciplinarians of antiquity ! Hierarchy is established in the south, and the Kirk of Scotland in the north ! The laws are still in force and operate equally against the King or Chief Magistrate, as against any other Member of the Constitution. Why be apprehensive of danger ? where is the cause of alarm, when the executive government of the country can always command the sources of the revenue, the sinews of war ? The danger is visionary indeed ! It makes me imagine there is something understood in the oath prejudicial to the morals of mankind ! I am convinced that the frequent repetition of oaths tends to the diminution of that reverence—that awe—that solemnity—which they are intended to inculcate ; and the misapplication of religion tends to the destruction of that system which it is meant to support ! In glancing at the days of Charles II. the noble lord takes the amiable side of the question. Mr. F. professed himself not so particularly attached to the old customs that he would admit of no

Charles I. and II. and of James II. he was rather doubtful. As to the toleration of William and Queen Anne, it was somewhat similar. These, however, afforded this example, that the men who are afraid of themselves approximate to the most dangerous state of persecution ! As he had already observed, if a Test Act were necessary, this was perfectly inadequate. Any person with a large conscience might take the Sacrament conformably to the Church of England, and yet condemn in his heart the Hierarchy. Hence it might be supposed that the Test Act was only meant to exclude men of tender consciences ! ! ! But even the Administration of the Sacrament was, in some respects, futile and absurd. He hoped, however, that he would be pardoned for the expression. For what purpose does a gentleman receive the Sacrament in the Church ? To make his peace with the Almighty ? No. As proof of his penitence, and an intention of amending his life ? No. The purpose for which he receives the Sacrament in an open assembly, is for the professed intention—the chief incitement—to qualify him for a Lord of the Treasury ! To be elected a Common Councilman, with the privilege of eating turtle in company with the Lord Mayor ! What impiety ! ! ! what mockery of religious and moral duties. If our religion be distinguished for moderation, we ought to evince it by our actions ; to receive our fellow-subjects into a share of the executive government, to be the first to convince all mankind that our religion is of heavenly origin, to embrace the principles of toleration on a more extensive scale, and thus confirm our sincerity and generosity of mind.

Tu prior, tu qui te ducis Olympo !

Mr. Pitt said, that revering the principles of toleration as he did, zealously wishing, and confidently hoping that they might be still farther and farther extended, he thought it better, by avoiding the discussion of subjects tending to instil apprehension and bogel

two years and a half knew them all. At three years he read Latin and French perfectly, whether printed or manuscript. At four years, he was taught the Latin Language; at five made translations from it; and, at six, read Greek and Hebrew. From that period, he was master of the principles of arithmetic, history, geography, heraldry, and the science of medals. In four weeks he was able to write with correctness and fluency; and before he died, had read the best authors in almost every branch of literature. This little prodigy appeared in the world, like a meteor, but to vanish. He died at Paris, of a complication of disorders, on the 8th of October 1726.

A Defence of Luxury. From the Trifler, a periodical Work.

"By Jove I wonder not that folks should eat

"At one delicious meal a whole estate;

"For a fat thrush is most delightful food,

"And a swine's paunch superlatively good."

FRANCIS.

MOST of my predecessors have strenuously endeavoured to convince the disciples of Epicurus of the dangerous consequences arising from modern feasts, and the advantages of a temperate life; asserting, that great eaters sacrifice their sense and understanding to the gratification of their appetites.

That this morality originated from ingenuous and humane principles, no unprejudiced reader can seriously deny: but as the best remedies may be made the instruments of destruction, when skill and integrity do not direct their application, so these doctrines have, in my opinion, been too prolixly explained; and the remedy therefore has proved ineffective. Abuse, or to use the words of a celebrated dramatist, the puff collusive, has sometimes been more powerful in recommending a work to public notice than the puff oblique or the puff direct. A panegyric on this foible may in like manner sooner effect its reformation than the most poignant acrimony, or serious lessons of advice. I cannot arrogate to myself a precedence of bestowing an encomium upon a failing the sensible part of mankind censure; for the celebrated Chrichton, as Johnson informs us, spoke an oration at Padua in direct commendation of Ignorance, and the character of a Gamester has been defended by the author of the *Adventurer*.

The prolongation of the term of life is the principal argument in favour of temperance; and Mr. Addison, by the assistance of a medical friend, has with great arrogance assumed the degree of a Physician, and laid down a philosophical prescription accommo-

dated to all readers. Its efficacy appears so suitable to an Englishman's constitution, that had his rules been adopted, every physician and apothecary must become patients of their respective parishes; I therefore remonstrate in the name of all the followers of Galen and Paracelsus, against the contents of these papers, as detrimental to the interest of gentlemen, who have paid so much application in attaining a professional knowledge of releasing a patient from his affliction, by sending him with as little trouble as possible to another world.

Though the following observation of this self-created Physician may not entirely be founded upon false speculation, the result of his advice must have been very injurious to these respectable men. "When I behold," he says, "a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambush among the dishes." If this supposition is true, the sensations of the Apothecary must have been elevated to as refined an height of ecstasy, as the most sensual members of the Epicurean sect at the sight of green pease in the month of March, or a dessert of choice fruit in the middle of winter; and though the consequences of this feast might be injurious to the individuals, yet it would have ultimately proved advantageous to society in general. A few of these benefits I will endeavour to point out; but first I must lay down an axiom every one of my readers must allow to be incontrovertible. The quicker and more extensive the circulation of money, the greater the credit of the nation; therefore the agent who promotes this circulation, not only serves his own interest, but is of great utility to the whole kingdom. If we suppose that this company consisted of twelve persons, five of whom fell martyrs to their gluttony, what a sum must have arisen from this one feast, which this ignorant Physician so virulently censures? for, upon a moderate calculation, the Physician's fees and Apothecary's bills would have amounted to upwards of an hundred pounds! These advantages, therefore, are too self-evident to require any comment; they are not confined to their medical friends, but extend to the clergy, and their dependants, such as undertakers, sextons, grave-diggers, &c.—even the parson's lady derives some benefits; as the usual compliment of an hat band and scarf forms no inconsiderable addition to the frame of a new silk gown. I therefore assert, if these prescriptive rules for the preservation of health were observed, it would be the means of depriving one of the three learned professions of their practice, and consequently of their subsistence.

As the benefits resulting from excess of eating and drinking, (for they are in general inseparable companions) are so great, I think it is the interest of the College of Physicians, and Apothecaries' Company, annually to entertain the city of London; or to present a memorial to His Majesty, requesting his patronage and support by recommending so laudable a scheme, and setting an example to his subjects, from which such lucrative benefits may arise to society; not forgetting to bestow an high panegyric on the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus; and declaim against the venality of historians, who have so palpably misrepresented that Monarch's character; extol his liberality in the most generous terms; that his ordinary suppers cost six thousand crowns, and, on particular occasions, sixty. This is the morality they are to hold forth; and if by secret influence they are able to obtain a Royal proclamation to enforce the execution of the plan, by laying a very heavy duty on beef, mutton, &c. every quack and mountebank in the kingdom will no longer dread the power of the law, or the threats of an inflexible magistrate; but roll independent in his own carriage, affix M. D. to his name, and acquire an affluent fortune from the miseries and afflictions of his fellow creatures.

Since our commercial connections on the Continent, several excellent ragouts and soups have been introduced into this kingdom, whose consequences are very lucrative to the knights of the pestle and mortar; and as a proof of the refinement of the present times, gross meat is in general banished from the tables of the great; or simply introduced as a nugatory compliment to the barbarous customs of their forefathers; for a sensible devotee to luxury will prefer a dish of ortolans to a round of beef, or the exuberant produce of the Indies to a sterling rib. As the excellences of luxury have never been fully exemplified by any writer, I shall point out a few remarks upon that subject; and endeavour to convince my readers of the necessity of introducing it into every kingdom, since the genius of the people, and the progress of the arts and sciences

cannot be compared with the productions of the licentious age of Charles the Second, or the sensual reign of Lewis the fourteenth.

In the first ages of the Roman republic, not only the men but the ladies were remarkably abstemious; and the injunction of this absurdity was so rigid, that it became a law of Roman politeness to salute one another, that it might be observed, whether the prohibition of luxury was attended to; but the works of a Virgil, an Horace, and a Cicero, were not written in an unenlightened and temperate age. Rome was at that time arrived at a proper meridian of grandeur, which her subjects should not have transgressed. That ancient Greece achieved not the most memorable of actions when she was luxurious, no man conversant in that history can pretend; for when the plains of Marathon were imbrued with Persian blood, their Generals were abandoned to the grossest sensuality; and the literary men of those times were so devoted to the juice of the grape, that they even gloried in the practice, and publicly commended it in their writings. Moralists entertain a ridiculous idea, that luxury is the certain token of a declining state; but the annals of every country must convince them of the fallacy of this argument, as luxury is the characteristic of an increasing and powerful people; but if a particular line is not observed, and the refinement of manners degenerates into a sensual effeminacy, then the resources of the nation decrease. As the augmentation of animal spirits enliven and succour the body, in like manner luxury supports the power of a nation, and inspires the individual with courage; temperance creates a solidity of temper, which surpasses that heat of imagination so requisite to sustain the laborious duties of an active life. It is the opinion of Gibbon, "that in the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice or folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property."

A retrospect of the progress of society, and the advancement that civilization has

ever has its disadvantages; a spoonful of turtle soup has so effectually excoriated an alderman's mouth, that the public, no longer improved from those oratorical abilities which bore so close a resemblance to the declamatory stile of Demosthenes, that the copy was little inferior to the original; and it has sometimes proved so detrimental, that the Common Council have been deprived of a worthy member, and many a parish has lost a beneficent Vicar by the bad effects of an annual meeting. "The consequences of luxury," says Voltaire, "are undoubtedly dangerous to a small state, that does not enjoy the advantages of commerce, and whose sole dependence rests upon its œconomy; but in a powerful and populous country, industry and commerce are increased by luxury, and that state whose inhabitants were formerly devoted to military employments, the arts and sciences are cultivated, and improvements are rapidly advancing by intercourse with foreign powers, and a participation of their products and riches." The most remote countries were ransacked to afford delicacies to the Romans; and even Mr. Addison, the great advocate for temperance, allows, that we reap great advantages by the importation of foreign goods, though he disapproves of French fashions: and I perfectly coincide with the sentiments of Voltaire, that "Luxury not only encourages commerce, but increases the property of every manufacturer."

As I have taken the liberty of confirming my opinion by the sentiments of a celebrated French, I shall make no apology for concluding this paper with the following story extracted from that gentleman's letters. "An Englishman, with whom I had contracted an intimacy in France, (for the letter is written from London) waited upon me one morning, and enlarging upon the misfortunes of his country, took his leave; but as he retired, by accident observed a box, which attracted his notice, and as he seemed desirous of knowing the contents, I told him they were French

I repeat passages that please me as often as I like, reflect without interruption, turn over what I think dull, and am not obliged to exhaust myself in compliments. Closet reading has peculiar charms, and I am persuaded the world will again be of that opinion at one time or other.

A. Never: One loves to judge before the Public sees.

B. I can enjoy that satisfaction with every new work as soon as it is published. I buy and read it before the public has pronounced judgment. Besides, how can you impartially judge an Author, who comes, at your request, and throws himself on your mercy; who seems to have no wish but your approbation; who places a flattering and unbounded confidence in your opinion; and who enters with the sweet certitude of charming and astonishing you? Who could destroy illusions so agreeable by speaking cruel truths? The rites of hospitality, gratitude, good manners, all require nothing should be neglected, to send the Author away satisfied and happy. Should you seem tired, you distract him, and your apparent pleasure is to him real. Could you then be so inhuman as to refuse your applause? If you could you would be both barbarous and unjust; for when you asked him to read his production, you tacitly entered into an engagement to repay him with praise. For his humble condescension in submitting his work to your judgment, thereby acknowledging you an able critic, you impliedly promised to applaud and patronize it. On these conditions he came to your house: he is not one of your friends, not even one of your acquaintance; you are therefore certain he does not come to have the real merits of his piece ascertained and to hear truth; nor can you deny but that you will have little aversion to protest to him his work is a *Chef-d'œuvre*, and that you are delighted with it, however bad it might be.

A. There is some truth in this and some exaggeration. I assure you I have often heard criticisms at such readings.

B. Yes! You have heard refined flattery.

over which it is meant an Author should triumph. But did you ever hear at these Readings any one tell the Author that the plan of his work was ill conceived, that his piece was ill written, or that it wanted taste?

A. So you accuse all who attend these Readings of dissimulation?

B. No; for were I present, I should do the same. There are a multitude of truths too severe to be told, especially by people who live in society, and who would be thought amiable. Suppose a weak mother were to ask you what you thought of her stupid or deformed child, would you candidly tell her your real opinion? If a vain fool repeats a repartee, as his own, which you have read in a jest book, would you accuse him of vanity and folly? Every question which vanity dictates, when asked by a person who is indifferent to us, requires a polite answer. Neither does the giving of it make you deceitful: it is common good manners to do it, and which the customs of society require.

A. All which tends very powerfully to prove, it is impossible to speak truth to an Author, unless you are his intimate friend. But pray tell me, do you think Authors can very well distinguish whose praises are sincere?

B. They! Not they indeed. They have an inexhaustible fund of faith and simplicity on this head. In society flattery has its bounds, which whoever passes ceases to be polite, takes an air of irony and offends. A woman ought to be agreeable to be told she is an Angel; if she be absolutely ugly, the charms of her mind, or her good shape, only, must be mentioned, for self-love does not usually render us totally blind. Men of Letters must be excepted. Tell one of them, boldly, who never wrote any thing but a Pamphlet or a Parce, he is a man of Genius, and he will take your word for it with all imaginable sincerity; for as soon as he himself is the subject of praise nothing can be extravagant. How would he laugh at the intoxication of a brother, led astray by the apparent enthusiasm of his hearers; yet put him instantly in the same situation, and he would instantly have the same credulity: However, were Authors really to feel the truth, they would not leave off their Readings, it being a species of policy well understood by them.

A. How so?

B. It is a certain means of suddenly acquiring, at very little expence, a great deal of fame. Permit me, madam, for example, to suppose, notwithstanding the polite note you have just received from the Author who is soon to read his comedy before you, that the piece should be a bad one?

A. Well; what then?

B. Remembering the Billet, and the com-

plaisance of the Author, you are determined to make it thought as well of as possible; you will invite fifteen or twenty people to hear it, to whom you will repeat every thing you have heard in its praise, and thus then are fifteen or twenty people prejudiced in its favour. While it is reading you will seem delighted, enchanted, and will be very desirous of obliging the Author: self-love will contribute somewhat to this, for you would not wish to see persons you have invited all dull and tired; you are not ignorant of the dependence placed on your understanding; you take advantage of this circumstance to deceive people who are led by you; and they depart fully persuaded they have been entertained, and that the work is a good one; or, at least, having been induced by you to praise the Author, they never after can retract; for, after carrying their flattery to a certain height, they are obliged, in honour, to maintain their ground. I know there will be present, at your reading, two English, a Polish, and a German Gentleman, who will soon return into their own country, whither they will carry a high admiration of the abilities of the Author, whom they will affirm to enjoy great reputation in France; and thus the Courts of England, Poland, and Germany will resound with his praises. In the mean time his piece is played, and condemned by the public. At present, however, there is no longer a shameful defeat to be feared at the Theatre; preventatives are taken, and even the Author is called for. Illustrious Protectors appear in the Boxes, the first representation is conducted with decency, and tickets, dispersed with a noble profusion, procure three or four others; after which the indisposition of an Actor has obliged the Author to withdraw his piece: he prints it, and in his preface congratulates himself on his great and brilliant success, and thanks the Public, with equal modesty and truth, for the pretended applause they have bestowed. Imagine what effect this Preface must produce in England, Poland and Germany, already favourably disposed. These things are somewhat ridiculed at Paris; but, even there, the people of Fashion, though half undeceived, maintain the Author has great abilities, and his reputation extends itself over the country, and among Foreigners; and the more so, because the Journalists give the most flattering account of the work.

B. There is always, however, among the infinity of Journalists, one or two who judge properly and impartially.

A. Yes; but when they criticise an Author who has employed all the means I have just described, it is easy to make them appear envious, malignant, or unjust.

B. I can

B. I can easily conceive, that Authors, who are not endowed with excessive delicacy, may be satisfied with this kind of reputation; and the sooner, because it will incite no one's envy, nor is any thing more to be wished, except that it were real.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

Diary of a Lady of Fashion in Dublin; or a Sketch of High Life. Written by a young Lady.

Sunday.

ROSE at ten, two hours before my usual time. Went to church, because I told Captain Sprightly and Lady Bell Bennet I should be there. Not a creature worth looking at: the only thing that demanded the most trifling attention was a delightful cap worn by Miss Modely. Memor. To send Wilson or Edging for a pattern. After church, called on Mrs. Finnette, to inquire when she expects new Parisian or London fashions. I am determined to employ her no more, if she is so inattentive as to let Miss Modely have a single thing without my first being shewn a pattern. Went from Finnette's to Lady Racket; took an invitation to be at her card party in the evening. Dined at home, only my sweet-tempered Lord and mama, dying with the vapours, could not bear it, so hurried to Miss Modely's; took tea with her; accompanied me in my carriage to Lady Racket's. Lost fifty guineas. Did not get home till three, quite lifeless with fatigue and vexation.

Monday. Rose at two. My Lord made inquiries after my health; I wish he would not be so troublesome. Scolded Wilson and Edging heartily while they were dressing me; always make it a rule to scold them when I have ill luck. Mama called at three; had a charming lesson from her; my Lord took care to be present. Accused of high crimes, neglecting my children, being extravagant, &c. &c. &c. Before she went, asked me to contribute a couple of guineas to the assistance of some distressed person; told her I had but ten guineas in the world, and that I wanted ten thousand things; begged she would excuse me, for I did not feel charitably inclined to day. Seemed much displeased. I cannot help it if she chuses to give an estate away, I do not intend it. Sent five guineas with my name, for a subscription to the Fancy Ball, the remaining five guineas bought five yards of the charmingest lace ever seen, to trim an apron. Went to Lady Racket's to tea; quarrelled with my Lord before I went; he asked me if I intended for ever to act in this manner; told him I had never enjoyed a happy moment since he had raised me to the dignity

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of being the Countess of G——e. He replied, a separation of course would give me pleasure. I answered with a very low courtesy. I waited his Lordship's command, and quitted the drawing-room. All the world at the Rotunda. Went home with Lady Racket; only staid till twelve.

Tuesday. Rose at my usual hour, twelve; sent cards to 500 people for my rout on Thursday. Mrs. Finnette came with some elegant caps and bonnets, and sent to mama for a 50l note. Sent 100l. A good creature! I cannot help thinking she is an excellent woman, though I cannot for the life of me follow her advice. Spent twenty pounds with Finnette; paid fifty visits; called at as many shops; bought a muff and tippet at Hartshorn's, cost fifteen guineas. Dined at home; did not say ten words the whole time. Louisa's governess informed me she is not well; the girl is always ill: I think nobody is so tormented with their children as I am. Sent her to mama; she finds more time to nurse than I can. Lady Racket, Miss Modely, Capt. Sprightly, &c. &c. drank tea with me; afterwards went to the Play; badly performed, and few persons of quality present. The same company to supper as to tea. My very dear Lord was gone to mama's to see Louisa; was quite happy about it, as he delights to be ridiculous, when any body is present. Retired to rest at half after two.

Wednesday. Rose at noon; saw a deal of company this morning; engaged to dine with Lady Bell Bennet; my Lord accompanied me; did not desire it, I could assure him. Played at whist in the evening; got home at four. *Mem.* As Louisa continues very ill, propose, if I can possibly spare a quarter of an hour, to see her in the morning.

Thursday. The morning spent in very severe reproofs from mama on my conduct to my Lord and Louisa. She continues very ill; I suppose she will die. I am this morning come to a resolution to dismiss Wilson; she is continually telling me how much such a person's bill is, and how much I owe to such a one. I am determined to be worried no longer. Lady Racket has recommended a woman to me, Mademoiselle Chance, a Frenchwoman, who, she assures me, is the most obliging creature in the world. My Lord took it in his head he was indisposed this morning, and was wretch enough to ask me to disengage myself in the evening. Indeed I told him I should not; I had no objection to his going to mama; so, truly, he was quite in a huff, and took my advice, for which I was not a little glad. In the evening received a vast deal of company; the rooms absolutely crowded. Got to bed at six.

R r

Friday.

Friday. Did not rise till four. Paid twenty visits; chose my dress for the masquerade this evening at the Rotunda. Dined with Lady Bell Bennet; drank tea with Miss Sprightly; went to the Rotunda; full tired by eleven; positively could stay no longer than one. Supped with Miss Modely; reached Ely place at three. Nobody spends more liberality in pursuit of pleasure than I do, and nobody finds so little.

Saturday. Rose at twelve. Intend to see masques next Monday. Sent cards to every creature I knew. Paid a few visits. About a dozen people came to dine with me. Went with a party to Crow-street to see the Siddons; a charming creature! Forgot to observe the people about me; so instead of having my handkerchief at my eyes, found myself in a most provoking titter at the most pathetic part of Mrs. Siddons's *Belvidera*. Went by engagement to Lady Modish's petite souper. At home by half after three.

Sunday. Up at two. The first news I heard was, that poor Louisa was dead. I am sure the girl has escaped a thousand vexations that I meet with. Dined in my dressing-room. Lady Modish, Miss Modely, and Lady Racket, drank tea with me, and supped. Retired at twelve.

Were ladies of fashion to note down the occurrences of life, and the manner in which they dispose of their time, I fancy many would concur with me, in believing the tenor of their conduct would not be unlike the preceding little sketch. On its insertion I purpose submitting to the attention of the ladies the Diary of an unfashionable Lady. If this is suppressed, the last-mentioned trifle will not dare to think of a place in your *Hibernian Magazine*.

Merrion street. MARY ELIZA.

Account of the Busy Body; a Collection of Essays. By Mr. Oulton, Author of several fugitive Pieces.

THESE Essays are calculated to convey amusement and instruction. Among them are to be found subjects over which the merry may laugh—and the sentimental “strike the pensive bosom.”—The author's description of a masquerade speaks

If the matter right I take,
Alamode, for Fashion sake.

One time this, and one time that,
Now a large, then little hat,
Fight a duel, life at stake!
Kill and die, for *Fashion sake.*

Why the Jew 'gainst Christian set,
Why the ring, and why the bet,
Square the fist, the noddle break,
'Tis a match for *Fashion sake.*

See the misses full of glee;
How they sip and sip their tea,
Not a morsel will they take,
They must fast for *Fashion sake.*

See the masters full of pride,
Twelve-inch'd cane, and hat aside!
How they swagger, act the rake,
Curse and swear, for *Fashion sake.*

Fickle Fashion, why this fuss,
Acting and behaving thus,
Must the wise your whims partake,
And be *Fools*, for *fashion sake*?

But I see, the reason's plain,
Trade will have the greater gain,
Milliners and taylor's make
Longer bills for *Fashion sake.*

The Humane Soldier.—A Story, taken from Real Life.

ON the plain near the village of Dettin-gen, celebrated for the victory obtained over the French under the command of the Marechal de Noailles, by the British forces and their allies, commanded by King George II. in person, and the earl of Stair, resided Alberto the shepherd, with his two children, Gerhard and Christina; and at about the distance of three English miles, on the road to Aschaffenburg, dwelt Ernestus the woodman, brother of Alberto. These men lived in that state of sincere friendship and good offices to each other as may, with propriety, be termed the very essence of brotherly love. The children of Alberto were the children of Ernestus; indeed they seemed actuated but by one soul. Alberto's son was about ten years of age, his daughter some years younger; and it had been the custom established between these friendly brothers to enjoy the pleasure

they were obliged to pass, the atmosphere thickened, and the snow came down in such a degree as to obliterate their sight, and prevent them from finding the right path. While they were in this situation, night came on. Gerhard encouraged his sister not to fear, and proposed climbing the tree which they were standing under; but, after many attempts made by the enfeebled Christina, it was found impossible to succeed; Gerhard, therefore, did not attempt it, but stood close by her till she fell into a sound sleep. He having oftentimes heard his father and uncle talk of the dreadful consequences attending the loss of motion in such cases, endeavoured, by every means in his power, to wake her; but it proving ineffectual, he took his coat off, and wrapt it close about the breast and back of his sister, and then laid himself across her feet, and prayed to the God of heaven to protect and save them.

They were discovered in the morning by Audaxus, an old soldier, then on his way to join the army of Prince Ferdinand, in Westphalia, as a volunteer. The veteran seeing something, at the distance of a few paces out of the path, which he thought looked unlike the common appearance of a snow heap, made up to it, and found the children in the situation just described, and apparently lifeless. He immediately threw his hat from his head, his staff from his hand, and, taking his knapsack from his shoulders, first lifted up Gerhard, and felt his bosom and his pulse. He found warmth yet remain in the one, and motion in the other. He now stripped off an old regimental coat, spread it over the snow, and laid the boy upon it with the greatest tenderness; he then went to the assistance of Christina, whom he found more warm and with more pulsation than her brother; when, after treating her in the same manner he had done Gerhard, he proceeded to take out of his knapsack a bottle of brandy: this he applied alternately to the temple, the breast, and to the extremities of each of the innocents, till he found evi-

berto was standing at the door of his cottage when he saw the old man approaching with all the haste in his power; the children were so much obscured by the old military coat that Alberto did not discover immediately what Audaxus had hidden under it. Rushing forward towards Alberto's door, who still stood on its threshold, "Let me in," says the old soldier, "I have a present for you;" and immediately little Gerhard drew aside the coat from his face; the old man also, at the instant, removed it from the face of Christina. "My children!" says Alberto; and that was all he could utter. However he followed Audaxus into the cottage, where the soldier, in pithy oratory, told them in what manner he found them, and in what manner also he relieved them. He then blest heaven for doing so much for him as to make him the humble instrument of the children's safety. He was now about to take his leave of this amiable family, when Alberto begged him to stay with him. "No, I thank you," replied Audaxus, "I am going to the camp; my knapsack, which contains all my worldly concerns, and my staff, the only remaining support of my old age, I have left under the tree in the wood where I was so fortunate as to find your children."—"But you must stay with us," says Alberto, "our cottage is large enough for us all; but even if it should prove inconvenient upon trial, I will enlarge it. I have some little money, you shall share it with me; and I have a brother, who lives hard by, to whom my children were going when the misfortune happened to them; his also you shall share; he loves us: it is only for him to know what you have done for these infants, and you may command all he has. Pray therefore stay with us; you will find more happiness in this cottage than can possibly be found in the bloody field of war."—"I cannot," replied the old soldier; (O! strange reverse of fortune!) I have lost every thing that was near or dear to me in life; I wish to remove to the mansions of eternal rest, and I think I cannot go by a more honourable way than

Alberto wishing him speedily to return, and praying the God of battles to protect from every harm the man whose profession indeed called him to the ensanguined field, but who was himself a pattern of humanity.—Alberto immediately acquainted his brother with all that had happened; and of his offer to the old soldier not only of part of his cottage, but his property. “And mine also,” replied Ernestus; “I hope you offered him mine also.” “Yes,” returned Alberto, “I did.”—“’Tis well,” says the brother; “you have done well, and I am satisfied.”

The campaign ended in about six months, and the humane Audaxus returned to the cottage of Alberto, who received him with the warmest friendship.—“I am come,” says the old soldier, “to quarter myself upon your generosity; I bring nothing to the common stock but scars.” The veteran had been shot through the calf of the left leg, and wounded on the head with a broad sword. “This wound,” says he, “pointing to his leg, “was fairly given; but this,” lifting up his hat, and showing the wound to Alberto, “was given by a villain; a fellow that stained the name of *Soldier!* for the poltroon cut at me when I was down; my musket lay by me, and, though in extreme pain, I made shift to lodge the contents in his head, and he dropped in the instant. After telling to Alberto and his children, and to Ernestus, the whole of his adventures during the campaign, the virtuous and contented family sat down to dinner. Audaxus at night was shewn his apartment in the cottage, and he now forms a third brother to the firmly united Alberto and Ernestus.

Account of the Capture and Execution of Major André. By Wm. Gordon, D. D.

ON Friday morning, September 22d, 1780, Count de Rochambeau and Admiral Ternay set off on their return to Newport, and on Saturday morning the American gentlemen commenced their return to the camp. During their absence a discovery of the utmost importance had been

not in the least assuaged. About July, 1779, he exhibited heavy accounts and demands against the public: the commissioners, upon examination, rejected about one-half of the amount. He appealed to Congress, and a committee was appointed, who were of opinion, that the commissioners had allowed more than the General had a right to expect or demand. This provoked him to outrageous expressions and proceedings. Disgusted at the treatment he had met with, embarrassed in his circumstances, and having a growing expensive family, he turned his thoughts toward bettering his fortune by new means. Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, a rising young officer of great hope and merit, had commenced a correspondence with Mrs. Arnold in 1779, under the plea of supplying her with millinery; whether it was continued and covertly improved by the General, without her being in the least privy to it, till ripened into the scheme of giving up West Point, is not yet ascertained. But the design is generally thought to have been some time in agitation.

For the speedy completion of the negotiation that was carrying on between Sir Henry and General Arnold, the Vulture sloop of war was stationed in the North River, at such a distance from the American posts, as without exciting suspicion, would serve for the necessary communication. Before this, a written correspondence, through other channels, had been maintained between Arnold and André at New York, under the names of Gustavus and Anderson. The necessary arrangements being made, a boat was sent at night from the shore to the Vulture to fetch Major André, which brought him to the beach without the posts of either army, where he met Arnold. Day light approaching, he was told that he must be concealed until the next night. In order to it, he was conducted within one of the American posts, against his previous stipulation, intension and knowledge. He continued with Arnold during the following day. The next night the

thought of his having succeeded. But unhappily for him, though providentially for the Americans, three of the New York militia, *John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Vert*, were with others out on scouting between the out-posts of the two armies. One of them sprang from his covert, and seized André's horse by the bridle. The Major, instead of instantly producing his pass, asked the man where he belonged to, who answered, *to below*. André suspecting no deceit said, *so do I*; then declared himself a British officer, and pressed that he might not be detained, for that he was upon urgent business. Upon the other two coming up and joining their comrade, he discovered his mistake. The confusion that followed was apparent, and they proceeded to search him till they found his papers. He offered the captors a considerable purse of gold, and a very valuable watch, to let him pass: but they nobly disdained the temptation, beside the fascinating offers of permanent provision, and even of future promotion, on condition of their conveying and accompanying him to New York. They conducted him to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, the Continental Officer, who had the command of the scouting parties, amounting to 800 men, chiefly militia. Arnold's conduct with regard to this body of men, and in other respects, had excited such suspicions in the breasts of the Lieutenant Colonel and the rest of the officers, that they had determined upon seizing the General at all adventures, had he come down and ordered them nearer the enemy. Jameson, notwithstanding his strong jealousy of Arnold, was in the issue the occasion of his escape.

When André appeared before him, it was under the name of Anderson; which he supported, choosing to hazard the greatest danger, rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With a view to the General's escaping, he requested that a line might be sent to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jameson, thro' an ill-judged delicacy granted. The papers which were found in the Major's boot, were

ing the manner of his capture, and endeavouring to show that he did not come under the description of a spy; and were forwarded by Jameson.

General Washington appointed a board of fourteen general officers (of whom were the Marquis de la Fayette and Baron de Steuben) with the assistance of the Judge Advocate General, J. Lawrence [Gen. M'Dougal's son-in-law] to examine into and to report a precise state of Major André's case; and to determine what light he was to be considered in, and to what punishment he was liable. André, disdaining all subterfuge and evasion, and studying only to place his character in so fair a light, as might prevent its being shaded by present circumstances, voluntarily confessed more than he was asked; and sought not to palliate any thing relating to himself, while he concealed, with the most guarded and scrupulous nicety, whatever might involve others. Being interrogated by the Board, with respect to his conception of coming on shore under the sanction of a flag, he said, with a noble frankness of mind, that if he had, he might certainly have returned under it. The Board was exceedingly struck with his candour and magnanimity; and sufficiently showed how much they felt for his situation. They treated him with such delicacy at the opening of the examination, as to desire that he would not answer any interrogatory which would at all embarrass his feelings. Every possible mark of indulgence, and the utmost attention and politeness were exercised toward him; so that the Major himself, deeply sensible of the liberality of their behaviour, declared that he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but that if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them. The Board did not examine a single witness; but founded their report merely upon his own confession. In that, after a recital of a few facts, they declared, that Major André ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.

were all for shooting him, till Greene insisted on it, that his crime was that of a common spy ; that the public good required his being hanged ; and that was he shot, the generality would think there were favourable circumstances entitling him to notice and lenity. His observations convinced them, that there would be an impropriety in granting the Major's request ; while tenderness prevented its being divulged. When Major Andr  was led out to the place of execution, as he went along he bowed himself familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Upon seeing the preparations at the fatal spot, he asked with some emotion—" Must I die in this manner ?" He was told it was unavoidable. He replied—" I am reconciled to my fate, but not to the mode." Soon after, recollecting himself, he added—" It will be but a momentary pang ;" and springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of all the spectators. Being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered—" Nothing but to request that you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." He died universally esteemed and regretted. The sympathy he had excited in the American army was perhaps unexampled, under any similar circumstances.

The Butterfly ; or, Rescued Innocence.

RODERIC possessed from his father a small hereditary estate and mansion, situated in one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland ; but the old gentleman having died a few hundreds in debt, the son, though not under any legal obligation, resolved, from a principle of honour, to enter into the army, live upon his pay, and appropriate the rents of his estate to the payment of his father's engagements.

By the interest of his friends he procured an ensigncy, served his country with distinguished bravery in the last war, and obtained the command of a company. His father's debts having been for some time discharged, he resolved upon a visit to Lon-

commons, or some polite house of play, Roderic had often the honour of escorting the wife of his friend, to the opera and other places of public entertainment, which raised many scandalous innuendos against the reputation of the lady, who, however was perfectly innocent of incontinence, though highly censurable for levity. For Roderic she certainly entertained a penchant, which probably might soon have increased to a criminal passion, that would have put the virtue of both to the trial, if the appearance of a new object had not totally monopolised his heart.

Sylvia, a young lady of exquisite beauty, and nearly related to Eliza, having just attained age, was brought to town by an aunt, with whom she had resided from her infancy, and who had superintended her education and her morals, with the most attentive affection. Her soul was innocence itself, and yet her mind was embellished with every accomplishment suitable to a woman of rank, and mistress of a considerable fortune.

They had come by invitation to the house of Clerimont, where Roderic had constant access, and the beautiful Sylvia soon made a conquest of his love. Clerimont was not less enamoured than his friend, but his marriage being an insuperable bar to a virtuous consummation of his wishes, he determined on attempting every possible means of corrupting the mind of his lovely guest.

Roderic, who had a noble aspect, and candid manner, not only attracted the notice of Sylvia, but gained the favour of her aunt, a woman of penetrating genius and sound understanding. She paid minute attention to the Hibernian, and made every possible enquiry into his character and former life. Being convinced that he was brave, she concluded he was generous, and would make a good husband to her niece, and though his fortune was small, she resolved upon promoting a match between them.

After a short courtship Roderic obtained permission from Sylvia to apply to her aunt ; and the old lady being predisposed in his favour, a marriage soon took place, to the infinite mortification of Clerimont and his wife. The one from the disappointment of

on the bride and bridegroom accompanying him and his lady to their country seat.

The invitation was accepted, to the great satisfaction of Eliza, who intended by every art of female subtlety and refined intrigue to draw off, if possible, the attention of Roderic from Sylvia, not knowing that in doing so, she became the instrument of her husband's designs, and was laying a plan for injuring herself in the tenderest point—her sensibility became really alarmed, and her hatred to the wife increased in proportion to her illicit passion for the husband.

The generous and open hearted Roderic never suspected the scheme that was laid against his peace. He imputed the attentions of Clerimont to his wife, and of Eliza to himself, as resulting from the ardour of disinterested friendship, and with an unguarded good nature returned every civility ! Clerimont, on the other hand availed himself of every opportunity that could tend to the undermining if possible the chastity of Sylvia. She often read in the library ; and as Eliza on those occasions invented excuses for employing Roderic, Clerimont constantly attended Sylvia in her study, and recommended to her the perusal of books, which without offending virtue by grossness, instil warm ideas, and sap the very foundation of morality. But the heart of Sylvia was fortified, she had no relish for such reading, and without seeing into the design of her enemy, constantly rejected the books.

Clerimont had in his garden a grotto, where in summer he constantly kept refreshments. It commanded a fine view of the sea, and here, in warm weather, the family often spent their evenings. On a day remarkable for heat, the two gentlemen, with their ladies, walked out for the purpose of taking tea in this retreat. The way to it lay through a winding glen, with a number of short turnings, and as the path was rugged and the ladies required assistance, the gentlemen became cicisbeos to each other's wife.—Clerimont and Sylvia went first ; Eliza walked remarkably slow, leaning on the arm of Roderic, but often pretending to slip. A beautiful butterfly flew past.—Eliza

sigh succeeded sigh.—She lay on her side, and in her fall the wanton air had raised her cloaths, while a leg as elegant as nature ever formed, covered with a gauze silk stocking, and embroidered cloak was negligently exposed to view.

“ I am unable to rise ” were the first words that Eliza uttered.—Roderic was nearly in the same situation. He had sunk upon one knee to assist her, and he grasped one hand—his other resting on the moss.—The beauties of Eliza's bosom were disclosed to his view.

Roderic possessed strict honour, but he was a *man*—and could a man in such a situation behave but as Roderic behaved ?

In short Eliza caught the butterfly she was really in pursuit of, and with a mind fully satisfied, accompanied Roderic to the grotto, bearing a thorn in his heart, but when they arrived there neither Clerimont, nor Sylvia were to be found : and the person who attended was gone.

Concluding that they had returned to the house or were in search of them, Roderic and Eliza left the grotto.—They passed the spot where the butterfly had been discovered—it appeared again, and this produced a second conversation on the subject, equally interesting with the first, and which terminated exactly in the same manner—and exactly in the same place.

On coming to the house, Roderic enquired eagerly for Sylvia—she had not returned—he appeared surprised, and went instantly in search of her, though Eliza would have persuaded him to stay.—It was the hope of Eliza that Sylvia had also seen the butterfly.

Roderic again pursued his way to the grotto, his mind torn with anxiety and repentance.—The scene in which he had lately been a principal, painted to his mind another of a similar nature that might possibly have taken place, and which produced distraction in his breast.

But let us leave him wandering through the grove, and look to the adventure of his wife.

As soon as Clerimont and Sylvia arrived

agreed, but without her perceiving it, he conducted her into a part of the grove, where he knew they were safe from a sudden discovery.

Sylvia could not account for a weariness that seized her frame: she tottered as she walked, and at last her limbs failed. Clerimont knew the cause; he had mixed a drug in the orgeat she had drank, which produced a fever accompanied by a lethargic complaint—Clerimont now disclosed his passion and urged his suit, while Sylvia, intoxicated with what she had taken, was unable to answer. He was proceeding to liberties, when Sylvia, roused by the sense of a danger, from which she was unable to extricate herself, gave a violent scream.

Roderic at that instant was within hearing, he broke through the shrubs that concealed his wife from sight, and arrived to her assistance in the very moment that she would otherwise have been betrayed by premeditated villainy to an involuntary surrender of her chastity.

He seized Clerimont by the arm—he was on the point of putting him to death, when a butterfly flew by, a recollection of what had recently passed between him and Eliza rushed into his mind and arrested his intent—“Are you mad?” said Clerimont, your wife was taken suddenly ill, I was only going to render her assistance.

Sylvia’s indisposition made it absolutely necessary for her to remain that night at Clerimont’s house; but the next day they removed to London, and soon after to Ireland, where they have lived in peace and happiness.

In the house of Clerimont the scene was different—The servant who had been spectator to the pursuit of the butterfly, took an opportunity of acquainting his lady with all he knew—at first her purse became tributary to his wants, and in time her person became a slave to his desires, till at last a discovery being made, a divorce was the consequence, and she has ever since curled the butterfly.

Anecdote of the late King.

ABOUT thirty-five years since, a very worthy man went to St. James’s Pa-

sticking plaster to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor’s unwigged pate. For some time his surprise kept him silent, but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received. These were, however, instantly checked by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand toward the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, wondering how so much humanity, and so much unfociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom.

Bon Mot of the King.

Much persuasion was employed to induce a great personage to give up the scheme of visiting St. Paul’s. Among others the A—b—p of C ——— y ventured to expostulate against it, and urged his fears that his M——y might not be able to bear the fatigue and noise without risking the return of his malady—to which the K—g replied, “My Lord A—b—p, I have twice read over the Report of the Physicians, and if I can stand that I can stand any thing.”

Quin for a long time had a curiosity to view Plymouth, which he was prevented from gratifying by his various avocations; at length, in one of his Bath tours, he took his route to Plymouth, with which place he was much dissatisfied. On his return he was questioned by some gentlemen, his friends, how he liked the place?—“Not at all, by God,” says Quin, “for every thing I met there was sour except the vinegar.”

Anecdote of an Historian.

MR. David Hume often met with illiberal treatment from the clergy of

*Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.**(Continued from Page 270.)*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March, 2, 1788.

THE Speaker informed the house that a letter had been delivered to him in the chair this day, directed to the right honourable the speaker of the house of commons of Ireland, which he read to the house, and it contained as follows :

" To the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland.

" S I R,

" We have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of the house of commons, that, in pursuance to their order, we have presented the address of both houses to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was graciously pleased to give us the enclosed answer, from which it will appear to the house that it is our duty to wait his Royal Highness's further command.

Your most obedient,

London,
February 27, 1788.

humble servants,

THO. CONOLLY.

JOHN O'NEILL.

W. B. PONSONBY.

JAMES STEWART."

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" THE address from the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of Ireland, which you have presented to me, demands my warmest and earliest thanks.

" If any thing could add to the esteem and affection I have for the people of Ireland, it would be the loyal and affectionate attachment to the person and government of the King my father, manifested in the address of the two houses.

" What they have done, and their manner of doing it, is a new proof of their undiminished duty to his Majesty, of their uniform attachment to the house of Brunswick, and of their constant care and attention to maintain inviolate the concord and connection between the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, so indispensably necessary to the prosperity, the happiness, and liberties of both.

" If, in conveying my grateful sentiments on their conduct in relation to the King my father, and to the inseparable interests of the two kingdoms, I find it impossible adequately to express my feelings on what relates to myself; I trust you will not be the less disposed to believe that

and generous people of Ireland which I feel indelibly imprinted on my heart."

Mr. Grattan immediately moved, that a copy of the said letter, with his Royal Highness's answer, be entered on the journals of the House. Ordered.

3] The Right Hon. Mr. Grattan rose to offer to the house a resolution which he thought absolutely necessary, from a transaction that had lately taken place. He thought it necessary to call to the attention of the house, certain principles, which the gentlemen with whom he had generally the honour to coincide, considered as the indispensable condition, without which no government could expect their support, and which the present government had resisted.

The first was a reform of the police.—At present the institution could only be considered as a scheme of patronage to the castle, and corruption to the city—a scheme which had failed to answer the end of preserving public peace, but had fully succeeded in extending the influence of the castle.

It had been thrown out on a former occasion, when he had intimated his intention of reforming the police, that the bill to be proposed would be as bad as that at present existing, but that assertion was not founded in truth. The bill which he would introduce was intended to rescue the corporation of the city out of the hands of the court, and to make them responsible to the public for their conduct—to restore the peace and liberty of the city, and to guard against any abuse of power in those to whom the guardianship of that peace and liberty should be committed. This bill had in the last session been stated as necessary, but had been resisted by Lord Buckingham's government; but it should now be soon introduced.

Another principle much desired, was to restrain the abuse of pensions by a bill similar to that of Great Britain. The principle Lord Buckingham had resisted, and his resistance to it was one great cause of Mr. Grattan's opposing his government.

To these he would add another principle, the restraining revenue officers from voting at elections; this, he observed, was a principle of the British parliament, and it was certainly more necessary here from what had lately taken place, where, by a certain union of family interests, counties had become boroughs; and those boroughs had become private property.

But the principle to which he begged to call the immediate attention of the house was, that of preventing the great offices of the state from be-

reside) the double influence arising from this raised the abuse into an enormous grievance.

After this nation had recovered its liberty, one of the first objects was to bring home the great offices of the state; these had been taken away in an unjust manner, and in violation of native right, when the country was under oppression. He did not mean to enter into a question, whether too much was paid for bringing home great employments? he would not dispute the price, as it was the purchase of a principle, but the principle being once established, that it was wise and honourable in the nation to purchase home the great offices of the state, and this having been actually reduced to practice in the instances of the chancellorship of the exchequer, the vice-treasureship, the clerk of the crown and hanaper, &c. it followed as a necessary consequence, that the granting away great places to absentees must be highly improper, and a gross violation of the principle purchased by the nation.

Mr. Grattan then adverted to the reversionary patent granted to Mr. Grenville. Of that gentleman's merits in his own country he would say nothing; they could be no reason for granting him a great employment in this, where it was most certain he never would reside, and therefore in condemning the grant, no one had a right to argue that it was condemned as a grant to the Lord Lieutenant's brother, but as a grant to a person that must necessarily be an absentee; it must be condemned as a violation of the principle that had been purchased by the national treasure, and it must be condemned as a slight, and an affront to the native resident nobility and gentry of Ireland.

He asked the house, were they ready to submit to such an insult? were they ready to submit to have the principle which they had purchased violated? were they ready to return to that state of degradation and contempt from which the spirit of the nation had so lately emancipated itself? If they were not, they would not hesitate to come to a resolution, asserting the principle which they had purchased. He would submit such a resolution, worded in the most guarded manner, not attacking the prerogative of the crown to grant, but condemning the advice by which the crown was misled to abuse that prerogative. Mr. Grattan then moved,

Resolved, "That recommendations for the purpose of granting the great offices of this kingdom, or the reversion of great offices to ab-

as any man to a liberal debate, but there were certain expressions that were contrary to all parliamentary order made use of.

The Speaker most strenuously recommended, and hoped that no expressions of an acrimonious nature, should be dropped by gentlemen in debate.

Mr. Parsons proceeded. He said the present occasion did not warrant agreeing to such a resolution as that proposed by the right hon. gentleman: such a resolution should not be brought forward except upon a great constitutional measure; and to pass this resolution at the present moment would be highly ungracious. The resolution, he said, was a peevish one. He contended that Mr. Grenville, who was clearly the object of the resolution—had deserved well of this kingdom; he had moved for the renunciation of the right of Great Britain to legislate for this kingdom.—The right hon. gentleman who had brought forward the resolution, had got 50,000*l.* for the simple repeal, which was doing nothing; and Mr. Grenville has essentially served this country—and what has he got? He has got only a reversion of a place, which, perhaps, he may never live to enjoy. Mr. Parsons, in terms of some asperity, gave his decided disapprobation to the resolution proposed by the right hon. gentleman.

Mr. Grattan [in reply to Mr. Parsons.] Sir, the speech of the hon. member has been so disorderly and extraordinary, that the house will permit me to make an immediate reply. He talks of simple repeal, he don't understand that question, he don't know whether that measure was right or wrong; he speaks of renunciation, of that he is equally ignorant. The merits or demerits of either questions, or of both questions, surpass his capacity. He has arraigned my conduct, but his observations are as feeble as they are virulent; the member is a melancholy proof that a man may be scurrilous, who has not capacity to be severe. He speaks of the public grant of 50,000*l.* and he says that I got that for bungling what the patentee was fortunate to complete; he says so, but why he should say so, or on what grounds he talks, he is totally unable to explain; he repeats a sentence which he has heard, but the force or meaning, or foundation for the sentence, the member can't set forth: the jingle of a period touches his ear, and he repeats it, and he knows not why. The calumny urged against me by the member, is not his own. Could a member of parliament be liable to such an imputation, I would say that

pletely restored, when the gallery doors were again opened, and strangers admitted.]

Mr. Grattan resumed his argument; he said, that giving away the great offices of this kingdom to absentees, was taking away the property of this country and carrying it abroad. He asked, what claim had Mr. Orde for the pension of seventeen hundred pounds a year he had got on this establishment? What claim can any secretary have for either pension or employment? if the principle be admitted that the giving away offices to absentees is injurious to the kingdom, the present motion cannot be resisted.

The Attorney General assured gentlemen that he would be extremely glad to see the whole patronage of the crown in Ireland bestowed upon the members of both houses of parliament, and he had no doubt if things went on a little longer in the train in which for some time they had been, that object would be obtained.

As to the policy of giving the great offices of the state to the members of both houses, he would say nothing on that head; gentlemen no doubt pressed it on a principle of patriotism, and having observed that the profession of a great employment, was a motive for members of both houses entering into opposition—from having observed that before the wax was cold on their patents—men of great consequence had thought it their duty to oppose him by whom those patents were granted. If gentlemen would maintain that this conduct was right, he would, if they thought proper, move an amendment to the resolution—"And that it was the undoubted right of the lords and commons, to exercise and enjoy every office of profit and trust within the realm."

Mr. C. O'Neill was against the principle of granting reversions of patent places, because government could not be carried on without patronage, and it was possible, according to this practice, that a King might ascend the throne without having any thing to bestow. The last right hon. gentleman had gone into a history of the offices and the necessity of bringing them home; he said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not reside; the answer to this was, that he ought to be made to reside; and if he refused, or if the business was discharged in a slovenly manner—the Attorney General should be directed to proceed against him, and a writ of Scire Facias would be obtained for setting aside his patent.

As to the King's prerogative, no one doubted it; but that prerogative had been granted for the benefit of the people; and though the commons had no right to question such prerogative; yet they had a right to question its exercise. If, for instance, the crown in its quixotism—should in its quixotism think proper to declare war against half the states in Europe—what, could not the commons have a right to petition, or remonstrate upon the impolicy of the measure?—he was therefore decidedly for the question.

Mr. Hardy began with saying, that he was perfectly sensible of the pleasantry and the ingenuity with which the right hon. gentleman on the floor, [the Attorney General] had treated a particular part of the question. Whether there

were any gentlemen, who found fault with this reversionary grant, merely because they could not profit by it themselves; or whether, according to the right hon. gentlemen's expression, from what was then going on, both in and out of the house, it would be unwise in the Lord Lieutenant, to make any similar grants to persons in England, where so many claimants might be expected at home; all this, neither he, (Mr. Hardy) or the house, had any thing to say to whatever. This light stile of talking, however, attained the only object it aimed at—it amused the house, and it did no more. He was obliged, however, to the right hon. gentleman, for throwing out the idea of the necessity that might arise of making some arrangements in this country, which would keep all the great offices in the country at home. Arrangements might take place, indeed, but of a very different complexion from those which the right hon. gentleman seemed to insinuate—arrangements grounded on the public good, not private corruption. Suppose, said Mr. Hardy, that some time hence it may be necessary to make some useful ministerial arrangement, (for the great seal for instance) such an arrangement, perhaps, could not be completed without the aid of some immediate pension, or some lucrative reversion. But if the practice then complained of, was acquiesced in, no reversion could be had, the arrangement would go forward, perhaps unavoidably, and thus a fair negotiation, whose sole object was to give an efficient servant to the public, or to provide for an ancient minister of the crown, could not be effectuated, without laying such additional burthens on the public, as might have been completely avoided, if the practice of hurrying the great places out of the country, had not been adopted. The pension list would be resorted to in such a case; it would not be avoided, and what then would become of the boast of Lord Buckingham's panegyrist, that he had not added to the pension list! Directly he would not, but he would do much worse—he would circuitously and eventually, and in addition to the establishment of the pension, a precedent would be established against the future economy of the country.

The right hon. gentleman had talked of the legality of the grant. That was not disputed. Lord B. had a right to give it, but in giving it he certainly, as far as that particular instance operated, forfeited his claim to the character of Viceroy provident of the public treasure.

Mr. O'Hara opposed the resolutions as ill-timed and unnecessary.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought we had no reason to complain upon the subject before the house—for within his own memory three-fourths of the great offices had been brought home to this country, and as to the principle of the nation it was always in existence, and therefore there was no necessity for declaring it.

Mr. Coote considered the resolution as a censure upon the Marquis of Buckingham, and he thought it unjust to censure any man for an act which had not been declared improper by any act or resolution of either house of parliament.

Mr. Mason declared himself ready to enter the

lifts with any man who would bring forward a charge against the Marquis of Buckingham.

Major Hobart was astonished at the resolution coming from the quarter it did, because it was a dereliction of the principles formerly avowed on it. Don't fetter the Royal prerogative was the expression when the Prince of Wales was voted Regent—yet now, that the government returns to the King, the gentlemen on the other side are the first to give that example which they a few days ago condemned.

Mr. G. Ponsonby denied that it was a censure upon the Marquis of Buckingham; it was asserting a general principle which could not be denied; altho' he avowed that the Marquis of Buckingham deserved but little regard from that house after having accused them of what was very little short of high treason, particularly as the Prince of Wales's letter had refuted his charge by plainly telling the house that nothing but the happy change in the King's health prevented him from accepting of their offer.

The Prime Serjeant was against the resolution, but the practice of granting places in reversion had formerly obtained, and no mischief had resulted from it, and because a considerable tax accrued from absentee officers.

Mr. Curran complimented the Prime Serjeant, on the recovery of his tongue; what the distress and depression of his friend and patron had not been able to produce, his return to prosperity had effected, the learned member was no longer tongue-tied—mute during his disgrace, he was clamorous on his elevation. He begged leave to inform the learned gentleman that his argument was mistaken. The commons did not invade the prerogative of the crown; but it was their right and their duty to examine and condemn the improper exercise of it. Having dwelt some time on the observations of the learned member, and rather with good humour than severity, he took a general view of the question. He said the house was bound to it by consistency. The Viceroy had grossly mistreated himself in his station. The house had firmly asserted their rights, and reprobated his misconduct.—After a direct censure upon him, by the two houses, he said, it was ridiculous to object to the resolution as being personal. Independent of the solemn vote of the two houses, he said no man could vindicate his conduct; not even a creature of his had been found to do it. It could not be done. Here Mr. Curran went into a character of his government, as branded by an unwarrantable profusion, and a shameful partiality, the meanest of partialities, and the most odious, a family partiality. The object of his government had been to be himself the clerk of every office, to divide man from man, to make the members of that house diffident of each other, diffident in the people, disaffected from administration, yet dependent upon it. The royal beam he said, instead of being reflected on the land to cheer and to adorn it, had been absorbed by the Viceroy, and consumed in stinging parade and parsimonious splendour—while the proudest men in the land walked about the cattle invisible in the shade.

Thus divided and contemptible, he said they were nothing. At length the folly of the Gover-

nor forced them into union; and what was the consequence? he was humbled to the dust. Necessity had forced that union, and trial proved it effectual; if they did not persevere, they were undone. How were they before that? divided, weak, contemptible—contemptible even in their support.

Here he drew a picture, and with some severity, of the conduct of men in place during the late indisposition of his Majesty; coming to the debate; yet not daring to utter a word—mourning at the political funeral of a master they despised, or sitting at the wake of a paltry office; if they refused their assent to such a resolution as this, they would relapse into the servitude they had felt before, and worse. There could not, he said, be a reconciliation between the angry tyrant and the revolted slave, except on that compact that puts the tyrant beyond the reach of fear, and the slave without the possibility of hope. As for his part, he said, his objection was not because the resolution was personal; for the man was already personally reprobated by the voice of parliament, and that was his only reason for being so sparing in his censure—it would be lavishing reprobation to waste it upon him who had been so reprobated; his objection was, that the measure was too ineffectual—it could annul no grant, and the principle, as to that office, could operate only after the deaths of Lord C—— and Mr. Grenville. The resolution, therefore, he said, could do very little good, even if carried. It could not remedy the defects of the constitution, nor supply the wants of the subjects. He would vote for it only as an earnest of what the people ought to expect from that house—of what they had a right to expect. A new body of that house had got power into their hands; they were now to shew the people whether they had been joined in the base pursuit of private interest or of public good. Whether they wisely speculated for office, or were connected by principle; if the former, the union was mean and sordid; if the latter, they had much to do. They were called upon by every motive public and private to do so; if they shrunk from it, they would regain no credit with a Viceroy whom they had offended by an outrage which he deserved; but for that very reason could never forgive; they would lose their credit with each other, and with the country; they would appear to all mankind as the deserters of his danger, and the adulators of his prosperity.

Gentlemen, he said, seemed very tender on this subject, but for himself, he even had the same opinion, and had uniformly held the same language; he had ever a mean opinion of his talents, and his principles, as a governor, he had declared his opinion freely heretofore—he did so now in the plenitude of his return to power—he did not think, under the general contempt of the nation, under the distrust, the reprobation of parliament, he could hope to cling to a government when he was so perfectly understood, and so universally disregarded; if any thing could tempt him to such an attempt, it would be the shameful defection of the very men who had voted his condemnation; if they now swerved, they must damn themselves with the country; if their defection of him lately was not a base abandonment, then

thence now would be the meanest and necessary adulation. He concluded, after a few other arguments in answer to other members of the opposite side, in favour of the resolution proposed.

Mr. Moore said, that he voted for the Regency address—because he could comprehend it—the same capacity he possessed at that time told him he could not comprehend the tendency of the present motion, and therefore he would object to it; he spoke as a country gentleman who had nothing to fear, and little to expect; but lest he should be suspected of fawning or cringing, he would declare his free opinion of the Marquis of Buckingham; he would say then, that his conduct in this country was too timid—too weak, and too irresolute, to command obedience, or to procure respect; he referred him to the Minister of England, as a model for imitation.

Mr. Corry agreed to the principle, but objected to the resolution as a censure upon the Marquis of Buckingham.

Mr. Forbes rose to make a few observations on what had fallen from two hon. members; one had called on such independent gentlemen as had supported Lord Buckingham's administration, to preserve their consistency, by opposing the present motion; if the measure which the present resolution tended to reprobate, had been effected during the last year, and had been submitted to the consideration of the house in the last session, then the hon. member's appeal to the consistency of certain gentlemen, might have had some foundation.

But he said, he trusted that there was not a man in the house, nor the country, who was entitled to the description of an independent man, who could approve of the grant now the object of their deliberation; he farther observed, that contrary to the wishes of the friends to the motion, it had been considered as personal, and the attachment of the right hon. gentleman (who was the object of this grant in reversion) to the rights of Ireland, had been strongly insisted on, as a justification for the disposal of such a considerable office to a person, who must ever be an absentee. Gentlemen who relied on that argument, he said, affected to forget an occurrence in the English House of Commons, in the session, he believed, of 1787, during the discussion of the French treaty, when the right hon. gentleman, who had this great office in expectancy, reprobated in very decided terms, the conduct of a most respectable member of this house (Mr. Flood) and of all those members who opposed on the 12th of August, 1785, the introduction of Mr. Orde's commercial bill, which in its operation must have proved the subversion of that independence which the friends of the present administration were this night contending had been established by Mr. Grenville's exertions. Mr. Forbes added, that he supported the motion of his right hon. friend, upon this principle, among others—that it was necessary to impress on the minds of the people of England, that the Irish House of Commons were determined to reprobate any measure that tended to encourage any necessitous person in Great Britain to seek the situation of principal Secretary, merely for the

purpose of procuring a permanent provision for himself, by imposing an heavy burden on the people of Ireland. The liberal addition lately made to the income of the Secretary, rendered any measure of that nature peculiarly objectionable and unjustifiable, as it was granted to prevent any person holding that office, from injuring his private fortune, supposing that a person destitute never could obtain such a situation, there was reason to apprehend, that a system had been adopted for providing for Secretaries at an enormous expence to the country. A pension of 1700l. per ann. had been placed on the establishment by the present Lord Lieutenant, for the Secretary to the late Lord Lieutenant, and to support the principle, this reversion was granted to his brother.

Sir H. Cavendish was for the motion.

Mr. Alexander [of Derry] against it.

Sir John Blaquier supported the motion.

At length the question was put on the adjournment, when there appeared—

Ayes 115—Noes 106

Tellers for the ayes, Mr. Hobart and Hon. D. Browne.

Tellers for the noes, Sir Edward Newenham and Mr. Curran.

9] *Limitation of the Pension List, and Disqualification of Placemen and Pensioners from sitting in Parliament.*

The order of the day for the second reading of Mr. Forbes's bill, "for limiting the amount of the pension list in the gross—the sums granted to each individual on the list—and for disqualifying placemen and pensioners from sitting in Parliament"—was called for, when the question was put and carried; the bill was read accordingly.

Mr. Forbes then moved, "That the bill be committed."—Carried.

He then moved, "That the bill be referred to a committee forthwith."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought this precipitance unusual and unparliamentary.

Sir H. Cavendish was of a contrary opinion.

Mr. M. Mason declared himself pledged to oppose the bill in every stage of its progress. The tendency of the motion obviously was to diminish the influence of the crown; this he thought improper, it was contrary to the rule of action which he had ever observed, and ever should in future, for he had laid it down as a principle when he first came into parliament, that the power of the crown was but little enough for the preservation of public tranquility and the balance of the constitution; the crown had already suffered much decrease of influence, and they should restore to it the ancient demesnes, its forfeitures, and military tenures, before they proceeded to curtail its present prerogatives—he therefore moved, that the bill be committed for the first of August.

Mr. G. Lowther was against the postponement of the bill.

Mr. Brownlow said, that the proper time to state the objections to the bill would be in the committee—then gentlemen might argue the principle fairly. The subject had been so often before the house, that it was not necessary to say much upon it. He would only say, that he thought

thought this an improper alienation of great part of the public revenue—he might say a gross misapplication in many instances; for pensions were granted to aliens, men who never visited the country, and instead of rewarding merit, they too often excited demerit. In the year 1757, pensions were voted a grievance, although they did not amount to more than half this present sum.

Pinding that government made no objection to the principle, he imagined, that sensible of the necessity of some measure upon the occasion, they had themselves determined to provide a remedy, and seeing the inefficacy of any thing in the form of a resolution, they were satisfied that nothing less than a bill would answer the purpose. If manufacturers or artists required money; if it were asked for the repair of roads, or bridges, or public works, the answer was, that there was no mode of providing for it, but by new taxes and burdens on the public. But when pensions were lavished no such objections were made, and the list now exceeded 100,000*l*. why should they who called themselves the representatives of the people, be accessory to such a system of profusion, when it was in their power to prevent it? they ought to coerce what was not in their power to prevent in the first instance. He wished the spirit of 57 to be revived, and the professions of economy that had been made, unless the present bill was agreed to, the people would consider as empty sounds. He would therefore, he said, vote against procrastinating the bill.

The Attorney General replied, that the state of the country in the year 57, was not in his recollection; he wished as much as any man to see proper bills introduced, but he had ever opposed the present, because he was convinced that it was inadequate to effect the purpose it proposed, and because it was likely to operate in a manner which the mover of it did not suspect. It was the same bill which had been introduced and rejected last session and rejected, with a little alteration, and the alterations rendered it still more objectionable; he had another reason for postponing the bill, though not for so long a time as his right hon. friend had moved; the bill would be the first offering to Majesty, it would be the language of indignation and complaint: was this proper? even before they had complimented their Sovereign on his recovery, should they present a bill to him complaining in the very front of it of

granted that the King was incapacitated, to take upon him the government; they had now ~~not~~ ^{been} missioners in London waiting for a final answer to that address, although it is well known that the King is perfectly well, and yet we are now called upon to a further act of hostility ere we have congratulated a Sovereign to whom we are more indebted than to all his predecessors that ever sat on the British throne? Another reason for postponing the bill was, that it was improper to enter upon such a measure in the moment when an association had been formed under hand and seal against the government of that very Monarch of whom he had been speaking, whose restoration ought, and he trusted did afford universal joy. He proposed the first of May for going into a committee on the subject; parliament would then be sitting and no inconvenience could arise; he was as much against the principle as ever, and pledged himself in the committee to offer such arguments against the bill as would convince the country gentlemen of its impropriety.

Mr. Mason assented to let the first of May stand as the motion.

Sir H. Cavendish hoped country gentlemen would not be led away by the observations which had been made; no such thing was intended as a censure upon the King; he agreed with one gentleman as to the economy of the Marquis of Buckingham, but he drew from it a very different deduction; he had even heard, that on his appointment he had stipulated with the ministry on the other side, that no addition should be made to the pension list; what time then more proper than the present for the bill? It would sanction his Excellency's own principles; he was therefore surprised it should be opposed by the other side of the house; besides, the house could not be certain that his successor would be so well disposed to the measure. Four score thousand pounds, he said, were distributed in places and pensions amongst the members of that house, their wives and their children; if the present motion failed, he would move to have a committee appointed to examine the specific merits of every pensioner in that place, to know his claims, and the services he had rendered his country; for when pensions are granted undeservedly, he thought them disgraceful to the individual, and unprincipled in the Lord Lieutenant. He concluded with mentioning, that by every principle of consistency to their own cha-

For ah! the truth is all we grieve
Of anguish in its last excess;
Fancy may dress in deeper shade
The storm that hangs along the glade,
Spreads o'er the ruff'd stream its wing,
And chills awhile the flow'rs of spring;
But where the wintry tempests sweep
In madness o'er the darken'd deep;
Where the wild surge, the raging wave,
Points to the hopeless wretch a grave;
And death surrounds the threat'ning shore,
Can fancy add one horror more.

CONTENT. A SONG.

I.

CONTENT, sweet Content, is the blessing
I ask,
This grant me, ye powers divine!
Contentment to gain is no difficult taste,
Acquiesce, and Contentment is thine.

II.

The rich and the proud may still boast of their
wealth,
Great statesmen, political fame;
But give me the blessings arising from health,
I want not their greatness of name.

A I R.

I.

AMID the plains, or in the groves,
While with my Emma straying,
I listen to the cooing doves,
I see the lambskins playing.

II.

I envy not the great man's bliss,
Nor wealth that he possesses;
Ten times more sweet is Emma's kiss,
More sweet her fond caresses.

The Contented Shepherds. An Air.

HERE, strangers to desire,
We calmly pass our days;
From busy life retire
For, sweet content and ease.

Unruffled with passion,
Untainted with fashion,
Regardless of title and wealth;
As Angels above,
We're united in love,
And enjoy the pure blessings of health.

SONG. Translated from the Irish of Oarolan, the Bard.

WITH delight will I sing of the maid,
Who in beauty and wit doth excel;
My Fanny the fairest shall lead,
And from beauties shall bear off the belle.
Beside her by day and by night,
No care and no sorrow I'll know;
But I'll look on her form with delight,
And her ringlets that beautifully flow.

Her neck to the swan's I'll compare,
Her face to the brightness of day,
And is he not blest who shall share
In the beauties her bosom display?

Your wit is uncommonly dress'd,
Your eyes shed a lustre most rare;
But what I like, and all like the best
Is the lily that shines through your hair.

'Tis thus the fair maid I commend,
Whose words are than music more sweet;
No bliss can on woman attend,
But with thee dearest Fanny we meet.

Your beauties should be my song,
But my glass I devote now to thee:
May the health that I wish thee be long,
And if sick, be it love-sick for me.

Ode to the Muses and their King.

Bella! Horrida Bella!

AVAUNT! deceivers all and one,
No longer to your wish we come,
Nor longer prithee tease me;
Apollo—Gad—your cursed snares,
Have lull'd us in ten thousand cares,
Avaunt!—May furies seize thee.

For ken this first floor to the sky,
In shaggy ruin see it lie,
In wretchedness unfit;
A stool, a table, a flock-bed,
To raise sublime a lofty head,
Oh! damn your Attic wit.

And paupers hail the kindred face,
And critics scowl the dire disgrace
Augmenting sneering foes;
By Styx we now abjure you all,
And turn shoe-black, or take a stall,
“In search of lost repose!”

Trinity-College, 8th June, 1789.

The Morning Dream. By W. Cowper, Esq.

TWAS in the glad season of spring,
Asleep, at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.

I dream'd that on ocean afloat,
Far west from fair Albion I sail'd;
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form which she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe
Never taught me by woman before.

She sat, and a shield at her side
She'd light like the sun on the waves;
And smiling divinely she cried,
“I go to make free-men of slaves.”

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sang of the Slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.

Some clouds that had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear;
And methought while she Liberty sung,
It was Liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a Slave-cultured Island we came,
Where a Dæmon her enemy stood,
Oppression his terrible name.

In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore;
And stood looking out for his prey,
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
This goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With the blood of his subjects embrued.

I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts which ascended the sky
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but muse
On what such a Dream might betide;
When soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thoughts as a guide;

That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shewn
To the black-scepter'd rulers of Slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

The Scenes of Youth.—An Ode.

I.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
Though sadly I your charms survey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to closing day.
Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow sings
A shade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That scatter pleasure as they flow;
While still to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, *such things were*.

II.

'Twas here a tender mother strove
To keep my happiness in view;
I smil'd beneath a parent's love,
That soft compassion ever knew;
To whom the virtues all combin'd.

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
Could I forget that *such things were*.

V.

Here first I saw the morn appear
Of guiltless Pleasure's shining day;
I met the dazzling brightness here,
Here mark'd the soft declining ray—
Beheld the skies, whose streaming light
Gave splendour to the parting sun;
Now lost in Sorrow's sable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
Till Death, in pity, end my care,
I must remember, *such things were*.
College-Green, 15th June, 1789.

Sonnet.—On seeing Julia at Church.

ANGELS of light, who round th' eternal
throne
Sing endless hallelujahs! sure your choir
A moment patis'd, to listen, and admire,
A spirit, voice, and face, so like your own!
The blooming Julia, bowing graceful down
Within the holy fane might well aspire,
With her sweet notes to match your golden lyre,
With her devotion to deserve your crown.

What angels are in Heaven's bright courts above,
To men below she sure was sent to tell;
Was sent to win their hearts to holy love
By beauty's charm, and music's potent spell;
Happy Myrtillo, if to thee was given
To know in her a foretaste here of Heaven!

Sonnet.—On seeing Julia gathering Roses in the Dew.

FROM balmy sleep by restless fancy torn,
As slow their devious path my steps pursue,
Dark they were printed in the morning dew,
That hung its trembling lustres on the thorn.
Is it Aurora, breaking to adorn
The misty landscape with her rosy hue?

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Trieste, April 3, 1789.

THE Pacha of Scutari, having collected a considerable force, marched against the Pacha, who had received orders from the Porte to fight him; and the Montenegrins rising against him, he was put between two fires, and so completely routed, that he left 5000 men dead upon the field, and only saved himself by a precipitate flight.

Leghorn, April 4. The Venetians have met with a great loss at the isle of Corsu. The arsenal accidentally, it is supposed, took fire, on the 12th of March, which communicated to the powder magazine. A terrible explosion then took place, by which a fleet of galleys was almost entirely destroyed, together with all the stores, and the wall that surrounded the arsenal. The number of lives lost was one hundred and sixty, besides the prisoners, and a multitude of wounded.

Stockholm, April 10. The Diet among the other resolutions have agreed to discharge all the national debts from Charles XII. to the present time, provided they are proved just.

The King has now got full powers of making peace and war, and consequently of treating with foreign powers to preserve the equilibrium of the North, which will destroy all foreign influence. And there is no doubt, but his Majesty will establish the credit of the State in Europe.

Vienna, April 11. The Emperor had a return of his complaint, and till the 15th vomited a considerable quantity of blood at intervals; after which he felt himself much easier. He then received the sacrament in public! After the ceremony was over, his Majesty felt himself better; and in consequence of two nights good rest, was, on the 18th, in the morning, recovered, and in great spirits.

Paris, April 22. Tumults reign in almost every province of the kingdom. All is anarchy and confusion. At Rheims, Nancy, Avignon, Belancon, Marseilles, and throughout the whole province, the populace are continually rising; and in some of the above mentioned places their movements have been truly dreadful. Thus, in the very moment when the representatives of the nation are at the point of assembling to establish order and good government, disorders and tumults are multiplied. At Marseilles the people have set a price on the heads of the mayor, the assessor, and the farmer of the impost. The

ner, even to effacing their names from the public monuments; and large troops of banditti rove about uncontrouled in the midst of these insurrections.

May 8. The recent insurrection at Paris has been attended with very dreadful consequences. The source of this evil was a declaration made by a proprietor of a large manufactory in that city importing, "that 15 sous a day were sufficient to support a journeyman and his family, provided that certain taxes were abolished." This declaration, which really arose in kindness towards the manufacturers, was so misconceived by them that they surrounded his house with the most hostile intentions. The guards were ordered out to preserve the peace, but the multitude were so enraged that they threw stones at them, and proceeded to such violence as to kill some of the soldiers, in consequence of which a large party of the military were drawn forth, and a shocking slaughter is said to have ensued, in which more than 600 persons were killed on the spot.

Some of the rioters have been prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law. Two were hanged on Saturday morning, and with circumstances extremely peculiar. Never was an execution of the common order of people conducted with such pomp. All the streets and bridges were lined with cavalry from the *Côtelet* to the gate of *St. Antoine*. At this place the French and Swiss regiments of guards, and some others were stationed, with cannon at all the avenues of this extensive quarter of the town. The criminals were followed by another party of guards to the place of execution.

In this riot, of the military there were only four soldiers, one officer, and a knight of St. Louis killed, besides a few people who were imprudently lookers on. Since the riot, Paris has resembled a besieged town. Several regiments are arrived from the country. The Duc de Chatelet commands.

Six hundred of the poor wretches who escaped the balls of the French guards have spread themselves about the vicinage of Paris, and joined themselves to all the beggars, robbers, sharpers, and thieves, they could find; and this desperate set have twice attempted (but in vain) to release all the prisoners in the Bicetre. On Saturday they were at St. Cloud. It is supposed that they intend going even to the environs of Versailles.

A similar band of wretches have infested

but even ancient widows, whose contemplations should have been fixed on eternity, applied to her, and are, doubtless, assured they shall once more come to the altar of Hymen. Young married women are to have the pleasure of burying their present husbands, and riding in their carriages with new ones. In short, as many plebeians, by the blessings of *Fortunatus*, are to loll in their chariots, any genteel artist, in the structure of carriages, may meet with the greatest encouragement in the town of Hungerford. A few young ladies, whose virtue and prudence resisted the allurements of the sorcerer, she nevertheless, for very obvious reasons, represented to others as her votaries. But so fallacious was her own planet, that influence of watry elements, the moon, that she could not foresee an intended ducking, which was actually effected by those who are ever willing to vindicate the wrongs of the fair. She is gone from hence; appears to be about 40 years of age, is dressed tolerably gay, and is much marked with the small-pox.

Cambridge, April 24. So much does the reigning fashion of duelling prevail, that on Tuesday the 14th instant, two farmers at a village near Newmarket, having a dispute, agreed to settle it in a gentlemanlike manner; the consequence was, that both being armed with sword and pistol, met with their seconds, measured the ground, and were preparing to fire, when, by the interposition of the seconds, the affair was amicably settled, and the furious men went home to their families.

May 7.] The long impending match between Humphries and Mendoza, took place yesterday at Stilton, and terminated in favour of the latter.

The battle began at one o'clock, and they fought for thirty-five minutes, when Humphries fell to avoid a blow of Mendoza's. This, it was contended, was contrary to express stipulation, and that the battle was thereby lost. — However, after half an hour's altercation, it was agreed they should again set to, and the betts became two to one in favour of Mendoza.

After another quarter of an hour's contention, Humphries finding himself much worsted, made a second fall, which was considered as a palpable shift, and Mendoza's victory was declared to be decisive.

Humphreys has published an explanatory account of his late defeat; and has challenged Mendoza to meet him any time next October. — Mendoza to name his own terms; and no money to be collected at the door.

Mr. Lee Lewis, the comedian, going to India without the permission of the Court of Directors, was by Lord Cornwallis forbid making any public professional exhibition whatever in the settlement. His Lordship nevertheless generously sent him a thousand rupees, to relieve the exigencies of his situation.

14.] Local Intelligence. — Yesterday the judgment of the Court of King's Bench was pronounced on Captain Michin for sending a challenge to Robert Barker, Esq.

Mr. Erskine on behalf of the prosecution produced an affidavit, which stated that Captain Michin having employed some labourers to cut down some bushes in order to make an easy access to his house, Mr. Barker, who was a ush-

bour, passing by, desired the men to desist, telling them they were committing an illegal act. In consequence of this, Mr. Michin sent Mr. Barker a menacing letter, in which he took notice of several other instances of what he conceived to be incivilities towards him; this letter was answered by Mr. Barker, who contended that the Captain had no right to cut down the bushes; told him he (the defendant) had opposed him in the House of Commons, knowing at the same time that what he had there advanced was fallacious; that he despised his threats, and should protect his person against every miscreant and invader, although he might be a *fighting Captain*. Upon the receipt of this letter, Mr. Michin personally waited upon him, and challenged him to fight with sword and pistol. — Mr. Barker commenced a prosecution, and Mr. Michin suffered judgment to be entered by default.

Mr. Erskine said, that although he was personally acquainted with and entertained a respect for Mr. Michin, he felt it his duty to call upon the Court to pronounce a severe sentence, the offence being of a very aggravated nature. The general foundation of duels was an insult to the honour of the party, but this was a mere injury, a dispute about property, which the defendant wanted to settle by an appeal to the sword instead of the law.

Mr. Chambre spoke ably in mitigation, contending that Mr. Barker's letter was couched in terms of insult and provocation.

Mr. Justice Ashurst made an excellent address to the defendant, in which he observed upon the number of duels that took place to the dishonour of the law, and the disgrace of civilization. He wished it to be impressed on the minds of all men, that Courts of Justice would never yield to such a flimsy texture as the law of honour.

He was sentenced to pay a fine of 100l. which he immediately discharged.

15.] The consequence of abolishing the slave-trade, will be an immediate rise in the value of negroes, and the strictest care of their future health. They will now experience in the West-Indies the most humane treatment, and propagation become one of the principal objects of the planters intention. This, in a few words, is Mr. Wilberforce's idea, and Parliament seems to join in opinion that the present stock of negroes, if humanely managed, will always keep up a sufficiency to do the business of our island.

19.] The letter of her Majesty to the King of Prussia, announcing the intention of the King and Queen to visit the Electoral dominions, and which was written by her Majesty's own hand, contains the following passages, which we give on the authority of the Leyden Gazette of the 8th instant:

Her Majesty's Letter to the King of Prussia.

"That the physicians had advised her august husband, for the perfect re-establishment of his health, to withdraw himself for some time from the air of England; the smoke of coals, and the neighbourhood of the sea, making it less healthful to him than the Continent; that therefore he had resolved on a journey to Germany, in which she should accompany his Britannic Majesty.

Majesty, who meant to pass two or three months in the Electorate of Hanover: that this journey would be so much the more agreeable, as it promised her once more the occasion of seeing her native country, and that she could at the same time profit from it by indulging her wish of knowing more intimately the King of Prussia and his august House."

The Leyden Gazette adds, that great preparations were making at the Court of Berlin for the reception of their exalted guests, and that they expected at the same time to be honoured with the presence of the Princess of Orange; and certainly with that of the hereditary Prince of Orange, who was expected in Berlin by the 22d instant. The Gazette further said, that expectations were entertained that some of the younger branches of the British family would also accompany their royal parents, and that the strict alliance between the three Courts would probably receive the powerful reinforcement of more than one intermarriage.

On Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, at 7 o'clock, Lieutenant James Murray Northey, of the royal navy, (accompanied by his brother, Mr. Thomas Northey) and Lieut. Gordon, (accompanied by Lieut. Wilton) met in a field near Pancras, in consequence of words spoken by Lieut. Gordon. As soon as the parties met, Lieut. Wilton informed Mr. Northey, that Lieut. Gordon was ready to make any apology that Lieut. Northey should desire for the words which he had rashly and inadvertently spoken.—Lieut. Northey declined accepting the apology in that situation.—Twelve paces being measured, Lieut. Gordon levelled, and his pistol flashed; he then called to Lieut. Northey to fire, who declined to fire, and insisted on Lieut. Gordon taking his second pistol.—Lieut. Gordon levelled again, and his second pistol flashed.

Lieutenant Gordon and Lieutenant Wilton then both insisted that Lieut. Northey should fire; but Lieut. Northey still declined. Lieut. Gordon then fired the third pistol, and missed Lieut. Northey.—Mr. Thomas Northey then said, that his brother, Lieut. Northey, would now hear any thing which Lieut. Gordon was desirous to say.

Lieut. Gordon then said, "Lieut. Northey, I have always had the greatest regard and esteem for you; I never, in my life, doubted your courage—I am ready to make any apology to you, consistent with the honour of a gentleman, and to leave you at liberty to make whatever

their voices, they attempted to break the street-door open, but could not force it; they then were getting a hatchet and knives to defend themselves, when the officers broke open the back-door, and fell on them and secured them: they found in the room a great quantity of lead, which had come off two houses, and in one of their lodgings were found a bed, bolster, a stove, looking-glass, &c. which had come out of a house they had broke open that night; they were committed for trial.

A highwayman was shot on Friday evening last in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, in attempting to stop a post-chaise, in which an officer of the army happened to be travelling.—The body was left at an ale-house at Teddington to be owned.

27] A dispute lately happened between his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and Colonel Lenox, (son of Lord George Lenox, and nephew and heir to the Duke of Richmond) which terminated yesterday in a duel. This dispute originated in an observation of his Royal Highness, namely, that 'Colonel Lenox had heard words spoken to him at the club at Daubigny's, to which no gentleman ought to have submitted.' This observation being reported to the Colonel, he took the opportunity, while his Royal Highness was on the parade, to address him, desiring to know, what were the words which he had submitted to hear, and by whom they were spoken. To this his Royal Highness gave no other answer then, than by ordering the Colonel to his post. The parade being over, his Royal Highness went into the orderly room, and sending for the Colonel, intimated to him, in the presence of all the officers, that he desired to derive no protection from his rank as a Prince, and his station as commanding officer, but that, when not on duty, he wore a brown coat, and was ready, as a private gentleman, to give the Colonel satisfaction. After this declaration, Colonel Lenox wrote a circular letter to every member of the club at Daubigny's, requesting to know whether any such words had been used to him, and appointing last Monday for an answer from each, their silence to be considered as a declaration that no such words could be recollected. No satisfactory answer to this being returned, the duel took place, of which the following account is published by the seconds:

In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieuten-

which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the D. of York, and expressed his hope, "that his Royal Highness could have no objections to say, he considered Lieutenant-colonel Lenox as a man of honour and courage;" his Royal Highness replied, "that he should say nothing; he had come out to give Lieutenant-colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him—if Lieutenant-colonel Lenox was not satisfied, he might fire again." Lieutenant-colonel Lenox said, "he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as his Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him." On this both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

RAWDON,
WINCHELSEA.

Tuesday Morning, May 26, 1789.

22.] This day James Robinson, William Robinson, and Richard Brooke, Esquires, justices of the peace for the Tower hamlet, were brought up for judgment, for discharging Charles Banister, William Palmer, &c. who had been committed as rogues and vagabonds, for acting plays, &c. at the Royalty Theatre, and imprisoned 14 days. Mr. Justice Ashurst pronounced the sentence of the Court, which was, that each of the defendants should pay a fine of 100l. and be imprisoned till it was paid.

B I R T H S.

April **L**ADY of Le Gendre Pierce Starkie, Esq. of Brington, co. Northampton, a daughter.—*May* 5. Lady of John Plummer, jun. Esq. of Jermyn-street, a daughter.—21. Lady of William Wynyard, Esq. of Worktop, county Nottingham, a son.

M A R R I A G E S.

AT Mixbourg, county of Oxford, George Elwe, Esq. to Miss Emily Alt.—*April* 23. Bennet Cuthbertson, Esq. captain and adjutant in the Northamptonshire militia, to Mrs. Goldwire, of Salisbury.—*May* 6. Henry Sheridan, Esq. to Mrs. M'Gilchrist, of Portland-place.—9. Edward Webber, Esq. captain in the 40th regiment, to Miss Charlotte Philips.—12. At Walton upon Thames, John Pakenham, Esq. captain in the navy, to Miss Thoma, of Woodhouse.—16. At Queen's Chapel, Park

Pelham, eldest daughter of Lord Pelham.—26. George Edward Stanly, Esq. of Pockonby-hall, Cumberland, to Miss Evans, of Harley-street.

D E A T H S.

1788. **A**T Paris, M. de Gibreauval. The *Mar.* 24. government has sustained a very heavy loss by the death of so brave and experienced an officer. His knowledge of ordnance was supposed to be greater than that of any other officer in Europe. He has left a treatise behind him, containing an accurate description of all the machines and instruments of war now in use. He was to artillery what the late King of Prussia was to tactics. His burial was as extraordinary as his merit. The curate of St. Roch refused to perform the office, because the general had not received from him the *extreme unction*, and *ten gros* was the money paid for his interment; he having desired in his will, instead of a grand procession, that the expenses it would cost should be given to the poor.—Vincent Corbett, Esq. second commissioner in the sick and hurt department in the navy.—*May* 5. At Pitham, near Gainsborough, James Ward, Esq. formerly a captain in the East India company's service.—In consequence of the wounds he received in a duel on the preceding day at Kennington Common, Count Seella, from Piedmont.—6. At Paddington, the honourable George Byron, youngest brother to Lord Byron.—At Shadwell, aged 85, Mr. James Sinclair, senior master in the navy.—8. At Carshalton, Surrey, Thomas Lewis, Esq. of Austin-friars.—13. At his seat at Calcewick, near Stamford, county Lincoln, Sir Thomas William Trollope, bart.—16. At Caversham, near Reading, Berks, aged 78, John Loveday, Esq.—17. At Sreatham, the Honourable Emily Elizabeth Coventry, youngest daughter of Lord Viscount Deeshurst.—19. At Paris, M. La Moignon, late keeper of the seal. He put an end to his existence with a pistol in his own park.—21. At his house, in the Great Sanctuary, Westminster, in his 71st year, Sir John Hawkins, knight, author of a History of Music, and other performances.

P R O M O T I O N S.

HIS Royal Highness, Prince William Henry, created Duke of Clarence, and of St. Andrews, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and Earl of Munster, in Ireland; and sworn of the privy council.—Duke, Honourable George Al-

&c. with which the base money is made, and too often passed on the ignorant and unwary. Fitzgerald and his wife were committed to goal by Walter Widenham, Esq.—Accounts were also found in the room, by which it appeared large sums had been sold to different people, and a human skull for the horrid purpose of swearing their confederates to secrecy.

The following melancholy event happened a few days since in the county Cork :

A man had committed a murder, whom, being known for a desperate fellow, a party of the army, under the command of Captain Cuffe, were employed to take.—Having obtained information of his lurking-place, they pursued him, and he at last taking refuge in a cabin, they surrounded it. Here, he boldly dared them, and having seized on a spit which he found in the house, he stood in the door, and threatened instant destruction to any person that should venture to approach him.—The sergeant, not thinking him capable of such fool-hardiness, attempted to apprehend him, on which he immediately ran him through the body with the spit, and killed him on the spot.—Shortly after he was taken, and with much difficulty Captain Cuffe could prevent the soldiers from directly putting him to death.

Trim, June 9. A most respectable meeting of independent Gentlemen of the county of Meath, was this day held at the Red Lion Inn, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present situation of affairs in this borough, and entering into such resolutions as will, I trust, ultimately free us from the very degrading trammels of an Abolition P.—The utmost unanimity prevailed amongst the whole of the party—joy beamed in every countenance—each viewed with the other who should appear foremost in so honourable a cause. A subscription to the amount of several hundred pounds were procured in the course of a few minutes, and the day concluded with festive mirth and the exultations of a people determined to be free.

DUBLIN, May 25, 1789.

HIS Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham went in state to the House of Lords, and closed the session with the following speech :

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" The business of this interesting session being concluded, I am happy to release you from further attendance in parliament, and to communicate to you the strongest assurances of his Majesty's paternal regard—and of the satisfaction he feels in the growing prosperity of the people of Ireland.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" In obedience to the King's commands, I am to thank you in his Majesty's name for the supplies which you have granted for the public exigencies, and for the support of his Majesty's government—and you may be assured of my care and attention to the proper application of them.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I behold with the highest satisfaction the increasing wealth and commerce of this king-

dom, the natural effect of good order and of active industry, encouraged, protected, and extended by the several salutary laws which from time to time have been enacted for those purposes. I am happy to think that a permanent foundation is laid for the further improvement of the country by the act now passed for the promotion and encouragement of inland navigation—a system, which, connected with the prosperous state of your agriculture, promises, with the blessing of Divine Providence, to secure to every part of the kingdom the fullest enjoyment of that essential article of your commerce, the trade of corn.

" You well know how greatly the interests of the nation are forwarded by the preservation of peace, and by enforcing a due submission to the laws; and I have the most perfect confidence, that upon your return to your respective counties you will impress these ideas on the minds of those who look up to your example and are directed by your influence. My conduct shall be uniformly governed by every principle which can tend to promote the welfare and happiness of Ireland."

After which the Speaker, by his Excellency's command, said,

IT is his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure, that this parliament be prorogued to Monday the 27th day of July next, to be then here holden; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Monday the 27th day of July next.

The Duchess Dowager of Leinster gave an elegant *fete champetre*, at her seat of Preicati near the Black-rock. The company consisted of upwards of 200 of the first rank and fashion; and the entertainment was marked by that finished style of taste for which her Grace is so distinguished. The dancing continued till near five in the morning, and received new spirit and animation from the enlivening scene of the surrounding demesne.

26] Ten o'clock this morning, his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at the Lodge in the Park, where a breakfast was prepared for him, to which were invited the Commander in Chief and the several Staff officers.—After breakfast his Excellency mounted his horse, and accompanied by all the principal military officers, and attended by his suite, reached the review ground precisely at eleven o'clock. His arrival was announced by the firing of several pieces of artillery; the review immediately commenced, which, on account of the wetness of the day, continued but a very short time.

As the troops were passing his Excellency, his horse took fright at the Ensigns belonging to one of the regiments were lowering their colours, and threw his Excellency, but fortunately he received no hurt.

30] The Marchioness of Buckingham landed in perfect health, at Dunkerry, from on board the Dorset yacht, Sir A. Schomberg, commander. She lay that night at the Rock, where she is to remain till Thursday next, the King's birth-day.

June 2.] This morning, the Lord Lieutenant gave an entertainment at Powerscourt Water-fall, to the Ballet-party that danced at the Castle-ball

on the Queen's birth-night. The company consisted of an hundred and ten, each of the sixteen ladies and gentlemen who executed the ballet having four tickets to present their friends, and Lord Powercourt as proprietor of the place, sixteen: these with his Excellency's suite made up the number. The lawn before the Water fall and the octagon room were the appropriated scenes of the festival.

This day, the demarkation and admeasurement of the ground from the North side of the river Liffey, for the Royal Canal, partly took place, and the intended line was carried through the fields that separate the upper end of Dorset-street from Glassnevin Road, a short space above the Circular Road, and so through the county of Dublin; thence the course will be extended through the eastern parts of the county of Meath, bordering on the county of Kildare, in the nearest direction to Kilcock; afterwards to Kinneagad, and then by the most direct extension to the Shannon. It is supposed that a Collateral Cut will be made between the Grand and Royal Canals, by which, in many instances, very great advantages would result. The liberal grants for carrying on this, as well as other Navigations, must make the works go on with spirit, and demonstrate to the people of England, that undertakings of public utility can be completed with as much dispatch in this country as even among themselves.

4.] The comedy of the Rivals, with the farce of High Life below Stairs, were performed at Counsellor Lytler's on Summer-hill, by a select party of ladies and gentlemen—and were both represented in a most pleasing manner, exhibiting more of the correctness to be looked for at a regular theatre than of the inaccuracy to be expected at a private exhibition. Mr. Lytler's Sir Anthony Absolute was given in good style, it had energy and force without extravagance: Captain Ashe in Sir Lucius O'Trigger, had very superior merit, he looked, felt, and spoke the character well, and hit it off with a bold dash of colouring: Counsellor Stokes in Capt. Absolute appeared to great advantage; there was a strength in his conceptions, and a happy expressiveness in his manner, that caused them to be deeply felt. To Lydia Languish, Mrs. Lytler gave that elegance of grace, and delicacy of finishing that marks the woman of fashion, without any of that mawkish insipidity assumed by some actresses of name to represent it; and Miss Lytler in Mrs. Malaprop, was lively, gay, and entertaining.—

of them made their escape by swimming, and one was unfortunately drowned.

6.] The Dublin Packet, Captain Alcorn, which upwards of twelve months ago sailed from Philadelphia for the port of Dublin, it was generally thought had foundered at sea—Thursday morning, however, it was said she was captured on her passage, by the Moors, and carried into Salice, and the crew immediately sent into slavery, where every communication was precluded. At length three of the sailors, who are those that brought the account, having escaped to the sea side, seized a boat, and got safe to the coast of Spain, from which country they are just arrived.

The Dublin Packet was the property of Messrs. Leckey and Wilson, and was remarked as one of the best sailers that ever left Dublin. She has more than once performed her voyage from Philadelphia to Dublin in 21 days.

Monday evening, as Lord Kingsborough was dressing in his apartment at his Lordship's house in Henrietta street, a pistol was fired from the street. The ball passed close to his head, and lodged in the wainscot near him. The servants ran immediately into the street, in order to discover who fired the pistol, but in vain, as they could perceive no person on whom to ground the suspicion of this daring attempt.

7.] A charity sermon was preached at St. Andrew's church, for the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum, by the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, after which a collection was made amounting to three hundred and twenty pounds.

We can now speak positively of Mr. Whaley's return from his Jerusalem expedition, on the issue of which so considerable sum depended. He is at present in London, and will shortly proceed from thence to revisit his friends in this kingdom.

The multiplicity of dreadful accidents that have occurred within the last ten days, through the wantonness, drunkenness, or carelessness of the drivers of carts and cars, renders this nuisance of the most alarming nature. Not less than ten persons in this city and its vicinity, have had their limbs fractured, and been otherwise dangerously contused and mangled by their being over-run by cars and carts. A chaise passing over Ballybough bridge on Sunday, was overturned by the obliquity of two carmen, and a gentleman and lady who were in the vehicle received a most dangerous fall, and providentially and narrowly escaped being pitched over the battlements;—and yester-

nufacture of this kingdom, and among others entered into the following, which we impart with the more pleasure, as it is to be hoped so excellent an idea will lead to similar arrangements at other Boards in Great Britain and Ireland.

“ Resolved, That if the Chamberlain, or any other officer attending the Linen-hall, shall demand, take, or accept of any perquisite, gratuity, fee, or reward, from any merchant, draper, or other person attending the said Hall, he shall forfeit his said office, and be rendered incapable of holding any office under this Board, pursuant to the provision made by law for that purpose.

“ And if, after public notice be given thereof, any merchant, draper, or other person attending the said Hall, shall give or offer, directly or indirectly, any gratuity, fee, or reward, or make any promise of the same, to the said Chamberlain, or other officer attending the Hall, such merchant, draper, or person, shall never after be allowed any room or standing in the buildings at the said Hall, either by himself, or by any factor or other person whatever.

22.] At three o'clock, the Attornies went in procession to the Lord Chancellor, and presented him their address. They were received with the highest politeness and attention by his Lordship, and returned impressed with the highest degree of satisfaction.

23.] This morning at eleven o'clock—the new Chancellor held his levee, at his house in Ely-place—which was attended by all the Judges—and great Law Officers, and the whole Bar.—The congratulatory address, voted by the Bar to his Lordship was delivered—to which his Lordship returned a very polite answer.

At twelve o'clock, the Chancellor, in an elegant carriage, preceded by his led coach, set out for the Four-courts, attended by the Judges, Law Officers, and Barristers, in procession, and entered the hall three quarters past twelve.

The crowd in Skinner-row and Christ Church-lane was immense, and in the hall of the Four-courts, so great was the concourse, that his Lordship was a full quarter of an hour in crossing from the first entrance into the Court of Chancery.

New French Dresses.

Two ladies' dresses have come over, the description of which will enable our fair readers to judge what share of novelty they contain.

By way of preface, we must observe, that an attempt, at least, has been made on innovation, by putting *Fichus* of black gauze under others of white, and even on the bare neck. But the varieties of this novelty are not yet reducible to any standard worthy of being reported.

First Dress.—The neck covered with a *Fichu* of white gauze.

A robe of white linen, trimmed before with a garland of artificial roses.

Under the robe, a petticoat of the same stuff, indented below, and trimmed at the top of the surbelow, with a garland of artificial roses, above a transparent apple-green taffetas.

The robe is fixed over a stomacher of blue

pekin with broad straps of rose taffetas, which pass through steel buckles, concealed under one side of the robe.

At the girdle, two watches with gold chains and trinkets.

The head-dress—a bonnet-chapeau, with very narrow papillions, full plaited, of white gauze—the crown very high of white taffetas, embroidered with blue silk, interspersed with wreaths of artificial roses, and ornamented with an aigrette of foliage of cut green ribband.

The hair is dressed in the manner described so often, that we will not describe it again.

Gloves are worn, of white leather, reaching to the elbows; and a fan, with white and rose sticks, and plain green paper.

Rose coloured shoes, with ribbands and rosettes of the same.

Second Dress.—A *Caraco* of blue taffetas, trimmed with fine lace, bound with rose-coloured straps, passing through buckles of steel.

A petticoat of white linen, trimmed at the bottom with a garland of cut gauze.

On the neck a *Fichu*, with a sewed border of rose and green silk; the ends are united before, separate without crossing, and form a knot in the middle of the back.

White skin gloves on the arms, rising to the elbow—a fan with rose and green sticks, and plain green paper.

The head dress, a chapeau à l'Espagnol of rose taffetas, with silver flowering round the brim—the crown plaited, and trimmed with a scarf falling from the right to the left, and forming a large knot on the crown, where it begins. The hat is ornamented with a bouquet of lillies.

The hair, as formerly, without variation.

Coquelicot shoes, with roses of the same.

[Believing that the following notice may be useful to the public, the remark and the recipe in it being apparently founded on just principles, we give it an insertion.]

A Recipe for the Gravel. By the late Dr. James Malone.

This disorder generally begins with a pain in the kidneys, and is nourished more by a sedentary habit, than assisted by gross living; therefore, to prevent its progress, or rather to remove it effectually, let the patient, if inclined to a fulness, exercise on foot as much as possible—drink three half pints of Seltzer water before dinner—currant wine, and the same water at dinner—and currant whiskey (if to be got old) mixed with an agreeable quantity of sugar and water after dinner. The exercise will stir up solid particles, which would otherwise unite, and those dissolvent liquids melt and carry them off. The Seltzer water will heal the part oppressed by the gravel, and cleanse all the passages.

This recipe is intended for the infancy of that disorder, which you may observe, needs not the aid of an apothecary's shop—and humble as the sum of the materials may be, the greatest man in the kingdom may use them with some degree of pleasure and benefit.

W. E.

Trinity College, June 15, 1789.

BIRTHS

BIRTHS for June, 1789.

IN Harcourt-street, the lady of Edmund Henry Pery, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Limerick, of a son.—In Nassau-street, the lady of the Right Honourable Sir John Blaquiere, Knight of the Bath, and Baronet, of a daughter.—At Cork, the lady of Daniel Mansergh, Esq. of a son.—In Harcourt-street, the lady of Hugh Wilson, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES for June, 1789.

EDWARD BIRCH, of Roscrea, county of Tipperary, Esq. to Miss Going, of Traventown, niece of Thomas Mansfield, of Corvill, in said county, Esq.—Ralph Babington, of C-enfort, county of Donegal, Esq. to Miss Scanlan.—At Cottage, county of Fermanagh, Edward Leet, Esq. of Barleborough, to Miss M'Young, daughter of the late Richard Young, of County of Cavan, Esq.—Christopher Cl... Padmount, county of Kildare, Esq. to Miss Gifford, daughter of Sir Duke Gifford, of Castle Jordan, county of Meath, Barr.—Edw. ... Barrister at Law, to Miss Lynch, daughter of the late Reverend Stuart Lynch, of ... Row.—The Reverend John Gwynn, of ... county of Tipperary, to Miss Catharine Robinson, of Bridge Park, county of Cork.—Peter Locke, of Athgoe, co. of Dublin, Esq. to Miss Kennedy, sister to the late Charles Kennedy, of Johnstown, in said county, Esq.—Thomas Carr, of Castlebar, Esq. to Miss Cecilia Burke, daughter of Peter Burke, of Ballinew, Esq.—John Stewart, of county of Tyrone, Esq. to Miss Archdale, daughter of Mervyn Archdale, Esq. one of the Knights of the Shire, for the county of Fermanagh.—In Bandon, John Wheeler, Esq. to Miss Swanton.—William Billingham, Esq. of the county of Surry, in England, to Miss Skerrett, eldest daughter of Joseph Skerrett, of William-street, Esq.—At Tubber, Armstrong Ryves, Esq. son and heir of William Ryves, Esq. of Whitestown, county of Wicklow, Esq. to Miss Mary Hobson, second daughter of John Hobson, Esq. member of parliament for the borough of Tallagh.—Jonathan Barrington, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Grogan, eldest daughter of Edward Grogan, of Parliament-st. Esq.—Lieutenant French, of the 6th dragoon guards, and eldest son of Lieutenant Colonel French, of St. Andrew's-street, to Miss Anne Storey, of William-street.—John Keogh, of Loughlinstown, county of Kildare, Esq. to Miss Clynch, of Pearmount, of said county.—Henry Tisdall, Esq. to Mrs. Ewing, of Abbey-street.—The Reverend Mr. Lowe, to Mrs. D'Arcy, both of Peter-street.—At Cashel, the Reverend Richard Fitzgerald, to Mrs. Radford, of Ballynecarrig, county of Wexford.

DEATHS for June, 1789.

IN Leeson-street, Mrs. Mary Leigh, relict of the late John Leigh, of Rose Garland, Esq. and mother to Robert Leigh, Esq. member of parliament for the town of New Ross, and to the Countess of Meath.—In the 75th year of her age, Mrs. Hayes, relict of the late John Hayes, Esq. and mother to Samuel Hayes, of Avondale, Esq. member of parliament for the borough

of Wicklow. At Bath, Thomas Burroughs, Esq. an eminent attorney, late of Aungier-street.—In Great Britain-street, William Noble, Esq.—At Canton, the 6th of December last, Captain George Tierney, in the East India company's service, and son of the late Edmund Tierney, of Limerick, Esq.—Simon Osborne, jun. of Annaborough, county of Tipperary, Esq.—Robert Coffey Drury, of Roscommon, Esq.—Mrs. Magrath, lady of Richard Magrath, of Seafield, county of Kilkenny, Esq.—At Bettborough, near Nenagh, Charles Minchin, Esq.—At Corbally, John Flanagan, aged 102 years, who never had a week's illness, till within this month.—At Tralee, Mrs. Mason, lady of John Mason, of Ratanny, Esq.—Frederick James G Osborne, Esq. son and heir of the late Lieutenant General G Osborne.—At Cork, by a fall from his horse, John Lapp, junior, Esq.—In Great Britain-street, Mrs. B. Kendall, eldest sister to General Kendall.—In Dame-street, Miss Ruth Handy, daughter of Samuel W. Handy, of Bracca Castle, county of Westmeath, Esq.—At Chapelizod, Lieutenant Nenan Armstrong, of the invalid company, and Quartermaster of the regiment of royal Irish artillery.—Suddenly, at Cork, Mrs. Spread, lady of John Spread, of Forest, Esq.—In Limerick, aged 95, Mrs. Hickie, relict of the late Doctor Andrew Hickie, of that city.—In Coldblow-lane, county of Dublin, Sir William Portick, Kt. late a member of parliament for the borough of Augher.—At Youghall, R. Colville, Esq.—In Wales, Nicholas Smith, of Castle Park, county of Limerick, Esq.—At Limerick, Kilner Brazier, Esq.—The Rev. Thomas Higginson, of Woodbrook, Rector of Lodge, and Vicar of Balinderry, county of Antrim.—Of a tedious illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Jocelyn, relict of the late Major Jocelyn, uncle to the Countess of Belvidere.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Richard Powell, to be chaplain to the Four-courts Marshalsea, (the Rev. Stuart Lynch, deceased).—Mr. George Millar, elected a Fellow of Trinity College, (the Reverend William Day resigned).—The Right Reverend Dr. Euseby Cleaver, Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross, translated to the united Bishopricks of Leighlin and Fern, (the Right Rev. Doctor Preston deceased).—The Rev. Doctor William Potter, promoted to the united Bishopricks of Cork and Ross, (the Right Rev. Dr. Cleaver, translated).—Robert Warren, of Jervis-street, Esq. to be Chief Examiner of the High Court of Chancery, (Joshua Paul Meredyth, Esq. resigned).—William Cruise, Esq. to be Deputy Chief Examiner, of same court, (John White, Esq. resigned).—The Right Honourable John Fitzgibbon, his Majesty's Attorney-general, to be Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, (the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Lifford, deceased).—Mr. Stevelly, and Mr. Trevor Bomford, to be six Clerks in Chancery, (in the room of Francis Fetherston and John Kelly, Esqrs. resigned).—John Dwyer, Esq. to be Secretary to the Lord Chancellor.—Major-general George Anslie, to be Colonel of the 13th regiment of foot, (General Murray promoted.)

W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For J U L - Y, 1789.

The Decayed Macaroni.—A Sentimental Piece.

(With a strong Likeness of a well-known Personage.)

I.

I AM a decay'd Macaroni,
My Lodging's up three Pair of Stairs;
My Cheeks are grown wondrously bony,
And grey, very grey, are my Hairs:

II.

My Landlady eyes me severely,
And frowns when she opens the Door:
My Taylor behaves cavalierly —
And my Coat will bear scouring no more:

III.

Alas! what Misfortunes attend
The Man of a liberal Mind!
How poor are his Thanks at the End,
From base and ungrateful Mankind!

IV.

My Father, a slinging old *Rum*,
His Fortune by Industry made,
And dying bequeath'd me a *Plum*,
Which he meant I should double in
Trade:

V.

Oh! how could he destine to Trade
A Man, of my Figure and Sense!
A Man who so early display'd
Such a liberal Taste for Expence!

VI.

When I first came to *Years of Discretion*,
I took a round Sum from the Stocks,
Just to keep up a *decent* Succession
Of Race-horses, Women, and Cocks:

VII.

Good Company always my Aim,
Comme il faut were my Cellars and Table:
And freely I ask'd to the same
Ev'ry Jockey that came to my Stable:

VIII.

No Stripling of Fortune I noted
With a Passion for Carding and Dice,
But to Him I my Friendship devoted,
And gave Him the best of Advice:
Hib. Mag. July, 1789.

IX.

"To look upon Money as Trash,
Not play like a pitiful Elf,
But turn all his Acres to Cash,
And sport it as free as myself."

X.

And as Faro was always my Joy,
I set up a Bank of my own,
Just to enter a Hobbydehoy
And give Him a Smack of the *Ton*:

XI.

In the Morning I took him a hunting,
At Dinner well-plied with Champain,
At Tea gave a Lecture on punting;
At Midnight, on throwing a Main:

XII.

His Friends too with Bumpers I cheer'd,
And in Truth should have deem'd it a Sin
To have made, when a *Stranger* appear'd,
Any Scruple of *taking Him in*.

XIII.

As I always was kind, and soft-hearted,
I took a rich Maiden to Wife;
And though in a Week we were parted,
I gave Her a Pension for Life:

XIV.

My free and humane Disposition
(Thank Heaven) I ever have shewn
To all in a helpless Condition,
Whose Fortunes I'd first made my own:

XV.

To * * * * with whom long ago,
My Friendship in Childhood begun,
I presented a handsome *Rouleau*,
When his all I had luckily won;

XVI.

My Friends were much pleas'd with the As-
tion,
But *charm'd* when I open'd my Door
To his Wife, whom He lov'd to Distraction,
But could not support any more.

U u

XVII.

XVII.

The Love of my Country at last,
In a Soul so exalted as mine,
A l other fond Passions surpast,
I long'd in the Senate to shine :

XVIII.

With a *liberal* Zeal I was fir'd
The Good of the State to promote,
And nothing more truly desir'd
Than to make the *best Use* of my
Vote :

XIX.

I panted th' Abuses to quash
That cast such a Slur on the Nation,
And resolv'd to dispose of my Cash,
In buying a whole Corporation :

XX.

I soon heard of one to be sold,
Such a Bargain, I could not forego it,
With the Freeman so cheap were enroll'd
A Lawyer, a Priest, and a Poet.

XXI.

I touch'd all the Aldermen round,
And paid double Price for the Mayor ;
But at length to my Sorrow I found
They'd been sold long before I came
there ;

XXII.

In vain for sarcastical Song
Did my Poet his Talents display,
My Lawyer th' Election prolong,
And the Parson get drunk ev'ry Day :

XXIII.

To my very last Farthing I treated,
And set the whole Town in a Flame :
And since I've so basely been cheated,
I'll publish the Truth to their Shame :

XXIV.

My Rival aloft in his Chair
Like a Hero triumphantly rode,
My Lawyer and Priest at his Ear,
My Poet presenting an Ode :

XXV.

While unable to pay for their Prog,
Their Wine, their Tobacco, and Ale,
I was forc'd to sneak off like a Dog
With a Canister tyed to his Tail :

XXVI.

Yet how can I patiently yield
Those Palms I so justly might claim,
When I view such a plentiful Field
For fair Oratorical Fame ?

XXVII.

'Tis true, I'm a little decayed,
My Lungs rather husky of late,
Yet still could I throw in my Aid,
To manage a party Debate :

XXVIII.

My legs (you observe it no Doubt)
Partake of the general Shock ;
Yet I trust they might fairly hold out
Seven Hours by *Westminster Clock*.

XXIX.

But in vain have I studied the Art
With Abuse to bespatter the Foe,
And shoot it like Mud from a Cart,
With the true Ciceronian Flow :

XXX.

My Genius and Spirit I feel
Depress'd by Adversity's Cup ;
My Merit, alas ! and my Zeal
For my Country, hath eaten me up :

XXXI.

Yet spite of so fair a Pretension,
Th' unfeeling, ill-judging Premier
Hath meanly deny'd me a Pension —
Though I ask'd but a Thousand a Year.

XXXII.

Where then shall I fly from Oppression,
Or where shall I seek an Abode,
Unskill'd in a Trade or Profession —
Too feeble for taking the Road ?

XXXIII.

I'll hasten, O ! Bath, to thy Springs,
Thy Seats of the wealthy and gay,
Where the hungry are fed with good
Things,
And the rich are sent empty away :

XXXIV.

With you, ye sweet Streams of Compassion,
My Fortune I'll strive to repair,
Where so many People of Fashion
Have Money enough, and to spare :

XXXV.

And trust, as they give it so freely,
By private Subscription to raise,
Enough to maintain me genteely,
And sport with, the rest of my Days.

*Interesting Anecdote of the benevolent Mr.
Howard.*

TOWARD the end of the year 1785, Mr. Howard, whose singular humanity had been the admiration of all Europe made a voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople, in order to inspect the principal lazarettos of Europe. From the account, which he has just published of these lazarettos, we learn, that a few days after his leaving the port of Modon, in the Morea, the vessel in which he was a passenger, had a smart skirmish with a Tunisian Privateer. 'In this skirmish,' says Mr. Howard, 'one of our cannon, charged with spike-nails, &c. having accidentally done great execution, the privateer immediately, to our great joy, hoisted its sails, and made off. The *interposition of Providence* saved us from a dreadful fate ; for I understood afterwards, that our captain, expecting that either our immediate death, or perpetual slavery at Tunis, would be the consequence of our being taken, had determined to blow up the ship rather than surrender.'

Observations

Observations on the Writings of Mrs. Cowley.

GRANDISON Habakkuk, in his remarks on the multiplicity of authors, mentions, that out of all the female writers who are daily starting upon the public, several of which are loudly applauded, scarcely can half a dozen be selected, whose works, taken all together, are not found to disgust instead of affording pleasure. Ungenerous as the sarcasm is, it is intitled to some share of merit. The author having wisely concealed the names of his favourites, and as there are treble the number of first-rate writers of the feminine gender, each is at liberty to suppose herself one of his fortunate, though slender groupe. Had he confined himself to any particular class of literature, I might have given him credit for the assertion; when his essay was promulgated of those living, perhaps he was right in his conjecture; by his indiscriminate censure, all ranks are confounded together, a decision equally false and unjustifiable. In poetry, miscellanies, and the romance, in vindication of the fair sex, I imagine six a number, had I temerity sufficient to hazard such an absurdity, would incur the spirited indignation of at least some scores of real judges and patrons of elegant composition. These thoughts insensibly stole upon my reflections whilst I was meditating on the genius and versatility of Mrs. Cowley's talents, whose prolific muse, for the time, stands unrivalled, though she appears not to be inclined to make such frequent excursions as formerly. No lady as yet has so happily wooed the comic muse; her powers are astonishing, her success and improvement rapid. This lady commenced her career as singular as it proved fortunate, which was the last campaign of our ever to be regretted Roscius. Mr. Garrick, illiberal as he treated the generality of authors, &c. in general was an exception in regard to Mrs. Cowley. The manager brought forward her comedy of the Runaway, which was her *coup d'essai*:

Some time elapsed ere the public was presented with a second delectable treat from the same elegant pen, though from her preface to her tragedy, we are led to imagine she remained not idle. In April, 1779, *Who's the Dupe?* a farce, was performed at Drury lane with unbounded applause. Though this was the second acted piece, it is pretty clear *Albina* was written before it, though not acted till July following. Very probably this tragedy was written even prior to the *Runaway*, as it bears evident marks of being a very juvenile production. Mrs. Cowley is greatly attached to tragic composition; but the struggles and difficulties she met with in getting this piece accepted appeared very ill calculated to encourage the propensity, provided it was her favourite. On the 30th of July, 1779, the tragedy of *Albina* was first performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket. Trace the history of the stage from the age of refinement, a similar instance of treachery and ill treatment is not to be found; and, to the eternal disgrace of those concerned in both the winter theatres, this unparalleled event stands upon record. The preface which accompanied the first edition of this tragedy is a masterly defence, a fair and candid vindication of injured innocence. I perused it with pleasure and indignation; and doubt not every person, who reads it with attention, will feel the same. It opens such a scene of villainy and duplicity, that fills my breast with horror to think what real genius is obliged to submit to. I not only read *Albina*, but saw it represented, and still think it merited a better fate. The summer and the Haymarket are great drawbacks on the representation of a tragedy. Had *Albina* been produced in the winter season, with the advantage of being powerfully cast, very different would have been the effect. The frequenters of Colman's are chiefly the patrons of the sportive muse: indeed neither house nor season seem calculated to give *Melpomene* due celebrity, the town being thin in summer, and the nobility and gentry

strikingly grand and noble, and display great knowledge of the ancient custom of chivalry. The dialogue is extremely unequal. One minute we are charmed with glowing imagery, decked in elegant verse; but then our admiration becomes as suddenly arrested by the prosaic and inharmonious. — Yet the characters are clearly drawn, the plot well managed, and, on the whole, superior to the tragedy she is wrongfully accused of pilfering from; which, with all its merit, assistance, &c. was but coldly received three or four nights, though a new after-piece of Dibdin's was brought out the same evening, and regularly tacked to it.

After receiving such illiberal treatment, a person might be naturally led to imagine Mrs. Cowley would have forsaken the drama: this was not her case. As the sun shineth brighter after being veiled by a mantling cloud, so appeared the fame of Mrs. Cowley, for early in 1780 she again came forward with renovated powers. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, says the adage; so ought the public to exclaim, otherwise they might have been debarred of a considerable portion of pleasure which they have since enjoyed. I have been credibly informed necessity, not inclination, once more compelled her to struggle against the scribblers storm. Having felt the iron stroke of adversity, her finances were not in the most flourishing state, the drama being the only avenue to the shrine of Plutus, amidst the numerous roads across the plain of literature. The *Belles Stratagem* was performed at Covent-garden with unanimous applause, and has a number of admirers. This comedy is too well known to require a serious investigation here. It was not published till two years afterwards, and was dedicated to the Queen, though the compliment here paid our gracious Sovereign's amiable consort, is very injudicious. If the author's design was as she relates, the method she has pursued to accomplish it is singular to a degree, if not improper. Letitia Hardy, though a finished portrait of the fashionable female of the present age, at best is but a mad-brained romantic girl. The delicate reserve, which throws such a gloss over the female character, in this picture is never to be discovered; no likeness of the exemplary character she professed to have had in her eye for her model of the heroine; nor I trust will any of her fair daughters be found possessed of some of the leading features of Letitia Hardy, whose stratagems, if not peculiarly and neatly managed, would force their projector into many an intricate situation. So unaccountable, if not absurd, it could never have entered into any brain but a volatile female's. About this period she published the *Maid of*

Arragon, a tale, in blank verse, part the first, which has not been since continued. This is an epic poem, and liable to the same objections as her tragedy, being equally unequal, the language being both fervid and flat, but like her dramas; for the conduct of her story, (which is truly original) and delineation of character, perhaps she is unequalled. In several parts the beauty of the verse may vie with the proudest productions of the day. Others are careless and irregular, and appear the hasty effusion of a pen either too eager, or what is worse, one that was tired of the subject. In blank verse authors may avail themselves of an advantage, which rhyme will not allow of.

(*To be continued.*)

On the Prevalence of acting Plays in private Families.

Not young Attorneys have this rage with-
stood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons,
ink for blood,
And, strange reverse!—died for their
country's good.

GARRICK.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

I NEVER was so morose, gloomy, or censorious, as to quarrel with the great world, while they kept their follies within doors; while they preserve secrecy, and take not pains to proclaim their employments "on the house tops," they have always had my leave to act what parts they pleased; but when they publish their proceedings, and hold forth their actions as examples to families and individuals of inferior rank, it is time to enquire into the nature, use, and tendency of those actions. There is something, sir, absolutely contagious in every thing they do. If a lady of fashion alters her cap, it is a signal hung out to our wives and daughters to do the same. If a man of quality sports (as they call it) a new buckle, or button, it operates like a despotic command, and is obeyed by all the young men in the kingdom, as a something on which their lives and characters depend. People of rank, sir, do nothing unobserved, for indeed our newspapers are more than half filled with their private transactions, and there is no example they can set without a numerous herd of servile followers. How much then, sir, is it to be lamented that any examples should be made public which virtue can approve! What might not be done by the union of a few people of distinction to support public decency and discourage public licentiousness?

The fashion of acting plays, which rages in

in Dublin like an epidemic at present, is not new. Some years ago this disorder was very violent, but the persons liable to be affected were chiefly young tradesmen, journey-men, and apprentices, younger sons of younger sons, students of law who preferred Congreve to Coke, and young critics who studied Garrick oftener than Gronovius. Spouting clubs were common in many of our alehouses; and shopmen and clerks all day, enacted kings and princes, tyrants and heroes, at night. Hence a very comfortable addition was made to strolling companies; for how could the hero who had strutted at the head of an army over-night, with his trunchion in his hand, reconcile that hand to the vulgar yard-measure of the shop? Was it for Macbeth, after being let into the secret of the infernal caldron, to return to the baseborn occupation of weighing tea and sugar? Was it for the tyrant Gloster to sweep out the shop, or the gay and gallant Lothario to carry out parcels? Was the blood of Lancaster to mount no higher than a shopboard, or "Othello's occupation" be followed in a counting-house.

"Great Alexander dead, and turned to clay,

"Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But was it for Denmark's prince, "the glass of fashion, the observed of all observers," to mend boots; or the good Lear "a king, my masters," to submit to the indignities of a tobacconist's shop? No. The young gentlemen felt the dignity of their characters too sensibly ever to return to their business. It became therefore necessary for the magistrates to interfere, and the mischief was stopt in a great measure, although not until a score or two of monarchs had been deposed. For some years this folly slept. It has been of late revived, but by a different class of men. Nor can it be accounted a strange thing, if it should now be more prevalent than ever, under the patronage of the great, and at a time when to act a part in a play, or more properly to spout, is all the intellectual merit in vogue?

I have cause to speak feelingly on this occasion; a sense of danger, from which I have just escaped, is yet strong with me. Would you believe it, sir, that during an absence of six weeks in the country, my house has been metamorphosed into a theatre, absolutely into a theatre, sir. My dining-room, which unfortunately for me is large, and consequently fit for the purpose, was the audience part of the house, and the adjoining room, by the demolition of the partition, was converted into a stage and

dressing-room. I know not how much it will cost to have matters put to rights again, for they have made a prodigious large hole in the centre of the floor of the lesser room (now the stage) which I find was intended for the preternatural accommodation of a *ghost*. In making this hole, they met with a trifling obstruction, the great beam, which my sudden arrival pretended from being sawed asunder; had that been done there might have been a tragedy indeed. But although I have prevented the opening of the theatre for this season, my whole family are seriously affected with the raging disorder. Even my wife is little better than the youngest of them, although as I am informed, she was to be prompter only. Hamlet was the play fixed upon, and the parts were divided among my family and my clerks, as far as they would go. A *ghost* was borrowed from a neighbour, and Laertes and Polonius came on purpose from Drogheda to be killed on the occasion. The music between the acts was to have been performed by such of the actors as died early in the play, assisted by others not immediately wanted on the stage. Polonius was first fiddle, assisted by the two grave-diggers, and Ophelia (one of my daughters) entertained the company with slow music on the piano forte at her own funeral. As to their dresses, I must say Hamlet (my nephew) was by far the most characteristic, as the young rogue is not out of mourning for his father, who was, like myself, a plain plodding merchant, and would as lief have seen Jack turn a bailiff's follower as Prince of Denmark. The king, a fine stupid-looking man my Dutch clerk, and the lords of the court had decorated his cloaths with embossed paper and foil, and, black faces excepted, seemed very happy imitators of the chimney-sweeps on May-day. The ladies, unquestionably, would have been dressed most royally. Every thing was ready for representation. Hamlet and Laertes had practised with foils for some days before, determined to exhibit a good fencing-scene. The ghost's armour was complete, and consumed near a whole quire of lead-coloured paper—the ruler from the desk in the counting-house was employed as trunchion—Ophelia was to go mad with straw from one of the packages in the warehouse; and, the morning of my arrival, a hamper of earth, proper to fill a grave, was brought from Stephen's Green. In short, sir, regular notices had been sent to the intended spectators, and all was in a happy train, when I arrived, and finding what had been done and what was to be done, issued my prohibitory determination in a tone and manner, which no one thought proper to dispute.

But, alas! fir, how little have I been able to do? I have, indeed, prevented the play for a time, and from being acted in my house; but it is every day repeated to me, that "the play, the play is the thing," and I verily believe they will perform it in the Phoenix Park rather than not perform it at all. There are still private rehearsals in every part of the house, even the most private part of it. It was but the other day my porter burst from the — (you may guess where, fir) and exclaimed to the first person he met,

—— "I have done the deed:
"Didst thou not hear a noise?"

Indeed this gentleman was appointed to the office of principal gravedigger, and I dare swear had provided "a stoup of liquor" for the occasion. My daughters are to earnest in their rehearsals, that they are perpetually complaining that the noise of the carriages in the street disturbs their *energies*! Nay, my cook, although I know not what part she was to enact, unless one of the maids of honour to the queen, is as mad as the rest. My wife, yesterday, espying a turbot on the dresser, said, "Molly, this seems to be a nice turbot." — The cook immediately answered,

"Seems, Madam, nay it is—I know not seems."

Is there any thing in Swift's Hospital, fir, like this? Can there be any mischance half so vexatious to a man of business as to have his wife a *prompter*, his sons *Danish lords*, and his daughter to *drown herself*? His porter, instead of carrying out parcels of goods, is carrying in parcels of earth to make a grave in a bed-room; and his clerks are stabbing one another or drinking poison. This, to lords, may be a matter of laughter, but it is a very serious affair in Grafton street. My correspondents tell me, that letters from my house are strangely altered in point of style, and almost turned into blank verse, which has obliged me to write more than usual myself. All the good old terms, such as *ditto*, *per account*, *infl.* *Messrs.* are discharged as wanting harmony and modulation, as they call it, and the year of the Lord is mentioned with all the

"I do not see it in the bond;" and I since find, that this varlet was preparing for Shylock, had I not arrived in time to shut up the theatre.

Long, long, I am afraid will it be, ere I can reduce my family to common sense and plain-dealing. What am I to do? I am advised, indeed, and perhaps properly, to send my sons and daughters each to a different relation in the country, and confine my clerks to separate apartments; for if only two get together, there is a rehearsal directly. But my chief intention was to consult you, fir, who may be able to administer relief, in my unhappy case. Lords in real life may be very good lords upon the stage, but it is a severe affliction for men in trade to see their clerks become kings, and their porters diggers of graves.

Such, fir, is the force of example. I wish there was a law that no person should play the fool, unless he first proved that he had a clear independent estate, free from all incumbrances, and was no-wise concerned in business—or, rather, fir, that all mankind would study to act the part of honest men on the stage of life, and leave tyrants, murderers, Grecian kings, and Danish ghosts to be personated by those whose profession is to amuse the public.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
HENRY HEARTLESS.

An Account of the mode of Duelling in a Nation, in the central parts of Africa.

I Was greatly surprised to find, among so enlightened a people as the Mammuthians, the same barbarous mode of settling disputes, which still unfortunately prevails in Europe. I mean duelling; with this difference, that it is not accounted any disgrace, for any of the parties concerned to refuse a challenge, and to appeal to the law of the land. It is only when the resentment of both parties is excited to a pitch of savage ferocity and madness that a duel takes place: and when it does, is conducted not in secret, but under the eye of the public of which I happened to see, or rather to hear the report of an example.

A most bloody quarrel had happened between a Colonel of the guards and a capi-

other instruments of mutilation and torment. The spectators divided themselves into two parties, and accompanied, according to their affections, one or other of the duellists, who now, without sight of each other, and as it were back to back, began the fierce combat. With pen and ink, which was placed on purpose on a table cut out of a solid rock, he who gave the challenge, without the least hesitation, wrote to the other the following note: "Colonel Gog defies butcher Magog with a pin six inches in length thrust to the very head into one of his buttocks." This note, being delivered with due solemnity into the hands of the judge, the officer of justice, or, as we would say, the executioner, without ceremony, delay, or remorse, thrust the pin into Gog's naked posteriors, to the full extent of what was affirmed in the note of defiance. This note, with the seal of the judge now appended to it in token of its veracity, was sent by a public messenger to his rival. Magog, who was attended as well as his adversary with his judge and executioner, not only presented his posteriors with ineffable disdain to the executioner, who pricked one of them with a six inch pin, but without a moment's delay wrote as follows: "Butcher Magog defies Colonel Gog with a bodkin of a foot in length, thrust through the brawny part of his arm." This terrible billet being duly conveyed into the hands of the judge, the executioner, at his nod, thrust the bodkin into the arm of Magog till its bloody point fairly appeared at the other side. Magog's challenge, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, was not without a visible effect on the countenance of Gog. Nevertheless the Colonel, plucking up a good heart, held out his bare arm to the executioner, who perforated it with a proper bodkin in the twinkling of an eye. Having done this, and refreshed himself a little, he wrote as follows: "Gog defies Magog with "the flesh of his foreskin:" immediately after which, he presented himself in an attitude for circumcision. The judge having nodded assent, the foreskin was carried with all due solemnity to Magog, who lost not a moment to return the compliment.

The enraged butcher was now at a loss how to continue the contest. To send an

judges. Two of these declared their opinion, that to settle a dispute concerning the possession of a mistress by such a defalcation as had been proposed by the butcher, was a thing altogether unheard of and preposterous. But the chief justice, Melek Ammon, to whose opinion the other two judges readily assented, observed, that the whole of the juridical proceeding in question was absurd, and therefore, that no single part of it could with propriety be set aside on account of its absurdity, rather than another. Trial by duel, he said, was an unreasonable and inhuman practice, though it had hitherto been tolerated among the lower ranks of the people on account of the hardness of their hearts. That there was something in Magog's bravado truly wrong-headed and ludicrous, he readily allowed; but it was only when absurd and pernicious customs were carried to the acmé of ridicule, that they were ever given up. And he hoped, that a few other such ridiculous bragadocios would put a final stop to the practice of duelling, which he was glad to find was already in the wane.

The butcher, having fortified himself with a strong dose of majum, actually carried his threats into execution. But the Colonel, to whom a report had been made of the demurrer just mentioned, said, that in so tender a point it was impossible for him to proceed, and to establish a new precedent to all future times, unless there had been greater concord, if not entire unanimity, among the judges. The butcher therefore triumphed fairly over the Colonel; but to which of the combatants, the victor or the vanquished, the lady that was the subject of dispute gave a preference, I did not enquire, and was not informed. There is something more deliberative and reasonable in this mode of duelling than in that which prevails in Europe. I humbly submit it to the attention of the different European legislatures, with this admonition, that political wisdom endeavours to modify the evils which it is impossible at once to eradicate

Reflections for the Use of Females.

WOMEN may be vain of their persons, proud of their accomplishments, and conceited of their wit, and no censure will

It is a common error amongst the younger branches of the fair sex, to suppose, that freedoms are a proof of man's admiration; but, let me tell them, that reservedness is the proof of his love!

A girl of lively manners, with some beauty and more fortune, if she wishes it, may, by mixing with all companies, have abundant offers, but little choice.

Women are in the wrong, who expect to marry men of larger or even equal fortunes to themselves.—They should look for those who are superior in rank, but inferior in fortune; for young fellows will and may always have women with double or treble their property, with the same ease as those who are only their equal. Men in business very justly estimate themselves by their connexions, their respectability, their income, and their prospects.—In a genteel branch, he that can make £500. a year is a match for any lady with £10,000.

She that marries a gentleman, should have the whole of her fortune secured to her; but she that marries a man of business, and one that is prudent, should only claim a small settlement.

On the burning of the Alexandrian Library.

By Mr. Ryan.

THIS gentleman differs in his sentiments on this interesting event from Mr. Gibbon. The following are his observations:

Renadat doubts the burning of the library of Alexandria; and the historian of the Roman empire absolutely denies the fact, for the following reasons.—The testimony of Abulpharagius, who relates that disaster, and who wrote six hundred years after Omar, is overbalanced by the silence of Eutychius and Elmacin, both Christians, and natives of Egypt. But I cannot comprehend why Mr. Gibbon should oppose the silence of these men to the positive assertion of Abulpharagius, who wrote a history that does honour to his memory, and who was more unexceptionable in his character and testimony than either of these annalists.

The former of them, when patriarch of Alexandria, was hated by his people; and relates several things not to be found elsewhere, together with many lying and fabulous wonders. Hence the historian of the Roman empire might easily have perceived why an author, accustomed to relate new and marvellous events, was likely to be silent about the well-known fact of burning of the library. Elmacin, having filled a post of distinction and trust under Mahometan princes, must reasonably have been attached to their religion and government. He calls the impostor himself Mahomet of glorious me-

mory, emperor of the faithful, and his followers the orthodox: so that if not a Mahometan, he must have been a time-serving Christian, and unlikely to relate a fact disgraceful to Omar. one of the most renowned of the caliphs. "They," says Bayle, "who consider the measures Elmacin was obliged to keep in his high office, will not think it strange that he speaks honourably of the caliphs, and never disrespectfully of the Mahometan religion."

Another reason why Mr. Gibbon denies the burning of the library, is the inconsistency of such conduct with certain opinions of the Mahometan casuists, who allow the faithful to read profane authors, and do not suffer the books of Jews or Christians to be burned, from a respect which they entertain for the name of God. But let one ask whether these opinions were entertained in the time of Omar? and whether it is not absurd to suppose this caliph to be acquainted with Mahometan casuistry, which did not prevail till after his time? Even this historian admits that some casuists were on other occasions extremely illiberal; and condemned some caliphs who were lovers of learning. "Superstition," says he, "was alarmed at the introduction even of abstract sciences, and the more rigid doctors of the law, condemned the rash and pernicious curiosity of Almamon." If such men had flourished in the time of Omar, we cannot doubt but they would have encouraged him to, rather than restrain him from burning the library.

Mr. Gibbon denies the bad effects which are supposed to have arisen from that event, since those classics have been spared which Quintilian enumerates, and to which the suffrage of antiquity has adjudged the first place of genius and glory." "The contempt of the Greeks for barbaric science," says he, "would scarcely admit the Indian or Ethiopic books into the library of Alexandria; nor is it proved that philosophy has sustained any real loss from the exclusion of them." But surely Quintilian does not pretend to enumerate all books of genius, judgment, or information in the ancient world; he is silent about the works of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Indians, and Phœnicians, from whom the Greeks borrowed, though with many of their writings they must have been little acquainted. It is proper that the Greeks who were notorious plagiarists, would exclude from their libraries the writings of barbarians, from whom they derived knowledge, while they affected to despise them. If these writings were admitted and consumed by the flames, the loss of them to literature might be lamented, but cannot be ascertained.

Pathetic Story of an unhappy Prostitute.

*In vain with tears her loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.*

FULMENA was the daughter of parents of no mean fortune, and her education was suitable to her future expectations in life; her only brother, an officer in the marine service, being killed in the memorable action between the British and French fleets in the West Indies, under the commands of Sir George Rodney and Count de Grasse, she became heiress to a considerable property; her mother died soon after receiving the account of her son's misfortune, and her father did not long survive the loss of his affectionate partner. Fulmena was only 17 years of age when this melancholy event took place, yet, from the parental fondness of her father, she found herself appointed, under his will, sole executrix, and thereby empowered to receive her fortune when she pleased. Fulmena was possessed not only of riches, but apparently of prudence, and her beauty stood in no need of encomium; fortune, without the splendid addition of personal charms, will attract a multiplicity of suitors, but when a female is aided by that advantage she becomes pre-eminently distinguished. Fulmena's father had been but a very short time in his grave before she found herself encircled with admirers of various descriptions, among whom was Miseramis, the son of an eminent merchant; this youth principally attracted her attention and, in a short time, they were privately married. Miseramis being, at this period, but little more than nineteen years of age, and under articles to his father and uncle, as joint-partners in trade, thought it most advisable, notwithstanding the large property his wife brought him, to keep their union a secret from his father (whose temper he knew to be impetuous) until his time of servitude was elapsed, or until an opportunity more favourable than the present offered itself. He acquainted Fulmena with his intentions, and impressed them on her mind, as conducive to their future happiness. Fulmena coincided with his wishes;

which related to Fulmena's property; nevertheless, on the conclusion of Miseramis's discovery, his father expelled him his presence in a rage. This treatment from a parent, whom he loved with the purest filial affection, caused him at times to be absorbed in thought, and which soon terminated in a fixed pensiveness; such company as Miseramis's was now very ill suited to Fulmena, who was naturally gay, volatile, fond of dress and conversation, and whose heart panted for the imaginary, the delusive pleasures of the capital; to a participation of which she thought herself for many reasons entitled. While things were in this situation, Fulmena brought Miseramis a son, which, if possible, drew more tight the band of affection by which he was held to her. Their property being sufficiently ample to keep up a genteel appearance, a house was taken at the west end of the town, and an equipage set up. Fulmena found her wants anticipated, and her pleasures, if not indulged, tolerated. Miseramis seldom accompanied her to the different entertainments with which this great metropolis abounds, and which Fulmena seemed passionately fond of; for, independent of his present melancholy, brought on by a disagreement with his father, he was by nature studious; and the care of Fulmena, on her visits and revels, mostly fell to the charge of female acquaintances (commonly distinguished by the name of friends) as unthinking, and as unwary as herself. Fulmena was pressingly solicited, by one of those dangerous intimates, to become a subscriber to a fashionable place of entertainment. On the first night of meeting she was singled out by the exploring eye of the young Earl of —, who requested her hand in a minuet. Fulmena's compliance was a prelude to familiar conversation. The Earl was handsome, lively, insinuating, and a perfect master of that species of conversation which so very often, and so fatally, steals with imperceptibility upon the hearts of unsuspecting woman. Won by the attentions of this gay son of pleasure, she became a constant visitor, not only at this assembly, but at every other place of public resort, where she supposed there was any, the least likelihood,

hand with his lips. When Fulmena had somewhat recovered from the surprise this declaration had thrown her into, "Rise, Sir," said she, while the tears forced a passage down her beauteous cheeks; "rise, Sir, and leave me; spare the tears, the blushes, of a woman, who, till this moment, knew not what it was to be unhappy." "Unhappy!" replied the seducing peer; "Forbid it fortune, and blot the word for ever from thy catalogue. Myself, and all I possess are thine; do but make me happy." "It is impossible!" returned Fulmena. "Nothing is impossible," answered the Earl, "that you shall approve." "It is impossible," repeated Fulmena, in extreme anguish, "it is impossible—I am married!" Here she stopped, and fetched a deep sigh. The Earl affected surprise, and hoped that so much youth and beauty were not attached to any thing short of a coronet. She then made him acquainted with the heads of her history; and concluded with a hope that they might live ever as friends. This account pleased the nobleman, because, at a future period, if he proved successful, as he wished and hoped, it would prove as an effectual bar against marriage, so often solicited by the fallen fair, by way of laying an artificial gloss over a sullied reputation. They conversed some minutes longer; and, before they left the rooms, the Earl drew from her a promise to pay him a morning visit, to view his cabinet and library, having previously flattered her into a belief (from hints given him by herself) that she was possessed of great literary talents, and extraordinary taste. Two mornings after this interview Fulmena left her house, alone, under a pretence of shopping, but stepped into the first hackney coach, and proceeded to the Earl's mansion, who expressed himself highly honoured by her visit; every thing which he thought would give her pleasure from among a variety of curiosities were shewn; and whatever she seemed to admire was presented to her; let it suffice to say, that at this fatal meeting the artful Earl, by gifts and entreaties, prevailed, and Fulmena was dishonoured. On her return the unsuspecting Miseramis received her with that real affection natural only to a heart replete with true regard for a beautiful and supposed virtuous object.—But Fulmena could wear the mask of dissimulation no longer, she went out never to return. Miseramis, being used to her frequent excursions, bore her absence with calmness till midnight, supposing she might have been led into some engagement, without being able to apprize him of it; but during the remainder of the night, or rather morning, his mind was rent with perplexing thoughts; he endeavoured to sleep, but

that friendly comforter of affliction waited not on his pillow. At length day appeared, and Fulmena absent, he made a personal application concerning her to many of their acquaintance, and sent enquiries to others, but they all proved fruitless. And after a fortnight spent in researches, the elder brother of Miseramis called upon him to breakfast; the discourse turned upon Fulmena's absence. The brother, after hearing all Miseramis had to advance on this distressing subject, told him to prepare himself to hear a tale that, although he was unhappily the bearer of, must rend *his* (Miseramis's) heart. "Is Fulmena dead then?" replied Miseramis—"No;" returned the brother, "but I am afraid worse than dead.—Hear the story I have to relate, and from thence draw what inference you please."—"I am prepared," answered Miseramis, "for the worst that can happen, therefore go on with your tale of horror."—The brother continued: "I yesterday saw Fulmena."—"Saw her! where did you see her?" cries Miseramis.—"I saw her in the carriage of the Earl of —, and that nobleman by her side; I followed it to the door of his house. I saw the Earl hand her out. I saw him smile upon her. I saw—" Here Miseramis interrupted him by saying, "You have seen too much, and I am miserable."

This affair very soon became a matter of public notoriety; and Miseramis, by the advice of his friends, sued for a divorce, which he soon obtained; the Earl and Fulmena rather forwarding than opposing the measure. But such treatment, from a woman almost adored, took such effect on the spirits of Miseramis, as put a period to his existence in a short time; and his infant child was taken care of by his brother. The Earl, after six months connection, grew tired of the charms of Fulmena, and slighted her probably on account of some new attachment; Fulmena was high spirited and relented—disgust and separation ensued.—Fulmena, after parting from the Earl, enjoyed some temporary flashes of grandeur while with different keepers, and then sunk, by swift gradations, down to the lowest depth of infamy.—Shuddering humanity stops here—"Night and all her conscious stars" surveyed her for a time a wretched outcast from every worldly comfort, until she fell a dreadful example of "heaven's power to punish."

A New Description of the City of St. Sebastian, in the Brazils.

BRASIL is a country very imperfectly known in Europe. The Portuguese, from political motives, have been sparing in their accounts of it. Whence our descriptions of it, in the geographical publications

editions in England are drawn, I know not: that they are miserably erroneous and defective, is certain.

The city of St. Sebastian stands on the west side of the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, in a low unhealthy situation, surrounded on all sides by hills, which stop the free circulation of air, and subject its inhabitants to intermittents and putrid diseases. It is of considerable extent. Captain Cook makes it as large as Liverpool, but Liverpool, in 1767, when he wrote, was not two-thirds of its present size. Perhaps it equals Chester, or Exeter, in the share of ground it occupies, and is infinitely more populous than either of them. The streets intersect each other at right angles, are tolerably well built, and excellently paved, abounding with shops of every kind, in which the wants of a stranger, if money is not one of them, can hardly remain unsatisfied. About the centre of the city, and at a little distance from the beach, the palace of the Viceroy stands; a long, low building, nowise remarkable in its exterior appearance; though within are some spacious and handsome apartments. The churches and convents are numerous, and richly decorated; hardly a night passes without some of the latter being illuminated, in honour of their patron saints, which has a very brilliant effect when viewed from the water, and was at first mistaken by us for public rejoicings. At the corner of almost every street stands a little image of the Virgin, stuck round with lights in an evening, before which passengers frequently stop to pray and sing very loudly. Indeed, the height to which religious zeal is carried in this place, cannot fail of creating astonishment in a stranger. The greatest part of the inhabitants seem to have no other occupation, than that of paying visits and going to church, at which times you see them rally forth richly dressed, *en chapeau bras*, with the appendages of a bag for the hair, and a small sword: even boys of six years old are seen parading about, furnished with these indispensable requisites. Except when at their devotions, it is not easy to get a sight of the women, and when obtained, the comparisons drawn by a traveller, lately arrived from England, are little flattering to Portuguese beauty. In justice, however, to the ladies of St. Sebastian, I must observe, that the custom of throwing nosegays at strangers, for the purpose of bringing on an assignation, which Dr. Solander, and another gentleman of Captain Cook's ship met with when here, was never seen by any of us in a single instance. We were so deplorably unfortunate as to walk every evening before their windows and balconies, without being honoured with a single bouquet, tho'

nymphs and flowers were in equal and great abundance.

Among other public buildings, I had almost forgot to mention an observatory, which stands near the middle of the town, and is tolerably well furnished with astronomical instruments. During our stay here, some Spanish and Portuguese mathematicians were endeavouring to determine the boundaries of the territories belonging to their respective crowns. Unhappily, however, for the cause of science, these gentlemen have not hitherto been able to coincide in their accounts, so that very little information on this head to be depended upon, could be gained. How far political motives may have caused this disagreement, I do not presume to decide; though it deserves notice, that the Portuguese accuse the Abbé de la Caille, who observed here, by order of the king of France, of having laid down the longitude of this place forty-five miles too much to the eastward.

Until the year 1770, all the flour in the settlement was brought from Europe; but since that time the inhabitants have made so rapid a progress in raising grain, as to be able to supply themselves with it abundantly. The principal corn country lies around Rio Grande, in the latitude of 32° south, where wheat flourishes so luxuriantly, as to yield from seventy to eighty bushels for one. Coffee also, which they formerly received from Portugal, now grows in such plenty, as to enable them to export considerable quantities of it. But the staple commodity of the country is sugar. That they have not, however, learnt the art of making palatable rum, the English troops in New South Wales can bear testimony; a large quantity, very ill flavoured having been bought and shipped here, for the use of the garrison of Port Jackson.

It was in 1771, that St. Salvador, which had for more than a century been the capital of Brazil, ceased to be so, and that the seat of government was removed to St. Sebastian. The change took place on account of the colonial war, at that time carried on by the courts of Lisbon and Madrid. And, indeed, were the object of security alone to determine the seat of government. I know few places better situated in that respect than the one I am describing; the natural strength of the country, joined to the difficulties which would attend an attack on the fortifications, being such as to render it very formidable.

It may be presumed that the Portuguese government is well apprized of this circumstance, and of the little risk they run in being deprived of so important a possession; else it will not be easy to penetrate the reasons which induce them to treat the troops

who compose the garrison, with such cruel negligence. Their regiments were ordered out with a promise of being relieved, and sent back to Europe at the end of three years, in conformity to which they settled all their domestic arrangements. But the faith of government has been broken, and at the expiration of twenty years, all that is left to the remnant of these unfortunate men, is to suffer in submissive silence. I was one evening walking with a Portuguese officer, when this subject was started, and on my telling him, that such a breach of public honour to English troops, would become a subject of parliamentary inquiry, he seized my hand with great eagerness, 'Ah, Sir?' exclaimed he, 'yours is a free country—we'—His emotions spoke what his tongue refused.

As I am mentioning the army, I cannot help observing, that I saw nothing here to confirm the remark of Captain Cook, that the inhabitants of the place, whenever they meet an officer of the garrison, bow to him with the greatest obsequiousness, and by omitting such a ceremony, would subject themselves to be knocked down, though the other seldom deigns to return the compliment. The interchange of civilities is general between them, and seems by no means extorted. The people who could submit to such insolent superiority, would, indeed, deserve to be treated as slaves.

The police of the city is very good. Soldiers patrol the streets frequently, and riots are seldom heard of. The dreadful custom of stabbing, from motives of private resentment, is nearly at an end, since the church has ceased to afford an asylum to murderers. In other respects, the progress of improvement appears slow, and fettered by obstacles almost insurmountable, whose baneful influence will continue, until a more enlightened system of policy shall be adopted. From morning to night the ears of a stranger are greeted by the tinkling of the convent bells, and his eyes saluted by processions of devotees, whose adoration and levity seem to keep equal pace, and succeed each other in turns.

Voyagers may be amply supplied at St.

a hundred; and limes are to be had on terms equally moderate. Bananas, cocoanuts, and guavas, are common; but the few pine-apples brought to market are not remarkable either for flavour or cheapness. Beside the inducements to lay out money already mentioned, the naturalist may add to his collection by an almost endless variety of beautiful birds, and curious insects, which are to be bought at a reasonable price, well preserved, and neatly assorted.

I shall close my account of this place by informing strangers, who may come here, that the Portuguese reckon their money in rees, an imaginary coin, twenty of which make a small copper piece called a vintin, and sixteen of these last a petack. Every piece is marked with the number of rees it is worth, so that a mistake can hardly happen. English silver coin has lost its reputation here, and dollars will be found preferable to any other money.

Histories of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of the Duellist and Little Gipsy.

THOUGH the records of the court of King's Bench abound with verdicts lately given in cases of crim. con. yet very few of the parties have filled situations of life sufficiently eminent to entitle their amours to notice in a *Tête à tête*. Gross passion, destitute of sentiment, seems to have been the active principle with these offenders. Much praise is due to the present chief justice for the infinite pains he has taken in expatiating to juries on the enormity of the foul sin of adultery, which in a recent decision, his lordship accurately distinguished from fornication. To the juries also warm thanks are owing. Under the direction of the learned judge, in whose opinion, upon crim. con. the jurors have invariably concurred, they have constantly given ample damages—even in a case, where the wife appeared to have been discharged from Bridewell immediately before the breach of her marriage vow, and to have been always addicted to the quaffing of spirituous liquors. From these points which vulgar minds would consider mitigations, the learned advocate who argued for the hus-

jury thought with the advocate, and gave the plaintiff thirty pounds damages.

As the intent of these biographical sketches which form the Tête à Tête department of this Magazine, is to deter, by example, the insidious hypocrite and the open profligate from injuring the peace of families, the above observations though not immediately relevant to the particular subject we are to proceed upon, yet are consistent with our general plan, and called for notice.

The gentleman whom we describe by the epithet of Duellist, was intended for a military life even from his infancy. He is lineally, though (as Edwin, the player, has said of his son) *illegally* descended from a family once the most illustrious, and always the most unfortunate that this country ever knew. His honour and his spirit till lately has been unimpeached, and in vindicating both he has unfortunately fallen under the censure of being deficient in *judgment*; not from his birth, however, but as the sapient opinion of his brother officers state, since a particular day in the month of May last.

Strolling one morning alone, from the camp of a regiment of militia, the captain inadvertently strayed into a wood, where taking out a book, and seating himself under a tree, his author, as many authors have done to their readers, communicated to his brain the soft and composing influence of Morphews, and gently stretched him, all along, upon the ground in a profound nap.

"He is now at my mercy," said a little gipsy of about fifteen, who sat behind an adjacent clump of hawthorns, and seeing the captain asleep, resolved immediately upon securing his watch, to which the pending trinkets invited her nimble fingers, and to lighten him of his purse that appeared prominent on his thigh.

With a step light as Mercury, the deity of her profession, Jenny tripped over the grass, and seated herself by the captain.

His right hand was, however, a material impediment to the execution of her intended operations; it lay exactly over the aperture of his pocket, and to come at his

ble of being extended much lower. To these qualities report adds, that Jenny on the day she first saw the captain, might also boast of another, which though a substantive in grammar, can neither be seen, felt, heard, nor understood; a quality highly esteemed by men, carefully protected by women, but which, if Mr. Hayley, or Peter Pindar are to be credited, is not always in the possession of those pretending to retain ancient virginity, or claiming the title of Maids of Honour. Jenny was chaste, at least her virtue had never been put to an ordeal.

Taking the captain gently by the hand for the purpose of picking his pocket, she first felt the impulse of *generosity*.

She touched his watch-chain, and *sensibility* touched her heart.

"If I was starving," said Jenny to herself, "I could not rob him now; so I will sit by him and watch him, or some one else may strip him."—This was *generosity*.

But poor Jenny could not sit quiet. She again took hold of the captain's hand, trembled and examined it.—This was *sensibility*.

The captain awoke, he awoke from sympathy—"And please your honour," said Jane, "I was examining the line of life,"—and so she went on as gipsies generally do, telling the captain his fortune, without knowing any thing of her own, for she pleased the captain so well that afterwards they had frequent meetings in the wood.

Jane by the bounty of her lover, having obtained good clothes, as soon as the camp broke up, set off for London, where she became acquainted with a number of those ladies which many support from ostentation, few from affection; and having soon imbibed a love of pleasure and variety, she lost the attachment of the captain, and became a demi-rep of note.

It is not for us to trace her through the mazes of a life fraught with infamous variety. We need only observe that in the pursuit of it, the art of her first profession, enabled her to disincumber her admirers of their cash and trinkets, and she is more expert in that pro-

to her every thing that a fond child could be, she died in my arms, I did the last sad offices, the attendants round were all in tears, while I was as composed, at least appeared so, as at this moment; when over, I wept bitterly but did not get into fits. For a week I saw no person, wept till I could weep no more; at the end of the week I received whoever pleased to visit me, not that I enjoyed company, for to this moment not a day passes but I think of my beloved parent, and I know my feelings will be the same until the day of my death. But what is very extraordinary, whoever came to see me, who I knew did not feel for her, could weep, while I, who would at this time go through any hardships to restore her, could not shed a tear; by which means I fear the world has thought (for I am reckoned to have a feeling heart), that I was not sorry for her death; but God, who knows my every thought, sees otherwise.

I trouble you with this, in hopes that some of your correspondents or yourself may be able to give me some satisfaction respecting my feelings. When ever I am told of any person's trouble, if in my power to alleviate it I always do, and never spare either trouble or expence; and after hearing of any trouble many times lose my rest; and if I go to the house of mourning can weep with the afflicted, and cannot refrain from tears. I have read many novels, the scenes these described are so much beyond real life; is that the cause of my not being able to weep at real trouble?

At present I have got a most uncomfortable idea in my head, which is this, I have the best of husbands, and many children, whom I would die to serve; yet I have now taken it into my head that was I to see all die I should not shed a tear.

After reading this, possibly you will think I have lost my reason, and will not answer this (for I should wish to see it answered, rather than see this published); but believe me, I am perfectly in my senses, and respected by all my acquaintance, and thought

effects rather of ill-nature than judgment. For though there are generally ill-men, and ridiculous characters in all societies, and among all ranks of people; yet that arises not from their being of this or the other community, but from particular failings, which would break out, and shew themselves in whatever station of life the persons subject to them should happen to be placed.

It must be observed, that men's follies, and vices will appear differently according to their education, or the respective profession they follow; and so form a distinct character either of villainy, or absurdity. This, weak minds are very apt to mistake, and to imagine, that what only by accident heightens a character, or gives it some peculiar lineaments, entirely constitutes it. And because certain characters are only to be found in certain professions, their witty malice runs away with the notion, that all who are of those professions must of course be entitled to all the ill characters which are amongst them. Thus, because pettifoggers and quacks are kinds of vermin peculiar to law and physic, how wonderfully arch are your great jokers, and brighteners of conversation upon those professions, as if all the gentlemen belonging to them were cheats and impostors. The pettifogger and the quack would indeed have exchanged some accidental circumstances in their characters, had they happened to exchange their manner of living; but still they have retained their original deformities, and acted, though in a different gesture and air, the cheat and the impostor; so we may conclude of every other employment in life.

These general reflections being mostly the effects of spleen or disgust, rise in proportion, as the persons who make them have been unsuccessful in the pursuit of whatever they strongly desired, and fancy they merited.—As the splenetic are a sort of people that few care for humouring or contradicting, their prejudices are continually growing upon them, together with their disappoint-

with human nature itself, and figure in his imagination some of the brute species, as a more excellent and lovely kind of beings than mankind.

Strictures on the French Nation.

IN considering the French, we are sometimes led to doubt or wonder, how a nation, made up of such defects, under the most oppressive kind of government, could ever be so great in so many ways. On examining the country, and seeing how the people live,—bread almost their only food, and not always good, nor plenty: so small a share of the fruits of their own labour for themselves, and that share not very secure: though often apparently contented and happy, we must doubt the reality of that happiness: if really contented with poverty and dependence—with dirt and misery, we must expect but little vigour or exertion from such a people. However we may be inclined, in speculation, to magnify the influence of moral and physical defects, with which we are not much acquainted, and to feel too great a contempt for whatever differs from us, though only in appearance; we must recollect, that men are men, though in rags and wooden shoes; and twenty millions of people so well situated, and compressed as these are, and with so happy a disposition, if only left to themselves, and protected from foreign injury, and from each other, even though considerably oppressed by their government; must still be a great nation, as the world goes; *dans le pays des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois*: and we know that these people have the art to appear still greater than they really are, and to acquire more than their due share of influence in the scale of Europe. With half their present evils and impediments removed, they might perhaps be too great for all the rest.

What a pity you English do not chuse to be more amiable, that you might rival them in every thing, and even in their own way. But, indeed, I think rudeness is now the mode in both countries: the French took it up, probably from fancying it was English, and we copy it from them. An affected cold state of indifference, or *nonchalance*, now meets you in all fashionable societies—it is alledged, by way of leaving you at your ease; very different from the over anxious

its advantages. This people, though not equal to us in strength, resolution, perseverance, yet, in many situations, would be able to exist, while we should starve. And this we shall find to be the case, in some degree, on comparing ourselves with most of the other inhabitants of Europe. Great things have sometimes been done by their armies. In the hands of a master, an indifferent instrument becomes a good one. The great man, who knows the *forte* and the *foible* of his nation, will do as much with such indifferent tools as some others with the best.

Fortunately, mankind have generally some motives for exertion, and are naturally so bent on getting forwards, that they can hardly be kept back by the most powerful impediments, such as civil and religious tyranny, joined to shackle them. Their natural wants and passions will not let them sit long still. And here, their lively and agreeable manner, and perpetual appearance of activity, all help to impose a little, and make them seem capable of more than they really are. You know, that the world considers things in a slovenly way, and how few are above the vulgar methods of judging of men and things, of merit, of characters, by a few outward appearances, or by some accidental success; leaving the few observers of men to look nearer, and estimate their real value. You are a great nation, made up of great and solid materials, like the buildings of the Romans. This is a great nation, but composed of lesser materials, like the tabique walls of the Moors.

However, not only comparatively, but rather positively and intrinsically, we must allow this nation a great deal of merit, of industry, and other virtues, in spite of all their faults and weaknesses,—of poverty and bad government. But they, as well as other people, are fitter for some things than for others. I should, for example, think them fitter for manufactures than for agriculture or navigation. And it might be from some idea of this kind, that the great Colbert seemed to promote manufactures and commerce, beyond what the nature of the country has been thought to require, by other great men, as Sully, &c. They are known

which is certainly full as necessary in this country as in any other.

We all see through different mediums. It is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to give or acquire some sorts of knowledge, without prejudice. All knowledge, that deserves the name, tends to system. Things, in order to be understood, must be arranged: but our system once arranged, becomes itself the source of prejudices, and when joined to those of habit and education, forms a stream which few can leave or withstand. Do not previously, if you can help it, adopt any system of mine, nor any other, that may lead you to prejudge the cause. Read and arrange, but doubt of all till you see.

But human nature would not advance, and experience would be of little service to mankind, if that of each individual were confined to his own use. And yet it cannot often be taught, or applied to the use of others, so as to save them the trouble of going over the same ground, though it may help to direct them in their road.

In distinguishing what we should be taught, from that which we should teach ourselves, we shall probably perceive, that in the early stages of society, men are naturally in the first extreme, of trusting to themselves, and being taught too little: and that we moderns are arrived at the second, of expecting too much from instruction, leaving too little to nature and to our own researches.

I only meant to sketch you out a few of the most striking features of the outline, to be filled up from your own future experience and observation. But with all my zeal and sincerity, I may not succeed, even in the little I attempt. I think we seldom can, in this way, give all the ideas we intend.

Picture of a Woman of Fashion.

AT length the season of fashionable dissipation is verging to a close, and the jaded spirits of the great will find relief and recruit in solitude. To review the six past weeks of the life of a woman of fashion in the metropolis, would afford as ample a scope for the romantic compassion of the philanthropist as any Utopian scheme of benevolence that ever was wildly conceived.

to her carriage; then, perhaps, to be doomed to another hour of sadness in a stoppage in the street, from the opera she has left to the route to which she is going—where again, after being squeezed up with 4 or 500 people, as jaded and as listless as herself—without room for active pleasure—without opportunity for social converse—jostled—heated—faint—and spiritless—as the vapid lemonade, which is the only refreshment—she strives about four o'clock to regain her carriage—and by six in the morning may be able to retire for the night.

The day of the woman of fashion is as irksome as the evening. She rises with the collected head-aches of the preceding week, about two in the afternoon; and if, by an uncommon exertion of spirits, she is able to dismiss her orders for the dress of the day, (for every day must, at this season, have a new dress) she may be able, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, to enjoy a morning drive, and take the dust. But this she is obliged to shorten for the more important business of the toilette, and two hours are dedicated to dress for dinner—which are not the least pleasant part of her life, for being spent before the glass.—She then is able to gratify a very flattering propensity—*l'Amour propre*—cherished in the admiration of what is naturally lovely about her, and in the taste which artfully conceals what is not so.—Dinner may have its charm—but being as it is, more devoted to ceremony, to pomp—to interest—and to politics—than to hospitality—to friendship—and to comfort—she generally goes to it as Lady Macbeth goes to the board of state—to hold her rank—to distribute her complaisance—to enlarge the circle of family connection—or to preserve it—than to taste in the unreserved intercourse of happy relatives, the endearing affections of kindred—the free merriment of gay confidence—or the unrestrained flow of familiar conversation.—And even this portion of her time, however gay must be brief.—She is doomed suddenly to retire, and the toilette prepares her to perform again the dull circuit of the night before,

“And the night after as the night before,
—Encore!—Encore!—Encore!”

Considerations on the Hearts of Ladies.

"Some men to business, some to
pleasure take,

"But every woman is at heart a rake."

POPE.

THE treatment which the ladies have received from the Poets has been somewhat singular; for, we frequently find the bard who in one part of his works had extolled them as something higher than celestial, in another degrading them to something lower than human. The first opinion has generally, I imagine, been written under the influence of love; and love we are told, is blind; and the last opinion when the bandage had been removed from the eyes, and when men are apt to see a little too clear; then is every foible magnified into a fault, and too frequently attributed to the whole sex. Surely, the peculiar foibles of one cannot reasonably be adduced as reflections on all. But here comes a poet who pretends to have read the hearts of all womankind. Men, says he, are addicted some to one pursuit, and some to another: their hearts may be engrossed by variety of objects, but women have only two: the love of pleasure, and the love of power. The love of power, however, I imagine, they regard only as the means of procuring pleasure; so that, in fact, the love of pleasure is the reigning principle, and every woman whose chief object is pleasure, must be at heart a rake.

As it is very illiberal to censure the many for the faults of the few; so every reader cannot but be startled at this unqualified expression of Mr. Pope:

"Some men to business, some to pleasure
take,

But every woman is at heart a rake."

A very bold assertion truly!—and I wish it were in my power to contradict it. But, having seriously considered the subject, I find myself obliged to coincide with the poet. It must be remembered, that Mr. Pope does not say, that every woman is a rake; but that she is at heart a rake. Every human heart is naturally prone to evil; but it seems peculiar to the female heart, that all its pursuits should tend to this one object. Women from education and custom are taught

discreet young ladies we daily converse with, are rakes?" Doubtless all rakes at heart: for what are modesty and discretion but sentinels placed to keep the heart within due bounds? When those sentinels are asleep or abandoned, what is the consequence?—the heart no longer restrained by external bars, its natural propensities are indulged, and the woman becomes a rake: she then becomes externally, what she has always been internally. Some will think that this, if it proves any thing, proves too much. But unless we allow it to be true, there can be little necessity for female virtue, which chiefly consists in resisting temptation. Thus we conclude, that the female heart is naturally rakish. Why, then, are not all women rakes?—To the immortal honour of their sex, the majority of them cannot only captivate the hearts of others, but controul their own. So that this assertion of Mr. Pope, which has hitherto been regarded as a piece of severe satire, is, in fact, a high compliment to the ladies. It shews the strength of female modesty and fortitude; and they gain much more than they lose by allowing the assertion to be true.

It is natural to suppose that people of a different way of thinking will endeavour to adduce instances to prove the contrary. They will perhaps say, that a church-going old lady of four score, cannot be a rake at heart. To a question like this, more witty than just, I reply, that, at that honoured period those who pursue a practice so laudable, it may reasonably be imagined, think they cannot too often meet that power with praise and thanks, who has given them the victory, and thus has graciously smoothed their paths to the grave. Piety in a woman shews doubly amiable, as it proves she knows her own weakness, and, in addition to modesty and discretion, calls in the aid of religion, to support her virtue against the invasions of those who would be cruel enough to endeavour to undermine it.

It may be urged, the married ladies are all rakes at heart in rejecting Mr. Pope's advice given in another place:

"Ah! quit not the free innocence of life,
"For the dull glory of a virtuous wife."

But here the ladies, wiser than their teach-

of celibacy to the social endearments of matrimony. It may be observed, that this class of ladies are generally vehement in their declarations against the other sex: and it may with equal truth be observed, that women who declaim most against men, have, in fact, the greatest penchant for them. It is an infallible sign: for what induces them thus to declaim, but that, knowing themselves rakes at heart, they are afraid others should suspect their weakness, and conquer their resolution?—The chastity of old maids, like the courage of cowards, dwells more on the tongue than in the heart, and both are extremely liable to be planet-struck.

Little need be advanced respecting coquettes, whose lives are devoted to raking, within certain bounds. Their whole delight consists in playing on the affections of others: and after they have played away their reputation, the first offer is taken of retrieving it by the “white-wash” of matrimony; and they then, perhaps, find the folly of having wantonly sported with the feelings of others, by experiencing the effects of retaliation.

The readers, and especially the admirers, of modern novels, will not pretend to an exemption from this general character. The present state of that species of composition in this country, is such, as to undermine all the better principles implanted by education, or adopted from example. The ancient Romance was not nearly so dangerous. If it taught virtues practicable only by magnanimous heroes, and the heroines of palaces, it did not recommend the shadow for the substance: sentiment was not thought equivalent to action; nor were the weaknesses of human nature allowed as justifications sufficient to apologise for the indulgence of feelings, which too often terminate in crimes the most atrocious. It is true, that in the Romance, the marvellous was too frequently admitted as a decoration, by which the fiction of the whole was made evident, and, except to readers of discernment, the moral was lost in the blaze of admiration and astonishment.

The works of genius and imagination have peculiar influence on the female mind, because women seldom devote themselves to any kind of literature but such as gra-

ples so seldom descended to common life, that they could be only partially beneficial.

I am by no means an enemy to novels; nor am I so strenuous as some think it their duty to be in recommending the sciences, and especially history to the female reader. History is, doubtless, the best picture of human nature: but, like the ancient Romance, it is, in general, but a partial picture, reflecting those scenes in which the generality of people can have little concern, and can by no means tend to form their conduct in general life. To obtain a competent knowledge of human nature, and to know in what manner to act under circumstances that may every day occur, recourse must be had to the works of imagination, and novels may finish what history has begun.

The female sphere is widely different from that in which the heroines of history are obliged to appear: all cannot be princesses, nor can all be favourites of princes; and how seldom are women mentioned in history, whose principle, or examples can afford any rule of conduct to those who may admire their virtues, or weep over their misfortunes?

Aware of this, and desirous of substituting something that might prove extensively beneficial, modern writers have in the form of novels, delivered system upon system for the regulation of female conduct, in almost all possible cases. In doing this, they have relaxed from what may be called the rigours of virtue; and by way of making her appear amiable, have made her weak. They have been more strongly inclined to make virtue stoop to their female readers, than to elevate them to virtue; and by this means have given a sanction to the indulgence of propensities that cannot but eventually prove highly prejudicial to female purity.

To draw a “faultless monster” was found of little avail in the science of morals. What cannot be imitated may be admired, but must be useless. To give to characters the faults and foibles of nature was necessary to render example efficacious; but to appropriate proper actions to such agents; to make it appear that neither advantage, nor pleasure, could possibly issue from the pursuits of culpable intercourse, or vicious inclination,

And such are all those who of late years have filled the circulating libraries with the sentimental shapfodies that excite feelings which ought to be repressed; and ascribe peculiar excellence to characters theoretically alluring, but actually destitute of the dignity even of what would heretofore have been deemed mere decorum.

With such instructors, and with such examples, it will hardly be intended that the pretty misses, all whose leisure time, and such is the system of their education, that they have little but leisure time, is devoted to this kind of entertainment, must be rakes at heart; or how else shall we account for the avidity with which they peruse that which they ought never to see; admiring, and anxiously wishing to emulate characters that ought rather to have been represented in terrorem, as beacons to warn them from the indulgence of what they fondly call liberal sentiments, but which may more justly be denominated rakish principles?

The readers of modern novels, therefore, we may justly regard as admirers of the sentiments they contain, and as desirous of following the examples they exhibit, which are usually so irregular, and inconsistent with the dictates of right reason and real prudence, that nothing but a propensity to rakishness could induce the fair student to peruse them with patience, much less to adopt the crooked morality which they recommend.

As rakes at heart, we must necessarily set down a still larger portion of ladies than the readers of novels. It is not every lady that has a taste for reading; but every lady has, or fancies she has, a taste for dress: she, therefore, who dresses, or attempts to dress, in the extravaganza of fashion, whether in toto, or partially: whether she blazes a brilliant star of St. James's, or the belle of a tea-garden: whether she wears a hat uncommonly large or uncommonly small, but especially if she wears neither hat nor cap—a petticoat too long or too short; an enormous protuberance behind, or one equally ridiculous before; in short, the lady who adopts whatever is egregiously in fashion, must be denominated a rake; for why are the extremes of fashion adopted, but the more certainly to attract particular attention?

And under this description is to be ranked every woman who speaks uncharitably of those unhappy females who, having been betrayed by men, are become the reproach of women. These, indeed, are professed rakes. But the virtue of that woman is strongly to be suspected who, forgetting the weakness of her sex, and that every woman is at heart a rake, censures them with vulgar illiberality, rather than as a happy sinner

pitying the misfortunes by which peace, honour, and virtue have been sacrificed for ever. Moore, in his *Female Seducers*, very feelingly remarks—on the fall of his heroine from the pinnacle of female honour, that,

“ Many a proud insulting dame,
“ Upon her folly, rose to fame;
“ While those in crimes the deepest dy’d,
“ Approach’d, to whiten by her side.”

From the fatal examples of this kind, too numerous, let women learn the instability of the female heart: that nature has planted in their hearts the seeds of misery; and reflect that, nothing but a strict sense of propriety and prudence, with the perpetual operation of the female virtues, prevents their being not only rakes at heart, but rakes in practice.

“ The traveller if he chance to stray,
“ May turn unscathed to his way;
“ Polluted streams again are pure,
“ And deepest wounds admit a cure,
“ But woman no redemption knows,
“ The wounds of honor never close.
“ Are there no offerings to atone
“ For but a single error? none!
“ Pity may mourn, but not restore,
“ And woman falls—to rise no more!

In inquiries of this nature many wits have displayed their talents, and with various success: except, however, in a debating society, I never recollect to have heard the position of Mr. Pope attempted to be refuted.

From the supposed injury of the position, I cannot but most seriously recommend the strongest of all arguments; a practice which may lead to conviction that it was made without the inspiration usually attributed to the poets; but of which Mr. Pope has been supposed less favoured than some others of the tuneful train. What he wanted in genius, he seems to have made up in an attentive review of mankind; and, at no very early period of life, he discovered that “ every woman is at heart a rake,” and that “ most women have no characters at all.” He seems, indeed, to have adopted many of the opinions of his friend SWIFT respecting the female sex, and, though many of his ideas have the appearance of rigid severity, they have, for the most part, met with the sanction of grave writers, and always with the approbation of the wits of the times.

Original Letters from Mr. Henderson.

To the Editor.

S I R,

AS one of your correspondents has expressed a desire of having some information concerning the late Mr. Henderson's

pretension to intercourse with spirits, &c. I send you two of his letters to me, which are curious in themselves, and may throw some light on the subject. They will likewise give a better idea of the man than any thing written by another person concerning him can do*. Also, as I imagine it is generally supposed that I am the person intended by the Doctor, whom the writer of Mr. Henderson's life represents as believing he had this power, the reader may be able to judge from the second letter of the probability of this circumstance.

When I lived at Calne, and presently after the publication of my *Disquisitions* relating to Matter and Spirit, I received an anonymous letter from Bristol about some intercourse with spirits; and hearing that Miss Hannah More had said that the letter probably came from Mr. Henderson, I wrote to him about it; and as the letter was carried by a friend who was going to Oxford, I told Mr. Henderson, that, if he could call up any spirit, my friend was willing to be disposed of as he should think proper for the purpose. In what manner I expressed myself I do not now recollect; but it is evident that Mr. Henderson did not consider me as very credulous on the subject. J. PRIESTLEY.

"SIR, *Hanham, Aug. 29, 1774.*

"I HOPE your goodness will pardon this presumption from a stranger unworthy your notice; and likewise my not franking this letter, as I have no franks, and can get none. If you can condescend thus much, I have one request more, that you would answer me.

"I was brought up with some prejudices of Education, which I hope I have now got over. This I owe in no small measure to the candour of my father, who, though he inculcated his own principles on me, left me to my own judgment. At first I received these principles without hesitation, and soon became acquainted with the best arguments for them. I had no opportunity for a long time to converse with judicious men of contrary sentiments, so that I easily vanquished those who contradicted me. But yet my mind suggested many difficulties which I could not solve. Hence I began to doubt.

on any subject. I wanted instruction on Predestination, Remission of Sins, Assistance of the Spirit, Eternity of Hell Torments, and various other points. My friends could not satisfy me. At length I surmounted these difficulties, wading through many doubts, and little less than infidelity. I now believe that the prophecies in our Bible were given by God; that the Gospels are true; that whatever we believe should accord with the speeches of Christ therein recorded. I believe the doctrine of Original Sin to be absurd. I believe the Spirit of God only assists our apprehensions. I believe the foreknowledge of God, held by the Arminians, to be equal to the decree of God held by the Calvinists; that they are both wrong; and the truth is, the pains of hell are purgatory. These I believe; and have reasons, which I think substantial, for them. Many things I yet doubt of: among these, are the Trinity and the Mediation of Christ.

"I am in such a state of mind as to be shocked at no assertion, and to submit to any argument which I cannot answer.

"I beg that you would be pleased to assist me in the Mediation of Christ; for I own I do not like the doctrine of his being a sacrifice; yet he is so represented by Paul and John. And, though I am not certain of the infallibility of the Epistles, yet I do not chuse to contradict them, lest they may be true.

"JOHN HENDERSON.

"P. S. Please to direct for me at Mr. Wait's, grocer, in Castle-street, Bristol."

THE SECOND LETTER.

"I HOPE you will not take it ill, when he informs you that I have not seen your friend. I was from my rooms (for a few hours) when he came to seek me. I staid at home all the following day, but found no more of him. Had I known where he lodged in Oxford, I should have visited him. Excuse me then that I must take the other communication you proposed, and send this by post.

"Of the anonymous letter from Bristol, which you mention, I know nothing. It was, probably, written by some one, I hope well-meaning, who wished to check your philosophic disquisitions of Matter and Spirit.

was attached to religious, and, though at first I knew not the term, metaphysic studies. These (both in the authors and systems, or courses of learning), having no teacher, meeting with none but such as slighted, blamed, pitied my turn of thinking, or only wondered at it—these I pursued not regularly, but as they occurred to a boy discountenanced, uninformed, with scattered intervals of scanty leisure, and a very few, unselect, out-of-the-way books. As one thought introduces another, so does a book. Both increased to me in time. So did some kind and degree of seeming knowledge. Opinions multiplied and varied; but doubts exceeded. Sceptical as those made me, they did me good; 1. in making me never positive; 2. nor unwilling to change; 3. nor a despiser of those who thought otherwise than I. I mention my being very doubtful, the rather because you will agree with me, that, when one thinks no certainty is to be found, one will be less nice in assenting to insufficient evidence. Perhaps I am an instance. I have nothing to add of myself, but to thank you for your kind attention to letters of mine (some years ago), for your hints, and the books you lent and gave to me. Do not you recollect it?

“II. Do I believe those things? 1. I have no reason to think them absurd or impossible. 2. They are commonly asserted in all ages; 3. and generally believed. 4. I find myself more at ease in believing them; my notions are suitable. Thence, it may be on bad proof, I assent that there are such things. You will the less wonder at such a belief, when I add, that I not only assent to spirits, apparitions, magic, and witchcraft, but that I allow Behmen's philosophy, and Swedenbourg's visions. Yea, I deny hardly any thing of that sort. So you will perceive that I easily believe, and require not too much demonstration.

“III. Whether I be willing to demonstrate their truth sensibly? 1. I do not know that I can give any such exhibition. 2. The faith itself is not interesting, nor have I the least wish to convince to any. 3. My conscience is not clear that such acts are innocent. 4. They would not be, at least may not, demonstrations. A sensible man, when

They furnished. Common things looked extraordinary. Little things were greater. I was reported a conjuror. I was teased to tell fortunes, raise spirits, and sometimes to cast out a devil. Some pretended to a graver curiosity, and asked me for a positive answer to, ‘Have you not seen and raised a spirit?’ I always replied, ‘I will tell you any thing about them out of books, but as to my own experience I will not say.’ ‘Can you deny it?’ I said, ‘I will not deny it.’ Thence they affirmed it abroad—To sum up all: 1. I believe. 2. I think I have reason. 3. No one was ever witness to any appearance with me. 4. I never told any one that ever I raised a spirit. 5. I will not deny it, I have said sometimes, that I thought I had seen a spirit.

“As I take it your main wish is to know, 1. If I believe such an exhibition possible? I do. 2. If I have done it? I never did say, nor mean to say, that I have; but (for some reason) I will not deny it. 3. If I can do it? I do not know that I can. 4. If I be willing to try? I had rather be excused.

“I have now answered your letter as satisfactorily as I can. You see you need not be in any apprehensions for your philosophy on account of any experimental knowledge of mine. If I can say any thing more that is worth the while on this subject, or a better, I shall be glad of an epistle from you.

“Farewell. I esteem you; and opinions I regard little. I am obliged by your friendly expressions in the letter. I wish you all good and success in doing it. I should have answered sooner, but for bad eyes, and the company of strangers. JOHN HENDERSON, Pembroke college, Oxford; or at Hanham, near Bristol, when in that country.”

Original Letter from Dr. Franklin to John Aleyne, Esq.

Craven-street, Aug. 9, 1768.

DEAR JACK,

YOU desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage; by way of answer to the numberless objections which have been made by

ence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand, to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life, and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended too with this future inconvenience, that there is not the same chance the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. Late, children, says the Spanish proverb, are early orphans; a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life, our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as your friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blest with more children; and from the mode among us, founded in nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Hence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe! — In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of *celibacy for life*, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. — An odd volume of a set of books.

Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy, at least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your truly affectionate friend,

B. F.

On the Arts, Trade, and Customs of the French Nation.

IN every country there is probably something useful to be learnt; and to this, which has been so long the leading nation in Europe, we all resort, on purpose to learn almost every thing. I think they deserve that pre-eminence, in some things; though they themselves are too apt to fancy that they do in all. They may go on to deserve it still more, by means of the very advantages attending that pre-eminence. Those advantages are many and important. The various and valuable articles of commerce, the motives to industry and exercise of mind, which the universality of their language and their fashions have procured them, contribute much towards making them an industrious and almost commercial people, in spite of their government, which is naturally rather careless and oppressive. Though the concession of this pre-eminence gives them conceit, it brings emulation along with it, and promotes a beneficial activity in the provinces of taste and useful science. If the state could be forced into more wisdom and benevolence, it might employ more effectual means towards their preserving the lead in many more things of real importance to national prosperity.

Even the article of books, which they write and print for all Europe, is no inconsiderable means of both riches and of extensive influence, though the Dutch have industriously drawn to themselves a share in this branch of trade. The universal prevalence of French modes and manners like-

If this reign continues steady to the principles in which it seems to begin, they may long lead and manage the politics of Europe secretly in their own way, and carry all before them. Nay, you yourselves may now be only acting in obedience to some of the secret impulses given or promoted by this court. We already see, and may learn, from Madame Pompadour, and others, that one of their maxims will be, to persuade all Europe that they ought to be jealous of the English, who must therefore be brought down; and they may now succeed. It will probably long continue a great object with each nation to reduce the other, even at the expence of reducing itself much more. How much better for each to try to raise both! but especially for France, as she would, in that progress, gain still a greater superiority. They might govern the world, if they could keep steady to their principles and to their allies, and not grow insolent by success. But perhaps that is not in human nature, and still less in French nature. With success, a nation never knows where to stop. Greatness knows not where nor how to set bounds to itself, but generally overshoots the mark, and wears itself out. Prosperity not only spoils us, but creates us enemies. Our late successes and superiority, in this century, cannot fail of producing yet more combinations against us, probably before the next.

But, as I was going to observe, though we are probably before them in most of the arts and trades, that are of the greatest use to mankind, yet there may be much to be learned in this country. The arts and trades form a very extensive and curiously connected system. Those of different countries, and even those of the same country, have yet much to learn of each other. An intelligent artist or tradesman will always find something to learn in so active and industrious a nation as this; and I am pleased to see our manufacturers travelling here:—our Bentleys, Coles, and others, from Birmingham, Manchester, &c.

The provinces of taste and utility are more intimately connected than the world in general have formerly imagined; and happily, the useful arts are not now beneath the attention of the scholar and the gentleman, while your tradesmen are not all destitute of an useful and liberal education; though there is yet great room for amendment in that way. As those classes approach each other, the better it must be for the whole; for the different classes of arts, sciences, and men, and for society in general. In most other countries, the fine and liberal arts are, as yet, the mere appendages of luxury; they stand alone and aloof from the other arts, their poor relatives, and are therefore of little service to the nation.

The philosopher rejoices to see them descend among you to an acquaintance with their humble brethren; and all, by mutual assistance, promoting each other's interest, which then happily coincides with that of mankind. While you continue to know this, you will yet more liberally promote and facilitate education in general; the reception and encouragement of strangers of merit; the travelling of proper students to other countries. Your different trades, companies, manufacturers, should all zealously contribute to support, for example, such institutions as your Royal Academy, with other more scientific schools, and enable them to send youth abroad: you may thereby go on to improve and preserve such a superiority in every thing you produce, founded on scientific and mechanical knowledge, and good taste, as will force them into every country, even in spite of the confined and selfish views of their most foolish and tyrannical governments.

But if ever you come to be so conceited as to fancy you want no such foreign assistance; that you can proudly stalk on alone, and still preserve your superiority; it will be a certain symptom of decline. Shut up in your own island, you will quickly barbarize into circumscribed nationalities; will sink and follow the fate of all nations who have ever given up, or have been deprived of, a sufficient intercourse with others. However, let not students of taste stop long in France:—let them get on to Italy at least, where some gems will always be found among their rubbish, by those who can distinguish. Nay, Italy is yet the country—the capital of taste—and the other nations are only the distant provinces of that empire. Thither must all artists resort to get rid of their provincial and vulgar manners. That people, though now so despicable, if once united under a good government, I make no doubt would again soon rule the world. Their talents, their language, would soon appear to be capable of every thing, if these were once employed and exercised on objects worthy of their exertions.

The Beneficent Griper; or, an Account of John Godinot, D. D.

THE late Dr. Goldsmith, in one of his Essays, in order to prove that misers, who are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness, do not always deserve this character, relates the following pertinent and entertaining anecdote:

* A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of *The Griper*. He refused to relieve the most
ap. arent

apparent wretchedness; and, by the skilful management of his vineyard, he had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitting frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole sum which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Having an opportunity, in the year 1771, of spending some weeks at Rheims, I made particular enquiries after a character so much detested, and yet so excellent. Of what Goldsmith has said it is certain that enough is true to justify his argument, that a seeming miser may be a benevolent man. Upon a strict enquiry, however, I could not find that the populace ever held him in that detestation of which Goldsmith speaks. On the contrary, his memory is held at Rheims in the greatest veneration. He devoted above 500,000 livres [21,875l. sterling] for different objects of public utility, such as aqueducts, the embellishment of the public walks, the institution of free schools, &c. Goldsmith is likewise mistaken in saying, that he employed his whole fortune in bringing water to the city. On this he expended only 100,000 livres [4,375l.] sterling; but the work not being finished in his life-time, he left the remainder of his fortune to continue it. Those who are acquainted with the French language, and who would wish for a more particular account of a citizen, who has so well deserved the veneration of his country, may read his Eulogy by his friend and compatriot, M. Lewis Levesque de

patrimony to his family; he employed above 500,000 livres in decorating the cathedral, in bringing good water into the city, in founding free-schools, and opening an asylum for the sick. While he was thus setting an example of the most useful beneficence to the great and opulent he was censured, and even opposed by some of his countrymen; and after he had closed his eyes, in the year 1749 at the age of eighty-seven, his enemies would fain have deprived him of ecclesiastical sepulture, on account of his opposition to the celebrated bull *Unigenitus*. But the influence of the wiser citizens prevailed: he was very honourably interred; and a prodigious concourse of people attended at his obsequies.

You will perceive, sir, that the *censure* and *opposition* mentioned in this account, is far from being that universal detestation of the populace of which Goldsmith speaks; and it proceeded rather from a difference of religious sentiments, from that violence of fanaticism which raged at that time in France between the Jesuits and the Jansenists; which extended even to the ashes of this excellent man, and which would have induced the contending parties to consign to everlasting damnation the most virtuous characters on earth. Happier now is France in more enlightened ideas, in ideas more conformable to the spirit of meekness and candour which Christianity inculcates. The virtuous, the beneficent deeds of a Godinot are now as universally revered in that country, as are the beautiful, the benevolent sentiments of a Fenelon.

Account of a new Publication, entitled, Anecdotes, ancient and modern. By J. P. Andrews.

THE nature of this volume is sufficiently explained by the title. No reader will expect in it what may hurt his feelings, or give him any thing but good-humoured amusement, when he recollects that Mr. Andrews is the gentleman, whom the

ragraphs. Encouraged by this idea, and by the favourable reception which his former publications (most of them anonymous) have met with, he has stepped forward once more in the literary walk, in hopes of meeting the same candour and good humour which he has before experienced from his countrymen."

Mr. Andrews acknowledges his obligations to three assistants: the humorous Antiquary, Capt. Grose; a lady, whose article (sketches) does her great credit: and the well known poet of Farringdon hill (Mr. Pye, member for Berks), who acquires additional fame from his share in this entertaining volume.

If we did not take for granted the civility of the gentlemen, we should make apologies for showing ours to the lady, and exhibiting a specimen of the volume before us from her article.

"Euphemia possesses a mind superior to the sensation of possessing uncommon talents; she would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accomplishments, was it not for her philanthropy. She is so much with the wretched, that she is forgotten by the learned, and unknown to the celebrated. In short, she is content with being approved, when every faculty she has entitles her to admiration. Amiable Euphemia! we must know you to believe such excellence exists!

"Araminta, you mistake your fastidiousness of humour for delicacy of taste, your extreme positiveness for steady principle, and your irritable temper for exquisite sensibility.

"And what is it you feel? Not the distresses of the wretched—not the excellence of the deserving—not the success of the eminent—but—your own importance. You tell me no one regards their friends more tenderly; why? Not for any merit they possess, but because you think them sensible of yours; at the same time they applaud your wit, and fly at your command, gratify your vanity, and contribute to your ease. Talk not of sensibility distinct from reason, virtue, and benevolence; it is the selfishness of a feeble mind, it is the tenderness of an unsound heart.

"Aspasia has generosity, honour, truth, every thing excellent, excepting that disposition of mind which bears with people destitute of these qualities.

"She is a very vixen for what is good—has neither love nor patience for the unworthy—loses her charity in the cause of benevolence, and her justice in zeal for reformation. Aspasia! this violence of will belongs not to virtue!

"Eugenio never performed a good action because it was right; for him it was enough to feel it natural. Less generous than

profuse, he rather may be said to fling away than to give.

"Though it is not probable he would revenge if he remembered an injury, he is placable more from a careless temper than a noble mind, and oftener forgets than forgives his enemies.

"Charitable, not so much from philanthropy as interest, he relieves rather than sympathises.

"Kind without sensibility, good humoured without affection, you love him, not for his merits, but his nature.

"Doricourt possesses that address which only is acquired in the best company, and that kind of knowledge which particularly recommends one to it.

"Speaks ingeniously on subjects of taste; passes with all but critics as a wit; with all but artists as a connoisseur; with all but men of learning as a scholar.

"To a discerning eye, indeed, it is very evident, that his talents are as superficial as his mind is vain and his heart interested: that he is polite and engaging, but that he attends to you, not because he prizes your judgment, but loves your admiration—that he extols your virtues, to give you an opinion of his own; is good-natured to be popular; and liberal, only that you may call him so.

"Doricourt—'Tu rectè vivis, si curas esse quod audis.'

Elvira may be classed amongst the excellent and the wise, rather than the amiable and accomplished.

"She has more understanding than wit, learning than taste, principle than sentiment; and though by no means deficient in tenderness of heart, is better distinguished by greatness of soul.

"Her fate required all her fortitude: united to a man without mind, without merit, without morals, she has spent her whole life in endeavouring to reclaim him from his vices and to conceal them from the world.

"Whilst other women are sinking under their petty disappointments, and boasting of their superior sensibility, Elvira, with the highest sense of honour, the nicest discrimination of right and wrong, neglected, injured, neither complains of the bitterness of existence, the fallacy of earthly prospects, nor the state of human things.

"Misanthropes! sentimentalists! this sketch is as deserving your attention, as the Venus de Medicis is a virtuoso's.

"Flavia is a widow of large estate, and renowned for generosity and good-nature; by her generosity, her tenants are made drunk, and her servants wasteful; and her good-nature gives to sloth and vice what might relieve distress, reward merit, and promote industry.

"Priscilla, her sister, is a very different character; shrewd, acrimonious, vigilant, fearing her bounty should be ill-bestowed, she has not yet ventured to bestow it; and as it requires a life to know the real worth of an indigent object, she reserves liberality to the last day of hers, and in her will has left a considerable legacy to some poor old women now turned of seventy.

"Melissa is one of those women who are distinguished by what they have not, rather than what they possess.

"Her features are not devoid of regularity; but loveliness; her shape is not without proportion, but grace; nor her voice discordant, but unmelodious.

"She may be called, in the most extensive sense of the word, accomplished; but the same low tone of colour which characterises herself is evident in all she does. Her drawings, exact and delicately finished, want effect; her translations, faithful, and not *in-elegant*, spirit; her remarks, formed as they are by good company and books, interest.

"With every prudent, every pleasing part,

What lacks the fair Melissa?—All—a heart!

"Antonio is the most credulous man in the world; if indeed you relate to him a noble action, a tale of sorrow, the ill-treatment you have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, he is as likely as any one to doubt it; but there is no kind of flattery when addressed to himself, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it too gross for his belief.

"Admire his understanding (and never was a more confused one), tell him of his virtues (and no person possesses fewer), extol his conduct (and it has always been irregular and culpable), and you are certain of—his heart?—his purse?—his interest?—No; his ear."

Such of our readers as wish to be amused this summer, and to bring their minds back, by degrees, to the seriousness of study, from perusing no pages but those which speak of illuminations, royal illnesses, and Bow Begums, will do well to break themselves in by this pleasing volume.

Few parlour windows will be without Mr. Andrews's amusing Anecdotes, which are calculated to afford equal entertainment to male and female readers. "The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience." Johnson's Life of Addison.

* Though many Authors have, both in a serious and ludicrous manner, written histories of itinerant players, who, generally speaking, bring their justly-merit-

ed distresses on themselves by their own misconduct; we shall present our readers with the following little history, we have just received from a Correspondent, in his own words; and which we have some reason to believe is drawn from Real Life. If our conjecture is just, the publication of it may afford an additional caution to the Stage-struck youths of the age, how they barter away the certain and solid comforts they may enjoy in trade and industry, for the airy renown of buskined heroes and ranting monarchs, "who rule imaginary realms for bread," and who, not unfrequently, *can get no bread at all*.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

I Live in a town at a small distance from the capital. Walking through the streets a few days since I perceived a young man very curiously attired, hastily passing through the place; he seemed as if he had travelled far. I am fond of seeing nature in her sportive moods, the stranger's appearance promised something worth seeking for; impressed with this idea I followed and overtook him, and giving him a gentle tap on the shoulder, accompanied it with an invitation, (as he seemed fatigued) to take some refreshment. The proposal was readily accepted; being near dinner hour I brought him home with me; when arrived at the house I had an opportunity of more closely examining his dress which was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows.—A small three cocked hat, which from its diminutive state, in large letters proclaimed the ravages of the hatter's paring knife, one side retained its form by a large black pin, the other by a thread which like the hat, had thrown off its *unhappy shackles*, and now appeared in its primitive white, his hair tied behind in a large club, a scarlet coat which seemed from its being frequently turned to exclude every possibility of determining which was the better side, yet retained the relics of taste, the numerous piecings and fine drawings, seemed as if an open defiance to all the future art of tailoring; a laced waistcoat, the lace now reduced to its former copper-hue; a black stock graced his neck, tied in front with a large knot of rusty black ribband, the ends of which fell on two tawdry worked hand ruffles pinned in the front of his shirt, and industriously spread to hide the yellowness of the linen beneath, which design several envious holes entirely counteracted, a pair of silk breeches, entirely in separate strings, except where pieced by shining black stuff—a pair of silk stockings which had now turned renegade to their colour, the iron destructive hand of time could be legibly

bly perceived to where a large pair of half boots, pursed round at the top with black worsted tape, hindering the prying eye from proceeding further in its scrutinies—

Through this opaque of dress the liberal hand of nature could be traced—his figure would have graced a throne, the intelligent animation of his eye, bursting through a veil of shame of despondency, declared aloud he had a *soul*—I could not help feeling for him, and anxiously wished to know something more of him—Dinner being over and the cloth removed, I told him I had a request to make, which I hoped he would not consider impertinent, as I perceive something, rather I must confess *outré* about you, (pardon my freedom), I feel a strong desire to know something more of you; the stranger, without ceremony began, in these words:

The early part of my life consists of nothing worthy your attention, suffice it to say I had some grounds for hope, by the interest of my friends, I got a lucrative situation in the custom-house, while situated here 'twas my misfortune to become acquainted with several young people, who mistaking their talents, in open defiance to nature, wished to commence *players*, I caught the infection, and esteeming the partial applause of a private audience of friends and acquaintances, proofs of my great merit, my whole thoughts were engrossed with the idea of being a *hero*—In order to qualify me for the *fiery ordeal* of a Dublin stage, I thought a country expedition quite necessary, in this turn of mind I was introduced by an actor of my acquaintance to an itinerant comedian, who was next morning to quit the city and join his company, he assured me of an engagement, I greedily seized the opportunity, collected all the money I could, and consigned my trunk to a carrier, who was going whither my course was bent.

Never did ardent lover count the dull hours that stood between him and the possession of his mistress, with greater pain, than I did those of the night previous to my departure.

"Wished morn at length appeared," I set off with my new acquaintance, was happy in being allowed to defray his expences, in return he flattered me. Flattery is in my opinion the *philosopher's stone*, truly did the poet say—

—— " 'Tis the key

"That opes the wicket of the human heart."

On the third day we arrived at our journey's end; Comus's crew never lived in such riot, while money lasted, treat on treat to the whole company. When my purse became emptied to the last shilling, I found myself as much alone as Robinson Crusoe on his desert Island.

My fellow traveller and I lodged in the same house, with him I consulted how we were to live, now that money was gone; he left me, and returning with a smile told me, our credit was unlimited; he seemed rather low in clothes, so I requested him to use mine, being then tolerably well supplied, which he did without a second invitation.

The day of playing was now near at hand, no character would content me but a *first rate*, I was gratified.—Instead of the imaginary laurels my fancy marked out for me, showers of china oranges fell on my first attempt—bursts of applause were converted to hideous groans, hisses and cat-calls.

I returned to my lodging, mad as any bedlamite, my friend comforted me with an assurance that the timidity of a first essay alone impeded my appearing with *great eclat*, the seeds of genius he said, were easily to be discerned. I believed him because I wished it so.

Next morning a note from the manager! with trembling haste I opened it—how did the contents affect me!—when I found the purport was, that I should be content with *half a share* and with delivering stage messages; I left my lodging ruminating on the precipitate step I had taken, and the concomitant disgrace; my reverie was soon interrupted by the *electric touch* of a *Tipstaff's* wand—a warley took place, with difficulty I obtained leave to return to my lodging—having satisfied my landlord with what he esteemed a sufficient deposit; I again sallied forth full of grief and vexation, intent on procuring another place of residence.—

I had not gone twenty paces from the house when I met my companion—imparted my difficulties to him, he seemed greatly affected and astonished, swore he would never again enter a house wherein I had been so maltreated, came with me to assist me in my search.

During three months I remained in this town, I have been frequently without receiving any kind of sustenance 'till the third day.—

My fellow lodger perceiving early in the season the impending storm, took advantage of the night and fled, taking away with him every wearable of mine, except what was just sufficient to dress me, not even a second shirt did he leave.

Good houses or bad 'twas all the same thing, not a stiver.—The manager pocketed every shilling, revelled in the arms of luxury, and with a patient eye beheld the misery of the mimic troop—every contemptible species of beggary and meannesses took place by letters and in person.

Disgusted with the scene and afraid of a second salute from a bailiff, with only nine

pence in my pocket, I braved a journey of 47 miles in very severe stormy weather, arrived at a town where a company was then performing, and was admitted a member.

Fortune here deigned to smile upon me, by my benefit I saw myself in possession of 11 guineas clear of the world; after equipping myself tolerably decent, I thought I was pretty secure, having yet 5 guineas remaining, laid down quite an economical scheme; how futile are all schemes of human happiness! a well known lady of intrigue, in the theatrical world, spun her web for me, I was caught in it; in a very few days I was without a farthing in my pocket.

The eve of departure now came on, when my landlord entering my room with an account book under his arm, told me he came to settle with me. Phaeton when struck with the thunder bolt, was not more astonished than I; as there was no alternative, I ingenuously confessed to him the state of my finances and offered my note, he instantly seized my hand—"my dear fellow, I want no security but your word; promise to pay me and I am content; as this is the last night we shall be together, come down and sup with me."

Words are faint to express my gratitude for such unexpected good treatment, after supper I went to bed with such sensations as 'till then I never felt.

Morning came. I rose intent on my journey, to my utter surprise could not find an atom of my clothes—rapt loudly several times with a chair—a maid servant came up—interrogated her—her master she said, had seized them till he was *paid his money*—after much entreaty, and frequent messages, I obtained an interview with my deceitful host—remonstrated with him, but in vain—my sole dependance now rested on the manager, to him I wrote a pathetic account of my mishap—in return I received a bundle and a note, assuring me he had no money, but hoping the clothes in the bundle would an-

ten fold—I could obtain no entrance into any house—the people thought me mad—well might they think so—baited about in this manner from place to place, I determined on making one grand attempt—went up to the head inn—an altercation between the waiter and me, brought out the landlord into the hall, who after looking at me a few minutes exclaimed—good God!—is it possible!—do I see my master's son in this situation; the fine little boy I have carried so oft in my arms—a truce with your ejaculations, cried I—be content, I am he you mean, and give me something to eat; a dish was set before me, when I gave a most convincing proof there was nothing affected in my request.

During my stay in this place I was very comfortable, saw myself once somewhat decently dressed; at my departure from this town, my generous host at parting slipped two guineas into my hand, with tears in his eyes entreated me to return home; I promised though without an idea of complying.—Well may you wonder at this part of my conduct—I'll solve the Gordian Knot. I was rising in esteem with the audience, and imagined the epocha my warm fancy at first setting had pictured to me, was just at the point of realization.—

The extravagance of actors in general, has in some measure become proverbial, I, who a short time past, could travel a long disagreeable journey on a few pence, now that I saw myself in possession of a little cash could not travel without a chaise—a chaise then I hired—running into needless expences on the road, the extent of my purse when I arrived at the last stage amounted only to half-a-crown.

'Twou'd be tedious to recite the particulars of the adventures of fifteen months, I remained in the community, encountering the same round of difficulties. some discontented members formed a design of entering into a common wealth plan, of sharing equal-

intention, I was locked up in my room—there I remained three days without seeing the face of any living creature, except through holes in the rotten boards; here a period would certainly have been put to my existence, did not some malignant planet place a bag of corn in a corner of my room.

On the fourth a young man was ushered into my prison, who after commiserating and condoling me on my misfortune, told me he had something to propose to me, my compliance with which would procure my enlargement—name it, cried I with impatience, and be my oracle—I know you player folks can counterfeit any thing—I want to be married to a young woman—no priest is to be had—act the part of one for five minutes—view the reward—you understand me—his last words were accompanied with the action of holding up a guinea between his fore-finger and thumb, which had more effect on me than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes—you may guess the result—when I tell you I called for my bill, which amounted to 4s. 8½d.—marched out of the house with drums beating, colours flying, &c.—stopped at a house of entertainment, and fully made up for my past abstinence by one solid meal.

Knowing my companions route I followed them, arrived on the night of playing, and next morning received three pence for my share of the booty—For some time I remained in this sett, encountering every wretchedness of hunger, misery and scorn.

In one of those places a gentleman invited the whole party to dine with him, the men went, but the women were obliged to remain at home on account of the *tattered state* of their *drapery*.—Dinner, (no unpleasing sight) smoked on the board—our entertainer brandished his carving knife, denouncing vengeance on a loin of beef, the gravy most invitingly spouting up where he stuck his fork—Aldermen going to a city feast need not wish for a keener sett of appetites; each person smacked his lips, while our stomachs seemed to beat in unison—“*to arms, arms!*”—Our host suddenly stopped short in mid-career—asked us where were the ladies; their apologies were made—he started back—every drop of blood, seemed as if summoned to his face—exclaimed—“*You rascals!*” do you think its your company I want, then seizing a whip which hung on a nail, he instantaneously belaboured those near him, his servants followed his example, we were forced to make a precipitate retreat—full glad to get away at all.—

Finding ill fortune still a constant attendant, I determined to change my situation once more, and to starve at least with some degree of reputation, joined a company within a few miles of where I then was.

—*Atra Cura* was still a constant attendant, continually obliged to run away in debt, frequently dragged back by an imperious surly creditor, subject to every cruelty his whim or caprice could invent.

In one town, being (as usual) unable to free myself, I took refuge early in an actress's room and there awaited the night; by some means my creditors ferreted me out—the doors were beset—I thought to baffle them—crammed myself neck and heels into a clothes-basket, in danger of suffocation—was conveyed out by two sturdy wenches—'twas one o'clock—market day—in the middle of the market place, the basket was stopped—opened and there discovered like the *Mayor of Coventry*—a table was produced, on which I was placed amid the “huzza's, loud laughs, low jibe and bitter joke”—of an insulting mob—the crier rung his bell, proclaimed aloud,——“*An Actor to be sold for non-payment of rent!*”—Thus stood I like a target or rather a whetstone, for the witticisms of the surrounding mob—'till a gentleman raised a collection, and liberated me.—

I have but lately made my escape from a town, and should have reached my journey's end very cheerlessly, but for your very opportune invitation.

I am, Sir,

your constant reader,

MARLOW.

On Affiance in the Divine Being.

(From the Bishop of London's Sermon before his Majesty and both Houses of Parliament, at St. Paul's, on the Day of General Thanksgiving.)

IT is impossible for any thinking man, who supposes that the world and all its affairs are under no other direction than that of chance and fortune, to enjoy any true and permanent tranquillity of mind. Every one must feel himself uneasy and wretched, at having his all embarked on so precarious a bottom, and the whole happiness of his life left to the mercy of the next accident that may befall him. There is such a variety of evils to which human nature is continually exposed, and from which no human prudence can possibly secure us, that without a firm confidence in some powerful Superintendent, who is both able and willing to protect us, we must be under perpetual apprehensions for ourselves, and those who are most dear to us. But that there is such a superintending power all nature proclaims aloud; all the discoveries of science confirm it; and the Holy Scriptures assert it, in the clearest and most explicit terms. They inform us, that we are under the constant guardianship of an Almighty Friend and

Protector, who sees the very minutest events, and governs the most casual; who in the immense range of creation does not forget or overlook the least or meanest of his creatures; who commands us to 'take no thought for the morrow, but to cast all our care upon him because he careth for us;' who has declared that 'as he clothes the grass of the field, so will he much more clothe us;' that 'the very hairs of our head are all numbered; and that he will never leave us or forsake us.'

Here now is a firm and adequate foundation for enjoyment of the present moment, and indifference about the next. Under the persuasion that no disaster can reach us without his permission, who watches over us with an eye that never slumbers, and a tenderness which nothing but guilt can withdraw from us, we can face those unknown terrors from which Pagan philosophy turned away dismayed; can look forward unmoved into futurity, and contemplate all the possible contingencies that may befall us, with intrepidity and unconcern; with the cheerfulness of a mind at perfect ease, reposing itself in full confidence and security on the great disposer of all worldly events.

Such is the support which trust in God affords us against the fear of future ill, one of the most fruitful and formidable sources of human misery.

But when our fears are verified, and calamity has actually overtaken us, what comfort can we then derive from this boasted principle?

We derive from it this most effectual and substantial one; that the gracious author and preserver of our being will (if we serve him faithfully) permit nothing to befall us, but what is *upon the whole beneficial to us*; and that, in the great variety and seemingly discordant mixture of human affairs, 'he will make all things work together for good to them that love him.'—He expressly tells us, that 'whom he loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Afflictions, therefore, far from being any marks of God's displeasure, are proofs of his kindness to us. They are fatherly corrections, they are friendly admonitions, they are salutary, tho' unpalatable medicines. They are, in short, instruments in the hands of our Maker, to improve our minds, to rectify our failings, to detach us from the present scene, to fix our affections on things above, and thus form in us that humble and devout temper of mind, and unblemished sanctity of life, which are necessary to qualify us for the great purpose of our creation, the attainment of everlasting happiness in another and a better world.

These considerations are a solid ground

for that firm trust in the wisdom and the goodness of God, which will be sufficient to support us, even when his hand lies heaviest upon us. And we know in fact that it *has* supported the greatest and the best of men under the severest pressure of affliction.

But great as this consolation is, our divine religion has greater still in store for us. We are encouraged to hope not only for comfort and assistance *under* affliction, but sometimes also for relief, and even deliverance *out* of it. We are commanded 'to be careful for nothing; but in every thing for prayer and supplication to make our requests known unto God. We are assured, that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much; that the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayer; that godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; and that if we seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, all other things shall be added to us.'

But how, says the Philosopher and the Disputer of this world, can these things be? How is it possible that God should thus interpose in behalf of individuals, or even of nations, without either interrupting the course of nature, or over-ruling the free agency of his rational creatures? Admitting, for a moment, this supposed difficulty; who shall presume to say that the great Governor of the Universe may not, if he sees fit, suspend, or alter, for an instant, those general laws, which he has himself established? Who will venture to affirm, that on great and momentous occasions, which involve the fate, not only of the greatest persons, but of the greatest empires upon earth, he may not, even by extraordinary means, bring about such events, as he sees requisite for the general good?

But these suppositions are unnecessary.—There are, undoubtedly, a thousand ways in which the Supreme Lord of all may, without the least violation of the ordinary course of nature, give a new turn to human affairs, and produce, ~~unexpectedly~~, the most disastrous or most beneficial effects. He can render the most regular operations of the material world, and the freest actions of his creatures, subservient to his will; and by the instrumentality of second causes, can accomplish every purpose of his wise and righteous government. He can, for instance, at particular periods, raise up persons with dispositions and talents peculiarly adapted to the execution of his designs. He can place them in circumstances and situations, and present to their minds objects and incitements calculated to promote the gracious ends he has in view. He can so dispose, adjust, and combine the common occur-

ces of life, as to draw from them whatever consequences he thinks fit ; and (as almost every day's experience may convince us) he can, by incidents the most trivial, and apparently the most fortuitous, give birth to the most important changes and revolutions on the great Theatre of the World.

That by these and various other means (utterly beyond the reach of our conceptions) he both may, and will, whenever he sees it expedient, interpose in the concerns of men ; and that he will more particularly sometimes rescue his faithful servants from impending misery and ruin, is so far from being incredible, or even improbable, that it would be injurious to the honour and dignity of his government, it would be repugnant to all our ideas of his moral attributes, and even to the clearest principles of reason and sound philosophy, to suppose the contrary.

It would be preposterous to maintain, that he has so entirely given up the reins of government out of his hands, so irrevocably bound himself by fixt and immutable laws and ordinances, that he can never, in any circumstances, or on any emergency, show himself plainly to be the sovereign Ruler of the World. That he should thus manifest himself at proper intervals to the sons of men, not only to protect the good, but to awaken the thoughtless from that forgetfulness of him, into which they are but too apt to fall, seems highly requisite, and worthy of him who is the great Lord of the Universe. All ages, and all nations, have concurred in believing such interpositions of the Almighty, and have applied to him on that belief ; and Revelation places the doctrine beyond all controversy.

His lordship having applied this admirable reasoning in favour of an over-ruling Providence, to the late signal proof of a Divine Interposition in the happy restoration of his majesty, and to the various national mercies we have received, concludes with the following excellent observations :

It is not the observance, it is not the devotion, however ardent, of a single day, that can be a sufficient evidence of our gratitude. The only sure and certain proof of our sincerity, is the reformation of our hearts,

himself to the service of his Maker, can never be suspected of pretended sanctity or hypocritical devotion. Here then at this solemn hour, and in this sacred place, when we are offering up our thanksgivings to God, let us, at the same time, sacrifice, at the foot of his altar, our vices, our follies, our passionate fondness for diversions, our excessive attachment to any pursuits that tend to draw off our affections from Heaven and heavenly things : and more especially our frequent, our growing profanations of that sacred day which our Maker claims as his own ; which is the great security and bulwark of our religion ; the great barrier against the inroads of secularity and dissipation ; which ought never to be debased by unbecoming levities, by worldly occupations, by dangerous amusements, by any thing, in short, that tends to desecrate the Christian Sabbath, to obliterate that mark of discrimination, which Divine authority and primitive usage have stamped upon it, and to sink it into the common mass of unhallowed days. It is a festival we own, it is a most joyful festival ; but it is a religious one too ; and it should be observed, not with intemperate gaiety, nor yet with a gloomy and austere superstition, but with that rational piety, that decent, modest, chastised, and sober cheerfulness, which so well becomes the character of the day ; and which (with some exceptions) has, in fact, usually distinguished it in this kingdom. It is a distinction which does honour to us as a people. It is what few other Christian countries can boast. It is altogether worthy of the first Protestant church in Europe ; and no reasoning, no ridicule, no false ambition to imitate the freer manners of our neighbours on the Continent, should ever induce us to give it up.

But, at the same time, let not external observances constitute the *whole* of our religion ; let us be Christians, not in name and appearance only, but in deed and in truth ; and above all, let us cultivate that heavenly spirit of meekness, gentleness, forbearance, candour, equity, and charity, which is the distinguishing character of the gospel, and which ought to mark distinctly every part of our conduct, both public and

munity (for the precept applies to us in both capacities) be 'kind and tender-hearted one towards another,' watchful over ourselves, respectful and dutiful to all our lawful superiors, grateful and obedient to God.

If these be our resolutions respecting our future conduct, we may then safely apply to ourselves that sublime benediction with which Solomon dismissed the people, when the great business of the dedication was closed. 'May the Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us, or forsake us. That he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, which he commanded our fathers. And let these my words, wherewith I have made supplication before the Lord, be nigh unto the Lord our God, day and night, that he may maintain the cause of his servant, and the cause of his people, at all times, as the matter shall require. That all the people of the earth may know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else. Let your heart therefore be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in his statutes, and to keep his commandments, as at this day.' 1 Kings viii. 57.

A Dissertation on the Dramatic Art.

Translated from the German of Mr. G. E. Lessing.

IT is not at all surprising that the learned have never agreed respecting the number and rank of the Liberal Arts, since the idea which we have of them, as well as of the Belles Lettres, is not yet exactly determined. The ancients reckoned them to be seven, probably because this number was accounted sacred. Since this prejudice no longer exists, some have taken the liberty of excluding Arithmetic and Grammar, but it does not thence follow, that the number of the liberal arts ought to be confined to seven, and that it cannot admit any augmentation. I shall endeavour to raise to the same rank the art of a comedian.

In this dissertation, I shall take notice only of regular theatres, either with respect to the pieces which are there represented, with decorations and dresses suited to the different subjects, or to the talents of the actors, and the management which ought to distinguish every well regulated spectacle. I must reject also those strollers, whose farces and manner of acting disgust as much people of real taste, as they corrupt good morals.

An occupation whatever which depends entirely on the memory, without exercising the judgment, is not an art, but a plain trade. The taylor who has learned of a master to cut out the different parts neces-

sary for making a suit of clothes, and the manner of putting them together, is sufficiently expert in his business, and is afterwards included in the number of tradesmen. A certain intelligence is, however, necessary in every trade; the taylor, for example, has occasion for it, in order to assort his stuffs, and their different patterns, and to vary his manner of cutting out with elegance and taste, according to the different shapes of those for whom he works; but this address or skill will never make an artist. The case is not the same with a gardener or a watchmaker; the former has need of much genius and judgment to plan out his ground, that he may be able to unite the useful with the agreeable by a proper disposition of embellishments, and of the parts destined for cultivation. This labour is not that of a common tradesman; that is to say, he must do more than merely put in practice; or follow the lessons which he has received from a master. The gardener ought to study himself, and to form his plans according to the qualities and extent of his ground, consequently every employment, which, like that of the gardener, requires continual labour of mind in a greater or less degree, deserves to be classed among the arts.

The liberal arts belong to a higher class; something more than memory is necessary to learn them, and the exercise of them requires still more genius and judgment. The person who makes mathematical, philosophical or mechanical instruments, is an artist, and without genius and judgment, he will never be able to learn, or to exercise his art, these two faculties of the soul are therefore essentially necessary to him, and the remembrance of what he has seen executed by his masters, is not sufficient to enable him to vary the form of instruments from that commonly used; for whenever it is necessary to construct them on an improved plan, and to render them fit for the other purposes, he must seek for the simplest, and most commodious manner of adapting them to the primitive form of the instrument.

New machines and new instruments are often invented, and descriptions are given of them; but to execute them properly, the artist must supply a good deal by the force of his genius alone. Let a philosopher for example, order an instrument proper for determining and explaining a certain theory respecting the right line described by a body put in motion by combined forces; to execute it, the artist, besides memory, must possess a sound judgment, and an inventive genius. The same observation may be applied to the liberal sciences, though one can neither learn or exercise them without memory, which, however, is not the most

most essential quality in the fine arts; for he who works only by his memory will scarcely distinguish himself from the common workman; like the painter who copies, and who cannot paint from nature. He has learned to paint mechanically, and copies his original with the assistance of his memory; but he who can himself design after nature, truly exercises a liberal art, since judgment, and above all, genius are absolutely necessary, for the composition and execution of his work. In like manner, those who to a practical knowledge of music, unite the talent of composition, may boast that they possess a liberal art. It is not sufficient to be able to read an open book, this depends entirely on the memory; yet that may be called an art, though not a liberal art, and those who possess it, are only musicians, whilst the composer alone, is a real artist in music: his knowledge displays itself in melody and harmony, which form the essence of music. Melody requires much invention, and harmony great judgment, it therefore thence results, that the mind being chiefly occupied with the principal part of music, the talent of composing, is also a liberal art.

I shall here again observe, that every employment, the exercise of which requires more invention and judgment than memory, or even more invention than judgment, is a liberal art, and I shall endeavour to prove that the dramatic art is to be considered in that light.

By the dramatic art, I understand the talent of representing every good theatrical piece, of whatever kind it may be, in a manner suitable to the subject. This talent is very extensive, and in reflecting on its essential parts, we shall find nothing in it resembling a trade; we must even remark, that in certain respects it is superior to the arts.

The dramatic art is divided into two essential parts; first, the preparations necessary, for the representation of a piece, and secondly, the representation itself. In the preparations, are included all the preliminary dispositions and details, without which a representation could not take place, such as the choice of a situation, and the plan and construction of a theatre disposed according to the nature of the pieces which

art. Next, the invention and disposition of the decorations and moveable scenes do not belong to the memory. Neither does every thing depend on the painter: the manager of the theatre can alone direct them, agreeably to his plan. A painter of decorations is very different from a common painter: for the former cannot work upon one superficies, since it is divided into several plans, each of which must represent a part of a whole. The union and harmony of these detached pieces, to present, for example, a certain given point of view, must depend upon that disposition of them which the manager orders, and for which he has need both of judgment and invention.

The dresses belong also to the preparations. It is not sufficient to have a repository of dresses proper to different characters and nations; they must always be used with discernment, and in such a manner, as not to offend against probability or theatrical propriety: too servile an imitation would be as ridiculous as hurtful to theatrical effect. The real dress of the ancient Romans, that of the Turks, and much more that of the Peruvians in *Alzira*, would present nudities, which, far from heightening the interest of the action by a happy illusion, would offend the delicacy of the spectators. In such a case, therefore, it is necessary to make a judicious change in the accessory parts of the dress, in a manner, however, so as still to preserve a certain degree of propriety; but it requires much discernment and skill not to go beyond the precise point where theatrical propriety ought to agree with reality of dress, and the effect which ought to be produced on the spectators. Seldom do the authors of theatrical pieces point out with a sufficient precision the dresses of the different characters and personages whom they introduce upon the stage. They, for the most part, leave this care to the manager, and the latter must possess no inconsiderable share of knowledge to be able to choose them with discernment. If one should dress Sganarelle, in the *School for Husbands*, like a petit maitre, and Clitander in the *Fickle Man*, of Destouches, after the ancient manner, it would be an unpardonable offence against propriety. Desmaures in the *Country Gentleman* of Destouches, is a pedant, Pierrot in the *Prodi-*

well as by the ears, of the difference of all the characters which appear. Without this precaution, unity would never exist in the representation, and pieces would often produce much more effect in being read than in being acted.

I shall now pass to the second part of the dramatic art, viz. the representation itself. This does not depend so much upon the manager as the actor, and consists in a good declamation, with that action and dumb shew, which the different situations, and the expression proper for each passion require. This art undoubtedly is not impressed on the memory by practice. Every actor must feel what he says, and deliver it with a tone of voice and attitudes suitable. Seldom does an actor find himself in that situation of mind, which the author has attached to each part, and we know that the most beautiful passage read or spoken without that expression or emphasis proper for the situation produces no effect. The scholar who repeats from memory an Ode of Horace, fatigues the audience by his monotony ; however by instruction and great care, one may make him relish its beauties, and render him capable of reciting it with the suitable expression, but he will do it mechanically, and every new passion, that one may wish him to represent, will require fresh lessons. The actor cannot pursue the same route ; often in the space of a month he will have the part of twenty different characters to support ; how then could he succeed, were he obliged to study them by the help of his memory only ? This being impossible, he must have ability enough to catch with facility the most delicate shades in those characters which he is to perform. He is under the necessity of representing what he does not feel, and what, however, he has not learned mechanically by heart ; must not judgment and invention then facilitate the means ? It is considered, and justly, as a proof of genius, when the poet has the art of animating himself with a passion which he does not really feel, and of painting it with truth ; when he displays all the charms of virtue without being virtuous himself ; when with a gay heart he makes others shed tears by the efforts of his talents, and when he praises with enthusiasm what he despises with sovereign contempt. Why should we not render the like justice to the actor when he does the same thing on the stage ?

What conclusion then are we to draw from these reflections ? Doubtless, this, that the art of a comedian is a liberal art. None but the declared enemies of the theatre will dispute this truth, or rather make unavailing efforts to attack it.

Let us, therefore, render to the dramatic art that honor to which it is entitled, and not consider it as a despicable profes-

sion, which cannot be exercised but by low and worthless characters, for such an opinion would be a proof of the grossest ignorance. Those who frequent the theatre, and who judge coolly, and with impartiality, must be of this opinion, and will not refuse to the dramatic art that merit which has been allowed it by the most enlightened people in all ages. It appears, that this opinion was generally prevalent during the reign of Louis XIV. The marks of distinction, and particular favours, which that monarch granted to the performers at the different theatres, seem to prove it, and we know, that at that period, no person was thought to be a man of genius, or taste, who was not fond of dramatic representations.

In this enlightened and philosophical age, how therefore can there be people so narrow minded as to condemn such spectacles ? It is not my fault, if among the number of their enemies, some are found, who, under the mask of virtue, declare open war against them. Is it not shameful that those who by their condition ought to teach wisdom and virtue, should wish to proscribe an art invented solely for the purpose of rendering both amiable ? It would be useless to observe, that I here speak only of the theatre, such as it ought to be, to become truly useful. It belongs to a vigilant and strict police to banish insipid farces, and all those pieces in which vice appears triumphant at the expence of virtue. The theatre, restored to its former splendor, will always be the best school for morals. It is not here a proper place to treat of this subject ; but philosophers who have studied human nature, have long since been convinced, that great examples of patriotism, of public and private virtue, of greatness in adversity, and of courage in danger, represented with the commanding apparatus of decorations and dress, have a more powerful influence over the minds of the spectators, than frigid discourses on morality, divested of all those charms with which the theatrical art ornaments them, in order to make their impression the stronger. This opinion, which the most enlightened among the ancients and moderns have had, of the utility of such spectacles, will doubtless be diffused in this enlightened age, and happy will that people be, who can boast of possessing a theatre truly rational, and of carrying it to that perfection to which it rose in the flourishing days of Greece, by the emulation of those great geniuses, who by their sublime productions seconded the laws in securing public felicity.

Hanno ; or, a Tale of West-Indian Cruelty.

HANNO the slave allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape

escape from him, on hearing one of his brother slaves ordered to be punished unjustly. Zeluco having observed this, swore that Hann should be the executioner, otherwise he would order him to be punished in his stead.

Hanno said, he might do as he pleased ; but as for himself, he never had been accustomed to that office, and he would not begin by exercising it on his friend. Zeluco, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at legal intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed.

Hanno had been a favourite servant of his lady's before her marriage with Zeluco ; he was known to people of all ranks on the island, and esteemed by all who knew him. The Irish soldier who had carried the commanding officer from the field, as was related above, was taken into that gentleman's service some time after, and remained constantly in his family from that time : This soldier had long been acquainted with Hanno, and had a particular esteem for him. As soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, he hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him, was to carry a priest to give him absolution and extreme unction.

As they went together, "I should be very sorry," said the soldier, "if this poor fellow missed going to heaven ; for, by Jesus, I do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other who he pleases."

"He is a Black," said the priest, who was of the order of St. Francis.

"His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe," said the soldier.

"Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith ?" said the priest.

"He is one who would always do as he would be done by," replied the soldier.

"That is something," said the capuchin,

honest Hanno pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and, without more ado, or so much as saying by your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore ; where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry at this blessed moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and what is much more, like a brave Irishman too."

"Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines of the Catholic church ?" said the priest.

"That he has," replied the soldier ; "for I was after instructing him yesterday myself ; and as you had told me very often, that believing was the great point, I pressed that home. "By Jesus," says I, "Hanno, it does not signify making wry faces, but you must believe, my dear Honny, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose ;" and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased."

This satisfied the father ; when they arrived at the dying man's cabin. "Now, my dear fellow," said the soldier, "I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to shew your soul the road to heaven ; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey."

They raised poor Hanno, and he swallowed the wine with difficulty.

"Be not dismayed, my honest lad," continued the soldier ; "for although it is a long march to heaven, you will be sure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people pass their time indeed ; but by all accounts there is no very hard duty, unless it is that you will be obliged to sing psalms and hymns pretty constantly ; that, to be sure, you must bear with : but then the devil, a scoundrel, who delights in tormenting his fellow creatures, will not be allowed to thrust his nose into that sweet plantation ; and so, my dear Hanno, God bless you ; all your sufferings are now pretty well over, and I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long, in the other world, all the rest of your life."

church, that——” “ God love your soul, my dear father,” interrupted the soldier; “ give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards; for, upon my conscience, if you brother him much longer, the poor creature’s soul will slip through your fingers.”

The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested.

“ Now,” said the soldier, when the ceremony was over, “ now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil kiss your b—ks—de, for you are as sure of heaven as your master is of hell, where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.”

“ I hope he will not suffer so long,” said Hanno, in a faint voice; and speaking for the first time since the arrival of the priest.

“ Have a care of what you say, friend,” said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; “ you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments. If your master goes once there, he must remain for ever.”

“ Then I’ll be bound for him,” said the soldier, “ he is sure enough of going there.”

“ But I hope in God he will not remain for ever,” said Hanno—and expired.

“ That was not spoken like a true believer,” said the priest; “ if I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution.”

“ It is lucky, then, that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven before you knew any thing of the matter,” said the soldier.

As the soldier returned home from Hanno’s cabin, he met Zeluco, who, knowing where he had been, said to him, “ How is the d——d scoundrel now?”

“ The d——d scoundrel is in better health than all who know him could wish,” replied the soldier.

“ Why, they told me he was dying,” said Zeluco.

“ If you mean poor Hanno, he is already dead, and on his way to heaven,” said the soldier; “ but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he’ll be d——d before he gets there.”

disagreeable by every one; so also there are others which the generality conclude to be *agreeable*, and none can call *ordinary* or *disgusting*. Yet there are various beauties in various climates. It is of Italy that I intend to treat at present.

If we may credit some modern travellers, Rome, the capital of Italy, is scarcely to be deemed the capital seat of beauty, which seems not to prevail much, except amongst the middling sort of people, those of higher rank among the women being set off rather more by the ornaments of dress than by their personal charms.

Yet to return to my former position; every country has its style of what is called beauty, which the natives of another country cannot always (at least immediately) relish. And I find one of the English travellers, to whom I alluded, making the following observation: “ If an hundred English women were taken at random, and compared with the same number of Roman females, ninety of the former would be declared more handsome than ninety of the latter; but the probability is, that two or three of these Italians would have finer countenances than any of their English competitors.” This being granted, to which side does the balance of beauty incline? The same person has declared his opinion, “ That the English country-girls are unquestionably the handsomest of any of that description in the world.”

These are the circumstances and features that are esteemed beautiful at Rome. A profusion of dark hair, encroaching on the forehead, and consequently rendering it low and narrow: the nose aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the eyebrow, which is of the above-mentioned dark hue, as are the eyes, which though wonderfully sparkling, might be thought to lose much of their power from the circumstance of the *iris* and *pupil*’s being of the same colour. Yet after all, it must be owned, that the Italians have a *speaking* eye; and that the females of that country possess, in point of softness, every power of expression. Perhaps, if we might venture to give any thing like a decisive opinion, “ where doctors disagree;” we might say, that resting the dispute only between the Italian and the English females, the

the current of female felicity, it is piteous to behold what arts are multiplied to divert its course through still more reluctant channels, or accelerate its motion by an increase of its kindred element. An object in whom nature has constellated the radiant gems of diversified beauty, attracts by the mere prevalence of her charms myriads of insects, which irritate her peace, and sting her repose. That beauty which has awed the world with its nod: that delicacy which creates tenderness in the very contemplation of its nature, have found themselves insufficient to repel the hostile attacks of open malignity, or dissolve the mind to softer sentiments of benevolence and love. First to tempt, then to betray, is sufficiently diabolical to disassociate almost the idea of additional aggravation; but the boast of conquests never obtained, and professed depredations on modesty absolutely inaccessible, bespeak such a complicated union of baseness and barbarity, as personal observation could alone give credit to.

Affectation, as a means of superinducing artificial excellencies, would be entitled to some degree of pity, if not respect, since it must arise from an innate consciousness of defective requisites, and in time perhaps might constitute an habitual principle of virtue and honour: but what indignation can proportionate that solicitude which only counterfeits depravity, and apes the distinction of being eminently contemptible, and internally miserable? Infinite are the inlets of pain to the tenderest bosoms, and few the resources of real consolation. Man, who acts more on the open theatre of the world, often finds himself, even in distress, so far animated by applause, till vanity is become the ruling principle of his conduct. While woman, whose lot generally destines her to move in the less conspicuous scenes of retirement, perhaps "without a friend to encourage, an acquaintance to pity, or even hope to alleviate" her misfortunes, may, though actuated by a much higher motive, silently droop in repeated efforts of unaided fortitude. She finds not only her failings severely criticised, and her imprudencies aggravated, but even her honour impeached for freedoms she never indulged.

Wretches there are who, without pretensions to civility, or any sense of

beauty; of "poisoning the banquet it is unworthy to taste, and infecting the fruit it has no title to reap."

Oh! but it is nothing but a mere frolic, a spirit of gallantry, that evaporates with thought; nothing but a distillation of that vivacious humour, fortunately diffused through every rank of joyous associates, where incidental occurrences are wittily interpreted, and a happy fertility of conception checks the effervescence of facetious merriment. Long habituated to festive pleasantries, we justly condemn all your sententious reasonings, and fly to scenes where melancholy ideas can never intrude! Let your modest men of merit wrap themselves in imaginary consequence; they may perhaps enforce civility, but are totally incapable of conciliating esteem; and tho' a supposition of internal ornaments may sometimes excite a tacit applause, it is to supervenient decorations that the bulk of mankind will professedly ascribe any attractive influence; the arts of flattery are far more prevalent than logic, and personal recommendations infinitely superior to all your boasted acquirements of erudition and knowledge. Unaccustomed to doubt, we bound upon trial; the first hint of enterprize titillates the fancy with hope, execution commences, and the heart exults in visionary prospects of success, till — Ah! till what? — Poor deluded wretches! — Till experience detects the fallacy of speculation, and languid fears of misfortune totally enervate all the powers of action. Thus youth they exhaust without provision for age, and with thought exclude every rational tranquility. They jocundly skim along the surface of life, smooth the expanse with recreative pleasures, and even hail the port that must consummate their felicity: but alas! it is with steers the helm, while possession flies from them; despair springs a leak, and the influx of disappointment vacillates the bark, till she gradually sinks in the gulph of inanity.

On Raillery in Conversation.

By the Observer.

AN error in conversation, which has produced many ill consequences, and

boisterous mirth is constantly looked upon as clownishness and rusticity in all civil and well-bred companies. However, though it seems to be pretty much agreed, that the violent agitation itself is indecent and unmannerly, yet there has not been due care taken to banish out of conversation that which are reckoned the chief embellishments of discourse by all who aim at the character of wits.

He must have had little acquaintance with mankind, who sees not how pernicious this petulant humour has been. And if we reflect on the principle it proceeds from, we must conclude it an immoral and unmanly thing to indulge it. Want of deference towards one another is the first inlet to every thing unfocial; and no man can ridicule another without failing in point of reverence. Add to this, that in ridiculing any person, we always make a comparison between his weakness and our own superiority, and, consequently, express pride and ill-nature at once; which two things render a man very disagreeable to all he converses with.

Whoever desires to conciliate the goodwill and esteem of mankind, must endeavour to weed this out of his conversation as much as possible. Though it passes now under the modest and plausible name of *railery*, yet every body knows that it was originally *parling*, which, because no body would take without blows, men of more wit than courage made this improvement upon it, the more effectually to hurt others, and secure themselves. The injury, therefore, is now the greater, as it is more artfully concealed, and consequently those that find themselves injured will conceive the greater and keener resentment of it, and look about for the surest and silentest methods of revenge. The most benevolent and honest dispositions will soonest take fire upon occasions of this nature, nothing being so grievous to them as to be lessened in the esteem of those they love, and no people being more exposed than they to such insults; their blemishes resembling the scars of a beautiful face, which are always more remarkable than the regular features, and the constant marks that fools and envious people take of them: whereas characters altogether vicious, and faces entirely deformed, generally have the good luck to pass without being taken such particular notice of.

I am very far from thinking that all wit and mirth ought to be banished from conversation. What I have said means only the condemning the practice of carrying it on till it becomes offensive to company; which he must be a very weak man who does not know when it is so, and a very ill one, if, when he does know it, he nevertheless

persists in it. To give pain to our fellow-creatures, in order to procure any advantage to ourselves, is allowed to be criminal by every body; but certainly it is much more so, to do it when we can propose an end at all by it. And those who indulge themselves in such an ill-natured luxury, however they may imagine they please a company because they make them laugh, will always be regarded by wise men as a very worthless and insignificant set of people, for any other purpose than to be played off upon occasion; and to blurt out things which, though discreet persons may be sometimes fond of hearing, yet they do not care for saying themselves.

When men meet together from a spirit of benevolence and true good-humour, and not with a design to distinguish themselves as *wits* or *philosophers*, they will find such a gladness growing up in their hearts upon the sight of their friends and acquaintances, as will suppress every motion that can hinder what the scripture elegantly calls *preferring one another in love*. They will mutually participate in each other's gratifications; and, instead of turning their thoughts to remark on the false pleasures of others, keep up a disposition for receiving true pleasures themselves: which familiar and easy conversation about the common incidents and occurrences of life, is much fitter to inspire than either contentions, disputes, or insipid railery. Without cultivating such a temper, and endeavouring to preserve a constant sweetness and decency of behaviour, it is impossible to preserve friendship and mutual esteem; and without some degree of both these, all conversation must either be tasteless, or troublesome and uneasy.

The Nun. A True and Affecting Story.

THERE is in France, amongst other religious nuisances, an order of nuns, who, of all their vows, keep most rigidly that of poverty. They are on this account permitted, once a year to go about and solicit the charities of all good Christians, and never return empty handed. As these alms are by them collected during Lent, they are generally called *Hirondelles de Carême*. They always go in pairs when upon those expeditions, an old one, and a young one, the latter as much as possible handsome, gay, and lively. They fondly imagine, that the sanctity of their habit and profession is a sufficient guard against any attempt from profane men, and yet these young saints often become the heroines of some love adventure.

Monsieur le comte de ———, never failed giving those pretty mendicants the most cordial reception; for which reason he was constantly visited annually. He found that they

they had sent a new face; and, enquiring of the old one, what might be the reason, "Here," said she, "monieur, this parcel will tell you more about the poor sister Angelica, who has been very ill for these three months past:" so saying she left the bundle on the table, and retired in some confusion. The comte as soon as she went out of the room, and, indeed, of the house, which she quitted very abruptly, uncased the parcel, and to his utter astonishment, found it contained a beautiful child about two months old. The sweet innocent smiled at the comte, who taking it up eagerly into his arms, kissed and bedewed its cheeks with the tears of sensibility. Indeed, continues our correspondent, I do not recollect to have ever witnessed so affecting a scene; but more was to come. As I was more collected than the comte, I perceived and pointed out to him a letter pinned to the child's breast; he snatched it up with tenderness, indignation, and heart-felt concern, which were visible by turns in his countenance during the perusal; and he imparted to me the contents.

Sister Angelica, the fair writer of the moving epistle, upbraiding him for his perfidy in seducing her when she was last at his house; but fairly confessed that her inclination had but too well pleaded his cause in her heart. The rest of the letter was filled up with expressions of the liveliest contrition for her past folly, recommending the infant to his particular care; and concluded by acquainting him that she was sole daughter of the marchioness de * * * ; who, as it is but too common in France, had, for the sake of a brother since dead, forced her into a convent, and to take the veil.

The comte, who is without exception one of the most tender-hearted men, could not stand against such a tale of woe, but instantly took the proper steps which the law directs in such cases, where compulsion has been used. His cause was that of humanity; he pleaded it feelingly, and soon set the unfortunate victim at liberty, and crowned so noble a work by giving her his hand, as the only means of atoning for his past offence. The marchioness is since dead, and the comtesse is now in possession of 60,000 livres annual income in her own right.

An Account of William Fector, Esq.

WILLIAM Fector, Esq. was born the 9th of December 1764, and is the third and youngest son of Peter Fector, Esq. of Dover; a gentleman eminent for the honourable discharge of the laborious but important duties appertaining to the situations of merchant, agent, and banker; and we believe the major part of our own nobility, as well as the first characters on the Conti-

nent, will readily confirm our assertions. For upwards of a century the house of Minnet and Fector has preserved its commercial credit and pre-eminence in Dover. The transmutations they have witnessed must be numerous and entertaining. Few of the fashionable birds of passage have escaped their observation; and no one can open the Budget of Anecdote with more grace and pleasantry than the worthy parent of our dramatic amateur. The family is peculiarly remarkable for its domestic felicities and concord; and we believe, that few who have visited the Dover bank will deny they ever found themselves otherwise than perfectly at home.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, at Nayland, in Suffolk, under whose care Mr. W. Fector was in his boyish days, may claim a share of the praise to which his pupil is entitled, as his talents for recitation have been long admired, and his method of instruction therein has been peculiarly successful. Lord Robert Fitzgerald, brother to the Duke of Leinster, was under Mr. Jones's tuition with Mr. Fector; and those who were fortunate enough to see his Lordship's exhibitions at the Duke of Richmond's theatre last year will allow, that this young nobleman discovered traits of dramatic excellence which would not have discredited a veteran actor. The necessity of instilling the principles of eloquence among the rising generation cannot be too forcibly inculcated. Oratory is now the great pilot to fame: it is the most brilliant lustre which genius can receive. How many has it led to the Senate, the Cabinet, and the Seals: it laid the foundation of Chatham's political glory? and the laurels the patriot young Minister of the day has acquired from this most felicitous attribute, not only Great-Britain but all Europe must confess.

Though the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes are celebrated for their animation, perspicuity, and force, yet it will be allowed that in dramatic scenes alone we must look for that inspiration of character, sentiment, and impression, which can electrify those who see and behold. Garrick's greatest forte was manifested in the different and exact metamorphoses he could assume; and whether in Hamlet, Lear, or Richard, Garrick was not seen, but Lear, Hamlet, and Richard were the only objects that engaged the attention of his audience. Though it would be folly to assert that Mr. Fector has reached that summit of theatrical fame our departed, but ever-to-be lamented, Roscius attained; yet those who have minutely observed his performance, will give him credit for the spirit and enthusiasm with which he enters into the character he represents. Nor is his attention ever diverted from the scene to the

spectators—a compliment due to very few of those gentlemen who at present tread the stage. There are many nice touches derived from a critical examination of the author's text, which Mr. Fector has yet to learn; which poor Henderson thoroughly understood, but, with nature all against him, could not happily express, and which few of the present race of actors discover.

Mr. Fector's first performances took place in his father's house. For these few years past they have been exhibited where the Dover assemblies were formerly held; which building he purchased and fitted up with great taste, and at considerable expence. He generally issues 170 tickets of admission, and 190 have been present on more than one occasion. In his audiences he can boast of having been honoured with many distinguished characters; the female part thereof have been conspicuous for beauty and fashion, and generally compose a considerable majority. The assemblage might be truly compared to Circassia itself. In compliment to the founder of the dramatic feast, many of the ladies have appeared in yellow ribbons. Whilst Mr. Fector has such incentives to

“Pursue the triumph, and partake the
gale,”

it is not to be imagined he will soon relinquish a pursuit from which he has derived so much applause, and his guests so much real satisfaction. To the Queen of Tears the Dover Roscius has been most partial. He has only once made his bow to her laughing sister, as will appear from the following list:

The Distressed Mother, and Barbarossa, performed at Dover in the month of January 1783.

Revenge; acted in Mr. Fector's new theatre to an audience of 180; the prologue and epilogue written by Miss Mantell, Oct. 30, 1783; and on Dec. 16, the same play was repeated.

Tancred and Sigismunda; the prologue and epilogue by the same Lady, performed March 11, 1784.

Venice Preserved; prologue and epilogue written by Miss Mantell, Oct. 1784.

Orphan of China; prologue and epilogue written by Mr. Pratt, March 3,

Mahomet; prologue by Mr. Gillum, epilogue by Capt. Topham, March 5, 1787.

Matilda; prologue by Mr. Pratt, epilogue by Mr. Cobb, Dec. 18, 1787.

Guardian; with a prologue by Mr. Gillum; and

Deuce Is In Him; with an epilogue by the same, performed April 24, 1788.

Edward and Eleanor; prologue by Mr. Pratt, epilogue by Mr. Gillum, Nov. 24, 1788.

Mr. Fector acquired particular applause from his pathetic and animated style of delivering the last lines of this epilogue written at the time of his Majesty's unfortunate illness.

The Brothers; prologue by Mr. Gillum, epilogue by Mrs. Piozzi, was Mr. Fector's last performance, and exhibited Feb. 9, 1789.

At the dawning of the aerostatic rage, Mr. Fector ascended in France in the balloon of his friend the unfortunate Pilatre Du Rozier, the fatal victim of Montgolfiering. A more convincing proof of the estimation in which our Dover Roscius is held among his friends cannot be adduced, than in the unsolicited, honourable and spontaneous offer lately made to return him as the Representative in Parliament for his native town.

His exertions in behalf of his amiable friend Mr. Pybus on that occasion, evinced that his zeal in the cause of merit and abilities is not exceeded even by his dramatic ardour.

In person he is rather above the middle size; his countenance pensive; has great expression: the fire of his eye can be best described by those who have seen his performances; his voice is very powerful, and perfectly adapted to express the rage of the Hero, and the tenderness of the Lover.

“*Labor ipse voluptas*” is the motto of Mr. Fector's Theatre; the livery blue and orange; and the *tout ensemble* forms an elegant *coup d'œil*, which all must admit who have been honoured with the cards of the hospitable proprietor.

Anecdote.

DR. WATTS, so eminent for his poetic works, while a child, it was so natural for him to speak in rhyme, that, even

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March, 9, 1789.

MR. D. Browne was against the principle of the bill; to preserve the commons from the encroachments of the crown, was not more necessary than to guard against the influence of the lords. And it was well known that the aristocracy of this country had an influence in that house. [a cry of order! order!—] He then resumed, and grounded his objection upon their having voted the executive government to the Prince of Wales without any restriction, and the moment the King recovered proceeding to fetter the Royal prerogative.

Mr. Dunn spoke in favour of the bill, and Mr. Molyneux against it.

Major Doyle observed, that it was an exhausted subject, and he should not therefore attempt to deliver any thing in the form of a speech. He would only examine the arguments that had been adduced as the sole prop of two objections to the measure. One of these was, that it would be improper on the King's recovery, instead of congratulating, to bring forward a matter of complaint; he hoped in God, that the expressions and reports of the right honourable member were true, and that his Majesty was capable of taking the reins of government—if he was, then there was an end of the objection; for he would be capable of viewing the proposal in the light which every principled man beheld it as an advantage to the country. As to the implication of censure on the Lord Lieutenant, he did not think it founded in fact, the bill could bear no such construction; for aught he knew, he was the only Chief Governor who had not added to the pension list, and it was therefore extraordinary, that under his auspices, those who professed themselves his friends, should oppose a measure in direct conformity to his principles.—He avowed that he owed no disobligation to the Marquis—on the contrary, in the intercourse he had had with him, he experienced every mark of civility and attention, and he could not conceive that the bill had the most distant tendency to censure his character.

Sir J. Blaquiere vindicated the association which had been stigmatized by a right honourable gentleman, under the appellation of the Round Robin, as having combined against King and government. He was one of the gentlemen who had signed this paper for an honourable and laudable purpose; and would observe it with as much strictness as he would any obligation with his right honourable friend (Mr. Grattan) whose connection in it he thought was a sufficient pledge to the people that nothing unconstitutional had

Lieutenant had granted no pensions, he denied it; there had been an increase of 3100l. in 15 months, and if this was multiplied by him according to the number of years his Excellency might continue here, the house would have an idea of the excess. Sir John reprobated the expensive alteration that had been made in the army; it had been stated the expence of the reduction of the four regiments of horse, would not amount to more than two thousand odd pounds—this paper was not signed—but by the estimate signed by the proper officer, it appeared that the expence would be 25,000l. per annum in perpetuity; so that the surcharge was no less than 23,000l. which was unaccounted for.

Mr. B. Cunningham was against the bill.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied to Sir J. Blaquiere—a saving had been made in the allowance to *seconde* officers, amounting to 16,000l. which he ought to have taken into the account of the military regulations. He then spoke a few words to the question; a little time was necessary to consider it, and the indiscreet precipitance of the house upon a late occasion should afford them a caution; especially as they were about to legalize pensions, and provide for the discharging the hereditary revenue and additional duties.

Sir John maintained his position, and said, that the saving was temporary, but the expence perpetual.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer answered, that the consideration of the motion should be over until it came properly before the house. He thought there was an inconsistency in the bill, because although it disabled those who should accept of places and pensions from sitting in parliament—yet, it permitted such as already had them to retain their places, and vote. He vindicated Mr. Orde's pension, and thought that as a laborious, industrious man, who had ruined his health in the service of the country, he was fairly entitled to reward; his exertions to extend the commerce of Ireland—and put us in a situation to participate of the trade of Europe, were highly commendable; and he had left the country with a broken constitution and bare fortune.

Mr. Bushe thought the reasons assigned for delay were the strongest for immediately going into committee; if there was any thing offensive in the bill, why not instantly strike it out?—or if there was any thing which could press on the royal feelings, in the month of May next—would it not be prudent in the house to obviate the circumstance in the month of March? If they delayed, he contended the administration side of the house would, on any future discussion argue, that their conduct proceeded from a consciousness of the impropriety of the bill. Much

which had been formed as founded in virtue and honour—and called their resolution a self-denying ordinance, as they were pledged not to accept of pension or place.

Mr. Holmes thought the different blanks ought to be filled up before the house went into committee on the bill; he approved of Mr. Orde's pension—and instanced his system of education, as a proof of his merit.

Mr. Hamilton—[son of the Baron] in a maiden speech, opposed going into a committee. He thought it necessary not only to consider a measure itself, but to the conduct, character, and motives of those from whom it came. And for this reason a very salutary law ought to be resisted if the people had cause to suspect the party from whence it originated; upon that principle he was for procrastinating the bill. He was against taking the Sovereign by surprise—and thought that the delay would be consistent with the dignity and wisdom of parliament.

Mr. Alexander (of Derry) wished for delay until the King was announced to be perfectly recovered.

Major Hobart did not think the bill at this time consistent with that liberality which was the characteristic of Irish gentlemen. The bill had been rejected under other Lord Lieutenants, who were profuse, and it would now seem as if the absurdity was to bring forward the bill in the present government, because the Lord Lieutenant was economic. As to the state of the country in 57, he believed it was much in the same situation as at present. Government contended with an aristocracy, and was defeated; in consequence of which, the military expences increased, and after all, parliament was mean enough to pass a vote of thanks to the Chief Governor. In this state of distraction, the government continued until the year 67, when Lord Townshend, by solid arguments, brought the aristocracy to another way of thinking.

Mr. Saunderson observed, that the design of the other side of the house, was to represent the country gentlemen as if in avowed opposition to the King, when nothing was further from their intention. He thought the bill necessary to rescue the minister from the importunity of those who were for ever soliciting favours, and asserted, that places which had been increased, as well as pensions, were abundantly sufficient, to gratify a corrupt minister and his hungry expectants. As to the charges that had been imputed to country gentlemen, he was astonished by what touchstone gentlemen could unravel the thoughts of others. He would retort the charge, and say, that on the other side of the house there was also an association; but it was an association of servility on one hand, and prostitution on the other.

Mr. Kearney spoke a few words against committing the bill upon that night.

Mr. Egan [in a maiden speech] was for going into the committee instantly. It was absurd to say, that it would be offensive to the King; for in the act of settlement there was a clause which positively excluded pensioners from a seat in the English House. Could that be deemed an affront to Prince William? No; it was embodied

in our Magna Charta, and remained a great acknowledged principle. He retorted what Mr. Hamilton had said of suspicion, and observed, that he ought to be ashamed to suspect a measure which flowed through a channel so pure.

Mr. Pery and Mr. Howard were against going into committee.

Mr. Forbes disdained the idea of party influence; in bringing the bill forward at the present time he only discharged his duty to his country; for he despaired of carrying the measure if he should wait until many gentlemen were gone upon the business of the assizes. Though he disclaimed party motives, he would not disclaim his connection with certain respectable characters; it was an honourable connection, in which every thing selfish had been rejected, where the intent was to act for the dignity of parliament, the benefit of the people, and the honour of the House of Brunswick; and the influence of this association would be the salvation of the country. If parliament was not complete, there would be ground for objecting to the committal; but either the King himself would be competent, or some other mode would be established to give the royal assent to bills. Or if it was novel, or imposed any unnecessary restriction on the prerogative, gentlemen might with propriety oppose going into the committee. All that the bill does is this; it does not question the prerogative; we only declare by it after having examined the public accounts, that consistent with the national finances, certain sums only can be appropriated to pensions. As to the feelings of his Majesty on the occasion, he would only observe, that they could not be offended, for his Majesty had already approved of the principle, and sanctioned it by his assent in Mr. Burke's bill; and his concurrence to it was registered on the rolls of parliament in the sister kingdom. He was willing to accommodate gentlemen as much as possible in alterations they might propose in the committee.

Much had been said of the economy of the Marquis of Buckingham. To this he would only reply, what time so proper to propose a good law, as under a good Lord Lieutenant? What time so favourable to an economical plan as under an economic Viceroy? Were we to wait until a successor differently disposed got into the plenitude of power? Surely not. Mr. Forbes condemned the grant of Mr. Orde's pension, and said, that if he was entitled to such a reward, no man in that house could be refused a similar one; he imagined that it was pregnant with the seeds of future prodigality—asserted that it was originally bestowed only to give a foundation for the reversionary grant to Mr. Grenville, the Lord Lieutenant's brother; and to establish a practice whereby every Lord Lieutenant's secretary became entitled to equal claims upon this country on his departure. Mr. Forbes said, he would not go into the construction of the different acts granting the revenue, but he would only impress this great principle, that there was no part of the public revenue which should not be under the controul of the Commons.

Mr. Toler was against suffering the bill to go into committee.

Mr.

Mr. Brown (College) and Sir H. Hartstonge were for instantly going into committee.

Mr. Westby in a concise speech disclaimed all idea of party—having nothing to hope, and thank God, nothing to fear—as a country gentleman he gave his hearty assent to committing the bill that night.

Mr. Hardy had spoken so often on the subject—that he would not trespass on the house, he would only disdain all idea of party, and exhorted gentlemen not to pine at the prospect of a victory which they had so long contended for.

Mr. Curran, Mr. Smith, Mr. G. Ponsonby, and Mr. Grattan, spoke on the same side—but as it was a perfectly exhausted subject, nothing novel transpired.

Mr. G. Ponsonby said, that a charge had been brought against an odious and offensive aristocracy—he would only say, that any assertion, stating faction to be at the bottom of the present business, was not founded in truth. For his own part, he released the right hon. secretary from every tie of honourable secrecy—and called upon him to say, if he had ever made a refusal of favour a ground of opposition to government? He called upon the Treasury Bench one by one, to declare in the same manner. Here he paused for an answer; none having been given, he said, that after that he hoped he should hear no more random charges of faction and party—House divided,

For postponing the bill to the first of	}	98
May — —		
Against it — —		130

Majority against the Minister 32

The house then resolved itself into a Committee, Mr. Gorges Lowther in the chair, made progress, and reported.

10.] The house in committee, Mr. Holmes in the chair.

The order of the day was then read, for the second reading of the pension bill.

The house in a committee, Mr. Gorges Lowther in the chair.

Mr. Forbes rose, and stated there was an act extant in England similar to the present, by which his Majesty was precluded from granting pensions above the sum of 600l. a year to any person not already included under the establishment of the pension list. He would not, however, wish to confine his privilege, but would move that the blank under that head be filled up to 1200l.

The motion was put and carried.

He then moved, that the next blank, which grants to his Majesty an annual supply for civil establishment, be filled up with the sum of 80,000l. He stated the civil and military establishment at 103,000l. out of which there were pensions at present paid to different branches of the Royal family, 12,000l. which seldom, if ever, could be less. He mentioned other grants—which amount to from 6,000 to 8,000l. and averaged the whole at 100,000l. which was the utmost this country could possibly afford—considering the state of its finances.

The Secretary of State asked, if the hon. gentleman meant that 80,000l. was entirely to circumscribe his Majesty's civil list, and that he

was to be confined to the sum of 12,000l. in grants to the Royal family.

Mr. Forbes said, he certainly meant the whole pension list to be circumscribed by 80,000l. and that no person was to have a pension above the sum of 1,200l. until the pension list was reduced.

The Attorney General rose to say, that he had stated last night the bill had a direct contrary tendency to the effect proposed. He said the house were thereby called upon to legalize a surplus pension list of 180,000l. and he thought it his duty to warn gentlemen, that it went to give such an influence to the crown as to put it utterly out of the power of the house to controul. He could hardly suppose his hon. friend meant to be serious, unless it was his wish to accommodate the measure to gentlemen who had prerogative consciences. He descanted at length and with much force on the evil tendency of arming the crown with such a power of influence as a legalized pension bill.

He contended against another principle of the bill, which even went to impose a penalty on any member of that house, to be recovered by any common informer, who should even take a pension in trust under another name. This he said was breaking down the privileges of parliament, and exposing the dignity of members, whose wants force them to accept favours—to the mercy of every common informer, and inclined to take advantage of their confidence and credulity.

He depicted the great folly of being led by the example of England, totally under the government of different circumstances, and added, that it went to create an influence that must render the freedom of election so subservient to government, as to render every county a borough—and the members for counties would be obliged to go into the Castle of Dublin, and avow a principle to support the Minister before they could expect to secure their elections.—After dwelling for a considerable length of time on those arguments, he concluded by giving his hearty dissent to the bill.

The Secretary of State rose in reply, and very successfully combated the principles laid down by the right hon. gentleman. He contrasted the drift and complexion of his present arguments with those he had stated the evening before, and concluded by supporting the bill.

A desultory debate ensued, in which the principle of Mr. Forbes's motion was supported by Mr. Griffith, Sir J. Blaquiere, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Egan, and Sir James Cotter; opposed by Mr. Kearney, the Solicitor General, Mr. Corry, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The question was at last put and carried.

The remaining paragraphs of the bill were then read and carried without any opposition from the Treasury side of the house, until that clause was read excluding placemen who should be hereafter appointed to new places. This clause being considered by the friends of the bill as liable to opposition in the other house, was at the instance of Mr. Bushe, Mr. Griffith, Sir John Blaquiere, Mr. Curran, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Grattan, withdrawn, in order to make it the subject of a separate bill, without endangering the present.

The remaining clauses being gone through and passed *nem. con.* the bill was ordered to be reported to-morrow.—After which the house adjourned at half past ten.

12.] The order of the day being read for the whole house to receive the report of the committee appointed to take into consideration the pension bill.

Mr. Forbes proposed several amendments, which were agreed to by the house.

On the subject of the clause which goes to preclude any member from sitting or voting in the house of Commons, who holds any pension from government, either by himself or by another in trust, not however precluding him from holding a pension in trust for another, Mr. Ogilvie asked if a member holding a place in trust for his wife or his son, could be considered as coming under this privilege, as if so, he should consider the intended object of the bill as rendered totally nugatory.

Mr. Forbes in explanation said, he judged a member holding a pension in trust for his wife, would be considered in the eye of the law as holding the pension for himself, to all intents and purposes, and therefore would be incapacitated from voting in parliament; but if in trust for his son, he would only be considered as guardian of the property of his son, should he be a minor, as when he should come of age, the property would be resigned to him.

In respect to the clause which goes to preclude any person who shall hereafter hold or accept any pension from government during pleasure, or, for a certain time, from sitting in any future parliament, Mr. Forbes observed, that there was a very young gentleman, the son of a former member of that house, to the memory of whose virtues and parliamentary conduct both that house and the country owed every respect; he alluded to the late right hon. Mr. Hussey Burgh] the son of this gentleman stood in the predicament of receiving a pension during pleasure; he was sure, however, it was not the wish of the house that this circumstance should militate hereafter to the preclusion of that young gentleman, and he would therefore move for a proviso of particular exception in his favour.

Mr. Corran said, though he himself, and he was sure every Member in the house, and every man out of the house, that had known or heard of Mr. Burgh, must respect and revere his memory, yet he was nevertheless averse to any legislative preclusion in favour of any particular person, in opposition to the principle of the bill; and he thought it would be in the power of the crown,

ed to desire the attendance of the Commons, who came accordingly to the bar, when his Excellency delivered the following speech:

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" With the most heartfelt satisfaction I take the earliest opportunity to inform you, in obedience to the King's command, that it has pleased the Divine Providence to remove from him the severe indisposition with which he has been afflicted; and that by the blessing of Almighty God he is now again enabled to attend to the urgent concerns of his kingdoms, and personally to exercise his Royal authority.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I have submitted to his Majesty's consideration the supplies which you have already granted for the immediate exigencies of the public service, and the performance of the national engagements; and I am commanded by his Majesty to express his perfect confidence in your readiness to make such further provision as shall be necessary for the usual support of his Majesty's government.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I have it particularly in charge from his Majesty to assure you, that the prosperity of his faithful and loyal people of Ireland, from whom his Majesty has repeatedly received the strongest proofs of affectionate attachment to his sacred person, will ever be near to his heart; and that his Majesty is fully persuaded that your zeal for the public welfare will enable him to promote, by every wise and salutary measure, the interests of this kingdom.

" I cannot conclude this communication to you without expressing my fullest conviction that his Majesty's faithful parliament of Ireland does not yield to any of his subjects in sincere and devout acknowledgments to Almighty God for the restoration of his Majesty's health, and in fervent prayers that a long continuance of that blessing may secure to his people the happiness which they have constantly enjoyed under his Majesty's mild and auspicious government."

After which his Excellency left the house, and the Commons retired.

After a short adjournment to urrobe, the house being resumed, the speech was read at the table, when

The Earl of Hillsborough rose. I cannot express what I feel at this moment—I am the happiest of men to have an opportunity to testify my satisfaction on a topic, that so lately filled me with pain and anxiety, with the apprehension of losing an object so dear to every man in

The motions were then severally referred to committees to prepare the addresses.

The Earl of Hillsborough reported the address to the King;

As did the Earl of Glandore that to the Lord Lieutenant.

They were severally agreed to nem. diss.

The house adjourned during pleasure, that the Lord Chancellor should inquire when his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant would be waited upon with the addresses.

The house resumed, and the Lord Chancellor reported, that the Lord Lieutenant would be waited on forthwith, on which the house adjourned to present the addresses, and afterwards until Monday next.

14.] As soon as the Lord Lieutenant's speech had been read,

Lord Kingsborough rose to move the address. He prefaced his motion with observing, that the speech from the throne, informing us of the happy recovery of our most gracious Sovereign from his late severe indisposition, must afford every man the highest satisfaction; a Sovereign who is rendered peculiarly dear to this country, from the many benefits she has obtained under his reign. He then moved, that an address (which he read in his place) be presented to his Majesty.

The Right Hon. Mr. Latouche seconded the motion made by the noble Viscount. He said, the recovery of our most gracious Sovereign from his late most unfortunate malady, must be a subject of joy and gladness to every man in this kingdom; and he was confident that the address would not only meet the unanimous approbation of that house, but also, of the nation in general.

Mr. Grattan expressed the most heartfelt satisfaction on the joyful tidings of the happy recovery of our beloved Sovereign. The speech from the throne, he observed, was so worded as to demand unanimity; and from the manner in which the address was moved, and from the manner in which it was seconded, it met with his most cordial and hearty concurrence.

Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Forbes expressed themselves to the same effect.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

Lord Kingsborough then moved, that a committee be appointed to prepare and draw up an address, pursuant to the said resolution. The motion was agreed to, and a committee was appointed accordingly, to meet forthwith in the Speaker's chamber.

Ordered, that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's speech be referred to the said committee.

subjects, the Commons of Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to lay before your Majesty our assurances of the sincere and cordial satisfaction with which we are penetrated, on being informed from the throne, by your Majesty's command, that it has pleased the Divine Providence to remove from your Majesty the severe indisposition with which you have been afflicted, and that by the blessing of Almighty God you are now again enabled to attend to the urgent concerns of your kingdoms, and personally to exercise your Royal authority.

"We assure your Majesty, that we shall justify the confidence you entertain that we shall cheerfully proceed in making such provision as may be necessary for the honourable support of your Majesty's government.

"We should be dead to every generous feeling, should we omit to acknowledge your Majesty's unceasing solicitude for the interests of Ireland, or to second, by every salutary effort, your benevolent wishes for the welfare of your people.

"The numerous blessings derived to this kingdom from your Majesty's auspicious reign, are deeply imprinted in our bosoms, and sensible as we are of the inestimable value of these benefits, we beg leave to repeat to your Majesty, upon this joyful occasion, our most sincere professions of respect and attachment to your Royal person, family, and government.

"We conclude these our fervent congratulations with devout acknowledgments to the Almighty for this signal instance of his goodness, in restoring our beloved Monarch to the prayers of an affectionate people; and our gratitude for such a mark of the Divine favour is only equalled by the ardency of our wishes for the continuance of your Majesty's health, and that your Majesty may enjoy that invaluable blessing during a long and happy reign."

Resolved, nem. con. That the said address do stand the address of this house to his Majesty.

Resolved, That the Speaker, with the house, do attend his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant with the said address, and desire the same may be laid before his Majesty as the address of this house.

Ordered, That such members of this house as are of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council do desire to know his Excellency's pleasure when he will be attended with the said address.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that an humble address be presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, to return our sin-

The Right Hon. Mr. Secretary Fitzherbert informed the house, that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant having been waited upon, pursuant to order, to know his Excellency's pleasure when he will be attended by this house with the address to his Majesty, his Excellency hath been pleased to appoint this day, at five of the clock. The house adjourned.

18.] Mr. Forbes moved, that the pension bill be read a third time. Read accordingly; and on the Speaker having put the question, that this bill do pass,

The Attorney General rose, and observed, that many of his original objections to the bill had been obviated by several alterations and amendments made therein since its first reading; he nevertheless still considered it a bill of patronage to government, as it went to legalize a pension list in this country, which had never before been done, and against the principles of which he thought there were some resolutions on the Journals of the house. It was a bill which attached to the crown an additional revenue of 180,000*l.* a year—totally out of the controul of parliament, and he thought it bid fair to increase very considerably the pension-list of this country. He hoped he might be deceived, but he thought there was too much reason to apprehend such a consequence; and he begged it might be recollected he had opposed it on this ground.

He observed, that he had been taxed with inconsistency on the arguments he had formerly used in opposition to the bill; but he begged to remind the house, that the principle on which he had grounded those arguments were, first, that it was ungracious to present to his Majesty, immediately on his recovery from his indisposition, a bill charging him in the first instance with an abuse of his prerogatives; and secondly, that it tended to place the influence of the crown above the controul of parliament: If this was the inconsistency which was meant in allusion to him, he made a present of that inconsistency to the hon. members who had charged it to his account.

Mr. Forbes rose to make a few observations on part of the Attorney General's speech. He said if the right hon. member meant by the assertion, that the bill legalized pensions; that the pension list, when limited by that bill, was to be no longer subject to the controul of that house; as he had often before, so he must then give a direct contradiction to that assertion; it was an established doctrine, that the jurisdiction and controul of that house over every branch of the

public expenditure, could only be restrained or taken away by express words, and no such words are to be found in the present bill. In this doctrine he said he was supported by every constitutional man in both countries; the principles on which it was founded had been established by the English House of Commons beyond all controversy, in the year 1780. Abuses having been discovered in the application of the revenues granted to the crown for the maintenance of the civil list, a bill was proposed as a remedy; in opposition to this bill, it was contended, that by the preamble of the civil list act, first Geo. III. it appeared that an annuity of 800,000*l.* had been granted to his present Majesty during his life, to defray the expences of his household, and support the honour and dignity of the crown, that by the plain and necessary construction of this act, the application of the whole of this annuity, was under the absolute dominion of the crown, and that the two Houses of Parliament had by passing this act, given up its controul over the application of any part of the annuity, and had not any right whatsoever to interfere; but Mr. Forbes said, that this doctrine was condemned in the most decided and unequivocal terms by a majority of the British House of Commons, who resolved that it was competent to the House of Commons, to examine and correct abuses in the expenditure of the civil list revenues, as well as in every other branch of public revenue, whenever it should appear expedient to the wisdom of that house so to do; and in pursuance of this resolution, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, without the previous consent of the crown, for the purpose of restraining the crown in granting pensions out of the civil list revenue, for directing the application of a portion of such revenue, to the expences of the household; and even in some cases for the re-sumption of part of that revenue.

It in a case so strong as this now stated, the controul and jurisdiction of the House of Commons was not restrained or taken away, no person could contend that such controul was given up by the present bill; which instead of appropriating by such strong words a certain annual sum to his Majesty's use for his private expence, only provides that it shall not be lawful to exceed a certain sum in the whole of the grants of public money under the article of pensions; and leaves the power of the House of Commons precisely in the same situation in which it was before this bill passed.

(To be continued.)

(Looks at the title-page.)

Ut Pictura Poesis—a modest inscription!
Of the Drama, alas! a most faithless description.

At the head of a halfpenny ballad they put
An ugly, ridiculous, vile wooden cut;
And strict the resemblance, we very well know,
'Twixt the picture at top and the verses below.
Had drawings like these been compar'd to this
stuff, (flourishing the book)

'Twould have seem'd no such very extravagant
puff;

But here the whole case is the very reverse,
The print is most brilliant, most wretched the
verse;

And the humour which Hogarth's droll genius
created,

To the stage without genius or humour trans-
lated.

Nor is this, I assure you, our Bard's first offence,
Nor this his first trespass on Hogarth, for sense.

Six excellent prints, full of satire well plac'd,
In five acts, with twin efforts, two little play-
wrights disgrac'd;

And if they proceeded without a miscarriage,
Their thanks are all due to Will's Alarode Mar-
riage.

One of these is no more; but the other proud elf
Supposes he's able to stand by himself;

Nay strives to renew at this instant his labours,
Unpall'd by the terrors of two giant neigh-
bours;

Who, 'spite of all tricks, must so sure beat him
hollow,

They have nothing to do but to gape and to
swallow.

Yet now, with no comrade, the pigmy feels
bolder;

Sure sign he's no wiser, tho' now he's much older!
Yet, daring to jest on the tribe of Musicians,

Be you his correctors! be you his physicians!
With us, play him off to some tune for his flings,

Fret the cords of his heart into mere fiddle-
strings!

*Prologue to False Appearances, a Comedy, altered
from the French, and performed at the Theatre
Royal, Drury-Lane.*

By the Right Hon. General Conway.

Spoken by Mr. Wroughton.

LAUNCH'D on the bosom of the gentle tide,
With friendly hands its easy course to
guide;

With gilded tackling, and with silken sail,
To catch of kind applause the flatt'ring gale;

Say, what strange frenzy in the Poet's brain
Urg'd his frail bark to tempt the stormy main;

(Far from the kindly safe-protecting shore)
Where the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

With such a cargo too, such motley stuff!
For 'tis a strange assortment sure enough.

Some prose, some verse, some merry, and some
sad;

Some good, we hope; and much I doubt, some
bad;

Some old, some new; some English, some from
France,

Tho' not their weeping comedy, nor dance.

An Abbé, too! a sight you've seldom seen;
A parrot cloath'd in black, instead of green;
Half church half lay, half clerk half militant!
'Tho' in a band, the creature will not cant.
He's light too, not o'ercharg'd with cleric
lore;—

One good fat Parson would outweigh a score:
He will not therefore sink us by his weight,

And if he makes you laugh, he pays his freight.
We're all above-board—did not mean to steal,

But to declare our goods, and fairly deal;
All in the legal way of importation,

'Tho' there may be some small *adulteration*.
Some merit yet's our merchant author's plea,

From Gallic chains he set his drama free;
Where the ear's wearied with perpetual rhymes,

Like the dull jingle of their clatt'ring chimes;
Where male and female verse, with constant
strife,

Drag one sad endless yoke, like man and wife.
But let our blame be bounded as it ought—

No general censure suits a single fault.
How often mix'd in the same garden grows

The baneful hemlock with the fragrant rose!
And 'tis mere common sense each man relies on,

To chuse the perfume and reject the poison.
In fame and honour long their stage has shin'd,

Correct in manners as in taste refin'd;
We'd not detract an atom from their praise,

But add the Civic to the Muse's bay:
And shou'd the Genius of this happy isle

On Gallia's sons at length propitious smile,
While in each breast the patriot spirit glows,

We'd hail as brothers whom we've met as
foes:

To the same point their generous ardour tends;
The friends to Freedom must be Britain's friends.

And may the sov'reign Pow'r that rules above,
Unbounded in its wildom as its love,

To no one nation, nor to spot confin'd,
Extend that best of blessings to mankind!

Epilogue, written by Lieut. General Burgoyne.

Spoken by Miss Farren.

(A looking-glass hanging from her wrist.)

SOLDIERS turn poets!—That's no mighty
wonder!

But 'stead of tragic battle, death, and thunder,
Our bard takes FALSE APPEARANCES in
hand;

A subject he could never understand.
Peace, then, to efforts in these scenes display'd,

I come to try the world in *maquerade*;
From every borrow'd dress to strip the mind,

And, 'midst distortions, Nature's image find.
This wond'rous mirror!—look at it with awe—

Is that which Addison in vision saw,
When beaming o'er each sex in age and youth,

The hand of Justice held the glass of Truth.
Where it has lain, none knows—by interest hid,

In cities dreaded, and in courts forbid;
But with this wreath of fadeless laurel round it.

Dropt in the Muses' walk, our poet found it.
Ye party tribes, blest with so many faces,

Ye know not which to chuse in certain cases;
Or ye with *one*, one ever-pregnant smile,

Proof to all changes of this changeful isle;
Maid,

Maids, wives, and widows—all are in my power,
This is no dreaming visionary hour;
For by this light of conscious lamps I swear,
This dear, sweet gift shall shew me what you are.
Hats off—down fans—no hoodwinks while
you're try'd;

And, Sir, your head not quite so much aside.

[Offering to lift up the glass.]

Come, don't be frighten'd, harshness I disclaim:
Soft as the modified electric flame,
This subtle influence, tho' 'twould pierce a rock,
Shall play, not injure—I'll keep back the shock.
Now for it.

[Waving the glass all over the House.]

Culprits—you are all detected!

[A long pause.]

Upon my word, better than I expected.
Save one fond pair, caught in a tender oath,
Sigh'd, look'd, return'd, and felt—a fib in both,
Save wedded sweetlings, mutually sincere,
Who mean. "My devil!" when they list,
"My dear;"

Save certain smirks to cover peccadillos,
And keep all quiet on domestic pillows.
From high to low, from perriwig to feather,
More honest folks were never met together.
Yet, hold—methought I saw,—I vow I've
got 'em—

O Lord! how near my eye the glass has
brought 'em—

Two critics, with whole pocket-books of hints
For FALSE APPEARANCE in to-morrow's
prints;

For Bard, and Actors, comments false and true,
To mix with Ministers, and Buff and Blue.
Well, for the Stage there's candour, tho' there's
jest;

But will your private satire stand the test?
Look to *that* hint, ere with concentr'd rays
This burning glass sets columns in a blaze.
Wit, whole clear essence never stains the paper,
Shall separate and mount in pleasant vapour:
But the black line drawn against real merit,
The coarse thick virulence of party spirit;
The pen envenom'd, and the hand unknown;
Oh! what a smoke from sulphur, all their own!
'This touches few; the general point I yield;
For False Appearance Britain is the field;
Witness this audience, so well off to-night,
Witness new audiences whom I invite.
Come for the proof of being what we seem,
And take my *fat* for the world's esteem.
Come crowd, and after-crowds, nor dare denial,
On pain of being deem'd afraid of trial;
Come with true pride, with open boldness come,
You'll find me almost every night at home.

A Voyage to Content.

WEIGH anchor, bear off for the harbour
above, [love;

There dwells the chief captain of mercy and
The bark must be wisdom, the freight firm
belief,

Let virtue be sure stand the mast that is chief;
Let your cargo spread charity, where there is
need,

Of your mels let the poor and the indigent feed;

From envy and malice the cabin keep clear,
Let temperance stand at the rudder and steer;
Kick scandal o'erboard, sink lies to the deep,
Defrauding and cheating for ballast not keep;
Sail off from the rocks of vain-glory and vice,
Lest on 'em you founder and split in a trice;
Let justice and truth on the fore-castle stand,
Religion will dictate the word of command;
If billows of calumny flow like a tide,
There's patience to conquer, in time 'twill
subside;

When breezes of pleasure your mind much en-
gross, [loss;

Drop sail, or tack round, that you may not have
Ply industry's oars, for health, fortune, and
same,

On the keel of your heart implant a good name;
Let faith, works, peace, love, your head mari-
ners be, [free,

From quicksands of folly take care and keep
Make war with grand Pluto, the flesh, and the
world,

While ambition and pride t' ambition are hurl'd;
To honesty's compass be always toll bent,
And you'll ride to the coast of perpetual Content.

*Extempore, written under a Piece of Embroidery
of a Rose bud, which had been executed by a
young Lady of about 16 Years of Age.*

THIS Rose an emblem true displays,
You are the bud about to blow;
Let Virtue then direct your ways,
Your beauty by your wisdom show.

Virtue's the sweetness of the rose,
Vice is the thorn without conceal'd;
Your goodness by your deeds disclose,
'Tis that alone true joy will yield.

So, when your youth and beauty fade,
(For fade they must like this poor flow'r,)
You'll call your virtue to your aid,
Nor wait their loss a single hour.

Address to the Summer.

HAIL, grateful season, to all nature dear,
When vegetative sweets relieve the year;
When fragrant incense fills the leafy grove,
And nobler passions warm the breast with love.

Hail, orient, blushing animating morn,
By Heav'n design'd, to strengthen and adorn;
To vivify the stubborn, slumb'ring soil,
And bless creative nature in her toil.

Hail, gay luxuriance of embow'ring bloom,
Whose varied hues the noon-tide suns illumine;
Whose fairest shrub, its pearly pride displays,
And owes its sweetness to the summer rays.

Hail, silvan genii, songsters of the spray,
Heralds harmonious of the new-born day;
Hail dearest monitors the grove can give,
Luring mankind, in union to live.

Hail ev'ry renovating pow'r in summer's height,
The gifts of Providence—our wonder and delight.
B.

X—S—, June 22, 1789.

FOREIGN

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Constantinople, June 1, 1789.

THE plague continues in the Bagnio, and it is now certain has made its appearance on board one of the ships in the fleet, which is detained by a change of the wind near the entrance of this channel.

Stockholm, June 5.] A corps of about 1100 Russians having assembled at a village called Ruskiala, on the borders of the Province of Carrelia, waiting only for the arrival of a sufficient number of pieces of ordnance to make an irruption into that Province, Major Gripenberg, who was posted in the neighbourhood, with a battalion of the regiment of Tawastehus and four cannon, resolved to attack the enemy, on the 17th ult. though his whole force consisted only of about 250 men. On their approach the Swedes were so fortunate as immediately to dismount some field pieces, with which the Russians disputed the entrance of the village, and soon after the powder magazine of the enemy blew up, by which a great number of them perished. The battle commenced, and continued with great obstinacy for upwards of three hours. Major Gripenbergh computes the loss of the enemy at 400 killed, and a considerable number wounded. He quitted the field, however, though he had only 17 killed and 30 wounded. The Russians also after the action evacuated the Ruskiala, and retreated to Sordawalla. The Swedes fired with red hot shot, being informed that the Russians had deposited their powder in one of the adjoining houses.—Major Gripenberg has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; every officer under his command has been advanced one degree, and a reward of a Swedish ducat is ordered to be given to each private soldier.

The port of Helsingfors is blocked up by a Russian squadron.

Warsaw, June 6.] The accounts received here of the Turkish force in the Black Sea make it amount to sixteen ships of the line, and 21 frigates; in all 121 sail, including bomb-ketches, gun-boats, &c.

Vienna, June 10.] Advice has been received from Croatia, that the Turks have been repulsed in a second irruption which they had attempted to make into the Licca, in the Austrian territory, and that, after this defeat, the Austrians had taken a redoubt, with four iron cannons. In the evening of the 28th ult. the Turks retreated towards Vakup.

lieu of the Provincial court of Brabant, which is abolished.

Vienna, June 24.] The Emperor's health has been much better since his residence at Laxembourg. His Imperial Majesty passed three or four days without fever, and has recovered his strength so far as to be able to take the air for the greatest part of the day in the gardens of that palace. On Sunday and Monday last, however, his Majesty had a return of his fever, though not to any considerable degree.

Intelligence has been received from Sclavonia, that General Mitrowsky, with the corps under his command, had passed the Save, for the purpose of seconding the operations of Marshal Laudohn, against Gradiska.

The last accounts from Transylvania state, that the Prince of Hohenlohe, after having been joined by a corps of about 6000 men, from the grand army in the Banat, had left Hermanstadt, and had advanced towards the Frontier of Moldavia, from whence he had detached a reinforcement to the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg at Bakou.

Paris, July 2.] The National Assembly met on Tuesday last, according to the adjournment from last Saturday, and proceeded to verify the returns of all the Members in common, when the majority of the nobility protested against any resolutions of the assembly til they receive further instructions from their constituents.

Lyons, July 3.] There has been a dreadful riot here, on the arrival of the news of the union of the three Orders, the rejoicing was universal, and continued for two days without mischief; but on the 3d, the multitude repaired to the House of the Intendant, and committed many acts of violence; from thence they proceeded to all the offices of the Collectors of Government, at the gates of the city; &c. &c. pillaging and destroying every thing, and throwing the books, papers, and every thing they could lay hands on, into the Rhone. A regiment of dragoons was sent for, (there is no garrison at Lyons, the citizens always mounting guard) but instead of producing any effect, they were insulted, several wounded, and at length obliged to fire on the people. A dreadful slaughter followed, the multitude continued firm, wounded and killed many of the dragoons, and threw others into the Rhone; at length they retreated, and took post out of the town on an eminence called the Croix Roule; and when the accounts came away, things were

opened in a few days, that they expect this object will be soon accomplished. We now keep up a continual fire upon that fortress from more

than ninety cannon of different calibres planted in our lines.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

New-York, May 1, 1789.

YESTERDAY, the great and illustrious Washington was installed in the eminent dignity of first Magistrate of the United States of America, to which he has been called by the unanimous voice of the nation. The ceremony was worthy of the dignity and glory which gave birth to it.

His Excellency was conducted under an escort of a company of light dragoons, and of the legion commanded by Colonel Lewis, and accompanied by a committee of the Senate and Chamber of Representatives, from his house to the hall of the Fœderative States, where he was received by the two Chambers of Congress assembled in the hall of the Senate. From thence his Excellency, followed by all the Members, passed to the gallery or balcony in front of the hall, where in the presence of the people, he took the oaths appointed by the Constitution, which were read aloud by the Chancellor of the State of New York; which being finished, he cried out, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" which the people repeated in cries that rent the air.

On returning to the hall, Mr. Washington made an elegant speech on the occasion; after which the Congress, preceded by the President and Vice President, went to St. Paul's church, where they heard Divine Service performed by the Rev. Samuel Prevost; and on going out of church, Mr. Washington was carried home with the same ceremony as he had come to the Senate. In the evening there were brilliant fireworks displayed at the Castle, under direction of Colonel Bauman—and the hotels of the French and Spanish Ministers were illuminated with great taste and magnificence, as well as the whole city.

At the Court of Kew, June 23.] Tuesday, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was, by his Majesty's command, introduced into the Privy Council by the Right Hon. Earl Camden, Lord President; where his Royal Highness took his place at the upper end of the Board, on his Majesty's right hand.

Weymouth, June 30.] Their Majesties, Princesses, and suite, arrived here about four o'clock this afternoon, in perfect health and spirits. The road from hence to Dorchester was crowded by an immense number of people, from various parts of the country, their countenances beaming with affection and loyalty to the best of Sovereigns.

Their Majesties were met about a mile from the town, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, walking in procession, with colours flying, and a band of music, playing before them "GOD SAVE THE KING."

At their Majesties arrival at Gloucester Lodge, a Royal salute of 21 guns was given from the men of war lying in the Road, and returned from the Royal Battery on the Esplanade.

Immediately after dinner, their Majesties, Princesses, and attendants, walked on the Esplanade for two hours. His Majesty was heard to say to Lord Courtown, in waiting, that he would walk for two hours, to satisfy the curiosity of many of his loving subjects, who possibly might have taken a long journey to see him.

After this their Majesties walked on the sands for near two hours, followed by loyal multitudes, from all parts of the country. Their Majesties seemed to express great satisfaction and pleasure at their situation; and were remarkably cheerful and condescending. Every heart and every tongue was in unison; and shouts and acclamations of loyalty employed every moment of this happy day.

His Majesty, on viewing the Bay of Weymouth, exclaimed, in terms of the utmost satisfaction, "I never enjoyed a sight so pleasing!"

Their Majesties continued on the Esplanade from six o'clock to eight, returning the salutations of thousands of their loyal subjects, with that condescension and affability which cannot fail to impress every heart with loyalty, gratitude, and affection.

In the evening a general illumination took place.

July 1.] An affair of honour, between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Aston, was settled yesterday:—Lord Charles Fitz-Roy and Mr. Crockatt were the seconds, and have published the following account of the transaction:

"To prevent any misrepresentation of a duel which took place this morning, we think it our duty to state the following particulars:

"In consequence of a message from Mr. Sumner to Mr. Aston, relative to a misunderstanding which happened the preceding evening, the parties met in a field near Uxbridge road; when it was agreed by their seconds, that Mr. Aston and Mr. Sumner should fire together, at the distance of twelve paces; Mr. S. fired, Mr. A. returned the fire instantly, and slightly wounded Mr. S. in the upper part of the thigh. Mr. Sumner declared himself satisfied, and left the ground. (Signed)

CHARLES FITZ-ROY,
HENRY CROKATT."

His Guards. Court-Martial.

Duke of Richmond and Col. Debbeige.

Yesterday morning, at half after ten, the Court resumed, and proceeded to the defence. This was but short; the Colonel depended, in a very great measure, upon the witnesses he wished to call, to prove the superiority over those of the Master General of the Ordnance, of the plans he wished to introduce, and on his great experience and long services.

In speaking to the Second Charge brought against him, of having caused to be published in the Gazetteer, the letter to the Duke of Richmond

mond, which he had previously delivered to his Grace, he imputed it to his anxiety to bring his plans of fortification into effect.

As to the Third Charge, the Colonel endeavoured not only to exculpate himself, from the intention of conveying, by his public letter to the Duke, any hint to the enemy; but likewise to prove that it could have no such effect.

The Court having been cleared, and on its being again opened, the resolve communicated to Col. Debbeige that his witnesses, upon the above principle, could not be examined, the Colonel declared, that he would in that case call no witnesses at all.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond then begged to reply chiefly to the defence; and this being granted,

He remarked, as to the attempt to vindicate the Second Charge, how very offensive it is for an inferior officer to charge, publicly, with ignorance and neglect of duty, his superior.

But the Duke dwelt particularly on the Third, and most consequential charge.

The Colonel had said, that he spoke of the want of a fortified harbour, and our weak holds being exposed to our watchful enemy the French, in so general a way, that it could not militate against us. To this the Duke remarked, that as he himself, and all those who were capable of judging of the tenor of the letter, did understand the allusions, it followed, of course, that our enemies might do so too.

Colonel Debbeige had expressed his anxiety to get his plans brought into effect, and said, that he had often been consulted and called upon by the Ministers of State, without the privity of the Master General of the Ordnance. In the present case, the Duke observed, that he had not been called upon, but was a volunteer.—That he had taken no proper steps to get his plans introduced; had neither laid them before the Minister regularly, nor before him, nor before the Chief Engineer; and that therefore he was the less excusable, if he could be excusable at all, in having the letter addressed to him (the Duke) inserted in the Gazetteer.

The sentence, before it can be made public, must be communicated to the King.

The Court was extremely crowded.

Duel. Colonel Lenox and Mr. Swift.

In consequence of a letter addressed to the King, and written by Theophilus Swift, Esq. reflecting very strongly on Colonel Lenox for challenging the Duke of York, when he should have rather challenged any other member of D'Aubigny's Club, and accusing him of cowardice, the parties met yesterday, near Ragswater.

D U E L.

Spurious and illiberal accounts having been published of an affair of honour which took place on the 19th July, the seconds think, in justice to the gentlemen on whom they attended, they should deliver the following statement of facts:

The meeting was occasioned by a demand of satisfaction for an insult offered by Mr. Tonge, (who had drank more wine than usual) to Mr. Paterfon, in the Strand, on the night of the 16th instant. Mr. Tonge wished to make an apology, but blows having passed, Mr. Paterfon thought he could not with propriety accept of any. Mr. Tonge and Mr. Paterfon met at half past one o'clock. It was agreed that the distance should be twelve paces. Mr. Weeks proposed that they should fire together. Mr. Birrell thought Mr. Paterfon entitled, as the injured person, to the first fire. Mr. Paterfon said he did not wish for any advantage; if Mr. Tonge could reconcile it to his own feelings, it was perfectly indifferent to him. They levelled together; and, upon a signal being given, Mr. Paterfon fired, and lodged a ball in the upper part of his antagonist's thigh; Mr. Tonge, falling, discharged his pistol without effect. (Mr. Tonge declares the shock he received from the ball was the cause of his pistol going off, and that it never was his intention to fire at Mr. Paterfon.)—Mr. Tonge asked Mr. Paterfon if he was satisfied; and offered him his hand. Mr. Paterfon replied, he was perfectly so—but sorry that he had felt himself obliged to proceed to such extremity.

Mr. Tonge said, he apprehended bad consequences from the wound—and advised Mr. Paterfon to leave the ground.

(Signed)

DAVID BIRRELL,
RICHARD WEEKS.

Extract of a Letter from France, dated the 10th of July, 1789.

The palace at Versailles is completely surrounded by foreign troops. The army under Marshal de Broglie, ordered from Lorraine, Alsace, &c. composed almost wholly of Swiss troops, was not expected till the 15th July. A camp of 35,000 men, accompanied by a very large train of artillery, is already formed, and stationed between Paris and Versailles, as a security to the King.

The Marshal has entered on his command with great firmness and intrepidity. He had not been long arrived, before his activity was called into action; on an insurrection last week at Versailles, the mob threw large stones at a party of Hussars who were sent to disperse them. They were on horseback with their weapons

that if they did not immediately desist, the prisoner should be produced them, but hanging at the window. This threat had its effect, and the mob dispersed.

The sittings of the National Assembly on the 8th instant were uncommonly tumultuous, and dispelled the pleasing hope which had been entertained, that when once the assembly regularly met, tranquillity would be restored. The encampment became the subject of debate. The meeting was extremely full, and the rumours which had gone abroad on the subject had prepared men's minds for something important.

17.] The following intelligence was received yesterday by an extraordinary messenger from Paris, in 36 hours.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. Necker received his Dismission from the King, as Comptroller General of the Finances. On receiving this notice, he instantly left Paris, and set out post for Geneva.

Previously to this, on the Friday and Saturday, there had been such a commotion in Paris, that one of the ringleaders about the palace was ordered to be taken up; but the persons, who were sent with this command to arrest him, were torn to pieces by the mob.

The foreign regiments were stationed in situations most contiguous to the gates of Paris and Versailles; and they very soon proceeded to insult the people: riots ensued, and a great multitude assembled at the Palais Royal. The officers and guards were killed on the spot. The troops advanced into the city, and a continued engagement ensued, in which the people made a stand with astonishing intrepidity. Before Rossi, which is the name of the courier, left Paris, the populace had repeatedly attacked the Comte d'Artois' residence, with a view of burning it, and also some of the offices of the State; and a number of lives on both sides were lost in these conflicts. A part of the multitude were on their way to Versailles, and the palace was threatened to be laid in ashes.

An arrest was issued for seizing the Duke D'Orleans, and several attempts made to take him; all of which miscarried. The charge was, that he had issued one hundred thousand crowns on a pretence of relieving the wants of the people, in relief to the sufferers of corn, but that, in re-

struther, of a son, at Bath.—15. The lady of the Speaker of the House of Commons, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 28, 1789. **T**HE honourable Mr. Talbot, brother and presumptive heir to the Earl of Shrewsbury, to Miss Clifton, second daughter of the late Thomas Clifton, of Leatham, in Lancashire, Esq.—6. At Lambeth, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Markham, son of the Archb. shop of York, to Miss Sutton, daughter of Sir Richard Sutton—9. At Lambeth Palace, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cholmeley Deering, Esq. second son of Sir Edward Deering, Bart. to Miss Yates, daughter of the late Sir Joseph Yates.—At Edinburgh, Richard Charles Connel, Esq. surgeon of his Majesty's ship the Champion, to Miss Janet Douglas, youngest daughter of the late Dr. John Douglas, of Smeaton, in the co. of York.—Francis Lewis, Esq. of Harwich, to Miss Brewster.—10. Commodore Latwidge, of Argyle-street, to Miss Batson, of Mortmer-street.—11. Lately at Gibraltar, Captain Prescott, of the 25th regiment, to Miss Phipps, eldest daughter of Colonel Phipps.—12. John Drummond, Esq. of Charing-cross, to Miss Choimondeley, of Vale Royal, Cheshire.—15. Lord William Murray, to Miss Hodger.—16. At Mary-le-bone church, Thomas Lockwood, Esq. junior, to Miss Charlotte Manners Sutton, third daughter of the late right honourable Lord Geo. Manners Sutton.

DEATHS.

May 26, 1789. **I**N France, Count Sarsfield. He was great grandson of the gallant Gen. Sarsfield, who so greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Limerick, by intercepting the battering artillery and ammunition destined to support that siege.—Capt. Elington, commander of the Deptford East Indiaman.—The hon. lieutenant-gen. Alexander Mackay.—Brigadier-general Hope, lieutenant-governor of Quebec.—June 4. At Falmouth, Richard Lockyer, Esq. just arrived from Lisbon, and formerly of Bombay, in the East Indies.—At Staindrop, in the county of Durham, the hon. Mrs. Vane, relict of the honourable Raby Vane, younger brother to the Earl of Darlington. His lordship bequeathed the

Lincoln's Inn, Thomas Cater, Esq.—In the King's Bench prison, the famous Luke Ryan, captain of the Black Prince privateer during last

war, who captured more vessels belonging to Great Britain than any other ship during the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Londonderry, July 15, 1789.

SAILED the ship Sally, Capt. Miller, with 180 passengers for Philadelphia.—Also, the ship Happy Return, Captain Ewing, with 300 passengers.

Limerick, July 16.] Yesterday morning between one and two o'clock, six of the prisoners confined in the county crib, found means to cut their bolts with a knife, and breaking through the ceiling, they got up one of the platforms to the upper landing place, where they made an aperture in the vault, which is a very bad one, then thro' the roof of the jail, and descended by a rope; three of them were re-taken, and John Casy, Patrick Murphy, charged with burglary and robbery, and James Foorde, charged with stealing two pigs, made their escape.

Kilkenny, July 18.] We hear from Killena, in the King's county, that on Sunday last, about noon, the parishioners being assembled at mass, a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning came on, which shook the chapel and made the windows rattle, to the great surprise and terror of the congregation. A mill, about a quarter of a mile from thence, was totally demolished; and a young man attending it was struck senseless, and continued so for twelve hours, when he recovered.—The mill stream is said to have received a surprising degree of heat, which it retained a considerable time.

Waterford, July 19.] A respectable house shipped on board the Princess Augusta, Captain Power, for Cadiz and Malaga, 71546 yards of stamped and white lincos, 1478 dozen pairs cotton stockings, fifty tons cabinet-makers goods, with a large quantity of polished steel utensils, for chamber and kitchen furniture. A strong proof of our encreasing trade with the opulent and extensive kingdom of Spain.

DUBLIN.

Dublin Castle, June 26, 1789,

THIS day about one o'clock, his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham sailed on board his Majesty's yacht the Dorset, with a fair wind for Parkgate. His Excellency embarked from the Lodge at the Black-rock, and proposed soon after

ford Tower, and on a signal being given by the firing of a rocket, the guns at the Salute Battery in the Phoenix Park were fired on the occasion.

July 1.] About eight o'clock, a young man, returning from a walk, was attacked in Pall-lane by a number of fellows, and much beat on his making resistance. One of the villains seized the young man's hat, and was making off with it, but on being pursued by one of the inhabitants, dropped it.—Several robberies have lately been committed there at an early hour.—Their method is, to jostle the passenger, and pick a quarrel with him, when several close with him, and in the scuffle rob him.

3.] The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, Aldermen and Sheriffs, attended by the Common-council, Masters and Wardens of the different Corporations, waited on their Excellencies the Lords Justice at the Castle, to congratulate them on their being called to the Government of this kingdom. The Recorder in a short but eloquent speech, addressed their Excellencies, and paid a handsome compliment to the Lord Chancellor, who, he said, had been called to that exalted judicial situation by the united voice and approbation of the two nations. The Recorder mentioned the distressful and calamitous circumstance of the threatened famine in other countries, of which this kingdom by the wisdom and well-timed exertions of its steady friends, no apprehensions were entertained, care having been taken to prevent the fatal consequences attending such a dreadful calamity, by the wise and salutary code of corn laws framed and carried into effect by his Excellency John Foster.

4.] As Lord Charles Fitzgerald's chariot was returning empty from town to his country seat at Sybil hill, it was stopped near Ballybough-bridge by nine footpads armed with pistols. After searching the carriage, they suffered the servants to proceed, damning them for their disappointment.

6.] A brig, called the Carmarthen Packet, bound from Bristol to a port in the Baltic, sprung a dangerous leak, which obliged the crew, eight in number, to take to the boat, and after a dreadful and stormy passage, arrived safely at Ardmore in the county of Waterford, on Tuesday evening,

ably excited for the approaching harvest, the weather having for some time past been so remarkably inclement at this advanced period of the summer. Prayers were offered up in different houses of Divine Worship for a favourable change of weather.

15.] At night Mr. Draper, jun. was stopped on the dunghills near Townshend Street, by a single footpad, armed with a pistol, who robbed him of his watch.

16.] In the morning, at an early hour, a fire broke out at a brazier's work-shop, in Back-lane, which, notwithstanding every assistance, consumed it and an adjoining building. The progress of the flames were however happily stopped by the exertions of the engines, &c.

Advices from the maritime districts of Ulster, give unfavourable accounts of the state of the flax, great part of which the heavy rains have laid on the ground in such a manner, as to excite apprehensions for the safety of the crops. This is an event of the utmost importance, as every thing must be that affects the staple of so great a manufacture.

A private Letter received by a Gentleman in this City from Paris, dated Monday night the 13th Instant, gives the following Account:

That the populace hearing of Mr. Neckar's dismissal from the Seals, and apprehending him to be sent to the Bastille, assembled on Saturday the eleventh to the number of 25,000 in the square of Louis XV. from whence they marched, armed with musquets, broad swords, &c. to the Barriers, at the end of the town, which being at word, they destroyed in a few hours: they then took the road to Versailles, and were opposed some miles from Paris, by a number of Swiss guards, whom they soon dispersed after a conflict, in which many were killed on both sides. The armed populace returned to town, and seized about forty pieces of cannon, with which, and their small arms, they attacked the King's troops on the Quai du Louvre, between the New and the Royal Bridges, which so terrified the inhabitants, that the shops were shut, and the doors and windows barred, as in a city besieged by a foreign enemy. Skirmishes with cannon and musquetry were continued all Sun-

ing near Paris, all house-keepers, with their friends and dependents, capable of bearing arms, have associated in the manner of our Irish Volunteers, after a solemn oath to protect their liberty, property, wives, children and other weak persons, to the last extremity, against any power soever. In this state of anarchy and horror, was the once gay and flourishing capital of the French empire involved, on Monday the 13th inst.

Another account says, that Mr. Neckar, thinking himself in a dangerous situation went privately to Versailles on Friday evening the 10th instant, where he resigned the Seals into the King's own hand, and having sent his lady a day's journey from Paris the day before, got into a post-chaise and joined her, as is supposed, on the road to Franche Comte and Geneva. His fortune has been wisely lodged some weeks in the Royal Bank of Turin.

On Tuesday morning (14th) the people went to the Bastille, and demanded that it should be put into their hands. The Governor, M. de Launay, refused to surrender it; a great number, who, during the parley, had passed the first draw-bridge, were inclosed between the two draw-bridges, and almost all killed by a discharge of grape-shot from the cannon of the Bastille. The rest of the armed citizens, enraged at the slaughter of their associates, invested the place in form, and there not being a sufficient garrison, they scaled the walls in immense numbers and stood the shock of the cannon with great intrepidity. They took the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Major, all prisoners, condemned them by a summary trial, and instantly conveyed them to the Place de Greve, where they were all three beheaded!

Monsieur de Fleiscelles, the Prevot des Marchands (or Lord Mayor of Paris) was killed the same day by a blow from the butt end of a musket, and his head afterwards severed from his body!

On Wednesday (15th) the King went to the National Assembly with only a single attendant, and, in a speech from the Throne, submitted his Crown and his life to the disposal of his people, to whose representatives he surrendered his royal power to be new modelled, as should seem most advantageous to the good of the nation.

He hesitated in reading them, as if anxious to conceal part of their contents; the mob snatched them from his hand, a person was appointed to read them. It appeared that he had advised the King to use force; upon which the rage of the multitude burst forth, and with their bludgeons they knocked him down, and, after a shocking beating, he was finally dispatched with the butt end of a musket. The bludgeons are about three feet long, and are called *Tiers*.

Thus has the hand of justice at length brought upon France those evils which she has been disseminating through every other country; while she held it to be impossible that the spirit of feeling of her own sons could vindicate themselves. But as Men they have asserted their rights, and as citizens, they have claimed their rank among the nations of the earth. The want of popularity in the French Monarch and his Court facilitated this great and glorious Revolution.

Since this account a letter from a gentleman in Paris to his friend in Dublin, dated the 18th inst. mentions, that every thing was then quiet both at Paris and Versailles. Mr. Necker had been recalled, and was placed at the head of the finance department. Good order had been restored, and the national assembly was proceeding with temper and firmness to establish the constitution of the kingdom upon a system of freedom and independence, without trenching in the smallest degree on the natural rights of the Sovereign.

27.] Last Saturday as Mrs. Field, wife of an eminent bleacher, was riding on a jaunting car at the Canal, the horse took fright, occasioned by the noise of a butter-milk car driving from town, and plunged into the water. In consequence of this unfortunate accident, Mrs. Field was drowned before it was possible to receive any assistance. The boy that drove the car together with the horse, were saved. Mrs. Field remained but about ten minutes in the water, but the efforts made to restore her to life, when taken up, proved abortive.

Same day, Daniel Dowling was executed opposite the New Prison, for the murder of Charles Tyndall on the 15th of February last. This miserable delinquent suffered inconceivable torture previous to his death, the rope having slipped from the proper situation round his neck; for near a quarter of an hour, therefore, he continued to wreathe his body under great agony, a most horrid, and we would hope, an admonitory spectacle, to a great concourse of spectators.

BIRTHS for July, 1789.

ON the Bachelor's-walk, the lady of Ephraim Hutchinson, Esq. daughter of the late Redmond Morris, Esq. (member of parliament for the city of Dublin,) of a son.—In York-street, the lady of Morley Saunders, of Saunders Grove, county of Wicklow, Esq. of a daughter.—In Abbey-street, the lady of Arthur French, of French-park, Esq. of a son.—In Lisburn-street, the lady of Captain Parker, of a daughter.—At Altavilla, county of Limerick, the lady of John Bateman, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES for July, 1789.

THE 16th of May, at Queen-square Chapel, Bath, Sir John Caldwell, of Castle Cald-

well, county of Fermanagh, Bart. and Count of Milan, in the Sacred Roman Empire, to Miss Harriet Meynell, daughter of the late Hugo Meynell, of Yorkshire, Esq.—Charles Hudson, Esq. late of the 66th regiment of foot, to Miss Anne Johnson, of Knappah, county of Armagh—Edward Trevor, Esq. to Miss Wigglesworth, daughter to John Wigglesworth of the Phoenix Park, Esq.—July 1. By special licence, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Powerscourt, to the Honourable Lady Catharine Meade, second daughter of the Right Honourable John, Earl of Clanwilliam; the ceremony was performed by her ladyship's uncle, His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam—John Doherty, of Middleton, county of Dublin, Esq. to Miss Edmond, sister to Sir Thomas Edmond, Bart.—Jonathan Willington, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Biddulph, of Cattertown, in the King's County.—In Cork, John Manton, Esq. to Miss Champion.—4. Thomas Claffon, of Eustace-street, Esq. an eminent merchant, to Miss Jameson, of Larne, in the county of Antrim.—Alexander Carroll, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's 5th dragoon guards, to Miss Delacour, daughter of Colonel Delacour, of Portarlington.—At Youghall, Broderick Chinnery, Esq. member of parliament for the borough of Cattermartyr, to Miss Ball, daughter to Robert Ball, Esq.—At Cork, William Lumley, Esq. to Miss Perrier, daughter of the late Anthony Perrier of the city of Dublin, Esq.—Charles Frizell, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Dobson, daughter of Robert Dobson, late of Angrove, county of Cork, Esq.—At Turvey, county of Dublin, Standish Grady, of Eton, county of Limerick, Esq. to Miss Mabella Ryves, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Ryves, of Limerick, Esq.

DEATHS for July, 1789.

AT Ballinrobe, as he was mounting his horse to review the 8th dragoons, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy and almost instantly expired, Major General James Patterson, Colonel of the 28th regiment of foot, and one of the Generals on the Staff of Ireland. He was the officer who commanded the grenadiers, who with so much bravery scaled the rock at the storming of Bellisle, on the coast of France, in the French war of 1756, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 63d foot for upwards of 24 years, part of which he served in America during the late war; the 29th August, 1777, he was appointed a brevet Colonel; and the 20th of November, 1782, he was appointed a Major-General, and in 1787, was promoted to be Colonel of the 28th foot. His death is very much lamented by the gentlemen of the army, by whom he was highly esteemed.—At Abbeyville, co. of Dublin, in the 14th year of her age, Miss Hannah Beresford, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable John Beresford, by his present lady, daughter of the late Sir William Montgomery, Bart.—At Park, in the county Limerick, the seat of Sir Richard De Burgho, Bart. Nehemiah Donnellan, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel in his Majesty's 38th regt. of foot; he had served in the 8th regiment upwards of 30 years, until he was appointed to the 38th in the year 1759, immediately

diately after which his intellects became deranged, in consequence (as it is supposed) of a very severe wound he had formerly received in the forehead, in an engagement under Prince Charles of Lorraine, which obliged him to quit the service.—William Odell, of Ballysally, co. Limerick, Esq.—In North Great George's-street, Miss Brooke, daughter of Francis Brooke, Esq.—At Wicklow, Hugh Bowen, Esq. aged 67, port surveyor and land-waiter of that place.—At his house in Rutland-square, the 26th of June, the Right Honourable Ralph Howard, Lord Viscount Wicklow, and Baron Clonmore, of Clonmore Castle, in the county of Carlow, and one of the Lords of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council. His Lordship was first advanced to the Peerage 21st July, 1776, by the title of Baron Clonmore, and was further advanced 21st June, 1785, to the dignity of Viscount Wicklow, to him and his heirs male. His Lordship is succeeded in titles and estate by his eldest son, the Honourable Robert Howard, member of parliament for the borough of Johnstown, in the county of Donegal, now Lord Viscount Wicklow.—At Cottage, near Richmond, Murray Kathrens, Esq. an eminent attorney, and a justice of peace for the county of Dublin.—In Eccles'-street, Mrs. White Edgeworth.—At Monkstown, county of Dublin, Christopher Myers, Esq. formerly a very eminent architect, father of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers of the 15th foot, and to Graham Myers, Esq. one of the Inspector Generals of the Board of Works.—In Dame-street, Mrs. Thompson, lady of William Thompson, Esq. an eminent merchant, and one of the sheriff peers of the city of Dublin.—At Richmond, county of Dublin, Richard Eaton, Esq. equalizer of duties and inspector of the hereditary revenue of Ireland; a gentleman most universally lamented by a numerous acquaintance.—In Abbey-street, Patrick Beilew, Esq. formerly a very eminent merchant in Cadiz; a gentleman much esteemed and respected by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—At Cratloe, Miss O'Brien, sister to the Right Honourable Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart.—In Denmark-street, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Jameson, many years Curate of St. Mary's parish.—The Rev. Doctor Robert Law, Rector of St. Mary's parish, Dublin, and treasurer of the dioceses of Cloyne.—At Rathlyon, near Carlow, Mrs. Brownrigg, lady of Wm. Brownrigg.—Near Richhill, Mrs. Loughlin, lady of Thomas Loughlin, Esq.—At Thomond Gate,

John Hope, Esq. to be a Captain in the 13th dragoons.—Thomas Joseph Blackhouse, Esq. to be a Captain in the 4th foot.—Heneage Twysden, Esq. to be Captain-Lieutenant of 21st foot.—John Moore, Esq. to be Major of the 51st foot.—Colin Graham, Esq. to be Major of the 21st foot.—Paul Mountay, Esq. to be a Captain in the 24th foot.—H. Eskine Knight, Esq. to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 27th foot.—The Right Hon. Lord Donoghmore, to be Grand Master, Col. Cane and John Pery, Esq. to be Grand Wardens of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Ireland.—The Right Hon. Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, and the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the House of Commons, sworn Lords Justices of this kingdom during the absence of his Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant.—The Rev. Mr. Fowler, son of the Archbishop of Dublin, to be Chantor of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick, (the Rev. Doctor Dealtry, promoted.)—Lieut. Robert Wynne, of the 12th dragoons, member of parliament for the borough of Sligo, and 2d son of the late Right Hon. Owen Wynne, to be Aid-de-camp to his Excellency the Speaker, as one of the Lords Justices.—Samuel Hayes, of Avondale, county of Wicklow, Esq. to be a Commissioner of Stamp Duty, (Edward Bellingham Swan, deceased.)—The Rev. Mr. Morgan, Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, presented to the parish of Skibbereen, in the county of Cork, (the Rev. Dean Butler, promoted to the prebend of Loughgilly, in the diocese of Armagh.)—Lieut. Marcus Beresford, of the 9th foot, and son of the Bishop of Ossory, to be Aid-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord Chancellor, as one of the Lords Justices.—Hans Hamilton, Esq. to be a Trustee of the Circular Road, (William Lyfter, Esq. deceased.)—The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Broderick, presented to the Treasurership of the diocese of Cloyne, worth 900*l.* per annum, (the Rev. Doctor Law, deceased.)—The Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, created a Peer of said kingdom, by the title of Baron Fitzgibbon, of Lower Conello, in the county of Limerick, to him and his heirs male.—The Reverend Thomas Robinson, presented to the rectory of St. Mary's, Dublin, (the Rev. Doctor Law, deceased.)—The Right Hon. the Earl of Glendore, to be Master of the Rolls, (Duke of Leinster, resigned.)—The Right Hon. the Earl of Bellamont, to be one of the joint Post Master Generals. (the Right Hon. William B.

W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For • A U G U S T, 1789.

Description of the Bastile Prison, in France, (which has lately been destroyed by the Populace.)—With an elegant Engraving.

THIS castle is a state prison, consisting of eight very strong towers, surrounded with a fosse about 120 feet, and a wall 60 feet high. The entrance is at the end of the street of St. Antoine, by a drawbridge, and great gates from the Court of l'Hôtel du Gouvernement; and from thence over another drawbridge to the Corps de Garde, which is separated by a strong barrier constructed with beams plated with iron, from the great court. This court is 120 feet by 80;—in it is a fountain; and six of the towers surround it, which are united by walls of free stone, ten feet thick up to the top. At the bottom of this court is a large modern corps de Logis, which separates it from the Court du Puits. This Court is 50 feet by 25. Contiguous to it are the other two Towers. On the top of the Towers is a platform continued in terraces, on which the prisoners are sometimes permitted to walk, attended by a guard. On this platform, are 13 cannons mounted, which are discharged on days of rejoicing. In the Corps de Logis is the Council Chamber, and the Kitchen, Offices, &c.—Above these are rooms for prisoners of distinction; and over the Council Chamber the King's Lieutenant resides. In the Court du Puits is a large well for the use of the Kitchen.

The Dungeons of the Tower de la Liberté extend under the kitchen, &c.—Near that Tower is a small Chapel on the ground floor. In the wall are five niches or closets, in which prisoners are put one by one to hear mass, where they can neither see nor be seen.

The dungeons at the bottom of the towers exhale the most offensive scents, and are the receptacles of toads, rats, and other kinds of vermin. In the corner of each is a camp
Hib. Mag. August, 1789.

bed, made of planks laid on iron bars that are fixed to the walls, and the prisoners are allowed some straw to lay on the beds. Those dens are dark, having no windows, but openings into the ditch. They have double doors, the inner ones plated with iron, with large bolts and locks.

Of the five classes of chambers, the most horrid, next to the dungeons, are those in which are cages of iron.—There are three of them—they are formed of beams with strong plates of iron, and are each eight feet by six.

The calottes, or chambers, at the top of the towers, are somewhat more tolerable.—They are formed of eight arcades of free stone. Here one cannot walk but in the middle of the room. There is hardly sufficient space for a bed from one arcade to another. The windows being in walls ten feet thick, and having iron gates within and without, admit but little light. In these rooms, the heat is excessive in Summer and the cold in Winter. They have stoves.

Almost all the other rooms (of the towers) are octagons, about twenty feet in diameter, and from 14 to 15 high; they are very cold and damp; each is furnished with a bed of green serge, &c.—all the chambers are numbered. The prisoners are called by the name of their tower, joined to the number of their room.

A Surgeon and three Chaplains reside in the Castle. If Prisoners of note are dangerously ill, they are generally removed, that they may not die in this prison. The prisoners who die there are buried in the parish of St. Paul, under the name of domestics.

A library was founded by a prisoner, who was a foreigner, and died in the Bastille the
D d d beginning

beginning of the present century. Some prisoners obtain permission to have the use of it.

One of the centinels on the inside of the Castle rings a bell every hour, day and night, to give notice that they are awake; and on the rounds on the outside of the Castle they ring every quarter of an hour.

Memoirs of His Excellency Lord Fitzgibbon, one of the Lords Justices, and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

LORD FITZGIBBON is son of one of the best informed, most eminent, and most successful lawyers that ever adorned the Irish Bar; a gentleman who also made a conspicuous figure in the senate, and the great object of whose life was to impart to his son that profound legal knowledge which by long study and experience he himself had acquired, and which had raised his fortune and his fame.

As nature had bestowed upon his Lordship, with the advantage of being a younger son, every talent necessary for a great lawyer, and as it was known, that aided by his father's invaluable assistance he paid the utmost attention to the study of his profession, he was soon considered as the most rising young man at the bar, and upon a complaint preferred to the visitors of the University of Dublin, concerning some innovations and abuses which had lately found way into its government, the members of that University, many of whom had been his fellow students, called upon him to plead her cause. Here he acquitted himself with such spirit, eloquence and knowledge of the laws and statutes, that upon the next vacancy, the electors, as the highest proof of their approbation and gratitude, returned him to parliament as their representative.

His Lordship did not, like the generality of young senators, set out in his political career with violent professions of patriotism, and loud declamations against government.

they will always look to him with affection and respect—even though the necessity of circumstances—the duties of office—or difference of opinion should often engage him to oppose their most favourite pursuits.

The same elevated spirit which prevented Lord Fitzgibbon from courting popularity by little arts, prevented him from shrinking from any occasion of serving his country where danger threatened, or where true honour was to be acquired.—We remember with pride to have served with him in the same ranks of the glorious Volunteer Army of Ireland, where the presence and example of such men, contributed not a little to make our corps respectable.

In the senate his services have been inestimable—at a time when a just and liberal policy induced the legislature to unbind the heavy burdens of the Roman Catholics, and to bid that long oppressed people go free; generosity, which is seldom guided by discretion, had hurried the House of Commons so eagerly into the business, that in unchaining the Roman Catholics they incautiously loosened every link that secures the landed property of Ireland—this instantly appeared to the sagacious and penetrating mind of Lord Fitzgibbon, he pointed out the danger, and stopped them on the very brink—a profound and awful silence took place, the house seemed terrified at its own conduct—the then Attorney General compared the situation of the house—to an army panic struck—the proceedings were instantly stopped till proper cautionary measures were taken.

In the same session, after Ireland had demanded the rights of a free and imperial kingdom—the Duke of Portland having made his bargain for a simple repeal of the act of the 6th George I.—a measure, which joined to the power claimed, and policy asserted by Mr. Fox of England, legislating for Ireland externally, and preserving the appellant jurisdiction, would have put us even in a worse situation than we were before.—

Memoirs of John Wesley, M. A. Including an History of, and Observations on Methodism.

IF to have spent a long life in an active intercourse with the world, and by much the most considerable part of that life at the head of a very widely extended and powerful religious sect, entitles a man to a place in our biography of living characters, none can lay a juster claim to this kind of honour than the subject of our present Memoirs.

JOHN WESLEY was born in the year 1703, at Epworth, a village in Lincolnshire, of which place his father, Sam. Wesley, was rector. He was a man of some erudition, and published several heavy works; one in particular, entitled, *Dissertationes in Librum Jobi*, folio, 1736, was presented by his son John to Queen Caroline. This Samuel Wesley, on account of some doggerel verses with which he burthened the press, was honoured by Mr. Pope with a place in the first editions of his *Dunciad*; but his harmless insignificance, it is supposed, procured his dismissal afterwards from the Temple of Dulness. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Sam. Annesley, who was ejected from the living of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, for non-conformity in 1662. She appears from some letters printed by her son to have been a woman of piety and good sense. By her Samuel Wesley had several children, of whom Samuel, who was first an usher at Westminster-school, and afterwards master of Blundel's grammar-school at Tiverton, and author of a volume of poems 1736, was the eldest. He and his mother were sober and rational in their religious principles, and highly disapproved of the extravagancies of Methodism.

When John Wesley was about six years old, the parsonage-house at Epworth was burnt to the ground, and he escaped in a very wonderful manner; one man standing upon the shoulders of another took him out of the window, immediately upon which the roof fell in. In allusion to this deliverance some prints of him have the following motto: "Is not he a brand plucked from the fire?"—doubtless meant to convey a spiritual and literal sense.

At a proper age he was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was a lively, agreeable student, and no way averse to the pleasures of this world. About 1725 he was elected fellow of Lincoln College; and some very gay verses of his, wrote at that time, chiefly translations from the Latin, but totally opposite to fanatic preciseness, are in print.

He informs us himself in his first journal, that "it was in November 1729 that he

and his brother Charles, with two others, agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together. Our design was to read over the classics, which we had before read in private, on common nights, and on Sunday some book in divinity*. In the summer following Mr. M. (one of the number) told me he had called at the gaol to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them. This he so frequently repeated, that on the 24th of Aug. 1730 my brother and I walked with him to the Castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there, that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week; which he (Mr. M.) had not done long, before he desired me to go with him

N O T E.

* The writer of this cannot help thinking that it would be a great mean of clearing the universities of this country from the odium which seems so justly to lie upon them, of not being so friendly to learning and morals as formerly, if the Vice-chancellors and Heads of Houses would institute a regulation similar to that which the above young men voluntarily engaged in. It is but too certain that numbers of our youth go away from our public schools to the universities very good classic scholars, who soon lose the best part of their learning through the relaxed discipline of those once famous nurseries of literature. And as to morals, it is notorious that vice reigns in those seminaries to a degree of refinement which is perhaps unequalled but in the fashionable places of diversion. I have known many youths who went to college full of good resolutions and virtuous dispositions, and returned from thence not merely initiated but confirmed in habits of iniquity. This is not indeed always the case, but it is very common; and even those whose peculiar situation or temper may have preserved them from being eminently vicious, have yet become very lax in *positive* virtue; evil discourse and evil company have ceased to be odious to them, though perhaps their constitutions might be averse to intemperance and debauchery. In short, the governors of those places should consider the danger young men are in by being emancipated from the severity of private discipline, and the carefulness of parental observation, and associated with a number of young fellows eager to initiate them, not in the way to honour, but in that which leadeth to infamy. I say, this should be considered by those whose duty it is to consider it, and a remedy somewhat similar to that above-mentioned applied to remove the evil.

to see a poor woman in the town who was sick. In this employment too, when we came to reflect upon it, we believed it would be worth while to spend an hour or two in a week, provided the minister of the parish in which any such person was were not against it. But that we might not depend wholly on our own judgments, I wrote an account to my father of our whole design, withal begging that he, who had lived seventy years in the world, and seen as much of it as most private men have ever done, would advise us whether we had yet gone too far, and whether we should now stand still or go forward?"—The old gentleman's answer was full of encouragement to the young men, and of thanks to God for their good dispositions. They accordingly, by his advice, received the approbation of the bishop, and then went on, being increased to five, in this certainly commendable course. Such a novel institution however, and one so uncommon for young men just entered upon the gay part of life, could not fail attracting the attention of the university. It was honoured by the academic wittlings with the titles of the Holy Club, the Godly Club, the Enthusiasts, or the Reforming Club, and more generally the Methodists. No one, however, can find fault with the proceedings which thus procured the ridicule of the thoughtless; on the contrary, we must contemplate with admiration a line of conduct so singular and commendable, because voluntary, and contrary to that love of pleasure and idleness which is too common in youth.

So far all was well; but the spirit of reformation began from thence to shew itself more extensively. Mr. John Wesley, his brother Charles, one Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, Oxford, and Charles DeLamotte, a layman, were inspired with a desire to go over to the new colony of Georgia in order to convert the Indians and other inhabitants there. They accordingly em-

A. We believe there are two with him; three in all.

Q. Do you think he made the sun, and the other beloved things?

A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

Q. Do you think he made you?

A. We think he made all men at first.

Q. How did he make them at first?

A. Out of the ground.

Q. Do you believe he loves you?

A. I do not know. I cannot see him.

Q. But has he not often saved your life?

A. He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but he would never let them hurt me; and many bullets have gone into these young men, and yet they are alive.

Q. Then, cannot he save you from your enemies now?

A. Yes, but we know not if he will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death; and if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man; and if he will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, he can destroy them all.

Q. How do you know that?

A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the beloved clouds came for us; and often much rain, and sometimes hail has come upon them, and that in a very hot day. And I saw, when many French and Choctaws and other nations came against one of our towns, and the ground made a noise under them, and the beloved ones in the air behind them; and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and drink, and their guns. I tell no lie. All these saw it too.

Q. Have you heard such noises at other times?

A. Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

Q. What sort of noises were they?

A. Like the noise of drums and guns and shouting.

A. We think of them always, wherever we are. We talk of them and to them at home and abroad, in peace, in war, before and after we fight, and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

Q. Where do you think your souls go after death?

A. We believe the souls of red men [Indians] walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie; for we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoner had been burnt.

Q. Where do the souls of white men go after death?

A. We cannot tell. We have not seen.

Q. Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up.

A. I believe so too. But I told you the talk of the nation.

(Mr. Andrews. They said at the burying, "They knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the beloved ones to take up the soul of the young woman.")

Q. We have a book that tells us many things of the beloved ones above, would you be glad to know them?

A. We have no time now, but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

Q. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?

(Mr. Andrews. They told Mr. O. they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.)

Q. What do the French teach you?

A. The French black Kings * never go out. We see you go about. We like that. That is good.

Q. How came your nation by the knowledge they have?

A. As soon as ever the ground was found, and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men. Our old men know more. But all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the beloved one chuses from a child, and is in them, and teaches them. They know these things, and our old men practise; therefore I know little."

While at Savannah, Mr. Wesley involved himself in a disagreeable dispute with the gentlemen of the province, by forbidding one Mrs. Williamson from the sacrament, who had, before her marriage, refused his addresses. His own account of the affair is very far from being honourable to himself. It shews that the carnal man predominated over the spiritual. Finding, therefore, that America was no longer a proper theatre for his labours, he suddenly pretended "a call from God to return to England;"

N O T E.

* So they call the Priests.

which call he prudently obeyed, to avoid a prosecution from the judicial court of Savannah, and arrived in England the latter end of 1737.

(To be continued.)

JOHNSONIANA.

Advertisement written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, and subjoined to Proposals, for printing Roger Ascham's Works by Subscription by James Kennet.

THE first degree of literary reputation is certainly due to him who adorns or improves his country by original writings; but some degree, if not of fame, at least of benevolence, may be claimed by such as carry on the work of learning in humbler stations, by preserving or retrieving books which time has obscured or oversight neglected.

To this inferior degree of praise I hope to be entitled by the edition which I now offer to the public of the English works of Mr. Ascham; a man, in his own time, of high eminence, admitted to the familiarity of the great and the correspondence of the learned, and advanced by his merit to the honour of instructing that Queen at whose name every Englishman exults. That productions of such a writer should fall into oblivion would be somewhat strange, if every nation did not afford instances of the like neglect. There is a time when it is necessary to look back and enquire what we have left behind in the progress of knowledge. On this design many English critics have been lately employed, and some of our ancient writers have been diligently illustrated. I hope the same candour which has favoured their endeavours, will encourage mine; for none of them have endeavoured to retrieve an author of more learning or elegance.

Advertisement to the Re-publication of the Spectator, in 1776.

To the Public.

THE Book thus offered to the Public is too well known to be praised: It comprizes precepts of criticism, sallies of invention, descriptions of life, and lectures of virtue: It employs wit in the cause of truth, and makes elegance subservient to piety: It has now for more than half a century supplied the English nation, in a great measure, with principles of ipeculation, and rules of practice; and given Addison a claim to be numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

Though the Public have been long supplied with this work at an exceeding cheap rate, yet as the purchase of the whole together may be inconvenient to many who

might otherwise be glad to be possessed of it; to render this book more generally useful, the present Proprietors propose printing an handsome edition of a convenient size for the pocket, to be published on the following conditions.

[Then followed the conditions.]

Letter to Sir Joseph Banks.

S I R,

I RETURN thanks to you, and Dr. Solander, for the pleasure I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your goat *, but have given her a distich. You, Sir, may some time have an epic poem from some happier hand than that of

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

March 26, 1772.

Letter to Charles Jenkinson, Esq. now Lord Hawkebury.

S I R,

SINCE the conviction and condemnation of Dr. Dodd, I have had, by the intervention of a friend, some intercourse with him; and I am sure I shall lose nothing in your opinion by tenderness and commiseration. Whatever be the crime, it is not easy to have any knowledge of the delinquent without a wish that his life may be spared, at least when no life has been taken away by him.

I will therefore take the liberty of suggesting some reasons for which I wish this unhappy being to escape the utmost rigour of his sentence.

He is, as far as I can recollect, the first clergyman of our church who has suffered public execution for immorality; and I know not whether it would not be more for the interest of religion to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who for any reasons are enemies to the clergy.

The supreme power has in all ages paid some attention to the voice of the people, and that voice does not the least deserve to

wished, and perhaps this is not too much to be granted.

If you, Sir, have any opportunity of enforcing these reasons, you may perhaps think them worthy of consideration; but whatever you determine, I most respectfully entreat that you will be pleased to pardon for this intrusion,

Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

June 20, 1777.

Letter to Dr. Dodd.

DEAR SIR,

THAT which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being, about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of Heaven and Earth.

Be comforted; your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude; it corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life; it involved only a temporary and a reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent, and may God, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept of your repentance, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

In requital for those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you will make, in your devotions, one petition for my eternal welfare. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

June 26, 1777. SAM. JOHNSON.

To the Rev. Dr. Dodd.

He was executed the next day, June 27.

Fugitive Pieces.

Inscription on a Monument in Kempsey Church.

UNDERNEATH the corruptible parts of a vicar, one husband, two help-mates, both wives, and both Anns, a triplicity of persons in two twains, but one

The husband George Boulter,
vicar of this parish
years, and also
of Welland, in this county, the place of
his nativity, died
aged years.

Qualis fuit dies postremus indicabit.
i. e. What man he was the last day
will shew.

*The above celebrated Monumental Inscription
versified by a Noble Lord.*

I.

A VICAR I am, and a Pluralist too,
At Welland, the place of my birth;
But Vicars and Pluralists too, we all know,
Must one day return to the earth.

II.

This stone will record that at Kempsey I
lived,
Collecting my dues ev'ry Easter;
It will tell that most happily twice I was
wiv'd,
To a Hyde first, and then to a Hester.

III.

Of the hour of his death no priest is aware,
Which accounts for some blanks in this
page;
My virtues I leave to the world to declare;
To my heirs to insert my just age.

IV.

When I prostrate shall lie, what a pleasure
'twill be
To know I shall meet either bride;
For though living they both were delightful
to me,
I never had two by my side.

IN the year 1787, the following advertisement appeared in the Worcester Journal. After a description of the house, &c. it goes on thus: "The said premises are the Vicar's, who is very much inclined to give the preference to a good-natured, polite, elderly (but unmarried) lady, of easy circumstances and unblemished virtue, if by chance, or good luck, such a one should offer to be his tenant and neighbour."

*This being read by a Noble Lord, he thus
versified it:*

AT Kempsey a tenant is wanted
For a house that belongs to the Vicar;
With a garden judiciously planted,
And an orchard renown'd for good liquor;
Wherein is a curious alcove,
A sweeter sure never was seen,
Adapted to pleasure and love,
The village delightful and clean.
If a tenant requires a stable,
There is one ready-built on the ground;
If to keep a post-chaise he is able,
A coach-house may also be found.

If a gape scene should be his delight,
What place can with Kempsey compare,
Where carriages pass day and night;
One would think it was always a fair.

To enjoy this delightful retreat,
If the landlord the tenant may name,
It would give him most pleasure to meet
With an elderly unmarried dame;

Neither coarse in her person or greasy,
In manners serene and polite;
Her fortune it can't be too easy,
Her virtue it can't be too tight.

Should such a fair tenant appear,
With desire of becoming a wife,
Who knows but the lease for a year,
May end in a contract for life.

Bidden Wedding.

Suspend, for one day, your cares and your
labours,
And come to this wedding, kind friends,
and good neighbours.

"Notice is hereby given, that the marriage of Isaac Pearson with Frances Atkinson will be solemnized in due form, in the parish church of Lamplugh, (Cumberland) on Tuesday next the 30th of May instant; immediately after which the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, will proceed to Lonefoot, in the said parish, where the nuptials will be celebrated by a number of rural entertainments.

Then come, one and all,
At Hymen's soft call,
From Whitehaven, Workington, Harrington, Dean, [tween,
Hail, Ponsonby, Blaing, and all places be-
From Egremont, Cockermouth, Parton,
St. Bees,
Cint, Kinnyside, Calder, and parts join-
ing these,
And the country at large may flock in—
if they please.
Such sports there will be as have seldom
been seen, [between,
Such wrestling, and fencing, and dancing
And races for prizes, for frolic, and fun,
By horses, and asses, and dogs, will be
run;
That you'll all go home happy—as sure
as a gun.
In a word, such a wedding can ne'er fail to
please. [these.
For the sports of Olympus were trifles to
Nota bene. You'll please to observe that
the day [of May,
Of this grand bridal pomp is the thirtieth
When 'tis hop'd that the sun, to en-
liven the light,
Like the flambeau of Hymen, will deign
to burn bright.

The following curious Circumstance in Natural History is related by a Gentleman of Veracity, Learning, and Abilities, who fills a considerable Post in the Company's Service in India, dated Patna in Bengal, Sept. 24, 1788.

“THE travelling Faquirs in this country are a kind of superstitious devotees, who pretend to great zeal in religion, but are, in fact, the most vicious and profligate wretches in the world. They wander about the country here, as the Gypsies do with you; and having some little smattering of physic, music, or other arts, they introduce themselves by these means wherever they go. — One of them called a few days ago at my house, who had a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he made rise up and dance about to the tune of a pipe on which he played. It happened that my out-houses and farm yard had for some time been infested with snakes, which had killed me several turkies, geese, ducks, fowls, and even a cow and a bullock. My servants asked this man whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes, and catch them? He answered them in the affirmative, and they carried him instantly to the place where one of the snakes had been seen. He began piping, and in a short time the snake came dancing to him: the fellow caught him by the nape of his neck, and brought him to me. As I was incredulous, I did not go to see this first operation; but as he took this reptile so expeditiously, and I still suspected some trick, I desired him to go and catch another, and went with him myself to observe his motions. He began by abusing the snake, and ordering him to come out of his hole instantly and not be angry, otherwise he would cut his throat and suck his blood. — I cannot swear that the snake heard and understood this elegant invocation. He then began piping with all his might, lest the snake should be deaf; he had not piped above five minutes, when an immense large Coyne Capelle (the most venomous

lieved it, till I had this ocular demonstration of the fact. — In the space of an hour the Faquir caught five very venomous snakes close about my house.”

Useful Mode of preserving Bees, lately adopted in America.

INSTEAD of destroying whole swarms in their hives to get the honey when the hives are full, they clear them out into a fresh hive, while they take the combs out of the old one; and they prevent their perishing in winter by putting a great quantity of honey into a very wide earthen vessel, covering its surface with paper, exactly fitted on, and pricked full of holes by a large pin; this being pressed by the weight of the bees, keeps a fresh supply continually rising. — Their most fatal destruction by severe cold they prevent by taking as many large tubs as they have hives, and knocking out the heads, they set the other end in the ground, laying a bed of dry earth or chopped hay in it of six inches deep; over this they place the head knocked out; they then make a small wooden trough for the passage of the bees; this is transixed through a hole cut through each side of the tub, at such a height as to lay on the false bottom, on which is placed the covered dish of honey for the food of the bees, leaving a proper space over this covered with strong matting; they then fill up the tub with more dry earth, or chopped hay, heaping it up in the shape of a cone, to keep out the rain, and weathering it with straw on account of the warmth. This method is so secure, that out of a hundred tubs last winter, not one of them was known to fail. — The quantity of honey this way obtained has been amazing; and besides must every year increase wherever the example is followed.

Method of giving additional Force to Gunpowder.

THIS method, which was discovered by

Observations on the Writings of Mrs. Cowley.

[Concluded from Page 340.]

HER next work was towards the latter end of 1780, or the beginning of the following year, the Ladies History of England, compiled in one hundred sixpenny numbers, folio. This work is dedicated to the Princess Royal; though I believe the work here mentioned will add nothing to her literary fame. February 1783, at Covent-garden, was performed, *The World as it Goes*, a comedy. This piece early in the evening, was loudly, and indeed justly censured; towards the latter end it could not be even heard. After the first night it was withdrawn. That night month, again it was brought forward under the title of *Second Thoughts are Best*; again it was sentenced to condemnation, notwithstanding the piece had undergone great alteration. Mrs. Yates was called in, thinking her admirable powers would give it a celebrity; this actress accepted the part which Miss Younge (now Mrs. Pope) performed. Molly Grubb was now given to Miss Younge; this character having given great offence as performed by Mrs. Mattocks, it was supposed she coloured the portrait rather more grossly even than the author intended. Molly Grubb, though a faulty, nevertheless is a faithful picture of several young women, who are frequently to be found in London, more especially eastward of Temple-bar. All that acting could do was certainly done by the performers to rescue this overcharged bantling from its impending fate. Independent of the vulgarity which disgusted the audience, there was likewise found that indelicacy, which was astonishing to have come from a female pen. To dwell intirely upon defects is very unfair, especially this being the only instance of her dramatic failure. *The World as it Goes*, or rather *Second Thoughts are Best*, has great beauties to counterbalance some trifling defects; and on the whole I could point out a number of dramas, which have received a more favourable reception, with far less merit to recommend them. Those who are acquainted with the intrigues of the Theatre will readily account for what may appear to some very extraordinary. The stage is nothing but a dramatic lottery. On the whole, this comedy appears to have been the hasty production of a warm imagination, who, to avoid losing sight of the objects of her satire, unhappily ran into the other extreme. Had she taken sufficient time to have given *Second Thoughts are Best* that refined polish she is so thoroughly capable of giving her productions, I much question if this single instance of unsuccess

had not have been crowned with applause. Finding the piece was not likely to become a favourite of the town in general, she judiciously removed it altogether. A hint that it would be to the credit of several of the profession, if they would as readily adopt; instead of which they seem resolutely determined to cram their feeble efforts down the throats of the public against their inclination.

On the 7th of February, 1782, the comedy of *Which is the Man* made its appearance at Covent-garden. In consequence of her failure the preceding season, Mrs Cowley through diffidence would not acknowledge her offspring till the same was thoroughly established. It was long rumoured it was the production of a general officer. This report appeared confirmed, when Lee Lewis delivered the Prologue in the character of a military author: it had a good effect, being well written by Mr. Bate. Excellent as this comedy is, a person might be led to imagine doubts were entertained of its success, when they had recourse to an unusual method of ushering in a new piece. *Which is the Man* being prefaced by a prelude, writtten intirely for the purpose, and called *The Dramatic Puffers*, most probably it served the cause intended, though it contained nothing very remarkable, and on the whole, might have been omitted without doing any injury either to author or play. This comedy is a powerful rival to her *Belles Stratagem*, and is even supposed by some, this lady's *chef d'œuvre* of her dramatic works; certain it is, that very few modern comedies are found to equal this in superlative merit. Mrs Cowley appears to have a very high respect for the army, for the military are indebted to her for some of the most elegant compliments ever bestowed on the profession of a soldier; her favourable predilection in some instances seems to have overpowered her reason—for plot and character this piece ranks very high, and with justice. The *Pendragons* have been extolled as wonderful prodigies of genius—undoubtedly they are strongly drawn, and highly coloured; but, at the same time, justice to another compels me to assert, they are totally devoid of originality, which considerably lessens their intrinsic value. *Pendragons* are fair copies of the *Turnbills*, presented to the public the preceding October, at the same theatre, in that pleasing comedy of Holcroft's *Duplicity*.

The following winter Mrs. Cowley presented the public with that admired comedy, *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*. In this piece we are presented with another instance of the force of the author's delineative powers—the character of Olivia is a brilliant of the first water. The plot of this comedy, &c. is Spanish; and from some circum-

stances I have been led to hazard a conjecture this is the comedy, though with considerable alterations, the author mentions in her preface to *Albina*. From the caprice, dispute or some other trifling cause, the comedy was not near so strongly cast as was first intended, an alteration by no means for the better. Mrs. Abington and Miss Younge's parts were given to Mrs. Robinson, (now Mrs. Taylor) who was then but young in her profession, though since that period she has greatly improved her abilities, naturally promising, and Mrs. Mattocks: not that I mean any disrespect to either ladies; for in a certain line each has peculiar merit, and in many respects both are deservedly celebrated favourites of the public.

More Ways than One, another comedy, followed the ensuing winter. This piece was at first designed to have been called, *A new way to catch Hearts*, a title extremely apposite to the subject. This comedy, though possessed of great merit, is not equal to her others; to the enthusiastic admirers of the sportive *Thalia*, something most probably may be here found not altogether suitable to their taste. From this time till the summer of 1786, we find her retired from public notice, when the town was again astonished and surprized by the appearance of that most beautiful quarto poem, *Pitcairn Green*, which places our authoress in a new point of view, and adds very highly to her reputation as an author. My room is much too contracted to do justice to the merits of this exquisite little work, a poem that may dispute the palm with the proudest rival of the day, of her own sex.

December 1786, Mrs. Cowley changed her ground, and commenced another campaign on the plains of Old Drury, with the comedy of the *School for Grey Beards*, or the *Mourning Bride*, which second title is rather a blemish than a beauty. This comedy met with great opposition at first, and with justice, notwithstanding the puffing critiques, &c. in its favour; this piece is infinitely below all her productions, not excepting *The World as it Goes*, which is much superior in several parts. The spirited traits of her preface to *Albina*, which insensibly charmed me to admire that masterly composition, led me to imagine, in the defence of the *School for Grey-beards*, the same candour and equity would here likewise prevail; but this is not the case. The appeal to the public is spirited, but it is uncandid, and not strictly true; for in spite of all, the impartial reader can never acquit her of the charge she seems so anxiously tenacious of exculpating herself from—that is, indelicacy. Both the author and friends may insist that she never intentionally was guilty of the same: this may be true, but

then writers ought to be cautious of using sentiments that are liable to the objection. Mrs. Cowley somewhat haughtily recriminates, making an unnecessary pother of cavilling people straining a point, to enforce their argument, and pervert her pure intention.—No person need take that trouble, the author's own words being sufficiently plain to countenance the opinion. The hint is neither oblique, nor the sentiments equivocal; if she did not design the text should be explained as it is (undoubtedly) read, to prevent difficulties in future, she should subjoin notes critical and explanatory. I should not have been thus particular, but as I have strove to do justice to the injured *Albina*, truth compels me to unveil the deformities of the beautified *School for Grey Beards*.

The last work of our author being of recent date, undoubtedly is fresh in the memory of all my readers, especially as the piece has been criticised pro and con in several of the public prints, and in our Magazine. Both writers have been guilty of an error, the one taking from her all merit, the other placing her play on an equality with the first of moderns. The fate of *Sparta* is a tragedy that has great beauties, though I cannot give your correspondent credit for the following assertion—"Nor does it appear to have one hackneyed or trite passage." Again, "In a word, the Fate of *Sparta* has been generally (and I think justly) superior to any tragedy this century has produced." Surely this can never be allowed; no more the other's words—"There is not one sentiment in this piece which has not been hackneyed a thousand and a thousand times; and the imagery is so ridiculously mythological, that notwithstanding the laudable exertions of the performers, we were in constant expectation of a general laugh."—After reading remarks like those, I wonder not at justice being blind; I should not be surprized hereafter to find her deaf.

Faultless this tragedy certainly is not: but that it is so utterly devoid of merit, is not quite so true: however, I am not here going to enter into a critique. This I can say, and with truth, I have seen it performed, and since I have perused it, both of which afforded me pleasure in the extreme. Whatever doubts might have been entertained of the author's abilities in regard to tragedy, by the appearance of her *Albina*, and dispute with Miss M—, I think now there need be but one opinion, which is this, that Mrs. Cowley is found capable of writing one, at least better than either of those two her adversary has produced.—Compare these ladies writings; Mrs. Cowley I give the preference to; her *Pitcairn Green*

is equal to any of Miss M.'s poems as yet published, and the Fate of Sparta, with all its defects on its head, is much superior to Percy, which has the merit of one good scene. Fatal Falsehood is poor indeed—the author may be a good governess, an agreeable companion, (if we are to judge from the specimen already produced) but cannot with propriety be ranked a tragic poetess. Anonymous report allows Mrs. Cowley to be the parent of several other works; but as they are not properly authenticated, I forbear mentioning them. In her imitation of her celebrated namesake she is extremely happy; likewise the soliloquy of that real but unfortunate son of genius, alas! poor Chatterton! Ellen, a fugitive ballad, an elegant little trifle; we have only to regret its being so short: had the author enlarged her design, Ellen might rank with the best legendary tale of the day. In a word, Mrs. Cowley, for delineation of her characters, (especially ladies and soldiers) construction of fable, and managing her plots, for most of her pieces have two, (though so artfully interwoven they appear only as one) she rivals her contemporaries; and till I see otherwise, her's, I must say, stands unexcelled. Doiley, in *Who's the Dupe*, is a dramatic picture, that in vain may we examine the theatrical exhibitions for its counterpart: the farce, taken altogether, is before any other of a late date, this being purely natural, unassisted by music or pantomimical tricks. So successful she here proved, I regret but one production of this class has appeared from the same pen. Her Dialogues possess great merit, always easy and suitable, frequently brilliant. In all Mrs. Cowley's (finished) comedies we discover evident marks of the same pleasing pen; yet various and frequent as her Muse appears, always decked in novelty, distinct, and wonderfully original. In the composing her Prologues and Epilogues, save her last, she is by no means successful; though in her Dedications she is particularly happy.

The Musical Pigeon.

AN odd thing, says Mrs. Piozzi, to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and

themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing: for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one else strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teased too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion apparently incredible, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

All the difficulty will be indeed for us other two legged creatures to leave the sweet societies of charming Venice; but they begin to grow fatiguing now, as the weather increases in warmth.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

Tea, and the same quantity in the afternoon, that it would drown the Saint. The next season of the Elder-tree blossoming, I followed her advice, as also the spring following, and have done so for these nine years, since which time the Saint hath never tormented me in the least. I have recommended this excellent Tea from my experience of it, to ten of my fellow sufferers since my own cure, every one of whom hath found it a specific remedy.—A sufficient quantity of the flowers should be gathered, in a dry day, and dried with great care for spring use. The Tea is made by pouring a quart of boiling water on two handfulls of Elder flowers when green, a less quantity will do when dry. It may be drank hot or cold, as best agrees with the stomach.—Each single blossom is not to be picked off, but the heads from the main stalk.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

Kildart, July 19, 1789.

W. P.

Histories of the Tête à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of Mrs. A——, and Mr. St. G——.

IF good example, chaste education, and honourable connections could have established that dignity of character which constitutes true virtue in a female heart, our heroine, who is now an object of public odium and contempt, would be an honour to her sex and an ornament to her family.

Mrs. A. is the daughter of an Irish baronet, a gentleman much respected, and who loved her with the utmost tenderness. Her husband who bore a commission in the army, was often his guest, and being of a facetious disposition, and master of a considerable share of humour, not only made himself agreeable to the whole family, but particularly so to the young lady.

It is certain that Mr. A. though entertained as a friend, was never considered as a guest, whom the family would wish to unite with as a relation. He danced, he sung, he sported, he mimicked, was satirical and comical; but while he thus entertained the rest of the family openly, in private he repayed himself with the pleasures of miss M's conversation.

How far the young lady indulged her lover has not transpired; but certain it is, that on account of suspicions which alarmed the family, there was an elaiircissement, which produced a marriage between her and the captain.

Mrs. A. was young and handsome, full of health, and remarkably neat in her person, to which her spouse soon after their union paid less attention than any gentleman of his acquaintance, and after he had settled in Surry, Mr. S. a young gentleman of the bar,

whose father was a near neighbour, laid regular siege to her heart.

As Mr. A. was often absent for whole days, sometimes for whole nights, acting in private plays, or revelling with convivial companions, the man of the law had every advantage he could wish for: he declared, she pleaded, he rejoined, she rebatted, till at last they came to issue.

Mr. A. was soon roused to suspicion, and took his lady to account; she, however, had the address to deceive him, till after the lapse of some months, "the broad shame came staring in his face."

Mr. S. and Mrs. A. in the absence of Mr. A. frequently met on horse-back, they rode into woods; they were seen in shrubberies, and in such situations as left no doubt of their criminal amours.

An action was now commenced against Mr. S. but the jury upon considering the whole of the case, gave but one hundred pounds damages, a sum very inadequate as reparation to a husband of merit.

On this verdict a suit was commenced in the ecclesiastical court, where judgment of divorce from bed and board was obtained, the lady making no defence; and Mr. A. has since obtained a divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii* by act of parliament with liberty to marry again.

Pending these suits, Mr. St. G——. of Ireland, a gentleman of fortune, family, and address, became acquainted with Mrs. A. and an illicit connection was the consequence.—The lover had determined on making the grand tour, and thought he could not fix upon a more agreeable companion. His proposal was accepted with joy. They set off for the continent, where, to support appearances, they pass as man and wife, indulging in the luxuries and amusements of warm climates: and as the lady is now emancipated, and her lover continues ardent and constant, and as there are many precedents among the first nobility, it is more than probable, that the *repudiated fair* will shortly become a *bride*, or in vulgar phrase, be made an *honest woman*.

On Dress. A Conversation Piece.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

THERE are few subjects which have oftener been the subject of animadversion than female Dress. Every periodical writer has repeatedly treated of it, sometimes in a serious, sometimes in a jocular style. It is a subject, indeed so obvious to the eye in all its varieties, that it cannot be supposed to escape observation. Amidst all I have read, however, or even heard on this subject, I know not that I was ever better pleased than a few nights ago in a company

of ladies and gentlemen, where Dress accidentally crept in as the topic of conversation. Notwithstanding the difference of opinion which it is natural to think would occur, yet the whole debate was conducted with so much candour, good-manners, and good sense, that I thought a detail of the principal parts of it would very well suit your Magazine. I am afraid some of the speakers (who are friends to your Magazine) may not perhaps think that I have done sufficient justice to their opinions; but they must consider me as the reporter of parliamentary debates, where the opinions only belong to the speakers, but the language is the reporter's.

The subject was started by a gentleman, whom I shall call Charles, who observed that a new fashion of cap had appeared, which in his opinion was very unsightly, and if it resembled any thing, resembled the brass plates in the form of a crescent worn by the chimney-sweeps, in consequence of the humane act of parliament which the labours of the late Jonas Hanway had procured.

This opinion appeared rather ludicrous to the whole company, and was first combated by Clarinda, the lady of the house. "As I have not," said she, "seen the cap you speak of, Charles, I can only suppose from your account that it is rather shaped in an *outré* manner—but the comparison you have made arises from your own fancy; the inventor of that cap probably never saw one of those brass plates you have mentioned; nor, if he had, can we, without an evident absurdity, suppose that he would have taken that for the pattern of a lady's cap; but I cannot help observing, that you gentlemen are for ever exercising your wit at the expence of our dress. Now, as we are all familiar acquaintance here, and need stand on no ceremonies, suppose we endeavour to discuss the subject of female dress coolly and deliberately; it may prove as entertaining as any other subject, and it will serve to divert us in our confinement, for the rain is not likely to abate, and we can have no hopes to enjoy our usual evening walk."

The company expressing their consent to

to do—and have always, and in all ages, left it to the fair sex themselves to determine the fashion. It is not possible that the fashions, as they are continually changing, should be always changing for the better; some disproportions of dress will at times appear, but they seldom last; they give way in their turn to others" —

"Yes, Clarinda," interrupted Charles, "but that is the case likewise with the fashion that is good, proper, and becoming—It also gives way to another not a whit better, if not (which is too often the case) much worse." —

"True," — answered Clarinda; but let us examine into this matter, and I imagine you will find that the changes of fashion in our dress proceed (besides other causes) from a principle which universally pervades the works not only of art, but of nature. I mean Variety — You all agree, for I have heard you often say it — that nothing appears to you so out of all proportion, so deforming, in a word, so horrid, as the ladies' dresses about fifty or sixty years ago, as we find them in paintings. Nay, I believe we need not go so far back as sixty years; perhaps thirty or forty will be sufficient. I have heard you allow at the same time, that the dresses of the present time are far more graceful, more becoming, more elegant, and, to use a favourite phrase of yours, "more charming." — If so, then, shall we return to the dress of the last fifty years or shall we retain the present? If we are improved in dress, that improvement you must confess has been owing to the successive varieties of changes, every year producing some deviation from the old mode; for, had that mode been at once thrown off, and the present adopted, I am afraid that people of taste of the old times would have condemned ours with the same severity as we condemn theirs. What do you say to this, Mr. Darnly — you seem to listen, but you have not yet given us your opinion?

Mr. Darnly, an elderly philosopher, with a portion of the cynic in him, though rather as a veil to, than a destroyer of his good nature, began thus: "When —"

tably commit a trespass on the symmetry of nature. Hence I was an enemy to what you called fortification bosoms and false rumps ; which I considered as in a great degree attempting to create a false person —— and you must allow that such an innovation was not only unnatural, but unnecessary : with regard, however, to dress in general, my notion is, that you ought in all cases to consult your persons, for a dress that is very becoming in one person, is quite frightful in another. As to your eternal changes of dress, I believe you are rather passive than active ; for in such matters, you are the slaves of mantua-makers and milliners, who impose any thing upon you as new, that tends to the consumption of an article they may have on hand too long ——

“ Fie ! you monster ! ” said Elvira, a young lady in company, “ you know our dresses generally come from ladies of the first taste, who take frequent journeys to France for the purpose of gaining hints for new dresses.

“ It is not material,” Charles now resumed, “ whether dresses come from France, or from Jermynstreet, the inventors of them seek for profit and not honour —— and seven cities will not contend for the birth-place of the inventor of a new cap, as they did for the birth-place of Homer —— I say it is very immaterial where the new fashion originates ; all I contend for is, that ladies should not adopt a new fashion merely because it is new, but, as my friend Darnly says, let it be suited to the person —— let it accord with true taste,”

“ There now, Charles, said Clarinda, “ you involve yourself and us in more difficulties —— true taste ! —— Can any thing be so variable, uncertain, inconstant as taste in dress ? Whom are we to look up to for taste ? People of rank, the court, to be sure —— and yet you occasionally condemn even the fashions which they exhibit to us. Whom then, if their opinion is not to be the standard, are we to consider as the supreme judges of taste ? Milliners and mantua-makers,

taste in one age, is not so in another ; and that what appears to be tasty and becoming in one nation, is perfectly ridiculous in another. If you give your diamond ring, Charles, to a native of the Cape, I fancy he would not think of putting it on his finger ; he would wear it on his nose : and your cap, Elvira, placed on the head of one of the portraits in the other room, would seem a monstrous incongruity ——

“ I am glad, madam,” replied Mr. Darnly, “ that I have brought you to confess that taste is so variable, and uncertain in matters of dress. But who, pray, have made it so ? I tell you again those mantua-makers and milliners —— were a dress to be invented perfect in all its parts, and adding divinity to your mortal bodies, a dress to which the most fastidious critic could not offer an objection, yet these fashion-mongers would not let you wear it a month ——

“ Nay, positively, friend Darnly,” edged in Charles, “ I must not allow you to run on thus —— you would persuade us that ladies were created for no other purpose than to consume the articles of the mantua-makers and milliners shops. —— If I mistake not your ideas, they are better than your expression would make them. You talk of a perfect dress —— Now let us for a moment suppose that such a dress was invented, do you really think that we men should like to see the female sex in an uniform — No —— when you have made up your perfect dress, Mr. Darnly, I would recommend you to make perfect women at the same time ; for, according to your own doctrine, the same dress does not become every woman. However, to quit all thoughts of a perfect dress, I cannot help thinking, Clarinda, that taste in dress, however uncertain, variable, and inconstant, is not necessarily so ; and that this uncertainty, variableness, and inconstancy, arise in a great measure from caprice ——

“ Nay, now, Charles, you are as bad as Mr. Darnley ——

listened to than the violin of Cramer, and yet we call those who are delighted with the latter people of taste; and those who take pleasure in the former, people of no taste. This distinction I am sure you will all acknowledge to be just, and that the difference betwixt the opinion of a man of taste, and one of no taste, is as regularly ascertained as the boundaries of an estate is settled by law. It is a gross mistake in people to say that such and such an opinion on dress (for to that I must return) is all fancy and consequently that every person has a right to please herself.——In the first place, this is clearly contradicted by the general opinion which, for a time at least, favours every new fashion. And, secondly, that cannot be the effect of fancy which can be defended by argument. For instance; I object, Elvira, to your cap——it does not discover taste in its structure. You say this is all fancy, for another person of your acquaintance thinks it extremely beautiful. But if you will for a moment leave fancy out of the question, I'll tell you why I think it wants taste——nay don't pout, you know it was our agreement to give our opinions freely——

“Sure I don't pout——do go on, Charles——I long to hear your objections——

“Then, Elvira, you are to know that your person, though well proportioned, is not tall; your cap adds a foot at least to your height, for which nature has provided no balance; this house is in width and height equal to yonder church; but if you were to put the heavy roof of that church upon it, do you not think that all proportion would be destroyed? That, then, is one objection. My next is, that the ornaments are too much crowded, and this brings me to what in my opinion constitutes true taste in dress, SIMPLICITY——and with this I shall conclude my share of this debate: believe me, that we men never exercise our wit, as you are pleased to call it, at the expence of your dress, but when by a heap of superfluous ornaments irregularly joined, you violate Simplicity, the grand principle of true taste in all works, whether of art or nature——and too many, I must confess, are such violations in the changing of fashions.”——

Elvira was about to reply, when the servant announced that supper was ready.——The subject, however, was resumed after, and the result of our debate shall appear in my next. Mean time I am, Sir, &c.

Wexford, August 5th, 1789. EDWARD.

On the Passion for high-sounding Christian Names.

S I R,

I AM one of those old fellows who having

the more surprised at any alterations I may find in it when I pay a visit to my old friends in Dublin. It would be needless to tell you, sir, who I presume are a man of the world, how very odd many of the improvements of the present times appear to me; perhaps I have no right to find fault with matters from which at my time of life no pleasure can accrue, and as I have lived sixty years in the world without being a sufferer by its fashions or its follies, it may be supposed that I ought to pass the rest of my time quietly without interrupting the enjoyments of others.

But, I confess, sir, that when I was last in town, I perceived a particular fashion very much prevail, which so much attracted my notice, and has so much engaged my thoughts since, that I cannot be easy unless you favour me with an opportunity to give vent to my observations. In return, sir, I give you a solemn promise that I will not be peevish or illnatured; you shall have the *old man*, but not the *surly old fellow*.

In my time, sir, we had no such thing among us as *sensitment*, and *sensitmental*, for *common sense* then was considered as, “though no science, fairly worth the seven.” But I find now that *sensitment* prevails so universally in all our thoughts, words, and actions, that a new kind of character is sprung up, and universally prevails, that of men and women of *sensitment*. I was very much puzzled to find where this character was drawn from; but I have at length discovered that it is to novels we are indebted for our *sensitment*, and that no person, he or she, has a claim to the character of *sensitmental*, whose mind is not completely stored from those valuable repositories of incident and character, called Novels. But, sir, my business is not to enquire whether we are gainers or losers by this new character. I am only to take notice of one effect of our love of sensitment, which is, giving *sensitmental names* to our children. It has probably been observed how much effect a name produces in a novel, and how shockingly vulgar the most tender tale would be were the parties denominated *John*, or *Betty*, whereas the very naming of *Charles* and *Maria* calls forth our tears at once. Hence it has been (this is only a conjecture of mine) supposed, that the same effects would result from giving sensitmental names to our children. In my last journey to Dublin, I was surprised at the number of Marias, Emmas, Elfridas, Ferdinands, Fredericks, and Edmonds I met with, while a John, Robert, Timothy, a Mary, Elizabeth, or a Jane, were scarcely to be heard of.

My old friend Timothy Sapscurll, with whom I resided when in town, has now modelled his family according to the true

Liddy, is now Lydia; and he has very obligingly given up all right to name any of his children after his father, mother, and other near relations, who happened to be christened on the old plan. The eldest daughter's name is Matilda, the second Arabella, and the third Rosalind; the two sons are Valentine and Eustace. His maiden sister who was once a-day Molly, is now Maria. The perpetual repetition of these fine names in trifling incidents, creates a jumble which in my mind is ridiculous enough; Matilda's petticoats have been splashed by a coach; Arabella's work-bag cannot be found; and Rosalind is crying for more gooseberry-pie — Valentine is ordered to fetch his father's boots, and Eustace is sent to the post-office with a letter, while Maria is out of all patience because Lydia has mislaid her snuff-box. I say, these odd conjunctions of names and things appear to me ridiculous; my friend Tim. however, is persuaded they are sentimental!

Another family where I visit have rather improved on this idea, although much to the inconvenience of their acquaintances, and particularly of myself, whose memory, from my advanced years, is none of the best. Mr. Gregory Griskin, not satisfied with one, has appended two or more names to each of his children; the heir apparent (to the trade, shop, and fixtures) is William Cæsar Antony; which last is spelt Antonio; Charles Frederick is the name of the second, and Edward Henry of the third. But what are these to the appellatives of the female part of the family? His wife who thirty years ago was as plain Dorothy as I can spell it, is now Dorinda; the eldest daughter Charlotte Augusta; the second Sophia Louisa, and the third Henrietta Wilhelmina — One would not have supposed forty years ago that those were the names of a grocer's family; they would have appeared to be the names of the heroes and heroines of a novel. But such is the effect of sentiment. I lived a month in this house before I was able to call the boys and girls by their names; and although every possible kindness was endeavoured to be shewn to me, I had frequent hints of the impropriety of my calling for Neddy, Sophy, and Henry; and, to say the truth, it went very much against my conscience to send out William Cæsar Antonio for a pennyworth of tobacco, or to ask Henrietta Wilhelmina for a night-cap that the servant had neglected to furnish me with. Indeed the most pleasant of my blunders was before I had seen the family, when my friend Gregory repeated their names, William Cæsar Antonio, Charles Frederick, Edward Henry, Charlotte Augusta, Sophia Louisa, Henrietta Wilhelmina, for, taking it for granted he had thirteen children, I declined lodging in so

mindful me of the mistake of the host to whom Sancho enumerated Don Quixote's titles, and who very simply averred "he had not beds in his house for half those gentlemen." Alas! sir, what has become of the venerable names I was wont to be familiar with in my younger days, the Priscillas, Prudences, Christinas, and Judiths? names now, which, if they are not absolutely reproachful, are at least confined to peevish aunts, and old maids. Who now will give an Ursula, a Susan, or a Margaret to the world? Where am I to look for those creditable, commercial-looking names, Timothy, Richard, Nathaniel, and Laurence? Had I my life to go over, and again embark in trade, I should be apt to suspect that such correspondents as Theodore, Frederick, and Eugene, were anonymous, or that their purpose was, not to drive a bargain with me, but to court my daughters. But I have done with the world; it is not now material to me whether the world be peopled with Augustus's or Roberts, Henriettas, or Pollys. Yet I confess, with all the fondness of a foolish old fellow, that I could wish before I die, to see a few more Tobys, Zacharys, Olivers and Pauls; and to dandle on my knees a few more Margerys, Bridgets, Barbaras, and Pattys. Alas! sir, that we should go to France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal, for names, while so many good old English Nicholas's Richards, Thomas's, Dorothys, Deborahs, and Cicelys, are unemployed, or consigned to the vulgar employments of carrying out parcels, or trundling the mop. Nor perhaps, will this long be the case, for the lower class of people are so very ready to imitate their superiors in every fashion, that I shall not wonder to see, and hear, Elfrida applying for a nursery-maid's place; Augustus Henry tried for picking pockets, and Matilda Louisa hanged for coining. Then, indeed, what becomes of the high-sounding names!

I am what the world calls a warm old dog — I have no immediate relations, and the expectations of my fortune are divided among several families. But this I do openly declare in your Magazine, and if you omit every other part of my letter, I hope you will insert this, that I positively will not leave a single sixpence to a man or woman whose name does not end with a consonant: nothing ending in i, a, or o, shall inherit my fortune, except indeed Barbaras, or Deborahs — And I hope that such as have expectations from me will attend to this; my fortune was got by Christian means, in a Christian country, and shall be left to none but people with Christian names

I am, sir,

Your very humble servant.

PATRICK PIPKIN.

Account of the Young Widow; or, The History of Cornelia Sedley: in a Series of Letters.

IN the crowd of Novels, which swarm in this country from a thousand circulating libraries, and which too frequently tend to debauch and deprave the tender mind, by throwing hues of false gloom or luxuriance over life, it gives us great pleasure to find, now and then, a work of moral tendency. Such is the one now before us; of which the story is briefly as follows:

Sedley, an old and peevish husband, dying, leaves a young and charming widow, Cornelia, and two boys. When death was fast approaching, he had charged Cornelia, in a pathetic conversation, never to wed a second husband whose mind was not trained to a deep sense of religion. Seymour, a fashionable infidel, who had long admired Cornelia, pays the warmest addresses to her, and excites an equal ardour upon her side; but not all his love nor arts can prevail upon her to wed a man of professed infidelity. After an ineffectual stratagem to secure his marriage with Cornelia, Seymour in despair goes to Italy, where by an accident in escaping from the window of a courtesan, he is mortally hurt, and soon after dies; but first becomes a convert to Christianity. Cornelia, deeply afflicted for his death, remains unmarried.

After an interval of fifteen years, Cornelia's eldest son falls in love with an English girl of pleasure to such a violent degree, that he is resolved upon marrying her. Not all his mother's art or affection can save him from this snare; till at last a casket of jewels, left by Seymour to be delivered to this son when he comes of age, is opened, and a letter of Seymour to him is found, so full of pathetic and wise counsels, that the youth's mind relents, and, giving up his low inclination, he marries the young lady recommended to him by his mother.

There are different episodes, and an under-plot, not uninteresting, concerning the loves of Peverel, a young English gentleman, and Giuliana, an Italian lady, of great beauty, chastity, and piety,

The plot of this Novel is new, and far from unhappy. The struggles between Love and Religion, in the tender mind of Cornelia, and between Love and Infidelity, in the vigorous soul of Seymour, are not ill described, but might surely have been improved to a far higher degree by a writer who is so masterly an anatomist of the human heart. There is somewhat of tautology in this work; and perhaps too few incidents. The catastrophe is cruel, and seems opposite to the effects which the author appears to propose. But his good intention

Hib. Mag. August, 1789.

must secure him praise from every candid reader; and the work, though it have faults, will be found far superior, both in style and matter, to the common run of Novels.

The following extract, from the solemn conversation of the dying Sedley, with his wife, will give the reader no unfavourable idea of the writer's style. Cornelia is the relater.

"Be calm, he cried, I conjure you, my dear Cornelia; for it is of great importance to the present relief of my mind, and to your future happiness, that I should have a long and unreserved conversation with you." I sat silent, and half petrified with awful expectation. "I have wished (he continued) for some days to enter on this discourse; and I feel that I must not let slip the present hour, because it is most probable that I shall not have another in which I may possess ease and strength of body sufficient to utter all I would say to you: No! my dear Cornelia, you must not think of my recovery. There is not indeed a shadow of foundation for any hope of that kind; and, believe me, I am willing to die; my affection for you, strange as it may sound, has a tendency to favour a turn of mind so desirable in a state like mine. I have wished very ineffectually to make you happy; your excellent father had the same passionate desire: and as he had also a strong abhorrence for the profligate manners of our young men, and a fond anxiety to guard you from the miseries of conjugal infidelity, he gave you, at seventeen, to the arms of his particular friend, whose integrity he considered as much more than a compensation for the difference of our age—that difference indeed was not painfully visible at the period of our union, but every succeeding year rendered it more apparent, and accident conspired with time and nature to preclude us from that felicity which he had fondly persuaded himself we were destined to enjoy. Flattered by the alacrity with which you obeyed the wish of a father whom you idolized, I was vain enough to suppose that you loved me, before I had in truth merited your tenderness. Eager to improve your admirable understanding, I began to play the preceptor too soon and too sedulously. I bestowed that time and care on the cultivation of your mind which I ought to have devoted to the acquisition of your heart. I did not perceive my error, and its very natural consequence, till I had been visited for some time by the severe internal malady which has long rendered my existence so painful to myself, and so burdensome to all around me. You, my dearest Cornelia, have been a very diligent and a very kind attendant to a wretched invalid; but your own heart will inform you, that I am not mistaken in saying, you have been so much more from the sense of duty than

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from

from the sentiment of love.—Do not, I conjure you, suppose that I mean to cast a shadow of reproach upon you by what I am saying: on the contrary, I consider myself as making a just acknowledgment to the excellence of your conduct; there is, assuredly, more virtue in discharging very burdensome and painful duties with the strictest fidelity, than in merely acting from the impulse of an ardent affection. Yet when I have observed your lively spirit depressed, and at times even the loveliness of your countenance impaired, by being involved so early in offices ill suited to your youth, I have almost thought it a crime in me to labour for the preservation of a life whose continuance could only lengthen your misfortune.” He uttered these words with such an enthusiastic mixture of tenderness and despair, that I could remain silent no longer. I know not, however, what I attempted to utter, for he soon restrained my endeavour to take a part in the conversation by requesting me to hear what he wished to say of our children; a subject which he had long been unable to touch upon without a very painful and distressing emotion. After some affectionate remarks on their infantine dispositions, “They have,” he said, “and I hope they will long have, a mother to whom Nature has given every perfection that belongs to the maternal character: but as it is possible that, when they will stand most in need of paternal admonition, they may find only a nominal father, whose parental solicitude may be engrossed by more fortunate children”——As he was uttering his apprehension, I felt a sort of proud anguish, and affectionate indignation, that I was unable to suppress; and I interrupted him with a vehemence of manner so different from my usual behaviour to him, that he gazed at me in silent astonishment, while I exclaimed, “I see the full extent and cruelty of your fears. O Sedley! if I have hitherto failed in affection, let me now give you a convincing proof that you are much dearer to me than you imagine. If it will afford any relief to the fond parental anxiety that afflicts you, I will bind myself by your form of adoration or en-

some distance from this sofa, “Look there, my angel,” he continued, “look there! and let the beautiful image in the mirror inform you what a despicable brute I must be, if, sensible as I am that you have never yet experienced the delicious passion of love, I could suffer you to make such a sacrifice to generosity as your angelic soul has suggested. No!—But, my Cornelia, I am referring you to a monitor unfaithful to my purpose; however true that reflection may be to the beauties of your person, your native diffidence will render it a weak interpreter of my meaning. Turn then to me alone, and believe the voice of a dying man, who tells you, in a state which admits not any species of adulation, that you are at this moment, both in person and in mind, one of the most lovely creatures with which the Great Parent of all loveliness has deigned to embellish this world. Why do I tell you this?—for the kindest of purposes, to impress on your own mind a juster estimate of the perfections you possess, that, seeing at once their rare value, and the various danger to which they may expose their possessor, you may render them no more the sources of inquietude, but the instruments of happiness. Not marry again! Oh, heavens! my dearest Cornelia, it is my ardent prayer that you may; and in such a manner, that your second marriage may afford you the fullest compensation for all the inevitable infelicity of the first.”——Here his voice failed him, and a fit of his severe agony came on so suddenly, that I was terrified with the idea of his expiring as he leant, exhausted and speechless, against my bosom. I contrived, however, to replace him on his sofa; and after some dreadful writhing of his poor tortured frame, he resumed his discourse with an astonishing coherence and composure. In vain I conjured him not to destroy his reviving strength by farther conversation on a subject at once so distressing and so unnecessary. “I am convinced, my dear Cornelia,” he replied, “that at this moment you believe it unnecessary; but the day perhaps may come, when you will reflect upon it, as a useful caution with affectionate gratitude. Have

attained its perfection: You are hitherto (forgive me for repeating this important truth), you are hitherto a stranger to the passion which your bosom is naturally formed to feel in the very height of its purity and its power;—a passion, my dear Cornelia, which, even in a heart so virtuous and so gentle as yours, is forcible and imperious to a degree that you can hardly conceive!—No! by Heaven! so far from wishing to withhold you from a future marriage, had I the powers of an angel, I would exert them to select you for an object that should render you the happiest of wives. I have not such a privilege; but I can at least caution you against the kind of character that would have the greatest tendency to produce the opposite effect. Vice, my dear Cornelia, is a still greater enemy to happiness than a lingering distemper. Heaven forbid that you should ever be the wife of a man whose profligacy might induce you to regret your departed invalid! You must, indeed, be egregiously deceived before this could happen; but how common is such deception in the world! How many men have I known extolled by their acquaintance for infinite honesty of heart, and high sentiments of honour, yet practising every device that could be productive of misery to your sex, and caressed by the polite world in proportion as they merited universal detestation! What examples have we of husbands, who married with every possible advantage of rank, fortune, understanding, and person, united in either party, yet who have wantonly sacrificed every blessing to a rage for licentious pleasure, and have left a lovely woman to ruin her health by dissipation, or to pine in solitude over her declining beauty, and her deserted children! But is there any kind of caution which a woman may consider as her safeguard against misery like this? Yes! my dear Cornelia, there is one, a very simple one, which has chiefly induced me to trouble you with this long discourse. Let this, conjure you, be the leading maxim of your life,—that he can never be a proper partner for a lovely and innocent woman, who has no sense of his obligations to her Creator.

tered. I said this with the strictest truth; and indeed, my dear Harriot, I question if the voice of an angel, giving me counsel from Heaven, could have filled my retentive mind with such grateful admiration.

Account of an Essay on the Natural History of Chili, by the Abbé Molini.

SUCH a number of works have been published lately respecting South America, as give us reason to hope, that we shall soon acquire a satisfactory knowledge of that beautiful part of the other atmosphere. Till lately, we knew little of it, and what we knew was so dubious and contradictory, that an entire ignorance of it, would have perhaps been preferable. A description of Chili, with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted, must therefore be highly interesting, especially when written by a native of the country, and one well versed in the different branches of natural history.

Chili is one of those provinces in the new hemisphere, which merit the highest attention. It may very justly be called the garden of South America, as we call Italy the garden of Europe. The climate of these two countries is almost the same, and their degrees of latitude nearly correspond. They resemble one another also in another point, which is, that they extend much more in length than in breadth, and that they are divided by a chain of mountains, in which all those rivers that water and fertilize the low lands have their sources.

The Abbé Molini divides this work into four parts. In the first, he gives an account of the seasons, meteors, volcanoes and earthquakes of that country, and of every thing that relates to the climate in general. In the three remaining parts he treats of the objects of the three kingdoms of nature, in passing from the simplest to the most perfect, that is to say, from the mineral to the animal. He has added some observations on man, considered as an inhabitant of Chili, and on the Patagonians, or pretended giants, whom he considered as the mountainters of the country. The work is terminated by a methodical table of the new species described

present under the name of the plague, and which from time to time appears in the northern provinces. When that is the case, the inhabitants of the neighbouring country make all those who come from that quarter perform a very rigorous quarantine, which preserves them from this terrible distemper. When the Indians, who have hitherto been free from this contagion, suspect that any one is attacked by it, which may happen on account of their intercourse with the Spaniards, they burn the person in his own hut, by means of lighted arrows. By this expedient, which it must be allowed is a cruel one, they have always checked the progress which this disorder might have made. A physician of the country, *Francis Matthew Verdugo*, of the order of St. John, was the first, who attempted inoculation, in 1761, which since that time has been attended with great success. Tertian and quartan fevers are both unknown here, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring places, who are attacked by them, repair hither for some time, and find their health soon re-established. Some years an ardent fever, accompanied with a delirium, rages among the country people, especially in summer and autumn. This malady, which the Indians cure by the use of certain vegetables, with which experience makes them acquainted, is known by the name of *charvolonco*, which signifies *distemper of the head*. The venereal disease has made but little progress in the Spanish possessions, and still less among the Indians. As the latter has not a word in their language to characterise this malady, it is probable that it was not known among them before the arrival of the Spaniards. The rickets, which for three centuries have made so much ravage in Europe, have not yet found their way into Chili, and the number of lame or deformed, is consequently very small. The disease is the same with respect to several disorders peculiar to warm countries, such as the *Siamese distemper**, the leprosy, &c. which are here altogether unknown. The observation of Mr. Condamine, that cats and dogs never become mad in America, is

N O T E.

* *The Siamese distemper* is thus named, because it was brought from Siam, by a French vessel, called the *Oriflamme*. Its symptoms are most dreadful. Those who are attacked by it, vomit up blood; sometimes it issues from every opening of the body, and even from every pore. They void worms both upwardly and downwardly. Their bodies become covered with black buboes full of coagulated blood and worms, and they die in seven or eight days, often sooner, and sometimes even on the appearance of the first symptoms, which are severe pains in the head and reins.

founded in truth, and Chili produces none of those venomous and dangerous animals which are so much dreaded in warm countries.

Rivers. The waters of the rivers are at their greatest height from the month of September to February; in some a change is observed in the morning and evening, which may be explained by the situation of their sources, as they are more or less exposed to the rays of the sun. These rivers never overflow their banks, and inundations are unknown in Chili, their beds being too large; but though many of them appear not to be deep, they have more than once proved fatal to those who have attempted to cross them on horseback.

The common opinion, that snow water produces excrescences in the throat, like those of the inhabitants of the Alps, is not confirmed here; all the water of the rivers may be considered as snow water; but it is excellent to drink, and this malady does not exist in Chili.

Quality of the Soil. Those authors who have written concerning the fertility of Chili, do not agree respecting the produce of the earth. Some have pretended that it yields sixty or or eighty for one; others have said, that it would be considered as a bad crop if it did not yield an hundred for one, and others assure us that they have reaped an hundred and thirty for one. I am far from criticising the relations of respectable authors, the greater part of whom have been eye witnesses, and the more so, as in that country, a most prodigious vegetation has been observed, which, however, cannot serve as a rule. I remember to have seen some lands which produced 120, 150, and as far as 160, for one; ordinary crops in the interior part of the country, are from sixty to seventy for one. The maritime lands produce from forty to fifty. In the provinces situated between the 24th and 34th degrees of latitude, the crops in general are more certain, since the farmers water their lands, whereas in the southern provinces, they are contented with the natural dew, though the streams and rivers there offer them the same advantage. I am of opinion, however, that this calculation might be extended, were I to reckon the great quantity of grain lost in the time of harvest, by the bad custom introduced into the country, of not cutting the corn until the grain begins to drop.

Plants. Among the number of its plants, there are a great many which Chili possesses in common with Europe, such as mallows, clover, succory, balm, nettles, &c. and several others which by care are cultivated in our gardens, grow there naturally, such as lupines, pimento, celery, cresses, mustard fennel

fennel, &c. Several tropical plants also thrive well in the northern provinces; among others the sugar-cane, the cotton shrub, the banana, jalap and American scammony. Besides these plants, Chili produces a great number, which appear to be peculiar to itself. The plants which I collected in my botanical excursions, amounted to about three thousand, the greater part of which are not described in any work on botany. Among these plants there were a great number the flowers of which were most beautiful, and which deserve to be cultivated with care; but the inhabitants prefer ornamenting their gardens with flowers, the seeds of which come from Europe, than to bestow any attention on those of their own country. The great abundance of aromatic plants gives to the flesh of their domestic animals, which remain the whole year in the open fields, a flavour unknown every where else. As the different herbs which serve them for food, succeed one another regularly, and as there is a continual verdure, the Chilians have no occasion for making hay, as in other countries. In towns, they feed their horses with barley, and a kind of clover which is cultivated. The meads produce more than twelve different kinds of clover, abundance of lucern, and a species of venus comb, which is called *loiqui labuen*, and which cattle are remarkably fond of.

Maize. This plant by the Chilians, is named *Gua*. It thrives exceedingly well, and the inhabitants cultivate eight or nine kinds of it, several of which bear two or three years very rich. One of these kinds, named *Amita*, is preferred to all the rest; they make a kind of paste of it, by pounding the grains when fresh gathered between two stones, as they do their cacao or chocolate, they afterwards add butter and sugar to it, and boil it in water.

Magu, a kind of rye, and **Teica**, a kind of barley were cultivated by the Arauques, before the arrival of the Spaniards; but since they introduced the wheat of Europe, these two species of grain have been entirely neglected, and I was not able to procure any specimens, in order to give an exact description of them.

Basil. In the province of St. Jago, there is found a kind of wild basil, *ocymum salinum*, which greatly resembles common basil, except in its stalk, which is considerably different: it is round and full of joints. The smell and taste of this plant, are not at all like those of basil, but like those of the *alga*, and other marine plants. This plant, which vegetates from spring till the commencement of winter, is every morning found covered with salt globules, hard and shining, which make it appear as if covered with dew; each plant furnishes about half an ounce of it daily. The peasants collect

this substance, and use it as common salt, though in taste it is far superior. It appears to me difficult to explain this phenomenon, as the plant grows in a rich soil, which exhibits no signs of salt, and which is more than sixty miles distant from the sea.

Plants for dying. From time immemorial the Chilians have employed indigenous plants for dying cloth, and their superior quality has rendered the introduction of foreign plants superfluous. I have in my possession stuffs died in the country, which, after being used thirty years, have lost none of their beauty and splendour; the blue, yellow, red and green, keep equally well, and neither the air nor soap, have been able to make them fade or change. In the southern provinces, a plant is used for blue colours with which I am not acquainted. Among the Arauques, and in the Spanish settlements, they use indigo dissolved in fermented urine, in which the cloth or thread they wish to dye is several times dipped; this simple process gives it a beautiful and durable colour. Red is made by a kind of madder, named *relbun* or *rubia Chilensis*. A kind of maudlin *eupatorium Chilense*, gives a yellow colour. A yellow dye is extracted also from *poquel*, or from *santalina tinctoria*, a kind of cresses with long and narrow leaves. The stalks furnish a green dye. The root of a plant named *panke* produces a most beautiful black, and it is considered as one of the most useful vegetable productions of Chili. Some authors have given it the name of *bardana Chilensis*, because its leaves approach near to those of the burdock, though its fruit is absolutely different. The juice of the root gives a black colour to cloth; it may be used also for writing, as its viscosity, and the beautiful black colour which it assumes by age, give it all the properties of ink. This root is employed for tanning hides; for this purpose it must be pounded; but the smell which exhales from it during this operation, is so strong, that the workmen cannot endure it above half an hour. Shoemakers use the trunk for making their lasts, which, as they pretend, are very durable; the heart of the trunk contains a pulp, the taste of which is a little sourish, and which is eaten by the peasants in summer.

As we cannot at present give larger extracts from this curious and interesting work, we shall close our account of it with the following reflections on the inhabitants of Chili.

“Man, says the Abbé Molini, enjoys in Chili, all those advantages which arise from a mild climate, not liable to sudden changes; and those who do not shorten their lives by their irregularities, attain here to a very great age. Notwithstanding what

Mr. Paw says, I have known some old men of the age of 104, 105, and even of 115. It is not many years since *Don Antonio Boza* died here at the age of 106. My grandfather and great grandfather, died, the first at the age of ninety-five, and the latter at ninety-six. Such instances are not rare, especially among the natives. The women here are generally fruitful, and there is, perhaps, no country in the world where twins are more common. The Chilians, like the Tartars, have very little beard, and their practice of pulling out the hair, as soon as it grows up, makes them appear absolutely beardless: for this purpose they always carry a pair of small pincers along with them; but notwithstanding this custom, some of them may be seen with beards as strong as those of the Spaniards. The opinion entertained that the want of a beard indicates a feeble body, is not confirmed here, for these Indians are generally vigorous, and endure labour and fatigue better than the Creoles: on this account, Indians are always made choice of for any employment that requires strength. Those who inhabit the plains, are of the same stature as the Europeans; but the inhabitants of the mountains are distinguished by a greater size of body, and I am fully persuaded, that these are the famous Patagonians, of whom so much has been spoken. The opinion of Lord Anson is precisely the same. The descriptions which Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Bougainville, Duclos, and Giraudas have given us of these pretended giants correspond perfectly with the figure of our mountaineers. What confirms me in this idea is, that their language is Chilian, as may be judged from some words of it, which these travellers have given us in their voyages. Besides, it is proved that the Chilian language does not extend beyond the boundaries with which I have made my readers acquainted. The language of the Patagonians contains a great number of Spanish words, which sufficiently proves a communication between the two nations. The general height of the inhabitants of the mountains is from five to seven feet. The tallest I ever saw did not exceed se-

Account of Essays in the Manner of Montaigne, or the Amusements of a Minister of State.

OF this work, an edition was printed some time ago, and though it did not appear with all the formalities requisite for being publicly sold, it was eagerly purchased by those who were able to procure it. At present the sale of it is permitted, and we must in justice own, that few works of the kind have a greater claim to attention.

These essays are attributed to the Marquis de Paulmy, and the editor observes, that the reader will find in them thoughts formed in the silence of the cabinet, seasoned with striking passages and anecdotes, little or not at all known. "He will doubtless perceive the author to have been a man who frequented good company, and who was informed of many things with which the world could not be acquainted. There is no fact in this work, which does not tend to support and to serve as an example and proof of some reflection. It is in this manner, that all those books ought to be written, which are given under the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, or any other of the same kind. Facts should always be introduced to support thoughts, and facts should give birth to reflections. No person was more capable than the Marquis de Paulmy, to execute a work which might have this species of merit. In the present, we find an air of truth, an appearance of candor, and a simplicity which induce us to think like the author. He is a philosopher who recalls to memory whatever he has seen, heard or learned in those companies which he frequented. He seems always to converse familiarly with his friends, and indeed it was in the midst of his friends, and from their conversation, which was his principal delight, that he composed these essays, in the manner of Montaigne, which he considered as a necessary relief during more important literary labors."

But let us suffer the author to speak for himself. It is well known, that Montaigne always seems to be conversing with his rea-

lay it aside at every page: but that after having shut it, one may reason upon each article; and I shall think myself happy, if in the midst of this disorder, either real or apparent, I shall be found to possess any of those advantages which Montaigne enjoyed. I do not envy him his grand qualities, those strokes of genius which shine throughout his work, nor his energy of style; but I may venture to assert, that like him, I am a zealous friend of humanity, justice and truth; free and loyal in my words, writings and actions; that I judge of the present age with impartiality, and without ill-nature, of my neighbour with candor and indulgence, and of myself with caution, for one ought to treat one's self with the same justice as one treats others."

The greater part of these essays tend to give us just ideas of great personages, or of those who have filled eminent posts, either as ministers, generals, lawyers, or men of letters. There are some of these personages who stand very high in the opinion of the public, and who, weighed here in the balance of just criticism, lose a little of their lustre, and there are some who have been blamed or decried, who are here justified, or at least excused; but in these opposite opinions the illustrious author assigns such just reasons, that it is very difficult not to coincide with him.

Sometimes he contrasts two ancient characters with one another, such as Cato, the Censor, and Cato of Utica. The first appears to him, to be a dragon of virtue, as they say; of ostentatious virtue, which consists in unbounded severity to others, whilst he shews excessive impartiality to himself. On the other hand, Cato of Utica, virtuous by principle, was less so for himself, than for his countrymen, and the Republic; on this account he sacrificed himself for it, while his relation ruined a multitude of Roman families, by the exorbitant usury which he extorted from them. Sometimes the Marquis de Paulmy gives the character of some of the ancients, and compares it with that of some modern, such as Alcibiades, to whom he compares a French general, who sought glory both under the banners of Belona, and those of Venus. After this short sketch, the best manner of making our readers acquainted with the work will be to extract a few passages from it.

The author has drawn a very close and very humorous parallel between Lycurgus and St. Francis d'Assise, the Lacedemonians and Capuchins. After having mentioned the most striking marks of resemblance, he expresses himself thus:

"The Lacedemonians found their manner of living too austere; they envied their neighbours the luxuries of life which they

enjoyed, and thought that if they conquered them, they should enjoy these also. In the like manner, the monks, having made themselves be respected, admired and esteemed, thought they might take advantage of this consideration to enrich, if not themselves, at least their monasteries. Their mendicants even became wealthy proprietors. Philosophy, the Sciences and the Arts, which tend to procure the conveniencies of life, corrupted Athens, and ruined Lacedemon. In the same manner, the Cordeliers were admitted into the university of Paris, where by their intrigues they solicited for the honor of the Doctorate; after this they could not reconcile these fine titles with the very austere life which they ought to have led, and the extreme poverty which they professed. Different reforms have attempted to bring back the monks to their original institution, from which they have always deviated; but as they have now totally lost the virtues of their state, we may predict that in a short time, there will be as few monks as there are Spartans."

There are some reigns in which the ministry do every thing, as under Louis XII. others, where the king and the ministers concur together, such were those of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. Without Henry, Sully could never have done all the good he wished, and without Louis XIV. and his grand views, Colbert would have perhaps been only an ordinary minister, because he would not have been attended to. It is well known how much Louis XII loved his people and was beloved by them, and it is also known how much the memory of the Cardinal d'Amboise, his prime minister, has been celebrated every where in history. The Marquis de Paulmy, however, attributes all the good which he did under that happy reign, to the virtues of the king, and his love for his people, and all the faults of it, all impolitical enterprizes, and all vain expences to the ambition of the ministry. We need only follow the historian in his enumeration of these faults, enterprizes, and motives, to be convinced that he is in the right. The following passage will serve as a proof of the good Cardinal's disinterestedness.

"Four days before the death of that prelate, Louis XII. having paid him a visit, d'Amboise bursting into tears, made a general and ministerial confession to the monarch. He acknowledged, that he left considerable riches, in the acquisition of which he had many things to reproach himself with. He maintained that he had taken nothing from his majesty's subjects, but he told him, that he had for a long time received a pension of fifty thousand ducats from different princes and republics of Italy, thirty thousand of which

which were from the Florentines alone. He had, besides, got considerable presents and amassed large sums. He begged the king, therefore, to permit him to dispose of all that he possessed, and the good king granted him more than he asked.

Mazarin, who had the same scruples, pursued the same method, to legitimate the possessions of his immense riches, but Mazarin will never be quoted as a disinterested minister.

To convey some idea of the opulence of Cardinal d'Amboise, we shall give a few of the articles of his will, the first of which is very singular. He says,

"I leave to my nephew George d'Amboise, my Archbishopric of Rouen, and all its dependencies, which are valued at two millions of pieces of gold, together with the furniture of Gaillon, and all the accommodations, such as they are. *Item*, To my nephew the Grand Master of Malta, chief of my armies, 150,000 gold ducats, my beautiful cup, valued at 200,000 crowns, 100 pieces of gold, each worth 500 crowns, my gold plate, and 5000 marks in silver plate. *Item*, All my patrimony to the son of the Grand Master."

The author adds, that he gave considerable legacies to his other nephews, ten thousand francs to the four mendicant orders to say masses for the repose of his soul, and to portion 150 young women, in honor of the 150 psalms which compose the psalter.

Several suspicions were entertained concerning the death of Henrietta, first wife of the Duke of Orleans. These suspicions seem to be verified by the following anecdote.

It is known, says the author, that this princess was taken ill at St. Cloud, one evening in summer, after having drank cooling liquors, which were presented to her by her cup-bearer. This death caused a general grief, especially among the princess's officers who were to lose their places; but the Duke allayed their fears, by promising to get them into the service of the new Duke's when he should marry. One only retired with great riches to Paris, where he purchased a house and settled, and where he appeared to be very happy with his condition.

A few years after, the Duke, having married the Princess Palatine of Bavaria, he kept his word to all the servants of his former wife, and presented a list to the princess, telling her that none of them had died since the time of their former mistress. She perceived, however, that one place was vacant, and having asked the reason, the Duke replied, "that the person who had held it, was extremely well, but I think," continued he, "that he will not enter in your ser-

vice." He had been the cup bearer, and in all appearance, the princess had not the courage to enquire what that meant. I am certain of this anecdote. I even knew people who had seen this old servant, and they told me his name, but it has escaped my memory. He never was the first to speak either of the Duke, or of the Princess, and though he resided at Paris, he never went either to the palace Royal, St. Cloud, or Versailles. It is also pretended, that he appeared to be confused when the name of his old mistress was mentioned before him.

The cause of the conversion of the celebrated Abbé de Rance is well known, we find here something still more extraordinary.

"The director of a certain seminary, a man of great piety, wrote to an Abbé of *Suze*, who had been a great libertine, but who was then converted, that he intended to come and pass the carnival with him, in order that he might employ in pious meditations that time which people of the world spent in profane diversions. The similarity of the name, made a stupid domestic who was employed to carry this letter, deliver it to the Abbé de *Suze*, whom he found busily employed in preparing for his carnival, and to indulge himself not only in low amusements, but even in debauchery. When the Abbé opened the letter, he was thunder-struck. He first put on a serious air, then appeared agitated and confused, and at length made a firm resolution of amending his life, and forsaking his former courses. Having gone to confess, which he had not done for some years, the confessor, after having reprimanded, but at the same time, consoled him, encouraged him to say mass, which he had not done for some time, though he was a priest, and possessed rich benefices; this duty he performed, and with so much compunction, that he expired just as he had finished it."

These two last anecdotes are taken from very voluminous memoirs in manuscript of the Abbé de Choisy, which the Marquis de Paulmy had in his possession, as being a relation of that academician, a title which does not prevent him from drawing a very just, and at the same time not very flattering portrait of the Abbé, who was indeed a singular character. To the same Abbé he is also indebted for the following.

It is well known that Madame de Guercheville was extremely beautiful, that Henry IV. was in love with her, that she resisted his passion a long time, and that the king conceived so much esteem for her, that he appointed her a lady of the bed chamber to the Queen, telling her, that had he known a more virtuous woman in his kingdom, he would have given her the preference.

The

The Abbè de Choisy relates a circumstance in the life of this lady, which I do not remember to have seen any where else. Henry IV. knowing that Madame de Guercheville was at Roche-Guyon, resolved to pay her a visit, and sent a gentleman to acquaint her, that having been on a hunting party in the neighbourhood, he requested leave to sup with her, and to sleep in her castle. The lady replied, with great respect, that she would do her best to receive the king in a manner suitable to his rank and dignity. The monarch, enchanted with this answer, repaired to the castle, where he found Madame de Guercheville at the bottom of the staircase full dressed and ready to receive him. She conducted him with much ceremony into the best apartment, and as he passed along, he observed in the kitchen every preparation for a magnificent supper. The lady informed him, that as soon as he had enjoyed a little repose, it would be served up. When the supper was ready, and the king about to sit down to table, he learned that Madame de Guercheville had ordered her carriage, and departed from the castle. Surprised and much vexed at this information, he sent to enquire the reason, upon which she sent back this answer, that a *king ought always to be master wherever he was, and that as for her part she wished to enjoy freedom wherever she might be.*

The Abbè Choisy had formed at his house at Luxembourg, a small academy, where nothing was treated of but politics, jurisprudence, theology and moral philosophy. The greater part of thirteen members, who composed this academy, had been or were afterwards members of the French academy, except d'Herbelot, who belonged only to that of Belles Lettres.

In a dissertation read at one of these meetings by the latter, on the origin of the word *pope*, and the custom established in the Roman church of giving it exclusively to the bishop of Rome, I find, independent of what every body knows, that there were great debates in 1530, under the pontificate of Urban VIII. what title should be given to the cardinals. They were on the point of being called *most perfect, your perfection*, but at length, this epithet was changed to that of *most eminent, your eminence*. We see what influence Christian humility

their valets-de-chambre their old purple garments, and their dirty linen.

The Abbè de Choisy left a collection of *bons mots*, from which the following among others are extracted.

The Abbè d'Aumont, having taken a box in the play house, was sitting there in order to keep places for some ladies whom he expected to join him, when the Marshal d'Albert entered. The respect entertained for this officer, made the box-keeper open the door of the Abbè's box, who was obliged to give place to the Marshal. Upon which the Abbè retired in a very ill humor, muttering between his teeth, "A pretty Marshal! he never took any thing but my box."

Gregory XIII. was principally indebted for his elevation to the pontifical chair to Cardinal Borromeo, who gave him his own vote, and procured that of his friends, merely because he thought he observed in his character a great deal of disinterestedness; but as soon as this Pope was installed, he applied himself to enrich his family, at the expence of the patrimony of St. Peter, which obliged cardinal Borromeo to say to him one day, "Holy Father, had I known that you would have behaved in this manner, you should have had neither my vote nor that of my friends."—"What," said the Pope, "did not the Holy Ghost know it?"

The Marquis de Paulmy's other works have been well received by the public, and we are persuaded, that in the present, they will readily observe the philosopher, the enlightened writer, the profound observer, the friend of mankind, the politician, formed by experience, and the impartial judge, whose decisions are determined by nothing but probity and true merit.

Account of Observations and Reflections made in the course of a Journey through France, Italy and Germany, by Hester Lynch Piozzi.

It is now become so fashionable, for those who in the common phrase make the tour of Europe, to *favor* the public with an account of what occurred to them in the course of their peregrinations, that we may very soon expect to see every *valet de chambre* and *footman*, publishing his travels, either under the title of *A Tour, a journey,*

their time and their money better, wander about from town to town on the Continent, merely to gratify vain curiosity, and then, under the most specious pretences, publish large volumes, filled with the most trifling circumstances, they ought to be treated with that contempt which they so justly deserve. Deceived by a title, where we expected both amusement and instruction, we often meet with nothing but a minute detail of uninteresting occurrences, or a dry journal of such events, as a lively imagination might paint by the fire side, with the help of a few books. How far these observations may be applied to the present work, we shall leave those readers to determine who may have patience enough to enable them to wade through two large octavo volumes, containing about four hundred pages each.

Mrs. Piozzi's route in this journey, is the usual one of most travellers, through France, Switzerland, Italy and part of Germany. Therefore Paris, Lyons, Turin, Genoa, Milan, Padua, Venice, Rome and Naples, are the principal places which engage her attention in France and Italy, and Trent, Saltzburgh, Vienna and Berlin in Germany. As the rarities of France and Italy, have been described times without number, and as we find nothing new, or peculiarly striking in *Signora Piozzi's* account of them, we shall confine ourselves in our extracts from this work, to the latter part of the second volume, where she gives an account of her jaunt to Vienna and Berlin. Now for a few specimens of the *Signora's* observations and reflections. We shall select them as they come, without prejudice or favor. Speaking of Vienna, she says,

"We entered the capital by night; but I fancied perhaps from having been told so, that I saw something like a look of London round me. Apartments furnished wholly in the Paris taste take off that look a little; so do the public walks and drives which are formed *etoile-wise*, and moving slowly up and down the avenues, you see large flags, wild boars, &c. grazing at liberty: this is grander than our park, and graver than the Corio. Whenever they lay out a piece of water in this country, it is covered as in ours with swans, who have completely quitted the odoriferous Po for the clear and rapid Danube.

"Vienna was not likely to strike one with its churches; yet the old cathedral is majestic, and by no means stripped of those ornaments which, while one sect of Christians think it particularly pleasing in the sight of God to retain, is hardly warrantable in another sect, though wiser, to be over-hasty in tearing away. Here are, however, many devotional figures and chapels left in the streets I see, which, from the tales told in

Austrian Lombardy, one had little reason to expect; but the Emperor is tender even to the foibles of his Viennese subjects, while he shews little feeling to the Italian misery. Men drawing carts along the roads and street afford, indeed, somewhat an awkward proof of the government's lenity when human creatures are levelled with beasts of burden, and called *stot eisel*, or *stout asses*, as I understand, who by this information have learned that the frame which supports a picture is for the same reason called an *eisel*, as we call a thing to hang clothes on a *barje*. It is the genius of the German language to degrade all our English words somehow: they call a coach a *waggon*, and ask a lady if she will buy pomatum to *smear* her hair with. Such is, however, the resemblance between their tongue and ours, that the Italians protest they cannot separate either the ideas or the words.

I must mention our going to the post-office with a Venetian friend to look for letters, where, after receiving some surly replies from the people who attended there, our laquais de place reminded my male companions that they should stand *uncovered*. Finding them, however dilatory in their obedience, a rough fellow snatched the hat from one of their heads, saying, "*Don't you know, Sir, that you are standing before the Emperor's officers?*"—"I know," replied the prompt Italian, "*that we are come to a country where people wear their hats in the church, so need not wonder we are bid to take them off in the post-office.*" Well, where rulers are said or supposed to be tyrannical, it is rational that good provision should be made for arms; otherwise despotism dwindles into nugatory pompousness and airy show; Prospero's empire in the enchanted island of Shakespeare is not more shadowy than the sight of princedom united with impotence of power:—such have I seen, but such is not the character of *Key-sar's* dominion. The arsenal here is the finest thing in the world I suppose; it grieved me to feel the ideas of London and Venice fade before it so; but the enormous size and solidity of the quadrangle, the quantity and disposition of the cannon, bombs, and mortars, filled my mind with enforced respect, and shook my nerves with the thought of what might follow such dreadful preparations.

Nothing can, in fact, be grander than the sight of the Austrian eagle, all made out in arms, eight ancient heroes sternly frowning round it. The choice has fallen on *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Fabius Maximus*, *Cyrus*, and *Themistocles*. I should have thought *Pyrrhus* worthier the company of all the rest than this last-named hero; but petty criticisms

are much less worthy a place in Vienna's arsenal, which impresses one with a very majestic idea of Imperial greatness."

Mrs. Piozzi tells us, that she heard so many, and such interesting particulars respecting the Emperor, that she should not have forgiven herself, had she failed to record and relate them, especially as her authority was good, and the anecdotes singular and pleasing. She continues thus:

"He rises then at five o'clock every morning, even at this sharp season, writes in private till nine, takes some refreshment then, and immediately after calls his ministers, and employs the time till one professedly in state affairs, rides out till three, returns and studies alone, letting the people bring his dinner at the appointed hour, chuses out of all the things they bring him one dish, and sets it on the stove to keep hot, eating it when nature calls for food, but never detaining a servant in the room to wait; at five he goes to the Corridor just near his own apartment, where poor and rich, small and great, have access to his person at pleasure, and often get him to arbitrate their law-suits, and decide their domestic differences, as nothing is more agreeable to him than finding himself considered by his people as their father, and dispenser of justice over all his extensive dominions. His attention to the duties he has imposed upon himself is so great, that, in order to maintain a pure impartiality in his mind toward every claimant, he suffers no man or woman to have any influence over him, and forbears even the slight gratification of fondling a dog, lest it should take up too much of his time. The Emperor is a stranger upon principle to the joys of confidence and friendship, but cultivates the acquaintance of many ladies and gentlemen, at whole houses (when they see company) he drops in, and spends the evening cheerfully in cards and conversation, putting no man under the least restraint; and if he sees a new comer in look disconcerted, goes up to him and says kindly, "Divert yourself your own way, good Sir, and do not let me disturb you." His coach is like the commonest gentleman's of Vienna, his servants distinguished only by the plainness of their liveries; and lest their insolence might make his company troublesome to the houses where he visits, he leaves the carriage in the street, and will not even be driven into the courtyard, where other equipages and footmen wait. A large dish of hot chocolate thickened with bread and cream is a common afternoon's regale here, and the Emperor often takes one, observing to the mistress of the house how acceptable such a meal is to him after so wretched a dinner.

A few mornings ago showed his character in a strong light. Some poor women were

coming down the Danube on a float, the planks separated, and they were in danger of drowning; it was very early in the day, and no one awake upon the shore except a sawyer that was cutting wood; who, not being able to obtain from his phlegmatic neighbors that assistance their case immediately required, ran directly to call the Emperor, who he knew would be stirring, and who came flying to give that help which from some happy accident was no longer wanted; but Joseph lost no good humor on the occasion; on the contrary, he congratulated the women on their deliverance, praising at the same time and rewarding the fellow for having disturbed him.

My informer told me likewise, that if two men dispute about any matter till mischief is expected, the wife of one of them will often cry out, "Come, have done, have done directly, or I'll call our master, and he'll make you have done." Now is it fair not to do every thing but adore a sovereign like this? when we know that if such tales were told us of Marcus Aurelius, or Titus Vespasian, it would be our delight to repeat, our favourite learning to read of them. Such conduct would serve succeeding princes for models, nor could the weight of a dozen centuries smother their still rising fame. Yet is not my heart persuaded that the reputation of Joseph the Second, will be consigned immaculate from age to age, like that of these immortal worthies, though dearly purchased by the loss of ease and pleasure; while neither the mitred prelate, nor the blameless puritan pursue with blessings a heart unawed by splendor, unsoftened by simplicity; a hand stretched forth rather to dispense justice, than opening spontaneously to distribute charity.

As a farther specimen, reader, take the following account of Prague.

"The inns between Vienna and this place are very bad; but we arrived here safe the 24th of November, when I looked for little comfort but much diversion; things turned out, however, exactly the reverse, and *aux bains de Prague* in Bohemia we found beds more elegant, dinners neater dressed, apartments cleaner, and with a less foreign aspect, than almost any where else. Such is not mean time the general appearance of the town out of doors, which is savage enough; and the celebrated bridge singularly ugly I think, crowded with vast groupes of ill made statues, and heavy to excels, though not incommodious to drive over, and of a surprising extent. These German rivers are magnificent, and our Mulda here (which is but a branch of the Elbe neither) is respectable for its volume of water, useful for the fish contained in it, and lovely in the windings of its course.

Bohemia seems no badly cultivated country; the ground undulates like many parts of Hertfordshire, and the property seems divided much in the same manner as about Dunstable; my head ran upon Lilly-hoo, - when they shewed me the plains of Kolin.

Doctor Johnson was very angry with a gentleman at our house once, I well remember, for not being better company; and urged that he had travelled in Bohemia, and seen Prague: — “Surely,” added he, “the man who has seen Prague, might tell us something new and something strange, and not sit silent for want of matter to put his lips in motion!” *Horresco referens*; — I have now been at Prague as well as Doctor Fitzpatrick, but have brought away nothing very interesting I fear; unless that the floor of the opera-stage there is inlaid, which so far as I have observed is a *new* thing; the cathedral I am sure is an *old* thing, and charged with heavy and ill-chosen ornaments, worthy of the age in which it was fabricated! — One would be loth to see any alteration take place, or any picture drive old Frank’s Three Kings, divided into three compartments, from its station over the high altar. St. John Neppomucene has an altar here of solid silver, very bright and clean; his having been flung into the river Mulda in the persecuting days, holding fast his crucifix and his religion, gives him a rational title to veneration among the martyrs, and he is considered as the tutelar saint here, where his statue meets one at the entrance of every town.

This truly gothic edifice was very near being destroyed by the King of Prussia, who bombarded the city thirty-five years ago; I saw the mark made by one ball just at the cathedral door, and heard with horror of the dreadful siege, when an egg was sold for a florin, and other eatables in proportion: the whole town has, in consequence of that long blockade, a ragged and half ruined me-

suppose that whilst finery retains its power of striking, delicacy keeps her distance, nor attempts to come in play, till the other has failed of its effect. Ladies dress here very richly, as indeed I expected to find them, and colored silk stockings are worn as they were in England till the days of the Spectator: — “*Thrift, thrift, Horatio*,” as Hamlet observes, for our expences in Great Britain are infinitely increased by our advancement from splendor to neatness.

Here every thing seems at least five centuries behind hand, and religion has not purified itself the least in the world since the days of its early struggle; for here Huss preached, and here Jerome, known by the name of Jerome of Prague, first began to project the scheme of a future reformation. The Bohemians had indeed, been long before that time indulged by the Popes with permission to receive the cup in the sacrament, a favor granted no one else; and of that no notice was ever taken, till further steps were made for the obtaining many alterations that have crept in since that time in other nations, not so hastily to do by violence what will one day be done of themselves without any violence at all.

In the conclusion of this work, Signora Piczzi entertains us with some lines which she left at the inn at Calais.

Over mountains, rivers, vallies,
Here are we return’d to Calais;
After all their taunts and malice,
Ent’ring safe the gates of Calais;
While, constrain’d, our captain dallies,
Waiting for a wind at Calais,
Mute! prepare some sprightly sallies
To divert *ennui* at Calais.
Turkish ships, Venetian gallies,
Have we seen since last at Calais;
But tho’ Hogarth (rogue who rallies!)
Ridicules the French at Calais,
We, who’ve walk’d o’er many a palace,
Quite well content return to Calais;
For, striking honestly the tallies,

From this fond dream he'll soon recover,
When debts shall drive him back to Dover.

Hoping, though poor, to live in clover,
Once safely past the straits of Dover.
But he alone's his country's lover,
Who, absent long, returns to Dover,
And can by fair experience prove her
The best he has found since last at Dover.

On Female Authorship.

RANK, character, and situation, make a material difference in the circumstances of good and evil. What excites our admiration in one person, in another may provoke our censure. The gaiety of youth becomes not the gravity of age; and the passive obedience of the clergy would prove a poor substitute for active valour in the soldier.

No age has been more distinguished by the learning of its women than the eighteenth century. It must be confessed, that many female pens are wielded with an ability that would by no means discredit the most enlightened understanding; nor has the world been slow in bestowing the tribute to applause so justly due to their writing. But we admire them more as authors, than esteem them as women. Few men would (I imagine) wish their wives and daughters to prefer Horace and Virgil to the care of their families, or a sedulous pursuit of intricate points in Epictetus, to a prudent management, of domestic affairs.

To forbid the use of pen and ink to ladies, is far from my intention. I think poetry a pleasing employment for their vacant hours, and novel-writing well adapted to female ingenuity. It is classical knowledge that I would wish to withhold (as useless) from their study; and female pedantry is the object of my ridicule.

If, whilst beholding an elegant building, we learn that it was planned by the owner, whose fortune, inadequate to the expence, fell a sacrifice to the costliness of his edifice; though we cannot refuse our admiration to the productions of his genius, yet that imprudence, which engaging in pursuits ill adapted to its situation in life, prepares its own ruin, must ever meet with our contempt. In like manner we admire the diligence and classical knowledge which could give us a

miration which a judicious woman would wish to obtain. Such applause has often been afforded to the masculine bravery of madam D'Eon, Hannah Snell, and others, who, forgetting the characteristic softness of their sex, have successfully braved all the horrors of war, and signalized their courage at the hazard of their persons.

It is my opinion that a sensible man would hesitate whether he chose a wife strong enough to beat him, and possessed of courage in an eminent degree, or one whose mind was unnecessarily employed in the contemplation of ancient authors. I wish not to see any lady assume the toga virilis, however highly ornamented, nor on any consideration enlist under the banners of Bellona; and I know no way of rendering classical knowledge so ridiculous, as by clothing it in petticoats.

Amelia was the only child of a clergyman, whose learning had been distinguished at the university, and whose judgment was never thought erroneous, except in his conduct towards her. The death of his wife, a few years after their marriage, had thrown a gloom over his spirits, which nothing but his increasing fondness for his child, and the care of her education, could remove; in which, as no expence was spared, at the age of sixteen she was what the world calls perfectly accomplished; and her affection to her parent alone prevented her from forming an advantageous and honourable alliance.

The labours of the needle ill suited so masculine an understanding; and having arrived (as she thought) at the summit of female knowledge, she joyfully accepted the offer made by her father to instruct her in the Greek and Latin languages, and by his assistance, in a few years, made a rapid progress in both.

The evil influence of classical knowledge was quickly perceptible: she became negligent of her dress, and satirical in her temper. What were formerly deemed accomplishments, such as music, drawing, &c. were now laid aside as useless, and beneath the dignity of one whose lips poured forth the doctrines of Socrates with the sublimity of Plato. When gently reproved by her friends for the neglect of what formerly diffused so much amusement through the cir-

means effected her reformation. At first, indeed, her grief, which she concealed from the world with the apathy of a Spartan damsel, preyed on her mind, and when retired to her closet, burst forth with redoubled vigour: for, although ancient writers had taught her the vanity of lamenting the dead, she still found her newly-acquired philosophy painful in the practice, and unable to calm the perturbation of her mind, when solitude exempted her from the painful efforts of assuming a fictitious calmness, and where every surrounding volume served only to remind her of the loss she had sustained. But "Time, which on all things lays its lenient hand," at length calmed her grief. She again applied herself to her study, and pride and pedantry grew up with learning in her breast. She now began to adopt a pompous and latinized style of writing, which rendered her letters by no means intelligible to many of her female friends, who on that account dropped her correspondence with very little ceremony.

Dancing was an accomplishment in which she particularly excelled, and to which she was extremely attached; but her appearance at the ball room now served only to expose herself to fresh mortifications. The country 'squires dreaded the exposition of their rustic conversation to the ordeal of her criticism, and studiously avoided that learning which they almost instinctively disliked, and the rudiments only of which in their puerile years had caused them much corporeal smart.

Deserted by both sexes, the fable of the white-washed jackdaw (who aiming at a station from which nature had placed him at a distance, found himself deserted by his own species, and driven out of every society) seems formed to ridicule this eccentric character, who, thus disappointed in her favourite plan, by observing that, instead of that deference and respect which she had vainly expected, desertion and contempt were the natural consequences of learning, retired to her closet to discover why the same causes in subjects scarcely different, should produce such discordant effects: for she well knew that learning in men was the road to preferment, an introduction to the best company; that it was patronized by the rich, and admired by the poor, and that both sexes unit-

santhropy in the room. A closer application to study was the consequence of this investigation, and a more rooted antipathy to human kind. Satirical authors, who painted mankind in the gloomiest colours, became now her chief delight. In this situation, a fondness for the brute creation took possession of her mind. Indeed her house might with propriety have been called an hospital for dogs and cats, for when age and infirmities had rendered these animals useless to their masters, and burthenome to themselves, her mansion afforded an asylum to all. To feed and take care of these, to reward their attachment by her bounty she esteemed a grateful relaxation from study, and amusement of her leisure hours.

But as ambition was a ruling passion in Amelia's breast, popular applause was still the object of her warmest wishes; for the attainment of which (after much study and deliberation) she submitted a tragedy to public inspection: but her ignorance of the world was the occasion of her failure in this attempt. It is true that the language was correct, that it was formed on the rules of Aristotle, and that the unities were strictly adhered to: but her characters were drawn more from books than nature, and her play seemed rather a compilation from different authors, than the spontaneous off-spring of her own imagination. In addition to this, her total ignorance of stage-effect, in a great measure, contributed to the condemnation of her tragedy.

The disapprobation of a fickle audience by no means convinced her of her inability in dramatic writing, which she entirely attributed to the perverted taste of the nation. Her pen was again employed in poetical essays, but as her seclusion from the world prevented her success in that, so her misanthropy repelled her advancement to fame in this attempt. Her pen seemed dipped in gall, and mankind were depicted in the gloomiest characters. The churchman was a hypocrite, the lawyer a knave, the soldier a coward, and the whole group were rather representatives of Satan's infernal companions, than portraits of men that ever had existence. Of course the Reviewers were not more lenient to the poem, than the critical Templars had before been to the tragedy.

Thus frustrated in the principal attempt

overflows with the productions of female pens) to check, or at least keep in its proper channel, that cacoethes scribendi lately become so prevalent amongst women, to admonish them, that more amiable accomplishments than reading Greek are attainable by a female mind; and not that, because a few have gained applause by studying the dead languages, all woman-kind should assume their Dictionaries and Lexicons; else we might soon expect to see Westminster-school a Female Academy, or (as the Ladies make rapid advances towards manhood) we might in a few years behold a sweepstake rode by women, or a second battle at Odiham fought with superior skill by Mesdames Humphries and Mendoza.

Enquiry into the Cause why all Animals swim naturally, while Man is deprived of that Faculty.

THE ancients would undoubtedly have made a surer and more rapid progress in the study of philosophy, had they applied themselves to examine nature, rather than to form conjectures concerning her operations; but they wished to teach others before they themselves had acquired sufficient knowledge by experience. From this precipitation have proceeded all those ridiculous opinions, words destitute of sense, explanations which explain nothing, and, in short, all those confused systems of which they composed their philosophical theory. These productions of the imagination, however, for many centuries formed the basis of their knowledge, and excited the admiration of the vulgar; who conceived so religious a respect for them, as was more likely to obscure than to enlighten their understanding. Hence the minds of mankind became filled with such a number of errors. It was not an enterprize of little moment to dissipate those clouds of darkness which veiled truth from the eye. We may therefore consider as conquerors those who first dared to pass the barrier; to brave prejudice, and subject to a more rigorous examination opinions concerning the nature of things which were conceived to be beyond the reach of

astonished, that what weighs a pound under the Polar Circle, does not weigh the same at the Equator. In the summer time we observe ants transporting to their nests with incredible diligence, grains of corn, chips of wood, and bits of straw, and people have never hesitated in assigning a reason for their making this provision. For more than three thousand years it was strongly believed that this wood and straw were for the purpose of constructing a magazine, and that the corn was to supply them with food during the severity of winter. Whoever should have denied this in the time of our ancestors, would have been in danger of incurring the imputation of being a fool. It is however certain, that ants as well as all other insects, pass the winter in a state of profound sleep, and that they neither eat nor stir during all that time. This a modern philosopher has demonstrated beyond all doubt. We no longer are afraid of showing want of respect to fables, which age has rendered in some measure venerable. It was necessary for the interest of truth, that people should appear who could start doubts, and who had the courage to do it; and it is to these prudent and cautious doubts, which were not checked by any regard for popular prejudices, nor by a tame acquiescence in the decision of the ancients, that we are indebted for our deliverance from a great number of errors which they had handed down to us. Every thing not founded upon experience requires to be often examined anew. Experience itself has sometimes need of being verified by new experiments, and much more so, opinions supported by probabilities alone. Truth is perhaps not far from us, but it never goes to meet indolence; it appears only to those who seek for it, and, if we may use the expression, it wishes absolutely to be persecuted. The subject of the following dissertation is among the number of those which have need of revision, and concerning which no sufficient explanations have been given. The different sentiments which philosophers have entertained on this head, still leave room for new ones; we shall therefore offer a few observations upon this question, so as-

therefore, has determined philosophers to seek for the causes of this difference, in nature, and not in arbitrary suppositions. Some have imagined that the difficulty which man finds in swimming arises from the weight of his head. They say, that of all animals man has the fullest head, and that in which there are the fewest vacuities; consequently being the heaviest part, it destroys the equilibrium of his body, and makes him sink; whereas, brutes having the head lighter, on account of the great concavities found in it, their whole body, when in the water, has a more perfect equilibrium; and to this is owing that facility, with which we observe them to swim.

Borelli, in his treatise *De Motu Animalium*, ought to have given us a complete explanation of this phenomenon, and though he could have done it better than any one, he has spoken of it only in a cursory manner. He gives his thoughts upon this subject in two short chapters, and in so concise a manner, that he has omitted the solution of a great number of difficulties which arise when one considers it with attention. As this question therefore has not yet been treated with sufficient extent, I shall endeavour in some measure to supply that deficiency.

I am of opinion, that this faculty of swimming naturally, which is granted to brutes, and denied to man, arises, first, from the different conformation of their bodies; this is the opinion of Borelli himself. Quadrupeds have this faculty, because their bodies are placed horizontally, on four legs, and man is deprived of it, because his body stands vertically, upon two only. Secondly, because the natural motion of brutes, without any art, is sufficient to make them swim, while the same motion precipitates a man to the bottom of the water.

Let us suppose that a man and a horse fall at the same time into a river, but in different places; it is well known that every animal has two distinct kinds of motion; one which is called mechanical, and another, which is obedient to the will and reflection. When surprised by danger, the first motions of the body are the pure effects of the machine.

When the horse falls into the water, he can move his limbs with much facility; his first motion that which fear suggests, is to turn himself, and to place himself upright upon his four legs, which the liquidity of the water permits him to do with ease. In this situation, he finds his body in its usual attitude; he is in exact equilibrium, the centre of gravity being in the middle of his belly, and nothing is wanting to him but to be supported in the water. The second motion which follows from the same principle of fear, is to walk, in order to avoid the

danger which his fall makes him apprehend; he walks, therefore, as if he were upon dry land, in hopes of finding the ground which he seeks for, and this motion alone is sufficient to make him swim. Thus moving his legs in the same manner, whether he swims or walks, he is supported in the water; if there be any difference, it is trifling and involuntary, and a mechanical effect arising from the density of the water, through which it is more difficult for him to make his way, than through air.

When a man unacquainted with the art of swimming falls into the water, he performs, in the same manner as a brute, those mechanical motions which are familiar to him, and which he employs even when he falls upon dry ground; but the case is very different; for that which saves the brute, occasions the man to perish. The first motion which he makes, if he falls upon his back, is to turn himself on his belly, as he does at land; the second, to plunge his legs, and to seek the ground, and then to stretch out his hand before him, to lay hold of the first object he can meet with. If by chance he finds at the bottom of the water any solid body to which he can fix himself, he has not gained any advantage, since we supposed him to be ignorant of those regular and methodical motions which constitute the art of swimming; even though he knows them by theory, he can execute them very imperfectly, if he has never practised them, and his embarrassment is still increased by the prospect of sudden death, which his being deprived of the power of respiration brings before his eyes. Hence proceed all those irregular motions which precipitate him to the bottom, and which are quite opposite to those which are requisite to support him in the water. Thus the first motions, which are merely mechanical, are sufficient to make brutes swim, on account of their conformation, so well adapted for that purpose. For a contrary reason, the first mechanical motion which a man makes, are the cause of his destruction.

These principles being laid down, it remains for me to prove them, by shewing why that action of the horse, which is sufficient to make him walk, is sufficient also to enable him to swim, and why man is obliged to study other means.

The body of man like that of all quadrupeds, is of a specific weight, almost equal to a like bulk of water; I say almost, because animals weigh a little more; but this excess of weight, which is upon their side, is of little importance, and may be easily counterbalanced. Mr. Rohault says, that a man who weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds in air, weighs no more than eight ounces in water. Borelli goes farther; he pretends that

that a living animal weighs less. Until experience shall decide this difference, I shall not hesitate to take that calculation which appears to be the least favourable to my hypothesis.

We may therefore consider an animal in the water, as a boat a little overloaded, and ready to sink, did not a slight motion support it, and prevent it from going to the bottom. We know that when a horse walks, he puts two of his legs forward at one time, that is to say, one of those before, and one of those behind, but upon opposite sides, which preserves his equilibrium. I have already said that he walks in the water, which he cannot do, without cleaving that element very strongly with his legs. In this situation, he is like a boat in motion, with the oars placed on each side of the keel, and in a direction perpendicular to the surface of the water. In such a position, they have not indeed the same power as those which we place upon the sides of our boats, and which have the centre of their force out of the water, but they have enough to support the animal, to keep it afloat, and to make it swim. Quadrupedes, not being destined to inhabit that element, had no occasion but for assistance sufficient to prevent them from perishing, and to enable them to cross rivers. For these purposes, they have every thing that is requisite. The four legs of an animal which is swimming, serve it then instead of two pair of oars, which act one after the other. In this point of view, one difficulty may be started against my comparison; which is, that when the oars have been strongly pressed against a body of water, which serves as a point of support, to make the boat advance, we lift the oars out of the water, in order to plunge them a second time, and to take a new point of support; but the legs of animals, considered as oars, have not the same advantage, as they are all sunk in the water, and continually act in it, from which it appears that they are obliged to displace as much of that element, when they move them forwards, as they do when they push them backwards, in order to make their bodies advance. But as these two forces are equal, and as the one destroys the other, no advantage is gained, and they can produce nothing but immobility. We however see that animals swim, and make their way through the water very easily.

When we observe an animal which is walking, and still more, an animal which is swimming, we shall readily find the explanation of this difficulty: which is, that these two forces are not equal. The horse, which moves his legs forward, when he raises them, and bends them, consequently makes them shorter: thus, the space of water which they are

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obliged to cut, is equal only to the chord of the arch formed by the leg, when bent; but when the same legs are extended, to make a contrary motion, and to push the water behind them, they are then stretched out, and press against a space of water equal to their whole length. The last effort, therefore, having a longer point of support than the former, must be superior, and make the animal advance proportionably to the excess of its length. Having, as I hope, explained with sufficient clearness, the mechanical means employed by animals to swim, and to advance in the water, I shall proceed to shew how and why they support themselves a little above the surface of the liquid. When an animal swims, its legs strike the water obliquely. From a stroke made in this direction, there result two others; one horizontal, which tends to make the animal advance, and another which is vertical, and which raises it toward the surface of the water. But it is these strokes, and that raising of the legs, which support the body of the animal, and prevent it from sinking to the bottom. It cannot perish, unless it should become tired, and be prevented from agitating the water with sufficient force to keep itself suspended.

We see by this mechanical exertion, that presence of mind in brutes has nothing to do with the faculty of swimming, since when they swim for the first time, they do not think of swimming, but of running, in order to avoid the danger to which they find themselves exposed. Were their heads heavier in proportion than that of man, it would be no impediment to them, provided the difference did not exceed a certain weight. The experiment might easily be made, as it would not be difficult to add some weight to the head of an animal which is swimming. We often see in the country, two oxen cross a river together, when their necks are loaded with a yoke.

A man who has not learned to swim, when he falls into the water, would undoubtedly swim naturally as well as animals, could he keep his body in a vertical and fixed position, and move his legs forward, as he does when he walks upon the ground. The most skilful swimmers do this often for pleasure. All the Hottentots swim in this manner. Mr. Kolben, in his Description of the Cape of Good Hope, mentions this circumstance in the following words. "I must confess that the Hottentots are the best and the boldest swimmers I ever saw. Their manner of swimming has even something very striking; and I do not know if any other nation practise the same method. They swim upright, so that their necks are entirely out of the water, as well as their arms which they hold up. To keep themselves

H h h

themselves

selves in equilibrium, and to push themselves forward, they make use of their feet; but I could never comprehend how they put them in action. It is however certain, that they advance with great rapidity. They look downwards, and have almost the same attitude as if they were walking on dry ground." But it is impossible for a man who has not been accustomed to it, to take this attitude, because the motion of the water, and the unsteadiness of his body, always tottering in a liquid, tend every moment to make him lose his vertical direction, and notwithstanding all his efforts, to draw him either backwards or forwards. On this account, he has been obliged to have recourse to another expedient; but this expedient is not a habit given him by nature. In the first who put it into practice, it must have been the effect of reflection, and of manœuvring with ingenuity. He has first thought of putting his body in the same attitude as that of beasts, that is to say, in an horizontal position, and extended over the water. In this situation, he has found it much easier to preserve an equilibrium; he has then had nothing to do, but to agitate his arms and legs, in order to produce those motions necessary for supporting him; and it must have been by the number and variety of his motions, that he discovered those which were proper for his purpose.

The manner in which man swims is then different from that of beasts. This is requisite, on account of the shape of his body, and the situation of his limbs. It is needless to describe the motions used by a man, when swimming; they are well enough known, but I cannot help observing, that it is not astonishing that those who have never learned to swim should be strangers to them, since falling into the water is the only situation which can give them an opportunity of putting them in practice. One has need, therefore, to learn them, and to accustom one's self to them, by repeated trials; for, however cool and collected a man may be, and however courageous, were he even more exempt from fear than the sage men-

mean those who swim upon their backs. Their immobility, however, is only apparent, and the real motion which they make, though weak, is accompanied by a considerable encrease of specific lightness, which is occasioned almost mechanically. A swimmer who intends to place himself on his back, begins by retaining his breath, which he does not do without first taking the precaution to aspire, and to fill his body with air. It is a fact well known, that when one draws in air, by means of the lungs, which is called inspiration, the breast rises, and the diaphragm sinks, which encreases the bulk of the body, by a space filled only with air, and which consequently must increase its specific lightness. This encrease of lightness may be calculated. We have already said, on the authority of Mr. Rohault, that the weight of the human body generally exceeds that of a like bulk of water, only by eight ounces. Nothing is necessary then to make the weight equal, but to encrease the bulk of the body by a vacuum, which may be equivalent to eight ounces of water. Eight ounces of water are equal to about twelve cubic inches: let us therefore see whether the breast, by inspiring, can encrease its bulk equal to twelve cubic inches. Borelli reckons, that at a moderate expiration, one forces from the heart about eighteen or twenty cubic inches of air. When these are thrown out, they must again enter; consequently, at a moderate inspiration, one encreases the size of the breast by eighteen or twenty inches. Mr. Jurin carries this calculation much farther. By an experiment made on himself, he reckons the quantity of air forced from the lungs by a gentle expiration, in the space of three seconds, equivalent to forty cubic inches; by a stronger expiration made during one second, 125 inches; and lastly, in the strongest, which it was possible for him to make, 220 cubic inches; but as we have no occasion for so accurate a calculation, nor of so great force, I shall confine myself to the opinion of Borelli, which is not so astonishing as that of Dr. Jurin.

them horizontally in a short space, by which means the fore part of the arm continually changing its place, makes the water a kind of fulcrum, which, however weak it may appear, is sufficient to support the body, in the intervals between each inspiration.

The other action of swimmers, which I promised to take notice of, is as follows. Every one knows that when a man plunges into the water, and when he has reached the bottom, he has nothing to do but to give a small stroke with his foot against the ground, in order to rise; but an experienced swimmer, if he misses the ground, has recourse to another expedient, which is very pretty, and which has not been considered with sufficient attention. I suppose him at a considerable depth, when he perceives he cannot reach the bottom. In such a case, he first puts his hands before his face, at the height of his forehead, with the palms turned outwardly, then holding the fore part of his arms vertically, he makes them move backwards and forwards, from right to left; that is to say, these two parts of his arms, having the elbow as a kind of pivot, describe very quickly, both the hands being open, and the fingers joined, two small portions of a circle before the forehead, as if he would make the water retire, which he in fact does; and from these strokes given to the water, there results an oblique force, one part of which carries the swimmer upwards.

One objection may still be made, respecting beasts, which I have supposed to be instructed in swimming by fear, that the wolf, the wild boar, the stag, and a great many others swim across rivers, for no other reason than to procure pasture, and to supply the wants of life. Nature has given all animals that knowledge which is necessary for the kind of life to which they have been destined. It was of importance for those which were formed to wander through plains and forests, to be able to pass rivers and streams of water, else these barriers would have confined their wandering life within too narrow bounds. The doe, and the female of the wild boar, followed by their young, throw themselves first into the river, while the young family emboldened by their example, plunge after them, and learn in a moment, all that is necessary for them to be known.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

The Humours of the Card-Table; or, a Silent Game of Whist; Between Mrs. and Miss Smicket, Mr. Tattle, and Mrs. Go-between.

Scene—A Parlour—Company at Cards.

Mr. Tattle, SO then, ladies, you profess (*dealing.*) S you don't know any thing

of *Mrs. Spruce's* affair with *Mrs. Blackstone*—the most comical affair—he—he—he—By gad—It is my opinion—sure I have not misdealt—

Miss S. I have thirteen—

Mrs. S. And I—

Mrs. G. And I—it's all right, *Mr. Tattle*—*Mrs. Blackstone* was always one of these kind of people one does not like—so close and so reserved—what's trumps?

Tattle. A diamond—The true state of the matter I believe was that—that's our trick, partner—there was an *absolute* necessity for the marriage—nothing I *is* could do, I assure you, for you are to know that—

Miss S. Mamma, you have played twice.

Mrs. S. No, child—count the cards—I think the widow is more to blame than he; I hate such demure sluts—I never thought she would come to any thing—

Mrs. G. Yes, yes; there was *Miss Stukely* our neighbour, you know what a hurry she was in to get a husband—that's my trick, sir—and what did she get after all?

Tattle. He got nothing, I believe, (*all laugh.*)

Mrs. G. Lord! *Mr. Tattle*, you are so comical—a knave—but he was only a clerk, at fifty pounds a year—for my part I believe she bought his wedding suit for him, and paid the parson and clerk out of her own pocket—a diamond, if you have one.

Mrs. S. There's some widows very fortunate—sure never was a hand like mine, nothing above a three in it—my poor dear husband used to say—O I beg your pardon, Ma'am, you trumped the hearts—

Mrs. G. I trumped them!—not I—it was a spade—there is a pretty story too, I find, about your neighbour in Leadenhall-Street—

Tattle. O yes! a pretty *commence* there too!—but it is no more than I expected—now for the odd trick—take it partner—

Miss S. O Lord, don't talk to me—you never saw such a hand—I don't think *Mr. Stick* so disagreeable a man as some people do—I *o* be sure *Miss Biddy Flirt* might have done better—No, Ma'am, you don't get that, there's the king for you—

Mrs. G. Lord! who would have thought you had the queen?—*Mrs. S.* you don't mind your hits—I like that pattern of your handkerchief vastly—where did you get it?

Mrs. S. Of our linen-draper at the corner—I always buy of him—a monstrous civil man—

Tattle. Yes, the man's well enough—*Mr. Irish* you mean—but what think you of his wife—take up the trick, partner.

Mrs. G. O! she! a great fat uncivil swab—I hate the sight of her—and yet

forsooth they keep their carriage—fine times, indeed, when rag-men keep their carriages—

Mrs. S. O! Fye, *Mrs. Gobelween*, you are too censorious—for my part I think the woman is well enough—to be sure she is fat, but she can't help that you know—and really I never found her uncivil—to be sure one does not expect much from such kind of people—and as to her character—you have seen *Tom Neatly*, the shopman—

Miss S. Yes—a prodigious handsome fellow—

Mrs. S. I say nothing—that's not your trick, *Mr. Tattle*.

Mrs. G. Nor I—but this I will say, that—

Tattle. O! come—that's neither here—nor there—*Mrs. Irish* is a very prudent woman you will all allow—(a general laugh).

Miss S. By the bye, they tell me that that affair we were speaking of the other night is not yet made up between *Mr. and Mrs. Flareit*.

Mrs. G. No—nor likely to be—the man must be a fool—you have got the knave, *Mr. Tattle*—a man must be a fool not to see with his own eyes—

Miss S. Yes, yes, I believe the matter was very plain, before they went to Margate—Lord, child, why did you not take his queen?

Tattle. Ma'am—you shall see—now you talk of going to Margate—has any of you seen *Miss Popple* lately?

Omnes. No—

Tattle. O then—probably you may see double soon (a laugh)—yes, yes, fine doings in the *Alley*—I thought it was not for nothing she preserved that situation. But, however, that is no business of ours—

Mrs. G. What! has she had a slip too?

Tattle. A slip! ay, a tumble too—They say in the neighbourhood, that she already waddles out of the *Alley*—(a laugh).

Mrs. S. Ay, you are so witty, *Mr. Tattle*, I protest there is no standing against you—whose ace is that?

Miss S. Now for it—I'll bet you half a crown, *Mrs. G.* we have it—I knew *Miss Popple* long ago—and never expected better from her—she was always too sentimental for me—then she used to dress so—

Mrs. G. Yes, I believe some part of

Omnes. A taylor, good lord? O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Here, Mr. Editor, my account ends—and is very much at your service if you chuse to insert it.

I am your's,

BOB SHORTHAND.

On the Use and Abuse of the Tongue.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine

S I R,

I lately fell in with some discourses of a very eminent writer of the present century, on the government of the tongue; and as they are very scarce, and very probably have not been seen by one in an hundred of your readers, I trust that a few extracts will not be unacceptable to your readers in general.

I am, Sir, your's,

HIBERNICUS.

THE difficulty of governing the tongue will appear by these particulars: the great number of those who offend in word, the many faults which the tongue is liable to, and the springs and causes of transgressions of this kind.

The difficulty of governing the tongue may be inferred from hence, that great numbers offend in their words. There are many who scarce set any guard upon their expressions, as if their tongue was their own, and subject to no law, and they had a right to annoy others at pleasure. Yea, some who have had the character of goodness, have transgressed here by falsehood, or hastiness of speech, or otherwise. It may be of some use to satisfy us of the difficulty of governing the tongue, that men of excellent characters, who have been almost faultless in other respects, have been surprised into offences of this sort.

Another thing which shews the difficulty of governing the tongue, is the many offences it is liable to. I need not enumerate them all; but it is very obvious that they are numerous. Some are guilty of a light and frequent use, or bold profanation of the name of God. Others are murmurers and complainers; and because every thing in the world is not to their mind, they

five and contemptuous language against those who have, or are supposed to have disoblged them !

Calumny is another great fault of the tongue; which too many are guilty of, for carrying on selfish designs, and to weaken and disparage their enemies or rivals. And many arts of detraction there are, divulging lesser faults that might be concealed or passed by, without detriment to any: aggravating the known offences of men, lessening the merit of good and commendable actions, or converting actions that are innocent, or at the most suspicious only, into heinous transgressions.

Flattery is another fault of the tongue, and an abuse of the noble faculty of speech; when, to carry on designs of private interest, or deceive men, by ascribing to them excellencies they are destitute of, and thus to fill them with an empty conceit of imaginary worth, and encourage sloth and indolence, or otherwise mislead them to their great detriment.

Ridicule, ill applied, is another fault of the tongue. Some make a mock at sin, and would scoff away the weighty and awful truths of religion. Some endeavour to bring the sacred Scriptures into contempt. Others expose their neighbours by ridiculing the natural defects and infirmities of the body or the mind, which are no real faults, but their own unhappiness.

Another fault of the tongue, which we are sometimes guilty of, is too great severity of reproof and censure of real offences and miscarriages.

Another fault of the tongue is talkativeness, abstracted from the consideration of what is said; when men speak with little or no regard to, or thought of, doing good or harm. Which, though it may seem an indifferent matter, or of no great consequence, yet an indulgence of such a disposition leads men into many offences; inasmuch as when innocent or indifferent topics of discourse are exhausted, such will not fail, in order to gratify that disposition, to go into defamation and scandal; so it is in conversation: and the like temper will shew itself on other occasions.

The causes of the offences of the tongue are such as these, unbelief, and discontent. Other springs and principles of faulty discourse are inordinate self-love, arrogance, pride, envy, and ill-will, contempt of other men, and a disregard to their interests, covetousness, emulation, and ambition. These lead men into falsehood and defamation, for promoting their own gain, and lessening those whom they envy, or whose influence stands in their way.

The use or abuse of the tongue is of much importance, and great things for good or

evil, are affected thereby, in the state, in lesser societies, and among particular persons. By the right use of the tongue, truth is recommended, virtue promoted, the peace and happiness of mankind advanced. By a perverse employment of speech, the peace of society, of families, and particular persons is interrupted and disturbed: the interests of error are promoted, instead of those of truth: good designs are obstructed, or quite defeated: the reputation of innocent, and even excellent men, is blasted: seeds of animosity and dissension are sown, friendships broken and dissolved, and many bad effects produced, more than can be easily numbered.

The following few rules and directions may assist us in governing the tongue.

Let us cherish the principles of the fear of God in our hearts; for that will deter us from every kind of evil, and dispose to good words as well as to good actions. Let us also cherish and cultivate the love of our neighbour. If we love our neighbour as ourselves, we shall be concerned for his credit as well as for our own; and not willingly injure him by words any more than by actions.

Let us call to mind former offences and transgressions of this kind, which we have been convinced of, and have been sorry for. This may be of great use for time to come. It will secure our guard, and render it more effectual.

If we are acquainted with any excellent masters in this art, who are great examples of this virtue, we should diligently observe them for our imitation. If we know of any who do not readily receive evil reports, who rarely speak to the disadvantage of any, who never aggravate the real faults of men, who are willing to applaud commendable actions, and to excuse imprudencies and lesser faults; whose discourses are useful and entertaining, in whose mouth is the law of kindness, and whose wisdom is accompanied with meekness, they are worthy of our attentive view and observation.

Let us endeavour to mortify pride, envy, and inordinate self-love; and cultivate that wisdom, which is pure and peaceable, unbiassed, disinterested, and public spirited. Then we are likely to attain this to perfection, and not offend in word. Let us also endeavour to improve in the knowledge of the works of nature, and the word of God. If a man's mind be filled with a variety of valuable knowledge, he will be under little temptation to divert into topics of scandal, for the sake of shining in company.

*Elvira; or, the Return to Virtue.
A Tale drawn from Real Life*

ELVIRA was the only daughter of a gentleman, who possessed a small estate

in the county of Waterford. She displayed from her early youth charms which wanted only to be matured by the hand of time, to denominate her a complete beauty. Her parents gave her an education which seemed intended for one born to affluence and splendour, and by no means suited to the narrow circumstances of the family. Elvira was taught the French and Italian languages, to dance, sing, and play upon several instruments; and as her understanding was equal to her beauty, she learned with a readiness, which filled her teachers with surprise. But wit and beauty were not the most shining qualities of Elvira; she had virtues which might have compensated for the want of both, and which being superadded to them, could not but greatly increase their lustre. Though she so much outshined all her female companions in every thing ornamental, the modesty of her behaviour was such as prevented their self-love from taking the alarm at her superior merit. She returned the affection of her parents with such dutifulness, and so tender an attachment, that her kindness greatly alleviated the grief with which they saw their little fortune every day diminish; for the father of Elvira was obliged to sell part of his estate to pay debts which he had contracted, by living above it, so that the family was reduced to the utmost distress, and had scarce wherewithal to subsist upon left.

Elvira was the only consolation of her parents in this distress, and she exerted herself in such a manner, in order to make them forget their poverty, that they felt it more upon her account than their own.

Mr. Walsingham, son to a gentleman of a considerable estate in the neighbourhood, returning about this time from his travels, and happening to see Elvira, was smitten with her charms, which appeared to him to surpass those of the brightest beauties he had seen in the courts of foreign Princes. The admiration of her beauty excited in him a desire to become personally acquainted

with Elvira, declared his intention of making her his wife to her parents, and with ease obtained their consent to the match. It was with some difficulty he prevailed on his own father to agree to it; but the old gentleman not caring to thwart the inclinations of a son in whom all his affection centered, at last yielded to his ardent desire.

Mr. Walsingham's passion for Elvira was not the least diminished by marriage, as he every day discovered in her good qualities to justify his choice. Upon the parents of Elvira he settled an annuity sufficient to make them easy for life; and this bounty to them she considered as a favour conferred on herself.

The winter following Mr. Walsingham carried Elvira to the metropolis, of which she had before no knowledge, except from the accounts given her by her father and mother. The gaiety and dissipation of Dublin made a great impression upon her mind, as she had naturally a greater turn to gaiety and pleasure than she was herself aware of. Elvira became intoxicated by the constant round of diversions and amusements in which she lived; and the sentiments of virtue and religion, whereby she had till then regulated her conduct, though not obliterated, were considerably weakened. The change in her disposition was, however, slow for a time; she did not immediately adopt all the fashionable follies of the age, as virtuous habits are not to be eradicated at once. As the progress in vice, as well as in virtue, is gradual, Elvira every day learned some new folly or extravagance from her female acquaintance. Her expenses amounted to a degree of profusion, which startled Mr. Walsingham, who was remarkable for his prudence and economy. He did not, however, lay her under any restraint, as the first ardour of his passion continued unabated. Elvira on her side retained her conjugal fidelity, and chastity was the only virtue of which she was not di-

her incorrigible, he, like Lord Townley, in the play formed a resolution to send her away with a separate maintenance, sufficient to support her, but not to supply her extravagancies.

(*To be continued.*)

The Repentant Wife. A Moral Story.

MONSIEUR and madame Mirabeau were the happiest couple in the part of France in which they lived, at a considerable distance from the capital; but in a situation so very agreeable to them, that they did not wish to remove themselves from it. They lived, indeed, in a very retired manner; but, feeling a mutual regard for each other, they found not retirement irksome. The time never hung heavy on their hands; they were always pleasingly employed; in a word, they were happy. But we want not a messenger from the other world to inform us, that there is no permanent felicity in this.

Monsieur Mirabeau, having been summoned to the capital, which he had never seen, by a rich uncle who had formerly used him very ill, prepared for his departure. This gentleman, finding himself approaching to the end of his terrestrial journey, wished earnestly to see his nephew before his last removal from this life, assuring him, in his letters, that he had endeavoured to make him amends in his will, for the unkind manner in which he had behaved to him.

Monsieur Mirabeau undertook his journey to Paris, with his dear Maria, with additional satisfaction, as he, knowing that his uncle had a large fortune, flattered himself with the hopes of coming in for a large share of it, in consequence of his liberal assurances.

On his arrival at his uncle's house, he was, it is true, disappointed, by finding him dead, but he was doubly so, when, upon opening of the will, not the least mention of a legacy to his nephew was mentioned in it. Struck with the omission of his name, he could not possibly conceal his surprize; nor could he help suspecting, as soon as he was able to collect his scattered thoughts, that a forged will had been substituted in the room of the real one; however, as it was not in his power to produce proofs of so base a transaction, he was forced to retire from the spot to which he had been invited, and to which he certainly would not have posted with so much expedition, had he been gifted with foresight.

This disappointment was, it must be confessed, a severe one, and he felt it; but he soon after met with another which much more deeply affected him: a disappointment under which he was hardly able to support himself.

Madame Mirabeau, having long lived in a retired life with her husband, in a private part of the country, and having seen little or nothing of the world was so much intoxicated with the pleasures of Paris, that she no longer enjoyed any happiness in conjugal conversations with her husband: her mind was debauched by the diversions in fashion; and she was, in a short time, driven by dissipation into the arms of seduction. A smart officer in the army, made such an impression upon her heart, that she no longer looked upon the man to whom she had been many years happily united, with the eyes of affection. The dazzling offers of the chevalier Fourbin, were too powerful to be resisted, and she attached herself entirely to him. In spite of all the remonstrances of her husband, and upon his telling her one day, provoked by her panegyrics on the chevalier, that if she did not break off all connections with him, he would certainly exclude her from society, she determined, as soon as she had promised to comply with his wishes, to secure his exclusion. Accordingly, having consulted Fourbin upon the occasion, it was resolved that those letters should be conveyed to the minister, charging monsieur Mirabeau with having entered into a conspiracy against the government.—In consequence of the delivery of this letter, he was seized, thrown into prison, and treated with great severity.

When madame Mirabeau had secured her husband, in such a manner that he could give no disturbance to her connection with Fourbin, she gave herself up to the delusions of the moment; and, as he supported her in a showy style, to which she had not been accustomed, she felt herself perfectly satisfied with her licentious proceedings, and was troubled with no disquieting reflections with regard to the duration of her pleasurable dream.

At length, however, her eyes were completely opened, and she waked to a mortifying certainty of the misery of her situation. The Chevalier, having met with a new mistress with more attractions, discarded her, and not without some galling expressions, which sunk deep into her soul.

The dismissal from the man who had drawn away her affections from her husband by his bewitching behaviour, was a blow for which she was quite unprepared; but it was attended with happy consequences—it made her reflect, in the most serious manner, on her past very censurable conduct, as a woman, and as a wife; and she most sincerely repented of the steps she had taken to gratify a passion which never should have been encouraged. Struck with remorse she hastened to the minister, threw herself at his feet, made a full confession of her criminal

criminal proceedings with regard to her husband, and implored his assistance in procuring his release. Her confessions were heard with much surprize, and her request was immediately granted. An order for her husband's release was soon put into her hands; she embraced it with eagerness, and hurried to the place where he was confined, and upon being admitted to him, after having made the strongest submissions, and the most ample confessions in the penitential strain, acquainted him with the order she had received for his liberation.

The confessions of his wife, and her penitential submissions, gave Mons. Mirabeau unspeakable satisfaction: he was not indeed, able to articulate his feelings upon so unexpected an occasion. Having been long imprisoned, severely treated, and almost starved, he was so emaciated that he was scarce able to move himself. When he had assured her of his sincere forgiveness, he was ready to faint: he could not utter another word.

While they were in this affecting situation, the master of the prison, though not remarkable for his humanity, who had listened to what had passed between them from a little window which looked into the prison (out of curiosity), was so touched by the pathetic scene before him, that he immediately quitted his post, and gave the distressed pair every proof in his power of a concern for their future happiness. His affiduities were not thrown away. Mons. Mirabeau was soon released from his confinement; and, by the tender attentions of his repentant wife, was, in time, able to feel the happiness returning to him by her conjugal behaviour, which never gave him any more disquiet.

A Letter from Dr. Rundle, to Archdeacon S. written a short Time before his Death.

Dublin, March 22, 1742-3.

Dear Sir,

A DIEU—for ever—Perhaps I may be alive when this comes to your hands—more probably not;—but in either condition, your sincere well-wisher.—Believe me, my friend, there is no comfort in this world, but a life of virtue and piety; and no death supportable, but one comforted by Christianity, and its real and rational hope. The

Adieu!—I have no more strength.—My affectionate last adieu to your lady.

T. DERRY.

Anecdote of Madame de Guercheville.

IT is well known that Madame de Guercheville was extremely beautiful, that Henry IV. was in love with her, that she resisted his passion a long time, and that the king conceived so much esteem for her, that he appointed her a lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, telling her, that had he known a more virtuous woman in his kingdom, he would have given her the preference.

The Abbé de Choisy relates a circumstance in the life of this lady, hitherto unknown. Henry IV. knowing that Madame de Guercheville was at Roche-Guyon, resolved to pay her a visit, and sent a gentleman to acquaint her, that having been on a hunting party in the neighbourhood, he requested leave to sup with her, and to sleep in her castle. The lady replied with great respect, that she would do her best to receive the king in a manner suitable to his rank and dignity. The monarch, enchanted with this answer, repaired to the castle, where he found Madame Guercheville at the bottom of the staircase, full dressed and ready to receive him. She conducted him with much ceremony into the best apartment; and as he passed along, he observed in the kitchen every preparation for a magnificent supper. The lady informed him, that as soon as he enjoyed a little repose, it would be served up. When the supper was ready, and the king about to sit down to table, he learned that Madame Guercheville had ordered her carriage, and departed from the castle. Surprised and much vexed at this information, he sent to enquire the reason; upon which she sent back this answer, That a king ought always to be master wherever he was; and that, as for her part, she wished to enjoy freedom wherever she might be.

Anecdote of Gregory XIII.

GREGORY was principally indebted for his elevation to the pontifical chair to Cardinal Borromeo, who gave him his own vote, and procured that of his friends, merely because he thought he observed in his

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HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Wednesday, March 18, 1789

THE Attorney General observed jocularly, that he should be glad to see the right hon. gentleman in a situation of national responsibility, and he did not know how that could be so well effected as by his being invested with an office under the crown, in which he should be happy to see him placed.

The Speaker then repeated the question, and the bill passed, and was ordered to be carried up to the Lords by Mr. Forbes.

Sir H. Cavendish rose and observed, that every man in the house who had taken the trouble to inspect or observe the progress of the public accounts, must have continually noticed large grants of money made by parliament to particular persons presenting statements of extraordinary services, with extraordinary sums annexed. He declared he had no particular allusion to any person in his eye, but as the gentlemen on the other side of the house had professed public economy as the ground work of their principles, and those gentlemen with whom he had the honour of acting professed the same idea, he therefore hoped there could be no objection on either side of the house to the resolution he was about to propose. He then moved, "that the house do not in future grant any money to any person as a gratuity for extraordinary services, until a committee of the house do first enquire into the merits of such persons claiming such gratuities, and report their opinion thereon."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had but one objection to the resolution, namely, that he apprehended if the house once found themselves warranted by the opinion of a committee, they would be apt to grant the claim without further consideration, which he feared might have a tendency to render such grants annual.

Sir H. Cavendish thought that the opinion of a committee in the Speaker's chamber, reported to the house, would not tend to rule the opinions of the whole house.

The resolution was put and carried.

Sir Henry Cavendish then took occasion to remark an article in the pension-list, a modification of which had just passed the house, which he thought highly objectionable; it was a grant of 200l. a year in trust for the pensioner until the sum of 2000l. should be paid off at one time. He remarked on the exorbitancy of continuing to pay 10 per cent. on a sum which might be so easily discharged; that there had been already 12,400l. of the public money paid on this article, which must be increased by the

principle—he, however, did not press his motion for the present.

Mr. C. O'Neil said he himself was struck by the observation of such an extraordinary circumstance as paying ten per cent. for money; but he apprehended that paying off the 2000l. would not answer the end proposed by the motion—80,000l. he observed, had been granted to government for the support of the pension-list, and it might be expected, with certainty, it would always be kept up to that extent; he therefore thought that paying off 2000l. in the present instance would only make room for granting 200l. a year to some other person, and that on this ground it was better to employ the money to some other purpose.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Monday, March 23.

HIS Excellency came down to the house, and gave the Royal assent to the following bills:

Great Money Bill—Loan Bill—Bill for advancement of Trade—Stamp Bill—Bill for regulating Sugar Trade—Tobacco Bill—French Treaty Bill—Coffee Bill—Linen and Hempen Manufacture—Post Office—Bill for granting duties on Wines and Cordage—Hawkers and Pedlars—Duties on Licences—Duty on Carriages—Malt Bill—Bill for facilitating trade with America—Muring Bill.

The Duke of Leinster informed the house, that pursuant to its orders, he and the Earl of Charlemont had attended his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with their address, and that his Royal Highness had treated them, not with the hauteur they had lately experienced at the Castle, but in a manner so gracious and condescending, that its remembrance would never be obliterated from his mind. He then read the Prince's answer, and being afterwards read by the Lord Chancellor,

Lord Portarlington rose, and moved that an address of thanks from this house be presented to his Royal Highness, for his most gracious answer to the address of both houses.

This was opposed by Lord Mountmorres in a speech of some length.

Lord Earlsfort thought his Royal Highness's answer was fraught with respect, affection, and attachment to this country, and therefore highly meriting the thanks of their Lordships. He said he had formerly opposed the address to which that answer was given, and were the measure to be re-agitated, he would oppose it again; but his Royal Highness's answer was a most gracious one, and highly dignifying to the house and to this country; he therefore would give his hearty vote to the address of thanks, and he hoped the sense of the house would corroborate his opinion.

Lord Portarlington supported the motion with

that which he hoped would make a lasting impression on the people of this country.

Lord Mountmorres replied in opposition.

Lord Donoughmore supported the motion for the address.

After some further conversation between the before-mentioned Lords,

Lord Earlsfort endeavoured to conciliate all opposition and warmth on the question; he observed that the house were bound to return their thanks to his Royal Highness in a dignified and proper manner, in as much as his Royal Highness by his answer had treated this country with affection, politeness and regard.

The question was at length put and carried.

Lord Portarlington then moved, that a committee be formed forthwith to prepare the same.

This was also agreed to, and a committee being appointed, retired to the committee-room.

Lord Portarlington then reported from the committee for preparing the address to the Prince of Wales, which his Lordship read, and presented to the Lord Chancellor.

The first and second paragraphs were read and agreed to—but the third, which professes the former addresses to be grounded on constitutional principles, were opposed by Lord Earlsfort, as an unnecessary recognition of the principles on which the former address had been opposed by him and other noble Lords. This produced a debate of some length, in which the paragraph was further opposed by Lord Carhampton, Lord Tyrone, and Lord Mountmorres; and supported by Lord Portarlington, Lord Donoughmore, and the Bishop of Cashel.

The question was at length put, and the house divided, when there appeared

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The remaining paragraphs were then read and agreed to without opposition.

Lord Donoughmore moved, that the thanks of the house be given to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, and the Earl of Charlemont, for their faithful discharge of the commission imposed on them by the house, in delivering the address of both houses to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

This also was opposed by Lord Mountmorres on precedential ground—but the question being put it passed unanimously.

The Bishop of Cashel moved, that the house do adjourn until Monday next.

This produced a desultory debate, or conversation of some length, and several Lords, conceiving the principal business of the evening at an end, had withdrawn. The question being

of thanks be presented to his Majesty for his gracious answer to the former address of the house, which being agreed to nemine dissentiente, a committee was appointed to prepare the same, and adjourned for half an hour.

Lord Tyrone reported from the committee the address as prepared, which being read paragraph by paragraph, was agreed to.

Lord Tyrone then moved for leave to introduce a private bill, which he held in his hand.

Lord Mountmorres was for deferring the bill until to-morrow, in consideration of the more pressing business to which the deliberation of the house was called by the order of the day.

The Duke of Leinster said he was indifferent whether the subject of the private bill was discussed now or at the latter end of the evening. His motive for rising was to call to their Lordships' attention, the circumstance of a noble Lord having sent his proxy to vote on a question to be discussed this evening, who, he believed, had not taken his seat in that house according to the due forms. His Grace alluded to Lord Cremorne, and desired the roll might be looked over, in order to ascertain if that Nobleman had taken his seat according to the prescribed forms.

This produced a short debate, in the course of which the clerk reported, from his examination of the roll, that the noble Lord had taken his seat in March 1783, under the title of Dartry, in consequence of which, his Grace of Leinster declared himself satisfied with the explanation, and the conversation concluded.

The order of the day being read for the house to take into consideration the pension bill, and the title of the bill being read, his Grace the Duke of Leinster moved, that the bill be committed for to-morrow.

Lord Portarlington observed, that the principle of the bill had been already admitted—and though insinuations had been thrown out that it would be injurious to the crown, he could not but mention that it would be censurable in the highest degree, as it would take away one of the greatest objects of judging between the throne and the people.

Lord Mountmorres considered it as highly and unwarrantably inimical to the Royal prerogative, and at this time more especially, when his Majesty is but just recovered from a dangerous illness, and when the house had so recently expressed their gratulations to his Majesty. He said there were some noble Lords who had been anxious on a recent occasion to take the crown from the head of the King, and transfer it to that of the Prince of Wales.—

Here he was called to order by Lord Portar-

vinced. He said the hon. gentleman who was the mover of the bill in the other house, had introduced it session after session for a series of years, though it never had the good fortune to come up to this house before the present occasion; it therefore could not be considered a business either of novelty or hurry. He said he had always been a friend to the principle of the bill, though it had never till now come before that house; and he thought there never was a time when the bill was more necessary than at present, when government had laid down their arms and came to claim an amnesty, declaring they could not proceed in the business of the nation without the support of those Lords and gentlemen who were the avowed friends of the bill.—His Grace alluded to something that had happened in the course of a few days past. He concluded with hoping the bill would be fully disposed of to-morrow.

Lord Earlsfort very strenuously opposed the bill, as peculiarly ungracious at the very time the house was expressing its congratulations to his Majesty on the happy event of his recovery. He considered it as a rebuke to the Sovereign for an abuse of his prerogative, and an untimely attempt to manacle his privileges, in disposing of those revenues which belonged not to the public pocket, but to his own. He said the bill conveyed an unjust and injurious censure on the conduct of the Marquis of Buckingham, who during his administration in this country had acted with the most rigid and the most judicious economy. He asked, if it was the wish of the house to restrain the crown before the orders and supplies were granted; or to take the advantage of reducing the prerogatives of the crown while the crown was low, without even stating a grievance or a cause for such measures in the preamble of the bill? In England he observed a similar bill had passed, in the preamble of which it had been ingenuously stated, that “the power of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;” but in that bill no such cause had been assigned. He declared no complaint could justly be against government for the misapplication of money in this way, as every pension thus granted was ratified by parliament. He denied that the bill was at all competent to the objects it was proposed to obtain, and said, it was the duty of the house to prevent the public from being imposed on by it. He then went into the bill clause by clause, and combated the principle of each clause respectively. He declared, that partial as he was to the popular part of the constitution, he could not give the bill his support.

Lord Farnham said, this was no new subject of parliamentary discussion, either here or in England; he saw clearly the necessity of the bill, and did not like a quibbling opposition to it. There was no occasion to enlarge the hereditary revenue to grant the King the means of munificence, while the quit-rents and wine licences were unappropriated.

Lord Desert supported the bill.

Lord Carysfort opposed the bill on the same ground with Lord Earlsfort. He said it took out of the hands of the crown one of its dearest privi-

leges, and placed it in the hands of a parliamentary faction, to bribe the members of parliament; and alledged that Mr. Burke's bill in England of a similar tendency was a memento of infamy to those who supported it.

Lord Donoughmore supported the bill. He declared he had given the bill but very slight attention, nevertheless, he thought supporting the bill was supporting the constitution. He held as highly necessary the limitation of the crown to 80,000*l.* in respect to the pension list, as without this limitation the crown might grant away the whole hereditary revenue of 600,000*l.* without being under the controul of parliament, and that it further operated as a very considerable principle of national economy, in as much as it reduced the pensions of this country from 108,000*l.* to 80,000*l.* which was a net saving of 28,000*l.* per annum. He said, that he feared if the bill was rejected now, it would never again come before the house. He observed, that all great resolutions proceeded not from unanimity of principles nor accommodation of interests, but rather from a species of crisis where one power was drawn. He denied that the bill gave any power to parliament which they had not before. In reply to that part of Lord Earlsfort's argument which alledged the preamble of the bill stated no grievance, he entered a successful refutation; he observed that in the year 1757 an unanimous resolution of the house had stated, that 45,000*l.* per annum, the then pension list, was an intolerable grievance; but now, when the sum amounted to 96,000*l.* a different language was held.

The Archbishop of Cashel opposed the bill, consistently, he said, with the principle on which he had voted for conferring an unlimited Regency on the Prince of Wales; a measure he would again support and vote for, if again agitated.

His Grace then entered more deeply into the debate: The pensions, he contended, since the year 1757, had by no means kept pace with the hereditary revenue.

Lord Donoughmore, in reply, said, his Grace had grounded his observation on the gross and not the net of the hereditary revenue, by which it would be found, that the net revenue had not increased in the proportion his Grace stated.

Lord Perry declared, that, though the bill before the house was full of reprehensible matter, he should not oppose its going into a committee, as there it might be altered to what was right, and when so altered, sent back to the Commons, who would not fail in the first instance to throw it out as an altered money bill, and then perhaps bring in a proper bill that would not be objected to in this house.

The Earl of Hillsborough was against the bill on every account, both respecting the time and its principle, and that his Majesty would be justly offended by it.

The Earl of Portarlington declared it was highly improper to bring his Majesty's name into a debate, for the purpose of baffling the house.

The Earl of Tyrone opposed the bill, as disrespectful to the King, just after the House had thought proper, on a late occasion, to offer unlimited power to his heir.

The question being put, there appeared,
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Majority against committal, 9
 Adjourned to the 14th of April.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Friday, March 20.

MR. CONOLLY, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. W. Pantonby, the Commissioners deputed by the house to wait on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the address of both houses, entered, and having taken their places, Mr. Conolly rose and addressed the Speaker.

"In pursuance of the orders of this house, we have waited on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the address of this house, and had the honour to receive from his Royal Highness the following answer."

He then read his Royal Highness's answer, which is as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The happy event of the King's recovery, and the consequent re-assumption of the exercise of his auspicious government announced by his Royal commission for declaring the further causes of holding the parliament of Great Britain have done away the melancholy necessity which gave rise to the arrangement proposed by the parliament of Ireland—but nothing can obliterate from my memory and my gratitude, the principles upon which that arrangement was made, and the circumstances by which it was attended.

"I consider your generous kindness to his Majesty's Royal family, and the provision you made for preserving the authority of the crown in its constitutional energy, as the most unequivocal proofs which could be given of your affectionate loyalty to the King, at the time when, by an afflicting dispensation of Providence, his government had suffered an intermission, and his house was deprived of its natural protector.

"I shall not pay so ill a compliment to the Lords and Commons of Ireland, as to suppose that they were mistaken in their reliance on the moderation of my views and the purity of my intentions. A manly confidence, directing the manner of proceeding towards those who entertain sentiments becoming the high situation to which they are born, furnishes the most powerful motive to the performance of their duty; at the same time that the liberality of sentiment, which, in conveying a trust confers an honour, can have no tendency to relax that provident vigilance and that public jealousy which ought to watch over the exercise of power,

next recommendation to the Parliament and People of Ireland to continue to cultivate the harmony of the two kingdoms, which in their mutual perfect freedom will find the closest as well as happiest bond of their connexion."

The answer being read by Mr. Conolly, that right hon. gentleman came round, and presented the copy to the speaker, who handed it to the clerk.

Mr. O'Neill then moved, that his Royal Highness's answer be read from the chair.

The Speaker objected to this, by alledging it was not customary for answers to addresses from that House, to any person except the King, to be read from the chair, but only by the Clerk; he said, however, if it was the sense of Gentlemen that he should read it, he should not think it the least trouble.

Mr. Grattan thought, when there were more forms than one of reading his Royal Highness's answer to the house that which was most honourable should be adopted.

Here there was a loud call of "chair, chair," and the speaker proceeded to read the answer as required, which being done, the Secretary of State moved, that his Royal Highness's answer be entered upon the Journals of the house.

This motion the Speaker said was unnecessary, as the answer having been read by him, would be entered upon the Journals of course.

The Secretary of State, nevertheless, contended for the propriety of his motion, which was put and carried.

Lord H. Fitzgerald, moved, that an address of thanks be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for his gracious answer to the address of both houses, and that a committee be appointed to prepare the same.

The Attorney General then rose, and professed that no member of the community was more prompt or more anxious to testify his respect for the Prince of Wales than he; he really thought his Royal Highness's answer conferred a very high honour on the house; but he would submit it to the opinion of gentlemen, who had sat longer in parliament than he had, whether addresses of thanks, to any person except the King, for answers received to addresses from the House, were not contrary to the usages and forms of parliament;—such addresses, he said were uncouth to the Queen Consort; he believed such a measure was unprecedented, but he declared, if it was not contrary to parliamentary form, no man would be more desirous to express the respectful thanks of the house in an address to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. G. Pantonby thought it not extraordinary there should be no precedent for the measure proposed, as no such occasion had ever occurred;

Journals of that house, yet he could from the English parliament in the year 1688, when an address of thanks had been voted to the corporation of London for their address to that house.

The Attorney General rose to explain his motives—he said he was very much misunderstood, if it was conceived he meant any opposition to the address of thanks to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; he was merely tenacious of the necessary forms of the House, and if he was convinced the measure was reconcilable with those forms, no man should be more anxious than he to promote it.

The question was put and carried, and a committee of which Mr. G. Ponsonby, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Rowley, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Grattan, and the Secretary of State were members, was appointed to sit in the Speaker's chamber to-morrow morning, in order to prepare the same.

Mr. Grattan moved, that the thanks of this house be given to Mr. Conolly, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Ponsonby, for the faithful execution of the commission imposed on them by this house of presenting the address of both houses of parliament to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Carried unanimously, and the thanks were accordingly given to the commissioners by the Speaker.

April .3.] The Speaker informed the house that their address of thanks to the Prince of Wales had been, pursuant to their resolution, laid before his Royal Highness by the proper officer.

Major Hubart (the new Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant) reported to the house that their address of congratulation to his Majesty on his recovery from his late indisposition, had been transmissively communicated to his Majesty, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and that his Majesty was pleased to return the following answer:

“His Majesty thanks his faithful commons for their loyal and affectionate address, and for their assurances of the sincere and cordial satisfaction which they feel on the interposition of Divine Providence in removing from him the severe indisposition with which he has been afflicted.

“Nothing can be more satisfactory to his Majesty than the disposition expressed by the house of commons, cheerfully to proceed in making such provision as are necessary for the honourable support of his Majesty's government.

“He receives with the greatest pleasure the acknowledgments of the house of commons, of their sense of the solicitude which his Majesty can never cease to entertain for the interests of Ireland, as well as their professions of respect and attachment to his person, family, and government.”

Mr. T. Osborne moved, that an address of

house; the question being put he was admitted unanimously.

Sir H. Cavendish then rose to observe, that within the two or three last years there had been an alteration in the proceedings of the house, with regard to the granting of salaries to servants of the house, contrary to what had been generally received as the usage of the house. He observed, that sums of money had been of late granted to persons without any specification of the ground of their claims, but merely granted under unqualified resolutions of the house. He had however, in his hand, a motion in amendment of this system. He then moved, that no sums be granted to any person or persons except such as are nominally servants of this house, until petitions be previously presented to the house, praying for reward of such services.

This motion being put, was carried unanimously.

Sir Henry then, after a short preface, moved that the proper officer do lay before the house, an account of the amount of short annuities granted to certain persons.

Sir J. Parnell said a few words in opposition, but the motion being put was carried.

Mr. D. Latouche rose to observe, that a right hon. Baronet under him (Sir H. Cavendish) had intimated his intention to introduce a bill for the discharge of the national debt; and it was his wish, that if such a bill was really in contemplation, that it should be brought forward, discussed, and decided on as soon as may be. He was persuaded it was a subject of the utmost importance, on which the public mind should not be kept in suspense. It was not, however, his intention to mention the matter now, as it would be disorderly and premature. He only rose to express his wish, that his right hon. Friend, if it was seriously his intention to bring forward, the business would name a short day—and if it was his intention, that he would say so.

Sir H. Cavendish said it was not his intention to bring forward the motion this day. It was his wish to pursue the same line of conduct he had adopted in the last session of parliament. He did not wish to stand foremost as the introducer of the measure, but should be happy to follow any other member who would stand forward in its favour. The matter he considered of great importance; if however no one was to be found who would stand forward on the business, he would himself bring it forward on the same principle that he had introduced it on a former occasion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought the matter of too much importance for a precipitate adoption, he therefore rather wished to postpone the discussion to a future session of parliament. He had heard—he did not speak from any

thought the agitation of it every session would be extremely injurious to public credit; that the discussion was by no means neutral, but must necessarily be either extremely salutary, or extremely injurious, and he therefore thought the business should be agitated with decisive effect, or not at all.

Sir H. Cavendish asked if gentlemen were against the principle of reducing the interest of money at all times, or not? He thought the reduction of the interest of money a measure highly necessary to the prosperity of the trade of this country; but he was aware, that the country could not attain a perfection all at once, but must proceed progressively thereto. The motion was dropt without farther opposition.

Mr. M. Beresford then reported from the committee appointed to prepare a bill to name certain revenue laws, and presented the bill accordingly, which was read a first time.

Mr. O'Neil pledged himself, that when the bill came to a second reading, he would move the clerk to read the several acts of parliament, to which the bill related; that he would prove the utility, the absurdity, and the inconsistency of those laws, and the absolute necessity of forming entirely new laws on the occasion. He concluded by moving, that the second reading be postponed till Thursday next.

The Attorney General thought that as the hon. gentleman proposed calling on the clerk to read the respective clauses of the acts of parliament alluded to, if he seriously meant to put his threats in execution there was no necessity of postponing the business till Thursday.—The motion was put and carried.

Major Hobart rose to say, that he had under-

stood it was the intention of an hon. gentleman in the house, to move for the grant of a certain sum to the chairman of the committees of the house, somewhat similar to the house of commons of England; and that his motive for rising was to apprise the house, that government had no intention to oppose the motion.

Sir H. Cavendish moved, that the proper officer do lay before the house, the account passed by the collectors of the revenue, for the year 1788.—Carried.

He then moved, that the proper officer lay before the house, weekly, an account of the weekly balance of revenue, and appropriated duties in the hands of collectors.

Mr. Commissioner Beresford declared he had no objection to the motion, except that he thought it useless and unnecessary.

After some short conversation, however, the motion was put and carried.

Sir H. Cavendish noticed the severity of charging an high tax on the exchange between this country and Great Britain. He very candidly remarked, that sometimes the exchange was very highly against this country, and at other times very much the reverse. He instanced a late occasion, wherein on the treasury orders in England from this country, amounting to 121,385l. the difference of exchange, as stated in account, amounted to six hundred and odd pounds. He then moved that the proper officer do lay before the house an account of the different time or times, with the sums remitted, and the names of the person or persons signing said drafts.

The motion was carried, and the house adjourned till to-morrow.

(To be continued)

P O E T R Y,

IV.

*Humanity and Ingratitude; a common Case.
From the French.*

BY the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,
There liv'd an old fellow, nam'd Peter Bon-
cœur, [poor;
Who was free to his neighbour and good to the
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said,
That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd,
To all people else he was candid and kind.

II.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,

Now, somehow or other, it popp'd in his head,
That in spite of his drowning the man was not
dead,

And while he was thinking what means to devise
That his friend might recover and open his eyes,
He saw, with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
That in lugging him up he had put one eye out—
However, convinced, from what he had heard,
That John might be living for aught that ap-
pear'd;

To his cottage he took him, and there had him
bled,

But when he found that the man was dead

Declar'd to the judges, by way of defence,
 " That the action was wrought without malice
 prepenſe,
 That his conſcience excus'd him for what he had
 done,
 That fortune was only to blame—and that John
 Might have thought himſelf happy (when death
 was ſo nigh)
 To purchaſe his life with the loſs of an eye.—
 That the loſs of an eye was a ſerious affair
 Was certain—and yet he'd be bold to declare,
 That the man who can ſhew but one eye in his
 head,
 Is better by far than a man that is dead."

VII.

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,
 John ſaid, " He had never yet found in his read-
 ing,
 A people, or nation, or ſenator ſage,
 Or a law or a cuſtom, in whatever age,
 Permitting (unpunish'd) by force or ſurprize
 One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's
 eyes.

VIII.

The lawyers and judges were all at a ſtand
 Which way to conclude on the matter in hand.
 Till a half-witted fellow, who chanc'd to be
 there,
 Undertook to decide on this weighty affair,
 And cry'd, " Can you doubt in a caſe that's ſo
 plain ?
 Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again :
 The plea of the plaintiff reſts wholly on this ;
 In fiſhing him up he takes it amiſs,
 That Peter manœuvr'd with ſo little ſkill,
 So awkwardly fumbld, and manag'd ſo ill,
 As thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,
 And put out an eye with the point of his hook—
 Well, now, my lords judges, attend my decree,
 Straitway let the plaintiff be thrown in the ſea ;
 And after reſoſing a while on the bottom,
 If he get out alone from where Peter got him,
 Safe, ſound, and undamag'd—why, then, 'tis
 my ſentence,
 That Peter be puniſh'd and brought to repentance;
 But if, after gasping and ſlouncing about,
 He drowns in the water and never gets out,
 Why, then, it is juſtice, it muſt be confeſt,
 That Peter forthwith be diſcharg'd from arreſt,
 Abſolv'd from all puniſhment due to the wound,
 And paid into bargain, 'cauſe John was not
 drown'd."

IX.

The audience was ſtruck with a world of ſur-
 prize,
 To find that a fool could give counſel ſo wiſe.
 The judges themſelves the ſentence elpous'd,
 And freely conſented that John ſhould be ſous'd.—

And concluded 'twas better to give up the ſuit,
 Than riſk the one left and be drown'd to boot.

The Hermit. By Dr. Beattie.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet
 is ſtill,
 And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the
 grove ;
 'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
 An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
 Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was reſign'd,
 He thought as a ſage, but he felt as a man.

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,
 " Why thus, lonely Philomel, ſtows thy ſad
 ſtrain ?
 " For Spring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
 " And thy boſom no trace of dejection retain,
 " Yet if pity inſpire thee, ah, ceaſe not thy lay,
 " Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer ! man calls
 thee to mourn ;
 " O ſoothe him, whole pleaſure's like thine
 paſs away,
 " Full ſwiftly they paſs, but they never return.
 " Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
 " The moon, half extinguiſh'd, her wan crenel
 diſplays :
 " Yet lately I ſaw, where majeſtic on high,
 " She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her
 rays ;
 " Roll on, thou fair orb ! and with gladneſs purſue
 " The path that conducts thee to ſplendour
 again ;
 " But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew,
 " Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory ſo vain.
 " 'Tis dark, and the landſcape is lovely no more !
 " I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not
 for you ;
 " For morn ſhall return, all your charms to reſtore,
 " Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitter-
 ing with dew ;
 " Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 " Kind Nature the embryo bloſſoms ſhall ſave ;
 " But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn ?
 " Oh, when ſhall it dawn on the gloom of
 the grave ?"

Le Baſte, or the Saddle ; a Tale.

Newly tranſlated from La Fontaine.

IN Italy, as Authors tell us,
 There liv'd a painter wond'rous jealous ;
 Tormented with a female evil,
 Tempting and ſubtle as the devil.
 A ſlipp'ry Proteus, whom no chain,

Thus if the stray'd, he could for certain,
 Know it by drawing up the curtain.
 But ah! how vain our councils are,
 And all our plots against the fair.
 Comes brother brash to take a bout,
 So Lord knows how! they rubb'd it out.
 But as he was an honest brother,
 Finding one gone he drew another;
 Forgetting what the first did lack,
 He clapp'd a saddle on the back.
 Chloe was hugely pleas'd, and smil'd
 To think how Signior was beguil'd;
 Who reeling home one evening late,
 With mellow looks and jealous pate,
 Vow'd he'd not take a wink of sleep,
 Without one dear departing peep.
 Can you distrust me Chloe cries,
 Inhuman man! and wipes her eyes;
 Put on your spectacles and view it,
 The mule, my dear, is where you drew it.
 The mule I see is safe, my dear,
 But z——d. who put the saddie here?

Description of an Evening in London.

In the Manner of Dean Swift.

By Mr. Waller.

THE beardless god now quits the western
 thies, [lies,
 And, *blushing*, seeks the couch where Tethys
 Now hardly here and there a straggling spark
 Tells o'er the trees, and loiters in the Park.
 From garret now the slip-shod pret steals,
 Yet oft-times tancieth bail fi' at his heels;
 Who safe at spunging-house supinely snores,
 Drunk with 'scape fees, and maim'd by pocky
 w——s.

From Field-lane now the nimble youths repair,
 In the rich plunder of the dusk to share;
 Oft seen where Dunstan's minstrels catch the
 rout,

Or Charing cross, where monsters are hung out.
 Sage, at Moorfields, begins with subtle glass
 To spy out new Peru's in Luna's phase,
 At Whitefriars carmen seek the neighb'ring
 tap;

Black porters on their packs begin to nap,
 And p——ce steals to quack to cure ———
 mishap.

Now Link-boy shrill begins his evening song,
 Whilst far aloof the nightman stalks along;
 The sexton now resigns the church yard key,
 And doctors raise their patients—with a fee!
 Females in shoals begin to croud the Strand,
 And snoring watchman takes his harmless stand.

On the late Mr. Savage. By the late Aaron Hill, Esq.

HOPELESS, abandon'd, aimless, and op-
 press'd,
 Lost to delight, and every way distress'd;
 Cross his cold bed in wild disorder thrown,
 Thus sigh'd Alexis, friendless and alone:

Why do I breathe! What joy can Being
 give?
 When she, who gave me life, forgets I live!

Feels not these wintry blasts, nor heeds my
 smart,
 But shuts me from the shelter of her heart!
 Saw me expos'd to want! to shame! to scorn!
 To ill, which make it mis'ry to be born!
 Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild,
 And bade me be a wretch, while yet a child!

Where can he hope for pity, peace, or rest,
 Who moves no softness in a mother's breast?
 Custom, law, reason, all, my cause forsake,
 And Nature sleeps to keep my woes awake:
 Crimes, which the Cruel scarce believe can be,
 The Kind are guilty of, to ruin me.
 Ev'n she, who bore me, blasts me with her
 hate,
 And, meant my Fortune, makes herself my Fate.

Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes,
 The softest, tend'rest breast that Pity knows.
 Her eyes shed Mercy, wheresoe'er they shine;
 And her soul MELTS at ev'ry woe—but MINE.
 Sure then some secret Fate, for Guilt unwill'd,
 Some sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd,
 Plung'd me thus deep in Sorrow's searching flood,
 And wash'd me from the main'ry of her blood.

But Oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,
 Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;
 The God, WITHIN, perhaps may touch her
 breast,
 And when the PITIERS, who can be distress'd?

EPIGRAM.

A Gentleman seeking apartments one day,
 A bill up for rooms to let fell in his way;
 A comely young servant-maid answer'd the door,
 As handsome a girl as he'd e'er seen before.
 "Are you to be let with the lodgings?" he
 cry'd,
 "No, I'm to be *let alone*, Sir," she reply'd.

An Acrostic on Miss ———.

HANDSOME, yet unaffected; gay, not
 wife;
 Open, yet prudent; lively, yet serene:
 Looks that enchant, with love-inspiring eyes;
 Modest in manners, elegant in mein:
 Each grace adorning, eager to improve—
 Such is the portrait of the nymph I love.

Epitaph in the Church yard of Down Patrick.

A YOUTH of real worth lies buried here,
 Who had but just attain'd his seventeenth
 year;
 Yet in that space, such wisdom he had shewn,
 That death mistook seventeen for seventy-one.

IMPROMPTU.

"**T**OM," oft in raptures, Ned would to
 me say,
 While yet he was an amorous gay,
 "I think there is"—his eyes upturn'd, and
 sighing! [ing:
 "With pretty girls—nothing on earth like toy—
 But chang'd since married—often does he cry,
 "I wish I now cou'd one damn'd knot untie!"

FOREIGN

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Constantinople, June 15, 1789.

INTELLIGENCE was received here the 11th instant, from Ruschuck, that an officer with the Imperial command, had arrived there on the 5th, when the Grand Vizir, Sufu Pashaw, was deposed from that office, and put under arrest; and that his papers were sealed up by the Janissary Aga, acting as Kaimacham, or Locum Tenens of Hassan Pashaw, of Vidin, now promoted to the Vizirate.

Stockholm, June 30. Intelligence has been received here, that on the 18th instant, a Russian corps under the command of General Michelson, attacked the Swedish troops at St. Michel, commanded by Colonel Steding. The action began at midnight, in which the Swedes kept their ground, and fought very bravely for several hours; but Colonel Steding perceiving that the enemy must at length succeed in turning his front, and attacking him in the flank, thought it prudent, in order to save his men and artillery, to evacuate St. Michel, and retreat to Jockas; which he effected with a very trifling loss, having saved all his baggage and stores, except the powder magazine, which he blew up, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. In consequence of this retreat, the Russians have entered into Sawolax. On the other hand, the King, at the head of a corps of about 5000 men, with fifty pieces of cannon, had passed the river Kymene, and made an irruption, near Keltys, into Russian Finland.

July 3. A courier who arrived yesterday morning with letters from the King to the Queen, the Prince Royal and Baron Armtelt, brought the first news of an action between the troops under his Majesty's command and a corps of Russians, whom he met on the 28th past, within two miles of Davidstat. His Majesty mentions no particulars in his letters, only that he had defeated the enemy, without receiving any hurt himself. But the courier reports that the King, with only 2000 of his troops, which composed the vanguard, without waiting for the rest of the army, advanced to charge the enemy, who amounted to about 5600 men. That the Russians stood the fire of the Swedes, with great intrepidity, for a considerable time, and in their turn attacked the Swedes with bayonets fixed, which occasioned the latter to retreat about 20 paces; but that being instantly rallied by his Majesty, who alighted from his horse, and bravely

Paris, July 23. On Tuesday last, the King received the Foreign Ministers as usual at Versailles, when M. de Montmorin attended, and every thing was quiet in that quarter. M. de la Luzerne has resumed the employment from which he had been removed; but M. Necker is not yet arrived.

This city has continued, under the protection of the Militia, perfectly free from all kind of tumult till yesterday evening, when two executions took place in the Place de Greve. One of the unfortunate persons who suffered was M. de Foulon, who had spread the report of his death, and retired to his house in the country; but being discovered, he was forcibly brought to Paris.— He was first hanged, his head was then cut off, and carried upon a pole to meet his son-in-law, M. Berthier, Intendant of Paris, whose death was also decided upon, and who had been seized at Compeigne. This victim arrived at the Hotel de Ville, late yesterday evening, escorted by 16 hundred persons, and, after a short examination, which was interrupted by the clamours of the populace, suffered a similar fate, notwithstanding the Marquis de la Fayette endeavoured to persuade the people to save his life.

The accounts from Brittany mention that several regiments in different parts of that province laid down their arms, upon being ordered out to quell disturbances; and that at Havre de Grace the whole garrison, upon receiving the news of what had happened at Paris, marched out, and left the fort and its appendages to the bourgeoisie, who immediately took possession of it.

August 6. On Tuesday last, the King notified to the National Assembly the following appointments, viz. the Archbishop of Vienne, Secretary of State for ecclesiastical benefices; the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, Garde de Sceaux; M. de la Tour du Pin, Minister for the war department, and the Prince de Beauveau, a Member of the Council.

The evening Assembly met at eight o'clock on that day, and continued sitting till near two in the morning, having passed, by a very great majority, twenty-two articles, forming in part the Basis of the Constitution, which were confirmed by the National Assembly this day. These articles include an equal taxation; a renunciation of all privileges, whether personal, provincial, or municipal; redemption of feudatory rights; va-

fleet, under the command of Admiral Tchitchakoff, bore away, and the Duke of Sudermania afterwards sailed for Carlscrona. Letters of the 2d inst. received this morning, mention that his fleet was seen off that harbour.

The Russian Squadron, commanded by Adm. Kossainoff, weighed anchor on the 30th ult.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Northampton, July 23, 1789.

THE causes of Thomas Gordon and Winifred Gordon, son and mother, who were convicted of murder at our last assizes, are rather singular; the facts were, that the father, mother, and son retiring from London to this county, the father following the business of a surgeon and apothecary, became obnoxious for no other reason than that the country people considered them as foreigners, as not being born in this county.

There were frequently little quarrels between the neighbours and them, till at last a Justice's warrant was obtained for a supposed assault made by the father; the constable came to their house to take the father on the warrant, the mother and son told the constable that he was not at home (the constable knew he was at home;) he went away, and returned in a short time with some other people, who were going to make a forcible entry, the mother and son, with a gun, opposed them, after a stone flung to the windows, the mother said to the son, "fire! fire!" which he instantly did, and killed the constable on the spot.

They were tried before Mr. Baron Thompson at the last assizes, and both were found guilty; a case was reserved for the opinion of the Judges.

The case of the son was, whether it was necessary to prove the appointment of the constable on the trial, for if he had not been constable it would have been justifiable homicide; the Judges were of opinion against the son.

The case of the mother, was, that she, being indicted as accessory before the fact, the evidence turned out that she was principal, the Baron had doubts whether she was properly convicted.

The case was argued before the 12 Judges last term, who were of opinion that the indictment was bad.

Mr. Baron Hotham passed sentence on the son to be executed on Monday.

from Kioge Bay, and steered to the westward; and nearly at the same time the whole Danish Squadron also weighed anchor, and steered the same course. A junction of the two divisions of the Russian fleet is now said to have been effected between Carlscrona and the Isle of Gothland.

The weather is become now settled, and the rides are highly charming. Every species of diversion is now prevalent. There are fewer Black-legs than usual, though this tribe of noxious animals can never be exterminated.

The affability, urbanity, spirit, and condescension of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; the display of similar virtues in his Royal brothers of York and Clarence—the good-humoured sallies of Charles Fox—the constellation of attractive beauty which is formed by the graces of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the lovely widow, Duchess of Rutland, and the elegant sprightliness of such young men of fashion as St. Leger, Wyndham, and the Glenvilles; the humour of Morris, and the conviviality of the whole, make Brighton the envied scene at this instant of unrivalled gaiety and resort.

Paris, Monday, July 27.

Dreadful Massacre of the People at Vezoul, in Franche Comté.

[From the Minutes of the National Assembly.]

M. Punelle, one of the Deputies of Franche Comté, desired the attention of the Members, whilst he recited to them a frightful event which had happened at the Chateau de Quinsay, near Vezoul, in the night of the 19th. and 20th instant.

Mr. President,

I could wish to conceal from the knowledge of the Representatives of the Nation, from Frenchmen, from the whole world, the dreadful portrait of that bloody catastrophe that has taken place at the Castle of Quinsay; I lose myself—I shudder with horror. I have to relate to you a crime engendered in blackness itself, in the breast of a Demon; but to inform you of the particulars, it will be proper to read you the information taken by the Marechaussee on the spot.

We, &c. Brigadier of the Marechaussee, &c. &c. certify and swear, that we repaired to Quinsay

where they amused themselves with festivity and dancing; but that on a sudden, fire being set to a match, which communicated with a powder mine, formed under the spot where the people were taken up with festivity, **THE WHOLE WERE BLOWN UP!!!** That on the noise of the explosion, the Curate, with others, repaired to the Chateau, where we likewise went, and found numbers floating in their blood, scattered corpses, and dismembered members still palpitating with life, &c.

This information is signed by the Brigadier, and authenticated by the Lieutenant General.

This barbarity, Sir, exercised against every right and law both human and divine; this cold, cruel and detestable act of barbarity, contrived by hypocrisy, and perpetrated with diabolical vengeance, has thrown the whole country into combustion. Every man flew to arms, the Castle is razed to the ground, all the neighbouring Castles are destroyed; the people, who know no restraint when they absolutely think men have merited their fury, had recourse to, and still continue the most outrageous and violent excesses. They have burnt and sacked the Record Offices of the Nobles, have compelled them to renounce all their privileges, have destroyed and demolished many castles, burnt a rich Abbey of the Order of Citeaux (the famous rich Abbey so often the object of Voltaire's animadversion). The young Princesse de Beaufremont and the Baroness d'Andelon owed their escape only to a sort of miracle.

The Municipal Body of Vezoul, presided by the Marquis de Jombert, have taken every step in their power to stay the fatal effects of such a fermentation; but the means are insufficient in a province like ours, where each little village can furnish at least eight or ten men who have served in the army, and consequently know the use of arms. I entreat the Assembly therefore, to take into consideration the melancholy situation in the distracted country I have the honour to represent, and to consult on the speediest and most efficacious means of remedying this dreadful evil."

He then went on to propose such measures as might tend to allay the fury of the people; and added, "A monster of this nature will not, I trust, find an Asylum in any country, nor is there a doubt that every power, and every form of Government will make an exception, if necessary, in this dreadful instance, and readily consent to give him up on the very first demand. He should expiate, by a punishment invented for him alone, the horrid crime with which he has dishonoured human nature. But I am unable to dwell on this atrocity; the idea alone absorbs all my faculties, extinguishes all reflection—I am totally incapable of proceeding."

The National Assembly instantly, on the motion of the Count de Serant, directed the President to wait on the King, and supplicated him to give immediate orders to have this horrid transaction examined into by the tribunal the nearest to the place where it happened, in spite of any opposition on the part of the Parliament of Besancon, or of any other Parliament or body of men whatever; and further resolved, that his Majesty be desired to give orders to the Ministers of Fo-

reign Affairs, to claim by his Ambassadors at every Court, such persons (for several are suspected) as being guilty of so atrocious a crime, shall have withdrawn, or may withdraw into foreign countries, that they may be sent to France, delivered into the hands of justice, and punished according to the rigour of the laws.

His Majesty's feelings and expressions are not to be described on the occasion. The nobility are working their own ruin; the people were not disposed to violence, but they have been goading them by studied menaces and insults ever since the meeting of the States General; and above all, the language of their women is not to be borne; their conversations degenerate into ferocity and cruelty. This is reported abroad by their servants, whom they have the folly to suppose chained to their footstools, and forget that they are not noble. This virulent language is reported to the people, and has done more mischief than even the haughty conduct and resolutions of their husbands and relations.

Liste, July 27.] A letter from Mons informs us, that on the night of the 16th, a great number of Princes and Noblemen, several of whom were obliged to purchase clothes on their arrival, having escaped almost naked, or in disguise, arrived in that town, where they were very ill received.

The following is a list of some of them:

The Comte d'Artois	The Comte and Comtesse
The Prince de Conde	d'Antichamp
The Prince de Conti	The Comte de Cayla
The Duke d'Enghien	The Comte de Narbonne
The Duke de Bourbon	The C. de Choiteul Meuse
The Duke d'Angouleme	The Comte de Vaudreuil
The Duke de Berry	The Comte de Polignac
The Princess of Monaco	The Marquis de Serrant
The Comtesse de Lamberti.	

And six others who concealed their names.

M. de Bezenval is in safe custody, and under a very strong guard, at Brie St. Robert, seven leagues from Paris. A general meeting of the electors have addressed the National Assembly, requesting the immediate nomination of some tribunal to judge him, as the only means of appeasing the people, and preventing violence.

The Swiss guards were so much exasperated against M. Bezenval, that had it been in their power they would have executed him in a summary way.

Thirty thousand people were in waiting for him the whole of one day in the Place de Greve. They had got ready the fatal cord, and had even greased the pulley on which he was to be drawn up. If the power of the militia cannot stop those excesses, some other must be called in.

From those transactions it may be perceived how greatly the public expectation in France has been disappointed in Mr. Necker's arrival. This Minister's presence was to be the harbinger of harmony, good neighbourhood, and general tranquillity. As far as his influence extended, Mr. Necker acted to his utmost; he advised in a very pathetic and forcible manner, a general amnesty, and his advice was founded on the most mature consideration. In the phrensy of their joy, the electors of Paris agreed to it, and fortunate would it be for the nation if the same spirit of turbulence and revenge which has for some

time past actuated the multitude had not again discovered itself.

Brussels, July 30. On the night of the 27th inst. Louvain was in an alarm. The Patriots having insulted the guards a dispute ensued, in which four patriots and seven dragoons were killed. The bells rung the alarm, and nothing was heard but the report of fuzils. The peasants armed to assist the citizen, but were hindered by the garrison. Whilst the military restrained the peasants many houses were pillaged and very much damaged.

At Diest a small town, of which the Prince of Orange and Nassau is territorial Lord, the Patriots did much mischief; seven houses were pillaged and very much damaged.

The Earl of Massarene was at Colman's theatre on Tuesday night last. His Lordship was accompanied by a clergyman and another gentleman, and seemed wrapt in astonishment at comparing the busy splendid exhibition of a crowded theatre, with the dreary mansion he so lately quitted—He was dressed in a plain dark blue frock suit of clothes, his hair without powder, and close cropped; his complexion is brown and his face animated, and on the whole he has very much the appearance of a man of fashion. His Lordship is entering his forty eighth year.

The appearance of Colonel Barré was another phenomenon at this theatre. He looked remarkably well, and was without his green eye-bandage or glasses.

Weymouth, Aug. 4.] Yesterday morning the King, Queen, and Duke of Gloucester, with the Royal suite, went on board the Southampton, and sailed on her to a Cove about two miles from Lulworth castle. They landed and proceeded in their carriages to the Castle, the seat of T. Wield, Esq. They were received at the grand entrance by Mr. Wield, the cannon from the Castle at the same time giving a royal salute.

After they had viewed every part of the Castle and the pleasure grounds they sat down to an elegant cold collation, in a new service of plate, adorned with allegorical devices, and the motto of "Long live the King." The Royal visitors and their noble attendants were highly delighted with the handsome reception they met with, as they also were with the sylvan beauties of the place, which, his Majesty was pleased to say, was the most charming he had yet seen.

About seven o'clock, they went on board the Southampton, and landed at the New Quay about half past eight. From thence they went to Lady Pembroke's, and, after taking refreshment, they proceeded to the theatre.

This morning the whole Royal Family and court suite, set off for Sherborne Castle, the seat of Lord Digny, about 26 miles from Weymouth. On their arrival, they were welcomed by existing thousands, with every demonstration of loyalty and loyalty. At the Castle, the Royal visitors were entertained in the most liberal and hospitable style. They were highly delighted in enjoying this lovely spot, and having viewed every thing with the minutest attention, returned to Gloucester-house about seven o'clock this evening.

Lord Massarene married an Italian lady while in prison in Louvain, she was be converted as

a denizen under the act for the encouragement of Refugees; but probably his Lordship's interest will be exerted in procuring naturalization for so faithful a companion as this lady proved herself to be, during the greater part of his tedious and miserable confinement. Lord Massarene was confined for one hundred thousand pounds.

Westminster, Aug. 11.] This day, the Lords being met, a message was sent to the Honourable House of Commons by Sir Francis Mundy-neaux, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, acquainting them, that "the Lords, authorized by virtue of his Majesty's commission, for declaring his Royal assent to several acts agreed upon by both Houses, do desire the immediate attendance of this Hon. House in the house of Peers, to hear the commission read;" and the commons being come thither, the said commission, empowering the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the Duke of Leeds, and Lord Sydney, to declare and notify the Royal assent to the said acts, was read accordingly, and the Royal assent given to the acts then ready.

After which the Lord Chancellor made the following speech:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"We have it in command from his Majesty, to express to you the satisfaction with which his Majesty has observed the continued proofs which you have given, during the present session, of your uniform attention to the public business, and of your zealous concern for the honour and interests of his Crown, and the welfare and prosperity of his people.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

"His Majesty has particularly directed us to return you his thanks, for the readiness with which you have granted the necessary supplies for the several branches of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Although the good offices of his Majesty and his allies have not hitherto been effectual for restoring the general tranquility of Europe, he has the satisfaction of seeing that the further extension of hostilities has been prevented, and that the situation of affairs continues to promise to this country the uninterrupted enjoyment of the blessings of peace."

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said;

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure, that this parliament be prorogued to Thursday the 29th day of October next, to be then here holden; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday the 29th day of October next."

Brighton, Aug. 13.] A most beautiful scene was displayed on the water, yesterday about three o'clock. A great many vessels started for three different prizes, consisting of new Sails of different magnitudes and value.

The Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York and Clarence, accompanied by a numerous party of nobility and gentry, went on board the Dieppe Packet, from whence they had a full view of the moving and varied scene.

The Right Hon. Col. Pelham gave a complete Set of Sails to be sailed for by boats employed in the Brighton Fishery.

When

When the sailing match was over, and the prizes adjudged to the victors, the Prince and his party returned to the Royal Tent, on the verdant plain, where a most sumptuous and elegant dinner was served up with the utmost taste and regularity.

From this splendid entertainment the company adjourned to the superb magnificent ball and supper at the great rooms at the Castle, given by the Dukes of York and Clarence in honour of the day, and as an additional mark of that fraternal affection for which they are so justly celebrated. The duchess of Rutland, who was the first in rank, lost not her precedence in the list of beauties, though the ball was decorated by many ladies of high rank and distinguished beauty. Upon the whole, the weather being propitious, the scene diversified and beautiful, both by sea and land, the company in high spirits, and delighted by the gracious attention of the Prince and his Royal brothers, the general joy and festivity which prevailed among all ranks during the whole day and night, at which time the town was every where illuminated, surpasses all description.

B I R T H S.

June 23 **T**HE lady of Sir David Carnegie, Bart. of a daughter, at Edinburgh.—The *rt. hon.* lady Deerhurst, of a son, at Streatham, Surrey.—**July 3.** Lady Plymouth, of a son, at her house in Bruton-street.—**8.** The Countess of Mexborough, of a daughter.—**14.** The lady of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, of a daughter, at his house in St. James's-square.—At the Admiralty, the right honourable lady Arden of a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S

June 30. **L**ORD Newbergh, to Miss Webb.—**1789.** **L** Wm. Markwick, of Garsfield, Esq. to Miss Date of Southampton, niece to the late Adm. Jeffries.—**July 2.** A few days since, Mr. Phillips, of Bristol, to Mrs. Ireland, his sixth wife.—At Liverpool, Capt. Clay, of the 40th regiment of foot, to Miss Charlotte Pole, second daughter to Major Pole, of Liverpool.—**8.** Fitzwilliam Barrington, Esq. 2d son of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart. to Miss Marshal, daughter of Samuel Marshal, Esq. captain in the royal navy, and one of the commissioners of the victualling office.

D E A T H S.

June 21. **A**T his house in Lincoln's-inn fields, of 1789. **A**n apoplexy, Wm. Ewer, Esq. one of the Members for Dorchester, and a director of the Bank of England.—**29.** At his house in Ranelagh-street, George Heathcoat, Esq. one of the commissioners of taxes.—**30.** At Coltness, the right honourable lady Frances Stewart, relict of Sir James Stewart Denham, of Coltness and Westshield, Bart. and sister of the present Earl of Wemyss.—**July 15.** At Edinburgh, David Ross, Esq. secretary of the General Post-office in that city.—**18.** A few days ago, at his house at Chelsea, Edward Wilford, Esq. chief clerk to the auditor of the receipt of his Majesty's Exchequer, and clerk of the debentures.—**20.** In the 56th year of his age, at the house of his friend Sir Charles Middleton, Bart. in May-fair, the rev. James Ramsey, M. A. Vicar of Tetton, in Kent, author of several treatises on the African Slave-Trade.

D O M E S T I C I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Mitchellstown, July 31, 1789.

ON Monday last Robert Watts, Esq. Surveyor of Excise, Mallow district, arrived in this town, assisted by Messrs. Richardson, Stretch and Cook, excise officers, two peace officers, and a party of the 47th and 51st regiment of foot, commanded by Capt. Irwin, Lieutenants Stewart and Cummin, who surrounded the town by two o'clock in the morning. Three extensive distilleries were discovered, which contained immense quantities of pot-ale, the whole of which was spilled and destroyed; it is supposed between seven and eight thousand gallons. The distillers had just time to save their stills and boilers, as an express arrived two hours before the party, who gave the intelligence that the troops were

The demand and preference for lambs wool has been most extraordinary, in so much, that although ten days before the fair commenced all the lambs wool in the province might have been purchased from 11s. 6d. to 12s. per stone, yet when brought to the mart, it opened at 16s. and advanced to 19s. 6d. and now the sellers demand for it the same price as for the fleece, which the buyers will not give. Not a pound of fleece wool has been yet sold—business quite at a stand.

The high price wool has borne here for some years, has enabled the English manufacturers to undersell us in our market.

At present the company here are in a great consternation and alarm, owing to many hundreds being remitted in drafts, bank notes and post

the dog, he received a stone in the breast, thrown by a young Mr. H. of that place, who was then walking in company with a Counsellor A. in the street.

On Mr. F.'s expostulating with the young gentleman on the impropriety of such a procedure, he repeated it, and a quarrel arose, wherein Mr. F. was knocked down, and cut in so dangerous a manner as to oblige him to betake himself to his bed, and send for a surgeon to dress his wounds.

On the mob hearing that Mr. F.'s life was in danger, they assembled to the amount of two thousand; when Colonel H. (father to Mr. H.) in order to quell them, fired a pistol, which so exasperated the enraged multitude, that a shower of stones was the immediate consequence; but we are happy to hear they did him no personal injury. Then he, with his son and the Counsellor, retreating into his own house, it was instantly beset by the mob, who in the space of half an hour demolished the palisades opposite the door, and all the windows, and we hear, very much damaged the furniture within, by continued volleys of stones. They also in their fury detected a fellow conveying ammunition into the house, and after giving him a hearty drubbing, a party of them were proceeding to immerge him in the Burin Waters at the Castle, until dissuaded from their purpose by some humane spectators, by whose mediation he was dismissed, and that detachment returned to the main body, who by this time had seized on the Counsellor, and after abusing him in the most violent manner, would certainly have put a period to his existence, by throwing him over the bridge into the river, had not a gentleman of this town interposed and rescued him from his impending fate, at the hazard of his own life.

By this time the mob became so outrageous, that Mr. F. was necessitated, (notwithstanding his weakness thro' loss of blood) to get up and come out amongst them, and by his intreaties so far prevailed that the tumult subsided in a little time, and no further mischief was done. However, we can with pleasure announce, that no lives were lost, although there were some shots fired from the house during the riot; nor did any body suffer personal injury save the Counsellor and Priest aforesaid, (who lies dangerously ill) and a Mr. W. who, on saying he knew some of the rioters, was severely treated. *Carlton Mercury.*

D U B L I N, *August 3, 1789.*

T H E celebration of the Prince of Wales's

rency, in which were the portraits of his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, with the motto, "Quis separabit?"

By a letter received (per the last English mail) by the Secretary of the Incorporated Society for promoting English Charter Schools, we learn, that Messrs. Drummond, bankers in London, have written advice of there being deposited in their house four cent. Bank annuities, to the amount of 40,000*l.* being the donation of a gentleman who desires his name may be concealed, to the fund of the Society, which thereby receives an accretion of 1600*l.* per ann. or ever.

6] Early yesterday morning a gentleman taking a walk up Grange-lane, was stopped at Goulding's garden, by two fellows armed with cutlasses, who robbed him of seven shillings and some halfpence. After committing the robbery they wished him a good morning, and made off across the garden to Glasnevin-road.

Saturday night, a gentleman going home to his house at Island-bridge, was stopped in Hospital-lane, by three fellows armed with pistols, who robbed him of two guineas, his hat and umbrella.

During the late commotions in Paris, a young man, who is a student in the Irish College in that city, distinguished himself in a very particular manner. Being perfect master of the French language, and possessing a very uncommon flow of eloquence, together with all the graces of oratory, every evening he harangued the populace in the different public places of the capital, pointing out to them their natural rights as men, and animating them in the most forcible manner, to assert their well-founded claims to freedom and independence. One evening, in the midst of an animated oration, a party of the *Marechaussée* (or police) attempted to take him into custody; but the populace immediately attacked them with such fury, as made them make a very precipitate retreat, and the young student was carried in great triumph to the College, amidst the acclamations and applause of a vast multitude.

Notwithstanding all our late Parliamentary injunctions, near 50,000 quarters of wheat were smuggled over to France from the several out-ports of this kingdom; so that the French have, in all probability, more English corn at this present time than ourselves have.

19] A barrel of new wheat was sold at the Market-house, Thomas-street, for 28*s.* by Mr. Keefe, of Dunlink, co. Dublin.

A letter from Ballinastoe, dated August 17, says—"Since I wrote last there was no business

ter was unfortunately shot through the head, and immediately expired. We understand that the cause of this quarrel originated from a *fracas* in Dame-street, a few nights ago.

Mr. Rochfort is a Fellow Commoner in the College, and a near relation to the Earl of Belvidere.

From Athy, in the county of Kildare we learn that a few days ago, a murder was committed by one of the sentinels guarding the gaol there, on a servant belonging to the H. Justice Hellen, who, as he was walking in company with one of his fellow-servants, over the bridge, received a fatal ball in his head, by which he instantly expired. This lamentable circumstance, we hear, was occasioned by some idle women quarrelling on the aforesaid bridge, (just at the prison) in which they had recourse to stones, one whereof happened to fall against the goal door, the soldier rushed out and fired; when the above young man, in his passage fell an innocent victim to such an unwarrantable and rash proceeding. The Coroner's inquest sat on the body. Verdict wilful murder. The soldier put off his trial till next assizes.

BIRTHS for August, 1789.

IN London, the lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of Mexborough, of a daughter.—In Palace-Row, the Lady of Francis Cruise, Esq. of a son.—In Moore-street, the lady of the Hon. Charles Hamilton Lytton, (2d son of the late Lord Viscount Boyne) of a daughter.—In Ely-Place, the lady of Robert Phair, Esq. of a son and heir.—In Gloucester-street, the lady of Edward Fitzgerald, Esq. of a son.—The lady of Stephen Dickson, Esq. late physician, of a son.—In French-street, the lady of Colonel Smyth, of Ralphdale, of a daughter.—At Stephen's-green, the lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of Granard, of a daughter.—In Charlemont-street, the lady of John Hartley, Esq. of a son.—On Ormond-quay, the lady of William Crawford, Esq. of a son.—In Dominick street, the lady of Hugh Hamill, Esq. of a daughter.—In Clare-street, the lady of William Henn, Esq. of a son.—At Castle Park, county of Limerick, the lady of Charles Smyth, Esq. of a son and heir.—In Granby Row, the lady of Major Westonia, of the 9th dragoons, of a daughter.—The lady of Henry Harrison, of Castle Harrison, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES for August, 1789.

AT Nass, county of Kildare, Coote Daniel, M. D. to Miss Anne Rochfort.—John Smyth, of Ballyduffe, county of Wexford, Esq. to Miss Hartley, of Tompar.—In London, the Right Hon. Lord William Russell, (younger brother to the Duke of Bedford,) to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Villiers, eldest daughter to the

Wm. H. Moore Hodder, of Huddersfield, county Cork, Esq. to Miss Harriet Clements, second daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Theophilus Clements, and niece to Lord Leitrim.—Captain M'Closkey, of the Two Brothers, of Ostend, to Miss Anne Moore, eldest daughter of Andrew Moore, of North Anne street, Esq.—At Hy-menstown, Wm. Butler, of Inch, county Tipperary, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Massey, daughter of the late, and half sister to the present Right Honourable Lord Massey.—Henry Cavendish, Esq. eldest son of the Right Honourable Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart. to Miss Cooper, niece to the right Rev. Dr. Barnard, Lord Bishop of Killaloe, with a fortune of 20,000l.—At Waterford, the Rev. Daniel M'Neil, to Miss Rogers, of Porto Bello, in the county Wexford.—Capt. Hugh Lisle Carmichael, of his Majesty's 67th regt. of foot, to Miss Catharine Ferrall, of Dominick street.—John Shelton, of Ross, county Galway, Esq. to Miss Eliza Willington, second daughter of John Willington, of Kelloshane, county Tipperary, Esq.—At Cork, Digby O'Brien, Esq. to Miss Barbara Saunders, daughter of Henry Saunders, late of Charleville, Esq.—John O'Grady, of Cahir, county Limerick, Esq. to Miss Croker, eldest daughter of John Croker, of Rawleightown, Esq.—At Trim, county Meath, the Rev. J. D. Williamson, to Miss D. Mockler, second daughter of Thomas Mockler, Esq.—At New Court, co. Wicklow, William Preston, Esq. to Miss Evans, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Evans, and cousin to Lord Carbery.—At Waterford, George Sheppard, of Shugborough, county Kilkenny, Esq. to Miss Mary Alcock, daughter of William Alcock, Esq.

DEATHS for August, 1789.

AT Castleinch, county of Galway, Mrs. Shewbridge, relict of the late Rev. Mr. Shewbridge, of Portumna, and mother to Capt. Shewbridge, of the Royal Irish Artillery.—At Bathampton, near Bath, Colonel Robt. Slough-ter.—In St Andrew-street, Thomas Blakeney, Esq. an eminent Attorney.—At Bath, the Hon. Lady Gertrude Moore, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Drogheda.—In French-street, Miss Carrigue, aunt to James Carrigue Ponsonby, of Croto, county Kerry, Esq. member of parliament for the borough of Tralee.—George Homan, of Su-rock, county Westmeath, Esq. aged 81.—At Castlecarr, the seat of Edward Deane Freeman, Esq. Mrs. Plummer, lady of Richard Plummer, of Mount Plummer, in the county of Limerick, Esq.—At his Lordship's seat at Stackallen, in the county of Meath, in the 65th year of his age, the Right Honourable Richard, Lord Viscount Boyne. His Lordship is succeeded in titles and estates by his eldest son.

perary, Esq.—At Ros, Joseph Boyde, Esq.—Mrs. Dawson, lady of Char. Dawson, Esq. formerly Surveyor of Limerick.—The Rev. John Faria, of Mackin, in the county of Cavan.—Mrs. Pollock, lady of Joseph Pollock, Esq. Barrister-at Law.—At the Marquis of Lansdown's house in Berkeley Square, London, after a severe illness, the most Noble the Marchioness of Lansdown, sister to the present Earl of Upper Ossory, and niece to the Dukes of Bedford, and Marquis of Stafford.—At Ballycotton, Mrs. Forster, lady of Abraham Forster, of Ballymaloe, of Cork, Esq. and only daughter of Samuel Rowland of Cork, Esq.—At Woodford, the Rev. Francis Hewson, rector of Kilgobbin and Ventry, both in the diocese of Ardfer.—At Finglass, county Dublin, Thomas Mulhall, Esq. aged 83.—In St. James's-street, London, in the 19th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Cole, second daughter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen. Her Ladyship's death was occasioned by a pleurisy, contracted in consequence of drinking cold lemonade when she was heated with dancing.—In London, the Right Hon. Lord Carpenter, eldest son and heir of the Right Hon. the Earl of Tyrconnell.—At Bath, the Right Hon. the Countess of Charleville, relict of the late Earl, and of Sir John Coghlin, Bart. Her Ladyship's estate devolves to Charles Wm. Barry, of Tullamore, in the King's Co. Esq.

P R O M O T I O N S.

EDWARD Tighe, Esq. Sir Frederick Flood, Bart. Charles Henry Cote, and John Ricily, Esqs. together with Lord Visc. Delvin, the auditor of Imprest Accounts for the time being, to be his Majesty's Commissioners of extraordinary and Imprest accounts, the first at a salary of 800l. and the others at 500l. per ann. each.—Peter Holme, Richard Townsend Herbert, Edward Fitzgerald, Samuel Hayes, of Avondale, and George Rawson, Esqs. to be his Majesty's Commissioners for stamping and marking vellum, parchment and paper, at a salary of 800l. per ann. each.—Andrew Philip Skene, Esq. to be a Captain in 5th dragoons.—John Judkin Butler, Esq. to be a Captain in the 5th foot.—The Hon. Abraham Lord Visc. Creighton, to be a Captain in 6th dragoon guards.—The Rev. Charles Morgan, rector of Skibereen, in the diocese of Ross, to be a justice of the peace for the county of Cork.—Wm. Latham, Esq. to be Captain Lieutenant of 7th dragoon guard.—George Pigott, Esq. to be Captain in 8th drag.—George Legard, Esq. to be a Captain in the 69th f.—Ambrose Wm. Bercroft, Esq. to be a Captain in 63d f.—Wm. Reynell, Esq. to be a Captain in 6th dragoon guard.—Samuel Cooke

The King has been pleased to grant the following dignities to the underneath Noblemen and their heirs male.

To Henry, Earl of Clanricarde, the dignity of Marquis of Clanricarde, in the county of Galway.—To Randal Wm. Earl of Antrim, the dignity of Marquis of Antrim, in the county of Antrim.—To George, Earl of Tyrone, the dignity of Marquis of the county of Waterford.—To Wills, Earl of Hillsborough, the dignity of Marquis of Downshire.—To Francis Charles, Visc. Clerawley, the dignity of Earl Annesley, of Cattleweilan, in the county of Down, and in default of issue male, to his brother the Hon. Richard Annesley, and his heirs male.—To Wm. Willoughby, Visc. Enniskillen, the dignity of Earl of Enniskillen, in the county of Fermanagh.—To John, Visc. Erne, the dignity of Earl Erne, of Crum Castle, county of Fermanagh.—To John Joshua, Lord Baron Caryfort, the dignity of Earl of Caryfort, in the county of Wicklow.—To John, Lord Baron Earlfort, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the dignity of Viscount Clonmell, of Clonmell, in the county of Tipperary.

The King has been pleased to confer the dignity of a Baronet on the following Gentlemen and their heirs male.

To John Newport, of Newpark, co. of Kilkenny, Esq. and in default of issue male, to his brother Wm. Newport, of Waterford, Esq. and his heirs male.—To Robert Bateson Harvey, of Killoquin, co. of Antrim, Esq. and in default of issue male, to the heirs male of his father, the late Richard Bateson, of Londonderry, Esq.—To Samuel Hayes, of Drumboe Castle, in the co. of Donegal, Esq.—To Robert Hodion, of Holybrook, in the co. of Wicklow, Esq.

Arthur Wolfe, Esq. sworn one of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.—The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, to be his Majesty's Attorney General, (Lord Fitzgibbon, promoted to be Lord Chancellor.)—John Toler, Esq. to be his Majesty's Solicitor General, (Arthur Wolfe, Esq. promoted)—The Right Hon. John, Earl of Glendore, and the Right Hon. John Joshua, Earl of Caryfort, to be guardians and keepers of the Rolls, Records, &c. in Ireland, (the Duke of Leinster, resigned.)—The Rev. Mr. Fowler, son of the Archbishop of Dublin, to the Vicarage of St. Ann's Dublin, (Dr. Walsh, promoted)—The Hon. Joseph Hewitt, to be his Majesty's second Serjeant at Law, (John Toler, Esq. promoted.)—Henry Duquerv, Esq. to be his Majesty's 3d Serjeant at Law, (the Hon. Joseph Hewitt, promoted.)—The Right Hon. Henry, Earl of Carhampton, to be Lieut. General of his Majesty's

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His Excellency
John Lord Viscount Gibbon

W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For SEPTEMBER, 1789.

*Memoirs of his Excellency John Fitzgibbon, Lord High Chancellor.**(With a striking Likeness of his Excellency.)**(Concluded from our last Magazine, Page 394.)*

ACCORDINGLY, a few days after he proposed to the House to demand the restoration of the final judicature.—

On that occasion he referred to his former declaration—"that as he had been cautious in committing the kingdom, so now it was committed, he would be firm in supporting its rights;—and added, as the right of making laws to bind Ireland lay in the King, Lords and Commons, to the total exclusion of any foreign interference, it was idle to suppose that any appeal ought to be from the Courts here, (where only the laws made in Ireland could be supposed to be well understood) to the Courts of a nation whose legislature had no concern in, and whose Judges (when the rights of Ireland should be fully established,) might be supposed to be little conversant in our laws; he therefore hoped that gentlemen would now for ever put an end to appeals to England—and that as the right of making laws binding the subjects of this realm lay in the legislative body of Ireland; so the power of explaining and dispensing those laws, could reside only in the Courts of Ireland—with appeal to the Irish House of Peers."

In 1783 a new parliament was called, and Lord Fitzgibbon took his seat for the borough of Kilmallock.—It was in the first session of this parliament that Mr. Flood presented the petition of the Volunteer Convention, for an alteration of the constitution of the realm—a measure which called forth all the abilities on both sides of the house, and on which Lord Fitzgibbon displayed so much knowledge, and such unshaken resolution in maintaining the rights and dignity of parliament, that he was thenceforth considered as the only person capable of filling

the office of Attorney General, which at the earnest solicitation of Lord Northington, then Lord Lieutenant, whose memory he always mentions with high respect—Lord Fitzgibbon accepted. In this office he continued for six years, displaying the talents of a great lawyer and an able senator—united with the virtues of an honest man, of a true friend to his country and his king.

In so many parliamentary campaigns as have since occurred, numberless occasions have arisen to prove the sterling value of his abilities—every new trial discovered new resources in his knowledge of law and constitution.

When a spirit of sedition, excited and fomented by artful men, had so far pervaded the minds of the honest, though misguided multitude, that a congress for the avowed purpose of changing the constitution of the realm was actually assembled in William-street;—when the sheriff of the county of Dublin had called a meeting of his bailiwick and colore officii, proceeded to elect representatives for his county to serve in that congress—the Attorney General saw that this was the moment to stop the rage and folly of innovation; he therefore fixed upon the sheriff of the county of Dublin as the man whose punishment should deter others from following his example—he caused him to be attached in the court of King's Bench for abuse of his official power—to be confined in Newgate, and to be removed from his office; nor was it till after his submission that he was pardoned.

The sheriffs of the city of Dublin had also called a meeting of their bailiwick to elect members for congress—the leaders of

that measure had taken care to fill the Tholiel with a tumultuous mob. The Attorney General, attended by a few friends, appeared in the midst of them—and such is the awe and reverence, which ever attend on worth like his, that though the mob with loud vociferation had drowned every attempt made by any other person to address them, yet the moment the Attorney General rose to speak, the most profound silence took place, and without a murmur of interruption they heard him declare—that if the sheriffs should dare to proceed to abuse the powers of their office, he would instantly have them attached and sent to prison—the sheriffs had the good sense to take the hint—they dismissed the meeting; and this in fact overturned congress, an assembly from which the seditious expected much—they met indeed, some days—but they met only to make themselves the object of scorn and ridicule.

But the last and greatest act of Lord Fitzgibbon's political career in the House of Commons, was his bold and manly daring in support of his sovereign, when forsaken at his utmost need he lay upon the bed of sore affliction.—Upon that occasion, when those most bound to gratitude deserted the hand that long had fed them, the loyalty, the love, the zeal of Lord Fitzgibbon shone glorious—number or example had no effect to swerve him from the path of honour. The deplorable distress of the King—the improbability of his recovery—the certainty of vengeance if a desperate party should come into power—all these circumstances, which to mean-spirited men were apologies for treachery and desertion—were to a mind noble and generous like his Lordship's, the strongest incentives to great exertions in support of the King, who at that time no one supposed could ever reward him.—Accordingly, he opposed the precipitate measures of the House with arguments drawn from law and constitution, arguments which no man had the hardness or the presumption to controvert—and not satisfied with this, but animated with a just indignation against men who had so meanly and ignominiously disgraced their country—he stigmatized that contemptible conspiracy

sale, provided they may be permitted themselves to pillage their fellow-subjects; some of them have already received the reward of their treachery!—and we sincerely hope justice will not stop there.

Upon the death of Lord Lifford, our Sovereign, ever just and grateful, determined to reward the man whose steady honour and tried integrity gave him reason to believe he would faithfully dispense justice to his people.—The news was received here with general joy; it was considered as a national triumph.—Writers in England, while the seals were in commission had the base insolence to assert, that “they ought not to be entrusted to an Irishman;”—how unwarranted such an opinion! but our Sovereign acting upon principles of true liberality, did not hesitate, where the happiness of a nation was the object, to break through the barriers which ignorant prejudice would raise.—And even the short period that has since elapsed, has proved how justly he estimated the worth and talents of Lord Fitzgibbon; for we are well informed that during the few weeks he has presided, as much business has been done in Chancery as had formerly been done in so many years.—Nor is it merely to be said—that Lord Fitzgibbon dispatches with proper expedition those suits, the length of which formerly entailed beggary even upon the *successful* suitors—but he has given his judgments with so much equity and wisdom, that even the losing suitors could not deny that he was right.

To reform abuses, practised by the agents in his Court, was a task that required his firmness and spirit—and therefore he set about it in earnest—he has already made some examples; and he has declared his firm resolution of rendering their profession respectable by rooting out from amongst them every particle of chicane and dishonesty.

It should be remembered, that Lord Fitzgibbon upon his elevation to the dignity of Chancellor, did not dismiss a single officer of the Court, except one, to make room for a confidential friend—and that one he placed in a situation much better than he had before enjoyed; what liberality!—how

—an indulgent master, and the most munificent benefactor to the distressed.

From the firmness and energy with which he has ever opposed any thing injurious, and the reproof and disdain with which he has treated any thing disgraceful to this country, a superficial observer might be led to suppose that he was of an haughty and austere temper, but the very reverse is the truth; to his numerous friends he shews the most affable vivacity—to persons of business the most polite attention and respect—with great condescension towards his inferiors.

His mode of living—his equipage and all his establishments are in a princely style—the splendour of his appearance is never below the eminence of his situation.—During Lord Buckingham's absence, he is joined with the Speaker as Lord Justice of the kingdom, and surely it must give pleasure to the nation—to see itself under the government of two such Irishmen.

We cannot conclude without congratulating our country on the happy change that the efforts of her sons have in a few years produced.—Formerly every thing lucrative or honourable were bestowed on Aliens, or heads of that aristocracy which drained the very life-blood of the land;—but now, we see two private gentlemen, unconnected with the aristocracy, and disdaining to be their followers, raising themselves merely by great talents and great integrity to the highest situations that subjects can enjoy.—May the glorious example excite the ambition of Irishmen to pursue their steps!

A Sketch of the Origin and professional History of the late Opera-House, in the Haymarket.

SIR John Vanburgh was the person who first built this house, which was finished in 1706, by a subscription of 30 persons of quality, at 100*l.* each, and inscribed it thus (as a compliment to the Countess of Sunderland, who at that time was both a celebrated beauty and partizan),

To the Little Whig.

But though under the direction of Betterton and Congreve, what, from the house being too large upon trial, for the voice, with the ill success of several operas, it answered so little their expectations, that Congreve soon retired from the management: Vanburgh tried it a few years after to little better account, and sold it to Owen Swiney, Esq. a gentleman of some fortune of the kingdom of Ireland.

To Swiney it was more the receptacle of his pleasures than his profits: for after altering the house to make it more audible, at a

very great expence, it in the end helped to ruin him.

Handel afterwards occasionally used it for the performance of operas, and his other pieces: but what from the spirit of party, and the ear of the public not being then properly formed to relish such excellent compositions, he quitted England in disgust and went to Ireland, where he first brought out the Messiah, that great harbinger of his future fame.

Heidegger succeeded Handel, who, by mixing masquerades with operas, enabled him to make out a life of genteel expediency.—He was beside the *arbiter elegantiarum* amongst the nobility, which considerably contributed to his income.

The opera-house afterwards was under a kind of committee-ship, in which little seems to be obtained more than the common profits of performers, &c.

The hon. Mr. Hobart, brother to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, then became sole manager, who, after many years trial, and a good gentleman's taste for Italian music, it is generally supposed went out *minus* some thousands.

Dick Yates, the Comedian, succeeded Mr. Hobart. His long acquaintance with places of public resort, the caprice of performers, the fraud of door-keepers, &c. enabled him to form such oeconomical reformation as just to make it tell: perhaps, on his relinquishing it, in the language of the city, he went out a *better* man than he went in.

Messrs. Sheridan and Harris followed next, here *was much* promise and great expectation, but what from a complication of divided interests, and both having something else to do, the latter gentleman made a timely retreat, which was soon followed by his compeer, who it is said, had the address to sell his share of property for *two thousand pounds* profit.

Mr. Crawford kept the house together for some time after, but though he carried a knowledge of above fifty years experience into the business, joined with great attention and integrity, what from his advanced age, and a variety of other causes, &c. he resigned in favour of Sir John Gallini.—Previous to this the property became involved in a number of law-suits, which, aided by personal disagreements amongst the performers, rendered the opera-house far from being a place of *harmony*, however, one way or other, the business went on till the late fire put an end “to this eventual history.”

From the above facts, one deduction seems to be pretty evident—*That Italian Operas never have thriven in this soil to any advantage*, and the reason is self-evident,

dent, because nine-tenths of the audience sit listening to what they don't understand, and consequently cannot be gratified but through affectation.

Let the idea, therefore, be abandoned: but for the sake of improving our national music, let an opera-house be built spacious and magnificent as the riches of such a metropolis as ours can afford, but though the music should be the best selection from the Italian masters, let the words be English, and then sound and sense live together in that harmony which is their proper designation.

We have experienced the effects of such a reformation in some degree, by the *Artaxerxes* of Dr. Arne, and the *Love in a Village*, &c. of Bickerstaffe.—These pieces, particularly those of the latter author, are not only pleasing in the dialogue, but the Italian music with which the airs are enriched are now incorporated in our national music: thus we shall gain in a double degree:—first, by encouraging the best English opera writers, and next, the best English singers, and hence we shall not only improve our musical taste, and save considerable sums of money annually exported to Italy: but discourage, as far as lies in our power, that abominable mode of adapting men to the profession of singers, at the expence of the *dearest rights* of humanity.

Ill effects of Party on Matrimonial Happiness.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

YOU will undoubtedly think with me, whether you are a married man or not, that a warm lover of Liberty, yoked with a wife of a tyrannical temper, with her head full of high notions of arbitrary power, and not in the least inclined to have her opinions controverted, makes a very mortifying appearance. Between such a couple, with ideas so dissimilar, there must be a perpetual contest for superiority: and

nuptial noose; but the serious admonitions of the moral and the wanton ridicule of the licentious writer, seem to be equally insufficient to prevent the two sexes from running into indissoluble attachments, without much thought and mature deliberation. How frequently should we hear of a happy marriage, if they who are laudably inclined to enter into the hymeneal state would previously reflect upon the reciprocal duties required from them! If they would consider attentively whether their hearts were thoroughly ready to subscribe to every article in the matrimonial code.

In this manner was I ruminating in my chamber, a few mornings ago, when I received a visit from an old friend of mine, who has for several years tasted more of the bitters of matrimony than its sweets. My friend's visit was unexpected, because I really thought that he had been out of town, as he had taken leave of me the day before, in order to make an excursion into the country: however, I was very glad to see him, and he soon removed the little surprise which his unlooked for appearance had occasioned.

Jack Easy's marriage was an event which gave no small astonishment to me, among his other friends; for he was always railing against a state of servitude—I repeat his own words—and was ever extremely keen in his strictures against it. The most virulent railers against matrimony, however, and the most jocular libertines are sometimes, in an unguarded moment, finessed out of their freedom. Poor Jack was one of those unlucky fellows—he was struck with the beauty of a young lady at the theatre in the year sixty, with whom he danced almost the whole evening, and was so captivated by her personal attractions, that he determined before he laid his head on his pillow, to make his addresses to her, if his enquiries about her family, fortune, and connections, should prove satisfactory. The answers which he received to his enquiries gave him the wished for satisfaction. he therefore made

ting out that his happiness would be perennial, but I was disappointed: before he had been a husband a twelve-month he would have given his ears to be unfettered. Yet being a lover of peace as well as being a lover of liberty, he frequently made unbecoming submissions, by which he flattered the pride of his wife, and lessened his own consequence. They have now lived together, very inharmoniously, about nine years: but they will not I imagine much longer cohabit, for their conjugal disputes have been carried on with additional acrimony, since the petitioning spirit has gone forth. Mrs. Easy being furiously attached to the M——y, and Jack being a fierce opposer of the measures of the C——t: if I find them under the same roof a fortnight hence, I shall be extremely out in my calculation. The remainder of my letter, Mr. Editor, will perhaps induce you to be of my way of thinking on this occasion.

Jack's visit to me was to open his heart, "I am very sorry, my dear Bellamy," said he, "to trouble you with my family altercations: but Mrs. Easy grows so intolerably provoking, by exercising a tyrannical authority in my house, by abusing me for my grave disposition, and stirring up little Charles, (who has, I fancy, sucked in her principles with her milk) to abuse my favourite Kitty for standing up for the rights of the *people*, that home is become most disagreeable to me."—"You are a happy man, George," continued he, with a sigh, pressing my hand in his, "you have *no wife*!"—laying a strong emphasis on the *last word*.

I sincerely condoled with him, adding that I heartily wished it was in my power to give him any kind of relief in a situation which was, certainly, a very trying one.—He thanked me, with another pressure of my hand, and invited me to dine with him.

Mrs. Easy behaved extremely well at the head of her table, and seemed to be in so good a humour with every body in the room, even with her husband, that I could not help winking several times at Jack, as much as to say, "The tide is turning in your favour:" but he looked answers, which plainly convinced me that he thought his wife's engaging behaviour would be of a short duration.

Just when we had all drank the King's health unanimously, I will venture to say, for Jack's loyalty was never shaken by his passion for liberty, our conversation, which had been confined to general subjects, and which rolled upon no party-topics, was interrupted in a manner that made me tremble for the glasses on the table: and I was almost afraid that the bottles themselves would have been destroyed.

This alarming interruption was occasioned

by a card from Mr. Wilkes, to invite Mr. Easy to dine with him on a turtle the Wednesday following.

As Mrs. Easy had given orders that all message-cards should be delivered to her; the servant naturally put the card into her hands.

I cannot describe the sudden alteration which Mr. Wilkes's little manuscript made in her complexion.—Her face was immediately in a flame—She rose in such a hurry, that she overturned two bottles and broke three glasses, in going from the table to the chimney. Having thrown the card into the fire with a spirited motion, she advanced towards her husband, and began to insult him with no small asperity, for having such scandalous connections—as she called them.

Galled by the word scandalous, George returned her irritating language with interest, and threw out several strokes against the M——y, more severe than I ever heard him utter.

In hopes of bringing about a cessation, I asked Mrs. Easy, without seeming to have attended to what had passed, whether I should not see my young friends?

The mother luckily at that instant kept down the wife: the children came in, but little Kitty being unfortunately provoked by something which Charles said in favour of Lord B——, snatched up a volume of Chambers's Dictionary, which lay in the window, and by knocking him down, made his nose bleed profusely.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
GEORGE BELLAMY.

Description of Paris, by Mrs. Piozzi.

THE fine paved road to this town has many inconveniences, and jars the nerves terribly with its perpetual rattle; the approach however always strikes one as very fine, I think, and the boulevards and gungettes look always pretty too; as wine, beer, and spirits are not permitted to be sold, one sees what England does not pretend to exhibit, which is, gaiety without noise, and a croud without a riot. I was pleased to go over the churches again too, and re-experience that particular sensation which the disposition of St. Rocque's altars and ornaments alone can give. In the evening we looked at the new square, called the Palais Royal, where the duc de Chartres has removed a vast number of noble trees, which it was a sin and a shame to profane with an ax, after they had adorned that spot for so many centuries. The people were accordingly as angry, I believe, as Frenchmen can be, when the folly was first committed.—The court however had wit enough to convert

the place into a sort of a Vauxhall, with tents, fountains, shops full of frippery, brilliant at once, and worthless, to attract them with coffee-houses surrounding it on every side, and now they are all again merry and happy, synonymous terms at Paris though often disunited in London, and *vive le duc de Chartres*.

The French are really a contented race of mortals; precluded almost from possibility of adventure. The low Parisian leads a gentle humble life, nor envies that greatness he can never obtain; but either wonders delightedly, or diverts himself philosophically with the sight of splendors which seldom fail to excite serious envy in an Englishman, and sometimes even occasion suicide, from disappointed hopes, which never could take root in the hearts of these unambitious people*.

Reflections of this cast are suggested to one here in every shop, where the behaviour of the master at first sight contradicts all that our satirists tell us of the supple Gaul, &c. the mercer in this town shews you a few silks, and those he scarcely opens, *vous devez choisir* (choose what you like) is all he thinks of saying, to invite your custom, then takes out his snuff-box, and yawns in your face, fatigued by your enquiries. For my own part, I find my natural disgust of such behaviour greatly repelled by the recollection that the man I am speaking to is no inhabitant of

A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows thro' each member of the embodied
state.

S. JOHNSON.

And I feel well inclined to respect the peaceful tenour of a life, which likes not to be broken in upon, for the sake of obtaining riches, which when gotten must only end in the pleasure of counting them. A Frenchman who should make his fortune by trade to-morrow, would be no nearer advancement in society or situation: why then should he solicit, by arts he is too lazy to delight in the practice of, that opulence which would

now bestow on the decorations of a hat, or the varnish of an equipage, may one day serve to torment a minister, and obtain a post of honour for his son; he could not hope that on some future day his flattery might be listened to by some lady of more birth than beauty, or richer perhaps, when happily employed upon a very different subject, and be a means of lifting himself into a state of distinction, his children too into public notoriety.

Emulation, ambition, avarice, however, must in all arbitrary governments be confined to the great; the other set of mortals, for there are none there of middling rank, live, as it should seem like eunuchs in a seraglio, feel themselves irrecoverably doomed to promote the pleasure of their superiors, nor even dream of fighting for enjoyments from which an irremovable boundary divides them. They see at the beginning of their lives how that life must end: and trot with a quiet, contented, and unaltered pace down their long, straight, and shaded avenue, while we, with anxious solicitude and restless hurry, watch the quick turnings of our serpentine walk, which still presents either to sight or expectation, some changes of variety in the ever shifting prospect, till the unthought of, unexpected event, comes suddenly upon us, and finishes at once the fluctuating scene. Reflections must now give way to facts for a moment, though few English people want to be told that every hotel here belonging to people of condition, is shut out from the street like our Burlington-house, which gives a general gloom to this city so famed for its gaiety: the streets are narrow too, and ill paved, and very noisy, from the echo made by stone buildings drawn up to a prodigious height, many of the houses having seven, and some of them even, eight stories from the bottom.—The contradictions one meets with every moment, likewise strike even a cursory observer—a countess in the morning, her hair dressed, with diamonds too perhaps, a dirty black handkerchief round her neck, a flat silver ring round

ble women, and having seen Dr. Johnson with me when I was last abroad, enquired much for him. Mrs. Fermor, the prioress, niece to Belinda, in the Rape of the Lock, taking occasion to tell me, comically enough, that she believed there were little comfort to be found in a house that harboured poets; for that she remembered Mr. Pope's praise made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, while his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait upon him, and he gave one (said she) no amends by talk neither, for he only sat dozing all day, when the sweet wine was out, and made his verses chiefly in the night, during which season he kept himself awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids business to make for him, and they took it by turns.

These ladies really live here as comfortably, for aught I see, as peace, quietness, and the certainty of a good dinner can make them. Just as much happier than as any old maid who lives in Millman-street, and Chapel-row, as they are sure not to be robbed by a treacherous, or insulted by a favoured servant in the decline of life, when protection is grown hopeless, and resistance vain; and as they enjoy at length a moral certainty of never living worse than they do to day; while the little knot of unmarried females turned fifty, round Red-lion square, may always be ruined by a runaway agent, a bankrupted banker, or a roguish steward: and even the petty pleasure of six-penny quadrille, may become by that misfortune too costly for their income. — *Au reste*, as the French say, the difference is small, both coteries sit separate in the morning, go to prayers at noon, and read the chapters for the day; change their next dress, eat their little dinner, and play at small games for small sums in the evening, when recollection tires and chat runs low.

But more adventurous characters claim my present attention. All Paris, I think, among the rest, assembled to see the valiant brothers Robert and Charles, mount yesterday into the air, in company with a certain

whole city was gathered together. No body was hurt, nobody was frightened, nobody could even pretend to feel themselves incommoded. Such are the few comforts that result from a despotic government.

My republican spirit, however, boiled up a little on last Monday, when I had to petition monsieur de Calonne for the restoration of some trifles detained at the Custom-house at Calais. His politeness indeed and the sight of others performing like acts of humiliation, reconciled me in some measure to the drudgery of running from subaltern to subaltern, intreating in pathetic terms, the remission of a law which is at last either just or unjust; if just, no solicitation thinks, should be permitted to change it, if unjust what can be so grating as the obligation to solicit?

The British Theatre.

H A Y - M A R K E T.

A FARCE, entitled "The Family Party, was represented at this theatre. The characters—

Sir Toby Twaddle,	Bannister, jun.
Spriggins,	Baddeley.
Jack Spriggins,	R. Palmer.
Rampart,	Iliff.
Pinch,	Edwin.
Miss Spriggins,	Mrs. Webb.
Laura,	Miss Heard.

This production is intitled to a considerable share of praise. The characters of Sir Toby, Pinch, and Spriggins, are drawn by the hand of a master—the actors who performed those parts seemed to think so, for they gave them every requisite support. Pinch's reason for following, at the same time, the different trades of hatter and bookseller is a very excellent one, viz. "that many of his customers had not a head for a book, but that all had a head for a hat"—and Sir Toby's, for not marrying, "that he had too much of the eccentricity of a "comet," to become a "fixed star," claims equal praise. On the whole, it

Emily, — Mrs. Taylor.
Lady Testy, — Mrs. Webb.

Wargrave Theatre.

Belmont is in love with Emily, and meets, from her, a return of his passion.—Sir Credulous, however, who is her guardian, objects to their union; and, of course, the schemes of Belmont, and his servant Kicksy, are employed against him. Kicksy, an adroit genius, represents the part of a dancing-master, and, together with Belmont, as his servant, gets introduced into the family: he is discovered, and forced to decamp. He then borrows the dress of Stitch, the cobbler, and pretending to be drunk, gets into the house, and tries to give Emily a letter—but his second scheme is discovered also, and rendered abortive. His last, however, proves effectual. He disguises himself as a philosopher—and, by that method, gets into the good graces of Sir Credulous, and practises on his credulous disposition with success. He alarms him with several prognostics, and particularly with the information of the expected appearance of a blazing comet—until, by these means, Sir Credulous is nearly terrified out of his senses, and, in this state of mind, signs his name to a paper, which, afterwards turns out to be an intire consent to the marriage of Belmont and Emily; with which the piece concludes.—Our readers will perceive that there is a great deal of improbability and absurdity in the plot—but it afforded, notwithstanding, much mirth and laughter to a very crowded audience.

Several other pieces have been produced—an account of which shall be given in our next.

August 1.] Miss Style, a Lady who had rendered herself conspicuous at some late Masquerades for her representation of a few dramatic characters, made her first Theatrical attempt at the Haymarket, in the character of Polly Honeycombe. Her figure is rather short than elegant; she possesses a pleasing voice, and is mistress of an easy deportment. Her talents however, seem entirely without cultivation; and she has much both to learn and unlearn, before she can be entitled to any extraordinary portion of approbation.

5. *The Friends; or, the Benevolent Planters*, a musical Prelude, by Mr. Bellamy, was acted the first time at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Mr. Kemble. This is one of those performances which, from the subject as well as the occasion of its performance, requires every indulgence. What is intended to serve the cause of humanity, should be exempt from criticism.

The private Theatricals and entertainments at Lord Barrymore's commenced on Monday, August 17.

We insert the *dramatis personæ* as cast on the two last nights; but must observe, that the Romp was not played on the concluding evening, owing to the performance beginning at a later hour than usual.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Archer,	Mr. Dive.
Aimwell,	Mr. Blackstone.
Gibbet,	Mr. Edwin.
Boniface,	Mr. Angelo.
Sullen.	Mr. Ryder.
Sir C. Freeman,	Mr. A. Barry.
And Scrub,	Lord Barrymore.

A Prologue to be spoken by Mr. Angelo, and an Epilogue by Mr. Blackstone.

After the Play, a Scene from *Tasse*, by Mr. Angelo, in the character of Lady Pentweazel.

To which will be added, a Farce, called

The ROMP.

Young Cockney,	Lord Barrymore.
Old Cockney,	Mr. Ximenes.
Capt. Sightly,	Mr. Angelo.
Barnacle,	Mr. Edwin.

Family Pride.

IN speaking of Genoa, Mrs. Piozzi relates the following singular instance of family pride. 'A family coming last night to visit at a house where I had the honour of being admitted as an intimate, gave me another proof of my present state of remoteness from English manners. The party consisted of an old nobleman, who could trace his genealogy unblemished up to one of the old Roman emperors, but whose fortune is now in a hopeful state of decay:—his lady, not inferior to himself in birth or haughtiness of air and carriage, but much impaired by age, ill health, and pecuniary distresses; these had however no way lessened her ideas of her own dignity, or the respect of her cavalier servant and her son, who waited on her with an unremitted attention; presenting her their little dirty tin snuff-boxes upon one knee by turns; which ceremony she less surprised me, as having seen her train made of a dyed and watered lutestring, borne gravely after her up stairs by a footman, the express image of Edgar in the storm-scene of *King Lear*—who, as the fool says, 'wisely reserved a blanket, else had we all been 'thamed.'

Account of the Trifler, a new periodical Miscellany, by Timothy Touchstone. Second Edition. 2vo.

THIS work, if produced by men, would merit praise; as the issue of Westminster School, it excites a degree of wonder. The subjects are so various, and, tho' unequally, often so ably treated, that the authors may certainly rank next to the first class in this mode of composition. There is perhaps too much poetry, and it is not equal to the prose; so that less of it, and more selection, would have been preferable. Some pieces of the poetry are, however, very good; and truer humour we have hardly seen, than in the "Verses to a Lady on the Death of her Gold Fish."

To give long extracts from a popular periodical work would be ridiculous; but to enable such of our readers as may not have seen it to form some judgment, we have selected the two following letters.

To Timothy Touchstone.

"S I R,

"THE dangerous consequences that inseparably attend too refined an education, by which false notions of pride and grandeur are imbibed into the mind, are so general, that I take the liberty of sending you the following story, that its contents may promote the eradication of that foible.

"My father had two children, a daughter and myself. Anxious for our improvement, he injudiciously conceived, that the first duty incumbent upon every parent was that of bestowing a genteel education on his children. Accordingly he sent us to the most respectable schools he could select, where we received instructions that would have enabled us to have appeared in the highest sphere of life. My father, who was a woollen-draper, upon my leaving school, disclosed to me his intention of binding me apprentice to himself, and intending me as his successor; but my vanity revolted at the idea. I was shocked beyond conception, and left my father's presence with evident signs of anger and disapprobation. He now discovered his folly, and repented that he had bestowed on me an education from

which station riches poured in upon me unsolicited.

"Having obtained an affluent fortune, I returned to my own country, after an absence of twenty-five years. The first enquiry, you must naturally imagine, I made on my return, was after my father and sister (my mother, I should have told you, died when we were infants); the former, I heard, had some time since fallen a victim to affliction: and how great was my astonishment when I heard that my sister had been the fatal cause of it, by a miserable prostitution of her person! In vain I made use of every channel of information for the recovery of my poor wretched Maria. Every attempt to gain any knowledge of her was vain, and her fate might perhaps have remained unknown to me till this day, had not chance directed me to her.

"As I returned home from the conviviality of some friends one night, a little intoxicated, with others in the same situation as myself, having ill treated a man who had expostulated with us for disturbing the neighbourhood at so late an hour, we were conducted to the watch house, where I shortly heard the groan of a female in an adjoining room. My mind was still susceptible of pity; and, though almost overcome by the power of wine, my sensations were equally tender.

"A prescience of mind, or some instinctive power, induced me to enquire into the situation of the miserable object. 'It proceeds, said the watchman, 'from a wretched prostitute, whose distresses have moved me to assist her. My wife,' added he, 'is now with her, using her utmost endeavours to prolong her existence; but I fear every attempt will prove useless.' I earnestly entreated him to lead me to the unfortunate woman before she breathed her last. He consented. But what was my astonishment and sensations when I recognised, in this almost expiring object of pity and misery, my poor, long-lost Maria! Overcome by the distressing sight, I fell breathless in the keeper's arms. It was too much for human sensibility to support. When I recovered, the unfortunate wretch was clinging round my neck, in all the agonies of grief and de-

friends disentangle me from the body. I remained some time in a state of stupefaction, and was lamenting that she had not been able to recount the tale of her miseries, that I might be revenged on her seducer, when the keeper's wife interrupted my lamentation by informing me, that my sister had briefly disclosed to her, a few moments before my entrance, the source of all her wretchedness, "It originated," she said, "from the well-meaning but false ideas of her father. An education that he had bestowed on her, superior to her humble situation, continually harassed her mind with false notions of vanity, which were the first motives that induced her to aspire to the association of a woman eminently her superior, and with whom she had formed an intimate connection at school. A heart like her's, envenomed by that destructive poison, pride, and so nicely susceptible of the tender passion, could not long withstand the seducing arts that were so assiduously spread to ensnare her virtue. To conclude, good woman," added she, "I fell a victim to my own vanity, the foundation of which was innocently laid by my poor father."

"Thus, in a watch-house, ended the miserable existence of a woman whose heart being fundamentally good and virtuous, might have formed an useful and respectable member of society, a tender wife, and an affectionate mother, had not her brain been intoxicated by the effects of a false education."

"If this relation should produce the desired effects on your readers, my trouble will be amply compensated; and I am yours,

"L. A."

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM a poor but honest porter, and am so far of a gentleman as to live at the West end of the town; for though I am a poor man, yet what of that? I like to retain as much of the gentleman's character as I can, and so I and my family live in the worst end of a genteel street, in the neighbourhood of Berkley Square. I was born and bred a gentleman, and at your age had, I dare say, as good ideal pretensions to a pair of lawn sleeves as yourself: but Fortune viewed me with a malicious eye, and resolved to make me the sport of her whims and fancies; under her amplexes I have basked in the sunshine of never-ceasing prosperity, and rode triumphant on the waves of bliss; but the prospect was quickly overclouded, and the sickle goddess frowned upon me with a most distorted visage: I was doomed to taste the bitterest gall her malice could distill, and "sweat and groan under a weary life," during the long fit of her unrelenting displeasure. I experienced the various vicissitudes

of life, and proved the truth of the proverb, *Argilla quidvis imitaberis udu*. To be brief, Sir; from a series of adverse and unforeseen events, my father was reduced from a state of affluence to a bare subsistence, and I, with my brothers, necessitated to prove the hardships of a rarely favourable world. As I had had the rudiments of a liberal education, and made it my business rather to court the Muses than to study mathematical projections of penmanship, and ascertain the due proportions of bold and hair strokes, I found myself much better qualified for a garret in Grub Street than the submissive stool of a merchant's counting-house. Besides, Sir, my innate pride was shocked at the idea of my becoming a servile drudge to some illiterate blockhead, and being liable to a torrent of unjust and ungrammatical abuse from the mouth of one whom that blind arbitress, Fortune, might have raised above my head. I determined, at all rates, to be my own master, and accordingly purchased a very pretty room up three pair of stairs, in a retired corner of the town, and set my wits to work without loss of time or hindrance of business. I set forth the ills of this life in a most pathetic elegy, and described the blessings of the next in a very beautiful hymn: but I found the world too well convinced of the melancholy truths conveyed in my first production to need any instruction on that head, and too wise to refresh their memories with a tale of woe, and exclamations of the uncertainty of worldly bliss, and the certainty of its hastening end. As to my hymn, the greater part of the world acknowledged its tenets, but found nothing more in it than what they knew before. The numerous sects of atheists, free-thinkers, and other unbelievers, rewarded my labours with a smile of contempt, and blasted the early efforts of my pious Muse with all the marks of studied disapprobation. I found it therefore necessary to dismount from Pegasus, and prefer the more humble, but (as I expected) the more lucrative, pages of prosaic composition. I accordingly commenced hiring for a news-paper, and told of deaths which had never taken place, except in my brain, and cut throats without even approaching these victims to suicide, or knowing the unhappy mortals whom I destined to die by poison. Such a line of writing I found inadequate to my expences; an eighteen-penny death might purchase me a dinner, or a six penny anecdote enable me to spend my evening comfortably. Such a business promised no increase of wealth; my revenue was easily expended in immediate use, and flattered me with few hopes of mending. These supplies, when they came, were always seasonable and highly agreeable; but when this resource

failed

failed of success, my plight was miserable indeed. I resolved, therefore, only to write so much for the paper as to bring me in a sum which, with excellent management, and the most rigid economy, might support me for a while, and I sat myself down to what I imagined a more profitable employment, namely, the writing a novel. After barely subsisting for six weeks, that I might feast for the next six months, I completed my arduous undertaking, and committed it into the hands of a bookseller, who professed himself my friend. After a fortnight's impatient waiting, I took the liberty of calling for my reward; but how great was my surprise when, with an obliging simper, he informed me, that he had entirely forgot he had ever such a thing committed to his care! He bade me, however, not to be disheartened, for that he would immediately lend it to a friend of his to peruse, and if it met with his approbation, it should be printed off without any further delay. He added a thousand apologies for his neglect, and I as often begged he would not concern himself on that score, as what was passed could not be recalled, and all his compliments were but so much spent breath. In short, Sir, I called again; and he again apologised; and at my third time of troubling him, returned my manuscript in a tattered condition, and altered in such a manner, and in so many passages, that I found it extremely difficult to make out. Judge of the warmth of my indignation when he recited to me a string of imperfections; when he told me that the story had been the subject of more than one novel before I ever took pen in hand; that the orthography would be a disgrace to ballad-writers; and that all genteel persons had banished the poor unfortunate-letter *u* from their favourite words; that the language was too coarse for the reader of quality, too flimsy for the reader of sense, and too inelegant for the reader of taste. He was kind enough to take the trouble of pointing out many other faults; but after buttoning my manuscript up in my pocket with the greatest care, as an inestimable jewel, I clapt both hands up to my ears, and ran but of the shop as fast as my heels would permit

shoulders, which would constitute me a good porter. After making trial of various employments, with very bad success, I resolved to investigate the truth of this saying, and am happy in having it in my power to add, that it has turned out to my advantage beyond my most sanguine expectations. I am happy to have an opportunity of disburthening my mind through the medium of your paper; and if any of your youthful readers are so unfortunate as to be reduced to my first condition, or so proud as to take the same steps that I have trodden before them, I hope my example may prove efficacious in warning them from the misfortunes which my imprudence has brought upon me, and shewing them that never is too late to mend.

"I am, yours, &c.

"POLYTROPOS."

On Women.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

SO much has already, at sundry times and in divers manners, been advanced on the subject of the female sex, that it must seem almost unnecessary to take in hand, either to describe their good qualities, or to point out their foibles; but be not angry, fair reader, when I say "their foibles;" for doubtless, every one has some failing; no one has ever affirmed, or can with truth assert, that any mortal is totally free from all those frailties, to which the human race is liable: why then, if you are faulty, are you unwilling to be admonished, and set in the right way, for the future to avoid censure? But, as I know too well that the greatest part of our sex are so blind to their own weaknesses, and so inveterate, when told of them, in their hatred, that were I to attempt to point out the foibles, which by long custom have become natural, I should not escape their malice, it is my intent, in my present treatise, merely to point out to them some few ill habits, which are essentially necessary to be avoided.—I well know that if it were my wish to ensure the good will of such poor vain creatures, who detest any

tening to, or talking scandal; for, if you will give way to it, believe me, you will make yourselves universally disliked. Does it not stand to reason, that if I hear a person speaking ill naturedly of others in their absence, I should suspect the same person would do the same of me, when my back is turned? What right have I to expect I shall avoid the censure of a satirical tongue more than all my other neighbours?—Above all things, behave yourself in a modest and decent manner, especially towards the men, never admitting the least indecency from them; for I know several women, who, from not repulsing at first, with proper spirit, slight attacks on their modesty, have lost their character, and finally met with their utter ruin. If you wish to render yourself amiable in the sight of the men, modesty and a proper pride will do it the most effectually; for indelicate discourse and lightness of carriage, make a woman appear so weary of her honour, that the next comer may justly expect a surrender, and consequently be invited to the assault.—I do not admire the shew of too great learning in our sex, for they are not expected to possess it, consequently only shew their folly and vanity when they pretend to it.—I would wish you to be careful in the choice of your books, never reading Novels or Romances, as there is seldom any good to be derived from them, and they often produce bad effects on the minds of young people; and (as a certain learned writer says) “those amorous passions, which they paint, are apt to insinuate themselves into unwary readers, and unhappily invert the copy into an original.”—I would wish you to avoid the conduct of some women, who, with the hopes of pleasing and being agreeable (as they think) have a continual grin on their faces, and will always second what is said to them with a half laugh, and a “Yes, Sir,” or a “No, Ma’am.” Surely nothing can be more ridiculous than one of those good-natured, insipid mortals. Carefully avoid every thing that is masculine, as it takes off from the delicacy natural to our sex, and is sure to give occasion for disgust; and this I would wish you to observe not only in your behaviour but in your dress, &c. Pretend not to be over nice in

Histories of the Tete-à-Tete annexed; or, Memoirs of The Gallant Distiller, and Mrs. W——d.

MR. W——D was long the intimate and confidential friend of the Gallant Distiller, whom we bring forth as hero to this amorous narrative. They were as inseparable as Nisus and Euryalus, mentioned by Virgil; they joined in the same amusements, kept the same company, and each married a beautiful woman, nearly at the same time. The ladies, like their husbands, preserved the strictest intimacy, and moved in the same circle of acquaintance. Love, friendship and harmony smiled in both families till the fiend Lust having insinuated a flame into the breast of the Distiller, he became enamoured of his friend's wife.

Fearing the consequences of a discovery, our hero commenced his attacks on Mrs. W——d with deception and subtlety. Having free egress to her house, his visits, even when unaccompanied by his wife, were repeated without suspicion; and whenever he found Mrs. W. alone his breast heaved with fictitious sighs, hypocritical tears started from his eye—till sympathy operating on the object of his meretricious passion, she urged him with unfeigned concern to disclose the cause of his apparent grief.

This was what the seducer had long wished for—he urged the lady not to press him to a disclosure of the cause of his melancholy, but in a manner that increased her solicitude by sharpening her curiosity, and having at last sworn her to secrecy, disclosed his passion, upon his knees.

In a situation like this, it was impossible for Mrs. W——d either to feel or to assume resentment, and her cunning seducer under pretence of insuring the secrecy he had demanded, gently took her hand, bathed it with tears, kissed it with fervor, and infused into the victim of his designs the tenderest sensibility.—He pursued his point—he carried it—and then left the repenting fair to meditate upon the injury she had committed against the honour of an affectionate and indulgent husband.

This intrigue having been pursued for a very considerable time, the affections of Mrs.



The Gallant Distiller.

Published by T. WALKER, N^o 79 Dame Street.



M^{rs} W. Liddell.

gravings. by master to engraving, by
THE author of these letters, in compa-
 ny with Sir George Liddell, Bart. of a dark blue colour,
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ig, spitting, blowing noses, lady at the entertainment, and towards
morning, when the rooms were full, our hero
conducted

conducted his fair adulteress to a coach, in which he conveyed her to a private lodging, previously prepared for her reception.

Mr. W——d when he first missed his wife at the masquerade was surprised, though not alarmed by any suspicions of the real cause of her absence. He returned home, she was not there—he flew back to the masquerade, she was not there—the night passed away without any tidings of her, and the morning found him in a state of distraction. He feared his friend and wife had been murdered; but having employed proper persons to make enquiry, in a very short time he was convinced of the treachery which had been practised on his good nature.

A confidential relation having discovered the retreat of the lovers, gained admission to their presence, and received an open confession of the whole proceeding; the Gallant Distiller acknowledging not only the scheme practised at the masquerade, but that the criminal connection between him and Mrs. W——d had subsisted for near four years, and that the youngest of Mrs. W——d's children was the offspring of adultery. To all this the lady silently assented; her gallant adding, that since he had seduced her from her husband's bed, she should have his protection, and share what he possessed during life.

When Mr. W——d recovered from the first paroxysms of grief naturally produced by this misfortune, he applied to the laws of his country for recompence. On the trial, it was proved that previous to the seduction of his wife he had lived with her in the utmost felicity; and though the defendant produced witnesses who swore that he and the lady had repeatedly demeaned themselves, in company, in a manner inconsistent with decency, yet the jury, probably giving no credit to their testimony, gave a verdict for three thousand five hundred pounds damages. Indeed, it must be observed that the judge in his charge declared that the case was marked with many striking circumstances of aggravation; and that the preservation of the morals of society, inden-

and Mr. Bowes, set out from Ravensworth Castle, on the 24th day of May, 1768, and embarked about six the same evening at Shields, on board of the Gottenburgh Merchant, Capt. George Fothergill, and arrived at Gottenburgh on the 27th. This place is clean, neat and well built, the streets are regular and uniform, the houses consist chiefly of wood, and are painted so as to resemble brick and stone. Part of the town stands upon a swampy plain, which as in Holland is intersected by canals, and the other part on the declivity of a hill. The harbour is commodious and convenient. There are establishments here for several branches of commerce, particularly an East India company, and a herring fishery. The entrance of the harbour is guarded by the fort of New Elfsburg, which is situated on a small rocky island and garrisoned. The markets here are extremely well supplied with necessaries, which may all be procured at very moderate prices. The chief magistrate of Gottenburgh is the burgo-master, who regulates the markets, and has the civil direction of the town, in the same manner as the mayor of corporate towns in England. From Gottenburgh, our travellers proceeded to Stockholm, which they reached on the 7th of June.

“The day after our arrival, says the author, we dined at a tavern, remarkable for dirt and bad accommodation. In the evening we went to the Opera; the house is a handsome building, magnificently lighted up. His Majesty, the young Prince, and many of the nobility were present. The dresses of the actors were superb; the performance a Swedish historical piece, representing Gustavus I. besieging the city of Stockholm, and routing the Danes out of the country. A magnificent statue is erected before the diet-house in memory of that prince, whom the Swedes regard at this day as their deliverer from Danish tyranny.

The next day we waited upon Sir Thomas Wroughton, who is the English minister resident at this court: a gentleman of

cravat, his boots very strong and long, with square toes and steel spurs, his gloves made of very strong leather with stiff tops; the hat also which he wore that day was shot through above the right eye; a shot which killed him upon the spot. Various are the conjectures, even to this day, concerning the fall of that rash hero. It is surmised with circumstantial probability that he fell by the hand of some of his own army. It is certain, blood is still to be seen on the gloves, and the mark of his fingers is evident on his sword belt. It seems as if he had put his hand to the wound when shot, and immediately attempted to draw his sword to stab, or defend himself against the assassin. Undoubtedly he had involved his country in much debt, and many difficulties; but being of a turbulent spirit (almost bordering on madness) would not listen to the distresses and repeated solicitations of his injured subjects. His premature death, therefore, may be thus accounted for without any improbability. He fell a martyr to his ambition."

Mr. Consett tells us, that the present King of Sweden is rather low in person, but well made and active; that it is very singular, that one side of his face does not at all resemble the other, that he delights much in military exercises, and that he forms an annual camp in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, where he dedicates his time to military improvements.

After leaving Stockholm, our travellers pursued their journey through Upsal to Tornao, which is the chief town of West Bothnia, about three hundred and twenty miles north east of the capital, and situated on a river of the same name, which rises in Lapland, and running south east, falls into the gulph of Bothnia. The people here carry on a tolerable trade in furs with the Laplanders, their neighbours on the west and north, and with the Finlanders, who inhabit the eastern side of the gulph.

As we always wish to let authors speak for themselves as often as possible, we shall extract part of another letter. It is dated from Pithia, June the 27th.

about the distance of an English mile through a very thick wood, where we found their family in a tent or hut. This consisted of an old man, his wife, a young man and his wife with a very young child, probably about two months old. The infant was most curiously trussed up in a cradle or machine, almost resembling a fiddle case, made of the thick bark of a tree, so formed that it exactly contained the babe who was fixed in it with a kind of a brass chain, made so portable and light that the mother might easily carry it in one hand. This cradle, which is also sometimes made of a hollow piece of timber like a small boat, the Lapland women when they travel, tie with the child in it, to their back. The child is not covered with bed clothes, but with a soft and fine moss, over which they lay the tender skin of a young reindeer. When they rock the child they fasten the cradle with a rope to the top of the hut, and tossing it from one side to the other, lull the child asleep. This Lapland family invited us to their tent, and offered us their common, and only fare, which consists of deer's milk, and cheese made of the same milk: occasionally they eat deer's flesh, but have no kind of bread. We presented them in return for their civilities with some wine, which they seemed to relish very much, but gave us to understand that brandy would have been more acceptable.

The Laplanders are a strong featured people, low in stature, but so constitutionally hard as to bear the severity of the most inclement season. These people are generally born in woods, and are frequently upon the snow, and wanderers from their birth to their life's end. Their huts are formed of pieces of timber or rafters joined together and covered with turf, or the branches or bark of pine trees, so that architecture here may be said to appear in its first rudiments. Sometimes coarse cloth makes a part of the covering of their tents. In some places, we were told, that their houses were built upon the trunks of trees, raised above the surface of the earth, or upon a stone foundation, to prevent, in those desolate

It has been said that this short tour which was performed in about three months, was undertaken in consequence of a wager made by Sir Henry Liddel, of going to Lapland, returning thence in a certain time, and bringing home two females of that country, and two rein-deer. Whatever truth may be in this report, it is certain, that Sir Henry brought two Lapland women, and two rein-deer to England. The women, after being some time here, where they were considered as great curiosities, were sent back to their own country with about fifty pounds in money which they looked upon as great riches.

Account of Tales, Fables, and Sentences extracted from different Authors, with an Analysis of the Poem of Ferdouffy, on the Persian Kings, by the Translator of the Political and Military Institutes of Tamerlane. Paris.

MR. Langles, the author of this translation, is the same, as the title announces, who last year favoured the public with the "Institutes of Tamerlane, translated from the Persian, and who has composed a life of that conqueror, from the best oriental writers. This gentleman intends also to publish a "Dictionary of the Mantchew Tartar language;" a new translation of the "Gulistan of Saadi," and a new edition of "Chardin's Travels," with notes, extracted principally from the works of the orientals, and an examination of all the travels into Persia by Europeans. This author, who has already distinguished himself in the literary world by his erudition, and the number of his labours, is not yet twenty-four years of age.

The mines of oriental literature, of which he has already searched some veins, appear to him to be replete with riches. Every species of writing has been attempted by the Persians and the Arabians, with more or less success. History alone, the greatest merit of which is correctness and truth, which ought to know no other method of pleasing, but by its elegant simplicity, and which in its ornaments ever ought to resemble nature, is not calculated for the exalted imaginations of the orientals; they would think their style too humble and mean, did they not raise their flights sometimes to the clouds. Truth would appear to them destitute of charms, did they not conceal its beautiful simplicity, under the ornaments of fable. Wonderful expeditions, frightful revolutions, bloody wars, great virtues and atrocious crimes present rich materials for their historians; but they never collect them without mixing them with all the fictions that a lively imagination can produce. Nature has giving them the talent of excelling

in tales, and this talent they employ in their histories.

If the political system of Asia, says Mr. Langles, has given birth to the apologue, it is the climate and character of the natives, which have created poetry. In those delightful countries, where man readily finds enough to satisfy his natural wants, he may give himself entirely up to meditation; the fields present to his view beauties which his heart is capable of relishing. The charms of a sex, whom in the beginning he adores, and of whom afterwards he almost always becomes the tyrant, without knowing how to govern them, excite in his bosom a passion too ready to be inflamed. The concurrence of all these objects inspire him with sentiments which ordinary language cannot express. The imagination becomes heated, the thoughts are exalted, the voice assumes an animated tone, and rapid harmonious expressions, capable of representing the transports which he feels, are sought for: one is sensible to the necessity of being a poet, or rather one is so by instinct. The vivacity of their sensations must have engaged man to find words proper to express them: it is therefore probable, that the orientals composed verses before they wrote in prose.

A species of writing in which the Arabs and the Hebrews excelled, is, that kind of poems written in praise of some great man or deity, which we call psalms, because when sung they were accompanied with an instrument. To this species, may be referred the following piece, which Mr. Langles has translated from Ferdouffy, the Persian Homer.

Never hath the spring beheld, nor ever will it behold such a monarch. His court, like the firmament, abounds with delight, the ground sends forth the smell of amber, the stones are of gold, and an everlasting bloom reigns throughout it. His countenance, covered with smiles, gives happiness to the world; no hill is so exalted as his palace; no garden more extensive than the carpet upon which he sits. When I approached this monarch, his head seemed to be lost among the stars; on his right he had an elephant, on his left a lion; the universe was his foot-stool; the elephant on his back carried a throne of gold, and the neck of the lion was ornamented with a precious collar. In the excess of my joy, I advanced towards this incomparable prince, and I then beheld a throne enriched with precious stones, upon which was seated a sovereign beautiful as the moon. His hair had the color of musk, his cheeks resembled the leaves of the rose, his heart loved justice, and nothing but truth proceeded from his lips.

Another

Another extract will make our readers acquainted with the manner in which the eastern poets write elegy.

Now is the time to drink good wine, now the delicious odor of musk exhales from the hills, the rose in full bloom ornaments the gardens, the mountains are covered with tulips and jonquils, the nightingale mourns under the leafy spray, and the rose, as if sensible of her complaints, expands its perfumed leaves. The songstress of the groves chants during the obscurity of the night. I behold a tempest issuing from the bosom of the cloude, but I know not to what I shall ascribe the sadness of the nightingale, for she sports often in the midst of the flowers, and raises her harmonious notes, balancing herself gently on the branches of the weaving reed. Dost thou know what she seeks under the leaves of the rose? Pay thy court to Aurora, and thou may'st hear the nightingale express herself with as much softness as the *pelhvi*; she laments the death of Asfendiar, and cries out, "my prince is snatched from me!"

The orientals are very fond of descriptive poetry, the beauties of which soon tire, unless they borrow some of their charms from sentiment. Besides, they have a great fault, which is not uncommon even among the poets of Europe, and which is, that they seek for their images too far from the subject. When Ferdoussy wishes to paint a hero who is not intimidated by the number of his enemies, he says,

Barzou secured these ten horsemen, like a furious lion ready to fall upon his prey. He clapped his hands, covered himself with a burnished cuirass, girt himself with a belt of gold, put his helmet on his head, and from his quiver drew forth an arrow. Sometimes he leaned forward on his courser, sometimes he appeared immovable as a mountain. Armed with his long lance, and with his sabre, which shone with the brightness of the diamond, his blows fell with as much rapidity, as the rain which

young princess beat her tender bosom; she spread the musk of her tresses over the ivory of her beautiful forehead. The streams which flowed from her eyes inundated the tulips of her cheeks; this unfortunate fair shed a torrent of tears, when she thought of the cruel design of Afrasiab.

The poetical riches which we have inherited from the Greeks and the Romans, and those which, since the revival of letters, have been created by the modern inhabitants of Europe, may render us indifferent with regard to the poetical treasures of the orientals; but, says Mr. Langles,

Astronomy, medicine, chemistry and natural history, the branches of which are so numerous, have been successfully cultivated in Asia. If we cast our eyes over the small number of eastern works translated and published at present in Europe, and if we consult the excellent "Bibliotheque Orientale" of Mr. d'Herbelot, the immense catalogue of the Arabian manuscripts in the Escorial, and that of those in the library of the King of France, we shall be sensible how much riches these works contain, and riches by which we have not yet attempted to profit.

This collection, from which we have made these few extracts, would, perhaps be of less value, were the pieces which compose it, translated from the Italian or the German; but they gratify our curiosity, and inspire us with a kind of veneration, because they are the work of a distant people, and it is said "major e longinquo reverentia." Perhaps also, in perusing these poems, we find less pleasure in the reading than in the secret satisfaction of perceiving that we possess a perfection of taste which is wanting to the inhabitants of the most beautiful part of the globe. It is a truth very little to the honour of human nature, that our malignity is not the least abundant source of our pleasures.

Since this work appeared, Mr. Langles

Letters respecting Barbary, and the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs. By the Abbé Poiret.

L E T T E R I.

TO DR. FORRESTIER.

De la Calle, May 12, 1785.

BEHOLD me, then, my dear doctor, indulging my passion for travelling and natural history. For some days I have been an inhabitant of the ancient Numidia, where I arrived under the most unlucky auspices. The plague has ravaged this country for more than two years, and the negligence of the inhabitants propagates it from one tribe to another. Besides this cruel scourge, the Arabs and Moors have been painted to me as the most inhuman and ferocious beings in nature, hating the Christians, both from a principle of religion, and from the prejudice of education.* It is a triumph and a meritorious action to an Arab to shed the blood of an European. They do not even spare one another, and it is very rare that one nation is not at war with their neighbors, and that a defenceless Arab is safe among his equals, at the distance of a few leagues from his tent. The little that I have already seen has confirmed the truth of this account. La Calle, the principal factory of the Royal African Company, has shut its gates, and barricaded itself, to avoid all intercourse with the Moors without, who are infected with the plague. The latter, irritated, and jealous of seeing the Christians escape a distemper which humbles the Mussulman, because he considers it as a punishment inflicted by Heaven; do every thing in

N O T E.

* These Arabs hate us at present without knowing the reason why. Their ancestors, however, knew it well. The most unjust wars, to which fanaticism gave the name of *holy*, carried on both in Africa and the East, incensed against us immense nations, who at that time had done no other hurt than that of following the religion of *Mahomet*, whilst we followed that of Jesus. These enterprises were the cause of shedding much blood, and terminated by drawing upon us from the offended nations a just hatred. The name of *Christian* has always continued to be execrated in all the different countries of the Levant, in Syria, Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Egypt, Barbary, &c. Fathers have transmitted this hatred to their children. In passing from one generation to another, the cause has been forgotten, but the hatred has remained. It is thus that we pay at present for the faults committed by our ancestors more than six hundred years ago.

Hib. Mag. Sept. 1789.

their power to communicate the infection to us. They come and inter their putrid dead bodies close under the palisades of the factory, and throw over the walls rags dipped in their pestilential ulcers. The nation from which we suffer most, is that of the Nadis, our neighbors, and our most cruel enemies. They are not contented with laying secret snares for us, they attack us by open force. Not long ago, they carried off near two hundred oxen from the herd which we are obliged to conduct every day to the pastures in the neighbourhood, and which are kept for supplying La Calle with provisions. A little before that, they set fire to our palisades in the night time. They often come and conceal themselves there, and fire upon the first Christian whom they see.

These circumstances are alarming, especially for me, who have a desire of traversing the country. However, I arm myself with patience, and I hope, that by gradually putting myself into a condition of avoiding the contagion, and of travelling with safety, I may hazard a few excursions. It appears to me, that the nations who bring their grain to La Calle, and who keep up an intercourse with the Europeans, ought to be a little more tractable. In my account of this country, I shall begin with them; but I confess to you, that the appearance and dress of all these Arabs fill me with terror. Notwithstanding this, I must accustom myself to them, for I do not intend to stop here, on a barren rock, where three hundred men, Corsicans and Provincials, labour, to enrich a few French merchants.

My passage hither was agreeable, but I could not help feeling some painful and melancholy sensations on losing sight of the coasts of Provence. The silent tear often stole down my cheeks in crossing that extent of sea, which was going to separate me again from my friends and relations; but in proportion as our vessel approached the African shores, which had been described to me, as barren and sandy, I experienced an inexpressible pleasure: I every where observed hills covered with verdure, delightful prospects, and immense plains enameled with flowers. Considering this as a good omen, scarcely had I landed, when I began to stroll through the fields, without thinking of nourishment, or of refreshing myself after the fatigues of my voyage. I had scarcely put my foot on shore, when I found the *Anthyllis barba Jovis*, the *Spartium Monospermum*, the *Passerina hirtuta*, the *Chamærops humilis*, and several other rare plants, which I made haste to gather, as if I had been afraid of never returning to the same spot. Thus, in the name of Botany, I took possession of the country, and paid my first respects to the African

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Flora.

Flora. I presented myself before the governor of La Calle, with a bunch of flowers in my hand, more occupied with my riches than the marks of politeness which I ought to have shewn, and I caused no less surprise to some Frenchmen who saw our meeting, than to the Moors, whom curiosity had drawn towards the shore. These uncultivated and wild coasts, which inspire those who land on them with sadness and languor, appeared to me then to be the most beautiful garden of nature.

How many objects have I seen in this barbarous country worthy the notice of the traveller, whether he fixes his attention on the fertility of a soil abandoned to nature, or on the idle and wandering life of the Moors and the Bedouin Arabs! I shall some time hereafter give you an account of all these objects, but at present I have seen too little, and in too general a manner, to particularize my ideas respecting them. I have the honor to be, &c.

L E T T E R. II.

TO THE SAME.

I EXPERIENCE here, my dear doctor, the fate of Tantalus in the midst of the water. The coasts are covered with the most beautiful vegetation; but the contagion and civil wars oblige me to confine my excursions to the neighbourhood of La Calle. Though I do not wander far, and never go alone, or without arms, I am not, however, free from danger. The Moors, too dastardly to attack us openly, hide themselves in thickets, or behind rocks, wait for us until we pass, and salute us if they can with a few musket shots.

I shall confine myself therefore in this letter, to an account of the factory where I reside, of the character of those who compose it, and of the manner in which this place is directed and governed. The picture I am going to trace out, will I am confident grieve your soul; your humanity will feel for the misfortunes of every kind to which the mercenary is exposed, on these barbarous coasts, and in your heart you must wish to see an end put to a trade which is a disgrace to France; which occasions every

year the death of a great number of people, and which affords a retreat to a multitude of villains, whose dissolute manners would be punished any where else.

It will be in vain for you to look for La Calle in many maps. You will, however, find the Bastion of France. Though it has been in ruins for near a century, yet many modern geographers will still tell you that this ancient factory is defended by a good garrison of three or four hundred men. It was only three leagues distant from La Calle. The mortality occasioned every year by the great lakes that surround it, obliged the French to abandon it. The diseases which prevailed there one summer were so fatal, that of more than four hundred people there remained only six.

La Calle, situated at the distance of thirty-six leagues east from Tunis, is built upon a barren rock, of very small extent. It is the principal factory belonging at present to the French Royal African Company, and is under the direction of an agent, who has the title of Governor, and fifteen subaltern officers. The Moors are excluded from this place, except a few, who are admitted as hostages, or employed in manual labor. The inhabitants are in number between three and four hundred, the greater part Corsicans or Provincials. Some have the care of the coral fishery, others, with the title of soldiers, escort a herd of cattle, and conduct them every day to the neighboring pastures. These soldiers, often converted into carters, go into some of the surrounding forests to cut wood necessary for fuel, or for building: the other labourers have the name of frégataires. They are destined for the interior labor of the place, such as loading vessels, transporting corn to the magazines, cleaning the harbor, &c. La Calle is supplied also with the necessary tradesmen, such as bakers, locksmiths, masons, &c. All those who reside here receive their board, lodging and wages from the company.

Except the store houses, the governor's apartments, and those of the principal officers, all the buildings here are a kind of barracks one story high only. La Calle, defended on three sides by the sea, is secured on the land side by a wall sufficient to protect us from the insults of the Moors, who have no other artillery but their fuses.

Women, destined to comfort the useful citizen amidst his labors, and, by the gentleness of their manners, to soften the rusticity of those of the other sex, are entirely excluded from La Calle. If the Governor has sometimes obtained permission to carry his thither commotions and troubles have always thence resulted, which have not permitted him long to enjoy the pleasure of her company. Those who intend to visit this country, must resolve to break the most endearing bonds of nature, to sell their arms, and even to sacrifice their lives in the service of a company, who give themselves very little trouble, whatever others may suffer for them.

The privation of women makes every one here dull and dejected. Strangers, divided by their private interests, jealous one of the other, obliged to unite through necessity, to detest one another through envy, who are held together by no tie, and who have no amusements to engage their vacant hours, will never form an amicable society, in which concord and a mutual desire to render one another happy in some measure, make up for the want of women. Hence result a melancholy sameness of scenes, a languor difficult to be supported, and a violent desire of returning to France, to the enjoyment of one's family and friends. Hence also result from the lower class of people, the most abominable vices, an entire corruption of morals, and shameful disorders, of which one can have no idea but in this country.

To these inconveniences must be added, the unhealthful air of the country, corrupted every summer by exhalations from three great lakes, which might be easily drained, by forming a communication between them and the sea, from which they are not far distant. This labor it is true, would occasion some expence to the company, but it would save the lives of many. When the unhealthful season arrives, and I have at present that dismal picture before my eyes, the hospital in the course of a few days is crowded with sick. A burning fever circulates through the veins of these unfortunate wretches, and in less than four days a period is put to their existence. These alarming scenes, the foul scorching air which one breathes, the continual din of a dismal bell, and the sight of so many people cut off in the flower of their age, fill the mind with melancholy and terror. The dead or the dying, are the only subjects of conversation, every one fears for himself, and he who is in health, seems to enjoy it only to feel mental pain in a more sensible manner. How many has a terrified imagination hurried to the grave!

After this you may judge what the inha-

bitants of La Calle must be. A fresh supply is from time to time procured at Marseilles to people this factory, which disease and the debauchery of its inhabitants render necessary to be done often, and the company receive all without distinction who present themselves. To be admitted it is sufficient to have arms. Were honest men only admitted, La Calle would soon be deserted, and that for a long time. The virtuous man does not leave his country to gain little and risk much. This place, therefore, is inhabited only by people destitute of principle and resources, the greater part of whom have been stigmatised by the laws, or pursued by justice, men sunk in libertinism and debauchery, without sentiments of religion, and without the least idea of probity. I have seen here some of the gang of Gaspard Beze, chief of a band of robbers, executed at Aix some years ago; I have seen some also whose shoulders bore witness to their manners and conduct, and I have known one to whom the following characteristic letter was written: "I tell thee, friend, that thou wast broken alive upon the wheel at Aix eight days ago." You will, perhaps, be curious to know how it is possible to live in safety in the midst of people of this kind. Those wretches have not frequent opportunities here of indulging themselves in villainy. Besides, no bad action can remain unpunished. The criminal is shut up within a double barrier, the sea on the one side, on which no person can embark without the governor's permission, and the land on the other, where it is impossible for one to wander alone, without being butchered by the Arabs.

Except great crimes, every action almost is passed over in silence at La Calle. The governor has only the shadow of authority, and he is forced to use a good deal of address in managing these desperadoes always ready to revolt. He never punishes any individual, unless he has no party to support him, and this punishment is confined to imprisonment, or to being sent back to France by the first vessel. If when the culprit arrives at Marseilles, he has a desire of returning, he has nothing to do but to present himself at the companies office under another name. Several have returned to La Calle by means of this artifice, and laughed at the authority of the governor, and all his threats. Nay more, faults become a kind of interested speculation for those who wish to revisit their native country. The company are accustomed to make all those who return to France pay for their passage, and for quarantine. The necessary sum is deducted at La Calle, from their small salaries, and those who cannot pay this, are obliged to remain, or to commit some fault of such a magnitude, as may

render their being sent back a punishment. In such a case they must embark, whether they have money or not.

At La Calle there are several posts, where guard is continually kept, and the centinels are obliged to ring a bell, and to call out the hours. On the other side of the harbour, without the place there is an eminence, upon which a wind-mill has been built, defended by a few pieces of cannon, and it is there that a centinel observes every thing that passes without, and gives notice of it to the inhabitants of La Calle by means of a speaking trumpet. He takes care, also, to announce the arrival of every horseman, and whatever vessels he descries at sea. This custom often transports me in idea to the times of those intrepid knights, those heroes so celebrated in romance, whose arrival was announced from the battlements of some castle by the sound of a horn, or of some other instrument.

To complete this account of La Calle, it might be proper to give you an account also of the trade carried on by the Company, and of the manner in which they conduct themselves with the Moors. As I still want much information upon this head, I shall make it the subject of my first letter. I have the honour to be, &c.

(To be continued.)

Authentic Narrative of the Revolutions at Delhi, in the Months of September, October, November, and December, 1788.

[Extracted from Papers written by an English General Officer who was an Eye-witness of the Transactions.]

HOWEVER shocking part of the following recital must be to every man of common humanity, we could not, upon a subject so very interesting, hold ourselves excused in keeping it back from the public eye. Such events as these convey an ample fund for moral instruction. They teach us at one view the uncertainty of human life, and the miseries that await mankind, when savage power, without restraint, is let loose upon them; and, by comparison, they satisfy every man who is born to a private station, that he ought to be contented, and thankful for his lot.

ness, but forced (to the great degradation of the distinctions conferred) to bestow on the successful competitors for the government of the above cities and depending districts, such honours and titles as they chuse to demand, however opposite to the King's interest; for such is the respect paid to, and veneration still held for, the decrees of the illustrious house of Timur, by the great body of the people in the north of India, that no successful conqueror would find it an easy matter to reconcile the bulk to his government, without having previously obtained those grants and investitures from the court of Delhi, however obtained; and which even the British nation, in the midst of their victories, were happy to procure for the government of Bengal, though the sword had already acquired that country for us which formed the basis of our former connection with the Mogul, by his conferring on us the dewannee grant, or power of collecting the revenues of Bengal.

This digression we find necessary, as many of our readers may not have paid previous attention to the revolutions at Delhi which led to the late one, attended with such horrid and monstrous acts of barbarity.

Madajee Sindiah, on his arrival in the country with a powerful army, found the Mogul generals so divided, that, either by intrigue, bribery, or force, he not only reduced them to order, but had the address to so far reconcile them, that they arranged themselves, with their troops under his banners, on his securing to some of them the military tenures in the country from whence they drew their former subsistence. This system, however ill calculated to secure the Mahrattas a permanent footing in their new acquisitions, did not alter that held for some time past towards the Mogul by his own generals. Sindiah continued to hold his conquest, for as such he looked upon it, in the same independent manner; obtaining the same and greater titles and honours from the Mogul than had been conferred on the principal of the former. Had Sindiah, however, been satisfied with these advantages; which, even in a pecuniary point of view, would add, when the country was settled, near two crores of rupees, to the mil-

amongst whom it is held in great veneration. The princes who have filled this throne have long been celebrated for their piety, particularly for their liberal encouragement to the arts and sciences; and in the above town, though 1000 miles within-land, is to be seen an observatory of European structure, said to have been erected by the Jesuits. The Raja of Joinaghur, disdaining to submit to Sindiah's demands, left the event to the fortune of war. Sindiah marched to besiege his capital. The Joinaghur Raja was, however, joined by another powerful prince and his tribe, the Raja of Oudipoor; and these gained over to their side several of the Mogul chiefs, and with their forces, who, as above mentioned, had ranged themselves under Sindiah's banner, on his first reduction of them; and amongst these one of great note, called Mahomed Beg Amdanee, whose particular disaffection to Sindiah had been of some standing, from ill treatment. The united forces of the Rajapoots and disaffected Moguls now become formidable, marched to attack Madajee Sindiah; and a bloody battle ensued in the neighbourhood of Joinaghur. The Rajapoots charged the Marattas several times with extraordinary courage: the latter gave way, and were running in disorder, pursued by the Rattoreans, a select body of cavalry and infantry belonging to the Oudipoor Raja, when the good conduct of Major De Boigne's regiment of sepois, on the side of Sindiah, gave a turn to the day. The firm stand of this corps repelled the repeated attacks of the Rattoreans, and did their commander, Major De Boigne, much credit, who after great slaughter, put the Rajapoots to the rout. As soon as they gave way, the retreating Mahrattas and Moguls rallied, and, in their turn, charged the Rajapoots. The victory declared itself in favour of Sindiah. Mahomed Beg Amdanee, the Mogul chief, on the side of the Rajapoots was killed, and on both sides many others of less note.

Two days after the victory the remaining Mogul troops with Sindiah, his sepois, and other corps, demanded their pay, due for several months. Sindiah, however, elated with his victory treated them with contempt; they accordingly mutinied, and threatened to go to the Joinaghur side if not paid. Sindiah not satisfying them, they deserted to the Rajapoots. This desertion left him with his Mahrattas only, and Major De Boigne's regiment of sepoys: the fear of worse made him retreat hastily to Agra, with these few remains of at least 100,000 men. Not thinking himself safe under the walls of that city, he retreated shamefully 80 miles farther to Gualior, a strong fortress in the Mahratta country, abandoning

every thing to his enemies, who he thought were in close pursuit of him, though the Rajapoots had not moved from the place where the battle had been given in the neighbourhood of Joinaghur. By Sindiah's running away out of the country, his office of course under the Mogul was abandoned. However we might have reason to regret this loss, from the good understanding, which since our late peace with the Mahrattas, has subsisted between us and Madajee Sindiah, the horrid barbarities which the said loss was the cause of towards the Mogul, (unparalleled in the history of the present times) will make us ever lament that the restrictions laid on our government in India, confining them, at that distance, within the letter of limited instructions, should make us become inactive spectators of such a scene, with the power in our hands to prevent it, without risk or expence, when the national honour and interest was so much concerned, not to say humanity and sound policy. On Sindiah's abandoning the above territories a Rohilla chief, named Goolam Kadir Khaun, (whose territories border on those of the Nabob of Oude) a bystander during the above contests, availing himself of Sindiah's absence, immediately hastened up to Delhi with a few followers, and forcing himself into the Mogul's presence at court mentioned Sindiah's defeat, and demanded the office of Emir ul Omrah. The King refusing it, he boldly repeated his demand to be made Emir ul Omrah, or menaced the sovereign with the loss of his head. The Mogul at last, through fear, complied, and, though in the middle of his capital and attendants, conferred the title on this savage Rohilla, Goolam Kadir Khaun, who had not 100 men in his suite, and who immediately, on obtaining the above title, proceeded to pursue victory against Sindiah, attacking the several forts the latter had possessed himself of in that neighbourhood, belonging formerly to the Jeuts, Macheri Raja, and Agra; for which purpose he joined his forces with those of the late Mahomed Beg Amdanee, now commanded by Ismael Beg, a brother of the late commander, and possessed himself of every fort in that quarter in Sindiah's possession, excepting that of Agra. To this place they laid siege, Ismael Beg on one side, and Goolam Kadir on the other. After they had lain before it about a fortnight, the Mahrattas from Gualior, with Major De Boigne, endeavoured to raise the siege, but without success. All this time the Rajapoots did not move a step from the spot in their own country where they had attacked Sindiah; wishing to convince the latter, that they had no other object in fighting him than that of defending their country, apprehensive as they were, in the event of his re-

trieving his affairs, that they might suffer for any other hostile attempts they might make on him. They accordingly now remained inactive, as did also the Mogul, refusing to declare openly against any party, but endeavouring to cultivate a good understanding with all, particularly with Sindiah; to whom the King wrote, that though he had conferred the office of Emir ul Omra on Goolam Kadir Khaun, it was by compulsion: though there is not a doubt but the King, as well as every other Mahomedan wished to see the Mahrattas expelled from his dominions. The siege of Agra still holding out, Goolam Kadir Khaun marched to reduce several places. At last, finding the King appeared rather more inclined to support Sindiah, and not being able to raise money for his troops, he now endeavoured to make friends at Delhi, having made himself particularly obnoxious at that court during his late visit; where after the King had conferred the above mentioned title on him, he endeavoured to seize the palace; and for this purpose had erected a battery against it, and was besieging it when the news of Major De Boigne's approach with the Mahrattas from Gualior to raise the siege of Agra obliged him to hasten to the assistance of Ismael Beg, whom he left before this place, for the reduction of which he now became particularly anxious, but could scarce make any impression on it.

The Mahratta army was still at Gualior, very much dissatisfied with the conduct of their commander Sindiah. This circumstance encouraged Goolam Kadir Khaun to go to Delhi to get money to pay his troops, who were become very riotous and ungovernable, particularly the Rohillas, the most cruel people of that part of the world. Goolam Kadir already succeeded in gaining over to his interest the Nazir, an Eunuch, and principal minister about the King's person, attached to his house from his infancy. The treason of the Nazir procured Goolam Kadir immediate admittance with his Rohillas into the fort at Delhi, where the royal palace is situated, who instantly took possession of both. The Mogul in vain protested against this violence. At length he dissembled, on the Nazir and Goolam Kadir's prostrating themselves before the throne, declaring they were his slaves, the supporters of the Mahomedan religion, and would die in the defence of Shaw Allum and his family; requesting that his Majesty, King of Kings, would open the lock of his beneficence, and allow him (Goolam Kadir) his slave, the means of supporting the Mussulman army against the infidel Hindoo Mahrattas, the enemies of Mahomed. The King pretended it was not in his power to assist them with money:

the application was renewed, but to no purpose. While this was going on, the Nazir and an old lady within the walls, wife to Mahomed Shaw (who was on the throne of Delhi at the time of Kouli Khan's invasion in 1739, named Mulkzimance) were adopting measures to have the grandson of the latter placed on the throne, for which service she promised to pay Goolam Kadir Khan 15 lacks of rupees, or 150,000 l. sterling on the spot, with a promise of more ample supplies afterwards; and the Nazir promised to point out where the treasure of the reigning King was deposited. Goolam Kadir, on receiving these overtures, began to treat the latter with cruel severity, who immediately wrote to Sindiah to come to his relief; and that if he would expel Goolam Kadir and his Rohillas, he should receive a reward of ten lacks of rupees, or 100,000 l. sterling. The treacherous Nazir acquainted Goolam Kadir with the contents of this letter, who had it intercepted, and immediately imprisoned the King, demanding the money which this letter proved he was in possession of, and rebuking his conduct in endeavouring to call the Hindoos to his assistance, at a time that the Mussulmen were sacrificing their lives for him and their religion. The King, however, persisted in refusing to pay any money; and Goolam Kadir having determined within himself to depose him, he was accordingly made a close prisoner; and Biddor Bux, the grandson of Mahomed Shaw, whom the old Begum had been exerting herself in favour of, was placed on the throne, and proclaimed King under the name of Bidder Shaw. The old King's family, his wives, sons, and daughters, with his and their effects, being all seized, Goolam Kadir extorted from them fifty lacks of rupees in money and jewels—a great sum, considering the distress that the house of Timur has been in of late years; which under every circumstance of the former situations of many of the living members of this branch of it, it is more than likely they possessed, if not more, considering the general disposition of the natives of India for hoarding in the midst of the most harassing situations.

Goolam Kadir also received the 15 lacks of rupees from the old Begum Mulkzimance: but these resources were trifling compared to what he had secured for himself, from taking possession of Selim Ghur; an account of which place may be new to an European reader.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Observations on the Dramatic Unities.

THE rigorous unity of time to which the ancient Tragedy confined itself, like some other of its properties, seems now

ing to the chorus, its fortuitous parent, for which it always retained an infantine veneration. As the chorus never quitted the stage, and occasionally held dialogue with the persons of drama, it was necessary that the representation should proceed from the beginning to the end without interruption; a practice that implied also an unity of place equally strict. Hence the poet was compelled to chuse for his subject the terminating actions of an affair only; such as were rapidly converging to a catastrophe, and which must needs happen within a little time, and in the same place. Had the Greeks discovered the art of dramatic imitation by contemplation of the prototype only, the chorus would never have occurred to them, since it is a thing altogether foreign and unnatural, and takes from the probability of the scene in proportion as it adds to its magnificence, enfeebles the energy of the action, interrupts the progress of the passions, and renders the whole picture splendid and confused.

Mr. Dacier seems not to have discovered that there is an essential difference in the form of the ancient and the modern drama, inasmuch as the former is continuous, and the latter divided; a difference which renders the unity of time as indispensable with that, as with this it is incompatible. How can this unity be broken in a series of actions that has no interruption? How can it be preserved that has four interruptions? The end of every act is a complete, though it must be a natural, suspension of the business represented; and the time that elapses before the next division of the piece, is obsequious to the imagination to be dilated to the length required: and thus if the following act always appear the natural consequence of what happened in the preceding, and nothing but time can be supposed to intervene; an affair of years may be represented as well as of hours, and the totality of the piece remain uninjured. This and the unity of action, from the nature and constitution of the thing, seem in all cases inviolable. With the licence of time, that of place is necessarily involved. The scene could never change while the actors remained on the stage; but where the division of the piece is allowed, the consequences of an action may very well be represented as happening in a different place from that which was the scene of the cause of it. Thus a conspiracy may in the first act be formed in a garden, and in the last be executed in a house; or planned in Paris, and consummated in Madrid. The deception is no greater than it would be if the scene never changed. We are in possession of our senses, and know that what is before us is neither a garden nor a house, neither Paris nor Madrid, but a piece of canvas painted in such a manner

as shall intimate to us that the action represented happened, or was supposed to happen, in a garden, house or elsewhere. But this change of place and prolongation of time is yet, like every thing else, subject to such order and limitation as results from the nature of things. If the foregoing reasoning be admitted, it will follow, that any single act of the divided drama is of the same nature with the whole of that which is indivisible; *a continuous series of action performed in the same time which the real one therein represented must necessarily have occupied.* It is therefore a vicious and intolerable licence to change the scene in the midst of this action, or to interrupt its continuity by suffering the stage for a moment to remain unoccupied. And this is the only modification of time and place which the form of our drama requires or admits; the most beautiful and perfect models of which are surely to be found among the French authors, the contumely and derision lately bestowed on whom by a dull poet in the epilogue to his tragedy notwithstanding. Doctor Johnson, in his eloquent and judicious vindication of Shakespeare for disregarding the *Attic* unities (in his preface to his edition of that poet's works), says nothing of his breach of these that belong necessarily to the thing. But from the principles on which his justification is formed in those cases, his condemnation of it in these may be derived.

For surely no poet more frequently or more grossly violated the unity of action, which is in all cases indispensable, than Shakespeare. Aristotle is particularly severe in his censure on the episode fable; by which we are to understand, a fable whose episode is not connected with one another: let us add, a fable whose single episode is not connected with itself, (i. e.) with the fable; since this species is of the same vicious character with the other. The example cited from the *Oedipus* of Corneille in the commentaries on the 9th chapter of the text belongs to it.

In the simple fable of which the ancient tragedies were made, the unity of action was extremely obnoxious to violation from the episode. The implex plot of our modern comedies especially, is an high improvement in the art of dramatic composition. By implex plot I mean, that which has two distinct groups or sets of persons, whose purposes are different, but whose interests are involved; and who, in pursuing these purposes, naturally, and by the necessary concatenation of causes and effects, promote or impede each other's views; which are at length found by the means of discovery to be terminated by one common catastrophe, which must also be the necessary result of the precedent action. But with all this, the unity

unity of action will be violated, unless one of these schemes or plots is principal, and the other secondary. The desire of implicating the fable without skill to effect it has produced many a monstrous piece, by making two complete schemes of action unconnected with each other; as in *The Relapse* of Congreve, now called *A Trip to Scarborough*.

The true principle of objection to that species of composition which we call Tragicomedy, is not the mixture of tragic and comic action; for the drama is the mirror of life; and we know that in real life calamitous events are often produced by those which are pleasant and ludicrous. The fault arises from the difficulty of interweaving two plots so, that they shall mutually promote each other, and terminate in one catastrophe; and this difficulty is peculiarly insurmountable in tragedy, from the simplicity of its fable and the rapidity of its action, it being an imitation of men's actions, comedy of their characters. The plots of a well-constituted comedy may be compared to two radii of a circle; those of the other kind described, the two parallel lines, which though infinitely produced will never meet.

I shall conclude this discussion with observing, that it becomes us, to follow, not servilely, the laws which the great philosopher formed for the government of the Athenian stage, since the constitution of it no longer exists, but to follow rather his example in forming them. Let us inspire his spirit, and search for our institutes where he found his: confident that though human things be changeable, truth and reason are eternally the same.

Account of the Female Reader: or, Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse, selected from the best Writers, and disposed under proper Heads, for the Improvement of Young Women. By Mr. Cresswick, Teacher of Elocution. To which is prefixed a Preface, containing some Hints on Female Education.

THE proper method of educating young

tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind of vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, may very justly enter into the plan of female education. The sex may be taught to direct the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In short, I would have them considered, as designed by Providence for use, as well as shew, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures."

Admitting then, what cannot indeed be denied, that these observations are perfectly just, there is only this alternative remaining: young ladies must either be sent to a school, or educated at home.

We have seen, in many instances, the effects of these different methods of education; but we think the former infinitely preferable to the latter.

In the former, young ladies are accustomed to rise early, and live temperately, which are two circumstances of the highest importance. They are kept under a regular discipline. Every part of their time is usefully employed, and their abilities are properly exerted. At eight or nine years of age, they are taught to think, to reflect, and to study; exertions which are absolutely necessary for the cultivation of a rational mind, and which can never be expected in those, whose youth has been spent in idleness, or trifling amusements. Yet tender-hearted and affectionate parents, use your daughters to think and to study at an early period, if you would have them become sensible women and rational companions. Do not be led away by an idle and absurd opinion, that application is unsuitable or injurious to their tender frames. "The faculties of every animal are impaired by disuse, and strengthened by exercise."

In the most respectable boarding-schools in or near the metropolis, the young ladies are attended by eminent masters, and instructed (in proportion to their stay, their fortune, and their future prospects) in every useful and ornamental part of polite education,

before a number of spectators gives them an ease and freedom in their carriage; by which they are enabled to appear in company, or even at court, with grace and dignity.

On the other hand, let us consider the means of improvement which young ladies enjoy by a domestic education. If they are under the inspection of a discreet and sensible mother, or a governess who has had a liberal education and is a woman of taste and prudence, they may receive the greatest advantages. But this is very seldom the case; for the children are generally provided with a governess from France or Switzerland, whose only qualifications are pertness and vanity, a frippery appearance, and a volubility of tongue. With this lady they are shut up in a private apartment, and read some frivolous dialogues, or sacred dramas, imported from Paris, or chatter a little barbarous French. Here they have no companions; and not one spark of emulation is excited. Their solitude renders them torpid and inactive. Their mothers, their elder sisters, their aunts, or the trifling females, who visit in the family, are perpetually interrupting their studies, and dissipating their thoughts. Company is expected, or a visit is to be paid; the hair-dresser, or the mantua-maker, is to attend them at twelve; or, which is a very common case, Miss Kitty or Miss Fanny has the head-ach, and every lesson must be postponed. If they are excluded from company and visits, the consequence is equally detrimental. They become formal and reserved, and contract an awkward bashfulness in their behaviour. When papa and mama are absent, in pursuit of their pleasures, they contrive to elope from their governess, and are initiated into the ribaldry and impertinence of the kitchen by the valet, the housemaid, and my lady's woman; and in this manner their education is completed.

We have been led into the preceding reflections by an examination of the pieces which form the present selection: the plan and execution of which both equally merit recommendation, as being particularly well calculated to counteract and prevent the pernicious effects of the baleful system we have above reprobated.

Companion to the Card-Table.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

IN my letter which you was so obliging as to print in a former Magazine, I took the liberty to mention one matter which in my opinion would contribute very much to render card-tables more conducive to amusement than we sometimes find them to be;

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and that was an endeavour to keep the temper. In that letter I took occasion also to observe that the want of temper is almost as visible in those who are winners, as in those who lose; the one can no more bear good luck than the other can ill luck.

On a reconsideration of this subject I am inclined to think I have discovered the cause of this want of temper at cards which renders that amusement so peculiarly disagreeable, and I scruple not to say that it proceeds from our playing for greater sums than we are either willing or able to part with in that way. Why I am of this opinion, it is necessary to state. My reasons, then, for thinking so, are, that where people play for nothing, as is the case very often in the country, and in family parties, I have seldom or ever been able to discover any want of temper whether at the loss or the winning of the game; the same thing I have observed where the sums played for were so exceedingly small as to be unfit to be mentioned in a polite company. But, on the other hand, where the sums played for are such as by continued losses may in the course of an evening amount to gold, I have never failed to remark strong symptoms of peevish dissatisfaction on the one hand, and of a malicious, or perhaps avaricious joy on the other.

To these general observations or rules I am aware that particular cases may be objected; but exceptions have never been allowed to destroy a general rule. I think I may venture to proceed on this ground, "that ill-temper at cards proceeds from our losing sums of money which we are either unwilling or unable to lose in that way."

If this position be granted, how very numerous are the reflections that arise from it, reflections of much importance to the fair sex in particular. But I will not indulge every thought that occurs to my mind on this subject, lest I should seem to insinuate that the madness of gaming is peculiar to the fair sex only, whereas the fact is that the men hitherto remain in full possession of it, with a very few exceptions in high life.

To play for greater sums than we can afford is one of the hardships imposed on us by that tyrant fashion; and it is to be lamented that in this as in other cases where the advantage is trifling and the mischief certain, we have not spirit enough to vindicate the rights of rational creatures, and be no longer bound by laws which bring pain, distress, or chagrin, along with them. *Sobrina* is a widow about fifty years of age; her husband, by repeated losses in trade, was incapacitated from leaving her above one hundred pounds a year for her life;

O o o

with

with this she could, for she is an excellent economist, continue to live genteelly, having no family; were it not that her connections are numerous, and for ever engaging her in parties, where cards are the only amusement, or rather employment. She had not resolution to refuse them, and I have known her lose between *two and three guineas* in one evening. The loss of such a sum is obviously incompatible with her interest, and all her œconomy is insufficient to make a balance in her favour. Yet such is her attachment to those acquaintances who, she thinks, do her honour by their frequent invitations, that she is content to lose two thirds of her income to them at cards, and starve at home on the remainder. I have known her steal from a rout in a dark, rainy night, and trudge home to a considerable distance on foot, for want of a shilling to pay the coach-hire, after having lost perhaps twenty or thirty in betting on the odd trick. Such is the want of resolution to resist—what? Invitations evidently given for no better purpose than picking the pocket of a dupe. The effects of this on *Sabrina's* temper lead me to my subject again. From being one of the best-humoured, good creatures in the world, she is become peevish, fretful, and morose; for all the day she frets for the folly of the past night, although conscious that she is about to repeat the same follies on the ensuing.

This may be said to be her *fault*, and that she deserves no pity. But, granting this to be the case, I am afraid it will be found to be the fault of many hundreds more, who, with as slender finances, have as weak a resolution, and are unable to resist the importunities of those whose fortunes enable them to support such expences, but who never consider the situation of others so much as their own pleasure and convenience. Some apology, however, ought to be made, say they, for pride; for what a degradation would it be for a lady requested to make one at a card-table to say, “You must excuse me, Ma’am, I really can’t afford it; I lost a guinea last night at cards, which is a sum I can ill spare from my family!”—This would, I allow, be mortifying to female pride, but would it not be

ance with the fashion. Will our fashionable friends in such a case step forwards to relieve us? Which of them will give to our necessities a part of what they won from us? And which of them will continue their pressing invitations when they know that we can no longer deposit our stake in a fashionable manner, no longer be subservient to their pleasures? Is this supposing too much? Is this picture too highly coloured? No. For it is a slight sketch of what happens daily to hundreds.

Such being the consequences of our playing for sums beyond our fortunes, is it not strange that rational creatures should pervert that into a real pain, which was intended for a harmless pleasure? I am as much a friend to a harmless game at cards as any man can be, although I never play unless where there are ladies, for men always play for interest—but where is the enjoyment of life if we are thus to seek misfortune on the road of social pleasure? When a moderate fortune, agreeable friends, and every convenience of life is ours; surely it is madness to embitter all these satisfactions by a wanton extravagance, that gives pleasure neither in the mean time nor upon reflection.

I had a design to have touched in this letter on the too frequent custom of card-playing on Sundays, but as I perceive my letter is already too long, I shall but just observe that many very ingenious excuses have been found out to palliate this practice, such as that cards prevent scandal, and that people may be *worse* employed on Sundays. How far cards prevent scandal I shall not at present enquire, but that we ought to play cards on Sunday because we may be *worse* employed, is a plain confession that even when playing them we are not *well* employed; it seems by this doctrine to be the least of two or more evils. I am always sorry to hear this excuse advanced, because it seems to imply a sort of necessity imposed on us to be on that day ill employed some how or other, and that of those ill employments, cards are the best.—A lady of my acquaintance lately refused, but with due politeness, to play cards on Sunday. “Rise me, Ma’am!

tism, prejudice, and private pique, did not escape the first transport of popular fury. They "would have snatched from oblivion the perishable infamy of its name, and made it immortal." Much the greater part of them, it is to be feared, is irretrievably lost. From the fragments the following list of persons, with the offences for which they were committed, has been published at Paris. The Publisher gives notice, that he has scrupulously adhered to the precise expressions of the Register, in which it will perhaps excite surprize that there should be so much simplicity and truth. But it could not be supposed that they would ever see the light. We have endeavoured to preserve the same simplicity in the translation.

THE *Sieur Andre Dubuissou*, pretended forcerer for shewing the devil to the *Duc d'Olonne*, to obtain money of him.

One *Girard*, for being a great informer, without authority from the ministry; sent in 1751, came out in 1762, and transferred to Vincennes by the *Sieur Framboisier*, Inspector of Police.

Father *Toussaint*, a Franciscan friar, for spreading false news.

The *Sieur de la Fosse*, in 1751, for shewing the devil to *Madame de Montboissier*.

The *Sieurs Laby* and *d'Autin*, accused of evil speaking, of which there was no proof; detained a year.

The *Sieur de Morvan*, curate of Vincennes, for spreading extravagant news against Jansenism.

The *Sieur de Veaugean*, for threatening the Minister of War.

François Forcassi, an Italian, in 1732, a cheat, who duped the Lords of the Court, by giving them medicines to make them young again.

The *Sieur Malbec*, a meddler, for assisting the *Duke de Nivernois* to ruin himself. In the column of observations is added, "*This man had a handsome wife.*"

The *Count d'Avergne*, a Jansenist, who taught his son to have convulsions.

The *Duke de Fitzjames*, for threatening *M. Alexandre*, chief of the war office.

Mademoiselle Faulin, pretending to have convulsions.

Mademoiselle Angelique Noel, for breaking her father's windows in a convulsion.

The *Sieur Desforges*, for verses against the King, transferred to Mount St. Michel, and put in the cage.

The *Sieur Chassan*, for evil speaking against the King, the *Marchioness de Pompadour*, and the *Duke de Richelieu*.

The *Sieur Bergeron*, for verses against *Madam de Pampadour*.

Count de Thellis, for intrigues at Court,

and wanting to present a petition to the King at a hunting match.

The *Sieur Fageol*, spendthrift, meddler—detained because he had got the State secret at the post office.

The *Chevalier de Mony*, for failing to execute the orders of the Lieutenant of Police.

The *Sieur de Monchenu*, Equerry to the King, for killing his lackey. This man was detained only eight days, without any note of his having been sent to another prison. Thus the dungeons of the Bastille, that shut up so many innocent victims, served also to withdraw the guilty from the sword of justice.

The *Sieur * ** for insulting *Mademoiselle Julie*, an actress at the Opera.

The *Sieurs ———* and *———*, authors, engravers and publishers of the *Devil's Almanack*.

Françoise Aubillard, holding in her house assemblies, to teach convulsions.

The *Abbe Brunet*, Priest, Director of those who pretended convulsions.

—— Lackey, arrested for the sake of precaution, and because he might know something of his master's affairs.

The *Abbe Morelet*, suspected of being concerned in the the *Novelles Ecclesiastiques*.

Jean Doublet, alias Carpenter, an impious wretch, deserving to be burnt.

The *Sieur Mormontel*, and one *Bury*, his servant, author of a Parody against the *Duke D'Aumont*.

The *Duke d'Aumont*, in a letter which has been published, denies that this has any reference to him. He asserts, that his name must have been confounded with that of some other person; that for the last sixteen years of his life he himself was the victim of despotism; but never was the cause of inflicting on another what he had suffered.

The above examples are sufficient to justify the capture and demolition of the Bastille, on the ruins of which a *Monument to Liberty* is going to be raised.

Historical Description of the Kingdom of Margate.

THIS nation differs from every other we have yet travelled through, and yet the manners and customs of the people are so various in themselves, that we fear it will be very difficult for us to give our readers an adequate idea of them.

The persons of the *Margetans* are likewise very different. Some are tall, raw-boned, and stout, like those we have seen in Ireland; others are middle-sized, pale and thin, particularly the women, resembling the inhabitants of London. One species of person, however, is particularly observable,

and, indeed, is so common that we were inclined to think it peculiar to the nation, we mean the *fat* or *obese* person, which may be thus described.

In the male as well as the female, there are instead of one chin, as in other nations, two, one of which is pendulous, or hanging a considerable way from the other—the breast is uncommonly distended, not unlike a huge projection on a rugged rock—the abdomen, or as it called in this country, the belly, is of vast dimensions, projecting every way, and supported in some by girths, and other apparatus. Nor were we surprized at this, when informed that the males sometimes eat three or four pounds weight (each pound of sixteen ounces) at a meal. We were told that it is not uncommon for a male and female, or a man and his wife to weigh (together) from forty to forty five stone weight, which is about the weight of three Dutchmen, six Frenchmen, six Scotchmen (on first leaving their country) and eight Italians.

Although this uncommon size of person be very conspicuous in the nation, yet we were told that they were not the *Aborigines*, or natives, but that they were a colony from the Eastern parts of the Comitatus or county of Middlesex, and were called *Cooknighs*, or *Cockneys*, for it is variously spelt. Of this word we were not able to discover the derivation; even the people themselves were ignorant of it, and indeed we suppose to veil their ignorance; were very much offended when we mentioned the name. One of our company assured us, that when he asked a Margetan the meaning of the word *Cockney*, the rude savage, instead of answering the question, called him “the son of a bad woman.”

Of all the countries we had travelled through, this nation appeared the richest; for though the price of every article was far dearer than in any place we had visited, yet the consumption of those articles was immense. We were the more surprized at this affluence among the people, when we were assured from very good authority, there was no trade, or manufactures, carried on in the place. It occurred to us, that there were gold mines on or near the borders, but we could not discover any.

The people, indeed, appeared to us to be uncommonly inactive. They rise generally very early in the morning, and go to bathe in the Eastern manner—after this they walk to and fro for near two hours, when they retire to breakfast. That meal being over, they walk again, until dinner-time; after which, it is not uncommon to take a nap. They have a greater facility in sleep than any people we met with; for it was not uncommon to see them lolling out of the windows in the afternoon, doz-

ing, or standing at the doors fast asleep. Except in horses, we never observed this faculty of sleeping standing.

After dinner, it is the custom to walk two or three miles to a place called in their language *Dandy Lion*, where they drink an infusion of a particular herb called tea. After tea, the whole company get upon their legs, and dance in the open air upon a platform, something resembling that on which criminals are executed in other countries, particularly London.

When this ceremony is over, they return in bodies to their homes, where they retire to rest—This, we understood, was the general manner of living.

As to the laws and government of this nation, we were not able to discover them; their constitution appeared to be republican; only with this difference, that there is a personage who has the sovereign command at all their solemn meetings, whom they called *Master of Ceremonies*, a name that surprized us not a little, as both in eating, drinking, walking, bathing, or dancing, we never discovered less ceremony.

Their religion is peculiar to them. Other nations worship one, or more gods, but they seem to worship one another, and with such constant fervency, that in all companies we heard such ejaculations as “*my goddess, divinity, angel, heaven, &c.*” What their doctrines are we could not learn, but an intelligent gentleman among them assured us, “they believe in any thing,” and that though their faith is not so great as to remove mountains, yet it is so great as to turn their pockets (however heavy) inside out. Not being acquainted with the particular tenets of their religion, this effect of faith appeared to us very strange.

The Patriotic Lover.

ALBERT, at the age of twenty, had the good fortune to escape into England, but his father was unhappily seized by a letter de cachet, and, without any form of trial, or the slightest knowledge of the offence privately charged upon him was dragged from his house by the ruffians of tyranny.

The mother of Lavinia, a widow lady, of small fortune, was seized on the same day, and same hour. She was torn from the arms of her only daughter, who knelt and prayed in vain to accompany her fond parent. The officers of police were deaf to her entreaty—and on the instant of her mother's departure she sunk senseless on the pavement of the court yard.

Lavinia on reviving found herself in a close carriage, with two men and a woman, the latter of whom was busy in applying restoratives, but they all kept a strict and pro-

found silence, and in about an hour after she had recovered her senses, the carriage stopped at a magnificent gate, where her companions alighted, took her from the coach, and conducted her across a spacious courtyard into a palace. The men having delivered Lavinia and the woman to a servant in a rich livery, he introduced them into an apartment elegantly furnished, and departed,—but to avoid anticipation of events we must now return to Albert.

This youth having received a liberal education, soon after his arrival in England procured the appointment of usher to an academy, where his elegant manners and the interesting story of his misfortune gained him the respect and affection of the masters and students.

Here he remained three years, but during the whole of that time, though several English gentlemen, who went to Paris, made every possible enquiry, the afflicted Albert could receive no satisfactory account of his father, of the mother of Lavinia, or of Lavinia herself.

Racked by the tortures under which his filial piety suffered—maddened by the pains of disappointed love—for Lavinia was his contracted wife, Albert's health declined—and symptoms which indicated approaching dissolution, appeared strongly marked in his countenance, when the public prints announced, that the spirit of liberty pervaded France.

Patriotism aided by love, and stimulated by duty, now warmed his heart, and expelled from his blood the congealing particles of grief.—“If I must die, exclaimed Albert, I will die in the service of my country, and revenging the injuries of my dearest relatives.”

On the very evening of the day when he took the resolution of aiding the noble supporters of the liberties of his country, he set off for Dover, and arrived at Paris without meeting any adventure. He found the city in commotion, he made his grievances known to the people, in a speech

ces cried out, follow the holy father—you may place implicit reliance on his word.

Albert, accompanied by a few of the Bourgeois, attended the monk. They got into a carriage, and arrived at the Chateau. The monk opened the door of a garden, and let in the whole company. “You will remain here, said the venerable old man—let Albert only accompany me.”

It now was the dusk of the evening, and before they reached the house a plaintive song from a female voice arrested their progress.

It was the voice of Lavinia.

Albert would have rushed into the arbour; from whence the voice issued, but the monk held him by the arm—“I am right,” said the monk, “you hear the voice of Lavinia;—but remain here, I will prepare her for your reception.”

The honest ecclesiastic entered the arbour,—he soon came forward with Lavinia in his hand.—The meeting of the lovers was one of those scenes that beggar description.

She informed him that the passion of the Marquis de — was the cause of their misfortunes—That he had seen her by accident, had repeatedly written to her, and employed agents to seduce her by proffers of rich presents, to the gratification of his illicit passion. She had been silent, fearing the spirit of her father or her lover would urge them to a rash and fatal resentment.

But, continued Lavinia, I am chaste—terror has been placed before me—but force has not been offered—My father and my mother are confined within the Bastille, and their liberty has been repeatedly offered me as the price of my virtue—but I know their sentiments—I know they would curse me, if I preserved even their lives by a prostitution, and I have been able to repel for three years every artful attempt of the ennobled villain who holds me in confinement.

When Lavinia had finished the detail of her sufferings, Albert begged to leave her for a few moments with the monk. He joined

ing his sword into the breast of the 'marquis.

The party proceeded instantly to Paris.—The story was told to the people assembled at the Palais Royal—Resentment like an electrical shock, pervaded every bosom.—The Bastile was attacked—it was carried, it was destroyed, and the father of Albert and mother of Lavinia were liberated.

'Account of an Agreeable Companion in a Post Chaise.

IN this Paper I mean to give my readers some idea of an *agreeable companion in a post-chaise*, a character professedly held in so great esteem as to induce certain people to advertise for one in the public papers. I dare say there are few of my readers who have not seen such an advertisement as the following, "Wanted an agreeable companion in a post-chaise to go to York, enquire at A. B. &c." And by the bye, is not this one of those advertisements which a modest man would find himself very averse to answer, however really deserving he might be of the character? But let that pass.—The companion I was lately doomed to associate with was not procured by an address to the public, but by mere accident; my wife and I happened to be travelling towards Exeter, and fell in with this gentleman a stage or two from town; I had once or twice seen him in company in town, and could not help accordingly asking him which way he was going, &c. He told me he was going to Exeter, but had missed the coach, and was in hopes he would soon find some other mode of conveyance; at the same time very kindly enquiring where I was going, and regretting that we could not be fellow-travellers. This at once induced me to offer him the third of our post-chaise, which he thanked me for again and again—and, to make short of this part of my story, away we set off in less than an hour after this interview.

Why, O! Why will the ignorant and the censorious eternally endeavour to persuade us that the fair sex excel ours in volubility of tongue, or, in other words, in talkativeness? Why will they endeavour to persuade us that woman is an animal

interview had more properly speaking an acquaintance than a perfect knowledge, soon appeared to be one of those men who fail to please from the multiplicity of their attempts, who conceive that what pleases them must please you, and who tire out your patience and cool your affection sooner than the rude, the ignorant, or the unsocial. The first half hour past in mutual enquiries after our respective plans of travel, and upon my informing him that I had never travelled this way before, he took me by the hand, and assured me he was heartily glad of it, "for now," added he, "Mr. Nestor, I shall have the pleasure to point out what is curious in the road." And it was not long before he began to display all the talents of a show-man, united to the knowledge of a gossip.—

—— "That house, Mr. Nestor, belongs to Mr. ——— a man I once knew an out-clerk in Drummonds; he got up some how in the world, and soon ——— but the Lord of Oxford only knows how—was enabled to retire with a very handsome fortune—He bought the house of Sir *something*, I forget his name, who had run out his estate at the elbows at an election—you see it is a pretty house." ———

By the bye we had now passed it a considerable way.

"A very pretty house—he has a wife and five children, four sons and a daughter; the daughter I fancy must by this time be a grown-up girl—two of the sons are in London in Messrs. ——— counting house, and the other two at school—he is a good kind of man in the main, but—mum—you understand me—gold don't grow in London; I fancy a man must dig for it before he find it, and not find it neither perhaps—but some men pick it up on the surface—but that's neither here nor there." ———

"But pray whose house is that on the brow of the hill to the left?"

"That! O!—what! you don't know?"

"No—indeed—you know I never travelled this way."

"That is Mr. *Omnium's* the rich broker—a tumble there I believe had likely to have happened lately, had not *you know*

Sorry for it—nay indeed, some go so far as to say that—but, however, it paved the way for his marrying the rich widow in Crutched-friars—after which he bought that house—gave a mere trifle for it—but it was necessary to sell it—it was neck or nothing with the last owner—And now—ay—look there ma'am, there's a very fine view, you see that large mansion-house, a good deal behind the trees, that belongs to *Sir Solomon Sapsfull*—I believe if he were to hang himself on one of his own trees, the whole country would rejoice."

"You surprize me—why I always heard a very good character of *Sir Solomon*; to be sure he is not a man of bright parts, but he has been represented to me as a good father, husband, and neighbour, charitable, to the poor, and to his tenants"—

"Ay, ay, Mr. Nestor, so *some* people may say—but I know *Sir Solomon* better—however it is no business of ours you know—the house is very well situated—that clump of trees behind the small lake has a very pretty effect—Did you ever hear how *Sir Solomon's* father came by his fortune? You must know that——"

Here a sudden jerk of the chaise discomposed us for a few minutes, and saved the character of *Sir Solomon's* father, as before we had recovered our fright, another mansion appeared in view, which attracting our companion's eye, he thus proceeded—

"Now there's a house—the fellow that owns that house was once a grocer in the city—Zounds! I can't think how such people can get so much money honestly. Will anyone persuade me that a great fortune may be got out of tea, sugar, and figs? No, No, Mr. Nestor—there are ways and means; money don't grow upon bare stones, as I said before—That man, when he retired was worth fifty thousand pounds—that is, as they gave out, for my part, as I don't know how he got it, I can't believe he had it; but all's one for that—we are not sometimes what we seem to be—Apropos—What's got over the Devil's back, is, &c.—he has got two sons who are riding post-haste through as much as their father will allow them, and will soon gallop down the rest when he dies—There now—a little

curitish,"—a word to the wife, Mr. Nestor—Hey! let us see who are these riding up to us—O! now they are gone by—Who do you think that was in the blue coat?

"I don't know, indeed"

"Then I'll tell you—that's the member for ——— as great a—but that's neither here nor there—one has no business with the characters of people one has no connections with—his estate I believe is pretty well dipt—elections are no jokes, Mr. Nestor—do you know his wife? A fine woman—but there is no carrying on separate trades in the same family without a jarring of interests—you take me, Mr. Nestor—I pity the children, upon my soul—but what is to be done?—O! now pray look that way—there's a house, and grounds—we shall ride three miles before we have passed the whole extent of the park—An't it a charming place?—"

"A very charming place indeed, said Mrs. Nestor—the owner of that possesses an earthly paradise"—

"Ay, Ma'am," rejoined my companion, "if he deserved it—But—Don't you know that M. ——— lives there? He, I assure you—and nobody else—a d—nd old Jew as any in Christendom—I knew him thirty years ago, when he was glad of a mutton-bone at a friend's table—but now—well! it is very odd how some people get on in the world—I could have no more thought that he would have ever been able to buy such a house"—

Here I presume I may put an end to this sketch.—Our companion proceeded in this manner through three long stages—long, indeed, they appeared to me; for, what can try the patience so severely as to be tied down to hear the effusions of spleen, ignorance, and malevolence? How unfortunate it is that men will take so much pains to blacken the characters of others, without adding to their own, and endeavour to prove others to be miserable by way of convincing us that they are happy. On my return to town I had occasion to learn that our companion had not been above once right in his assertions as to whom the houses belonged—and as to the characters of the owners, I knew from my own experience that he had made such gross mistakes as would perhaps

great price is put on an article the manufacturing of which costs nothing, the materials being only a valuable tongue and a malevolent heart, articles which I believe the Devil himself (although he may own his obligations to them) will not give any price for—and if he will not, I know of none else that will.

NESTOR.

Memoirs of John Wesley, M. A. including an History of, and Observations on, Methodism.

(Continued from Page 397.)

DURING Mr. Wesley's absence in America, his friend the celebrated Mr. George Whitefield had begun the great work of reformation in England, by commencing field preacher, and drawing thousands after him on Kennington Common and elsewhere. He therefore may properly be called the Father of Methodism; though there are some who contest this honour with him in favour of Mr. John Wesley, who was certainly preceded by Mr. Whitefield in the itinerant apostleship, although he was his precursor in the work of private reformation at Oxford.

As Mr. Wesley was entering the Channel from, Mr. Whitefield was proceeding out of it to, America, that land of Canaan, to which these spiritual knights-errant thought themselves called to pull down the strong fortresses which Satan held among the Indians, as also to have their own souls refreshed among the sanctified descendants of those old saints who retired thither, from episcopal persecution, in the last century.

Soon after his arrival in England, Mr. Wesley had several communications with some of the Moravian brethren; which had such an effect upon him, that he determined upon visiting their settlement, at Hernhuth, in Germany, where they lived under their chief, the celebrated Count Zinzendorf, in all the simplicity of the primitive ages. This he did in June 1738, and remained in Germany more than three months, having his spirit of mysticism amply gratified by the elevating discourses not only of the Count, but also of Christian David, a Moravian teacher, but originally a carpenter; Augustine Neusser, a smith, who had also exchanged his profession for the more easy one of preaching; and of other honest enthusiasts.

This spiritual tour produced in Mr. Wesley such a warm love for the persons, doctrine, and discipline of the *Unitas Fratrum*, that when he came home he would scarce allow any to be Christians but those of their communion.—His brethren of the Establishment, however, did not much

approve of his eccentricity; and in a very little time most of the churches in the metropolis and other places were shut against him.

In his Third Journal he says, “March 31, 1739. In the evening I reached Bristol, and met with Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this *strange way* of preaching in the fields, of which *he* set me an example on Sunday.”—Mr. Wesley's scruples, however, against this *strange way* were soon overcome, and the practice became familiar; or rather he was emulous of the same glory which his brother George had attained by this *strange course*, and therefore determined not to be behind him. From this time he went on flamingly through the kingdom, gathering his thousands and ten thousands in the highways and fields, where he alternately thundered down vengeance and poured refreshing promises upon their heads; and his Journals record many curious and entertaining, and sometimes very marvellous and terrible effects of his public ministrations.

Mr. Wesley's first attempt at field preaching was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bristol, April 2, 1739; an epoch, perhaps, of some consequence in the ecclesiastical history of the eighteenth century. As the city of Bristol was one of the first, so it has remained ever since one of the most eminent theatres of Mr. Wesley's spiritual exertions; his followers there, at this time, being many thousands.

His disciples increasing rapidly, our apostle began to form them into several distinct societies according to their growth in grace, or attainments in enthusiastic knowledge; he also drew up rules for their direction, which were more consonant in some things to the superstitious severity of the Romish discipline, than to any known practices of the protestant churches.

Mr. Wesley having thus established himself as the head of a considerable sect, began like all the old sectarians, to look upon the other enthusiastic bodies, who were ranged under different leaders, with jealousy or envy. The Moravians, with whom he was before so cordially united, and whom he had publicly declared to be, if not the only, yet the chief of Christians, were now (*viz.* in 1740) in his estimation dangerous heretics and corrupt seducers: even Count Zinzendorf, that second Moses, that champion of the Lord of Hosts, was, according to Mr. Wesley's sounder judgment, a blind leader of the blind. All this proceeded probably from no other cause than the spread which Moravianism began to make in England, and the pompous manner in which the Count and his followers spoke of their mission, which seemed to clash too much with the

the other sects to be much relished by them. — Enthusiasm dislikes rivalry as much as any other species of human pride; our spiritual hero, therefore, determined to fight the Lord's battles on his own ground, and not to admit any other to a participation of his laurels. He first began with attempting to beat up the quarters of the once-beloved Germans, and many hard words and heavy charges did he lay against them for that purpose; but the Count's followers were sturdy veterans, and bore his attacks with that patient contempt, which is the only proper way to baffle an hot-headed controversialist.

Mr. Charles Wesley, in a poetical address to his brother John, politely calls the Count "The German Boar;" a name perhaps not ill applied, considering the ill success with which they hunted him.

As our religionist had thus begun the work of contention, he found it too pleasing to retreat; and in the next place broke away from the grand army, separating even from the great General of Methodism, Mr. Geo. Whitefield himself. — That gentleman was fitted by nature for a popular preacher, and in all the arts of preaching had a vast superiority over Mr. John Wesley, or any of those who have officiated in the methodistic field. — Mr. John was, therefore, resolved to get some glory to himself, unconnected with his brother George; he would be in this grand cause *aut Cæsar aut nullus*; and at once proclaimed himself an opponent against Mr. Whitefield's doctrines of election and justification. — The alarm was quickly spread, and dreadful indeed were the heats which it occasioned in the tents of methodism; and many and bitter were the sermons and pamphlets which the pulpits and presses sent forth on each side. The Calvinists, or Whitefieldians, groaned deeply for the defection of one whom they had considered as a main pillar of the truth; and they trembled greatly for those points, which they held as the very foundations of the Christian system.

The Arminians, or Wesleyan Methodists, on the other hand, were not sparing in scattering spiritual dirt and stink-pots upon their *quondam* brethren, by representing the

perfection, which he taught as possible to be attained in this life, was considered by the Moravians and Calvinists as a shocking heresy. They thought, and perhaps with justice, that it had a more direct tendency to bigotry, pride, and iniquity, than any other speculative error whatever.

Mr. Wesley imagined, however, that he could gravel his opponents by his skill in logic; and gravel them he did with a vengeance, when he put them the following questions: "Was there *inward corruption* in our Lord? or, Cannot the servant be *as his master*?" — Fourth Journal, page 81. — It is a pity but Dr. Priestley had read this; Socinianism could wish for no more.

One Peter Böhler, a Moravian missionary, said enough to Mr. Wesley upon this subject to nonplus him, though not to bring him over to reason. As what he said is curious, we shall give it as it stands in Mr. Wesley's Fourth Journal, page 84. "There is no such state," said honest Peter, "as *sinless perfection*; sin will and always must remain in the soul. The *old man* will remain till death. The *old nature* is like an old tooth; you may break off one bit, and another, and another, but you can never get it all away; the stump of it will stay as long as you live, and sometimes will ache too."

(To be continued.)

Singular Account of the Austrian Trenck's Death. From the Life of Baron Trenck.

OCTOBER 4, 1749, my cousin died in his prison at Spielberg. By his will he made me his heir general, on condition that I should serve no other power but the House of Austria.

In March 1750, Count Bernes received a copy of the will; and, urged by his solicitations, I set off for Vienna; where I soon fell into the labyrinth of the law, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself. It was not in Trenck's power to prevent my inheriting his father's fortune which was entailed on me; wishing, however, to give me marks of his hatred after his death, he made a will full of absurd and contradictory clauses, which served the withholders of his fortune, as a pretext to strip me of it.

tion, the capuchin friar was lent for.

The day after Trenck had confessed himself, he exclaimed, "God be praised! my end approaches; my confessor is just dead, and has appeared to me." Upon enquiry it was found that the monk was really dead. Trenck then begged all the officers of the garrison to come to his prison; took the tonsure, dressed himself in the habit of a capuchin friar; made a public confession, and preached an hour, exhorting his audience to think of their salvation. He then took leave of them, knelt down to say his prayers, fell into a sound sleep, rose, and prayed again. Oct. the 4th he looked at his watch at eleven o'clock in the morning, and cried out, "God be praised, my last hour is not far off." Every body present was much entertained at seeing a man of his character play so ridiculous a comedy. However, it was remarked that his face grew pale on the left side. He then seated himself beside a table, leaned his head upon his hand, and, after saying a prayer, continued motionless, with his eyes shut.

My cousin was acquainted with the secret poison called *ACQUA TOFFANA*: he made his confessor the confidant of all his affairs, and employed him to deliver several jewels, and bills of exchange, of which he wished to make presents; among others, I know that, at that time, he sent back to a great prince, a bill of exchange for two hundred thousand florins, due to him from the prince; not a florin of which I ever recovered, although I was Trenck's only heir. However, as it was necessary to put it out of the confessor's power to betray him, he gave him a dose of poison sufficient to dispatch him, in some refreshments that he made him partake of before his departure; and the priest actually died in a very little time after his return. Trenck took the like sort of poison himself, and therefore knew the exact hour of his death. As he could no longer procure respect while living, he was resolved to be honoured, and fainted if possible, after his decease.

The superstition of the populace was a sufficient security to him, that he should obtain credit for the performance of miracles. That he might excite it the more powerfully, he ordered a small chapel to be erected to his memory, and endowed it with six thousand florins. Thus died, in

NO instance of the abuse of words occurs more frequently than the misapplication of the term *Good-nature*.

I have oftentimes remarked, that two persons of quite opposite dispositions have, each of them, been characterised by their respective companions as very *good-natured*.

The man of a phlegmatic temper, without a spark of real generosity in his composition, provided he is a passive, inoffensive animal, shall be called a quiet *good-natured* man; while another of an irascible, gunpowder constitution, quickly inflamed into outrage by the slightest spark of heat, is esteemed by his friends as a *good-natured* man in the main, and, if you do not provoke him, as very easy to be managed.

If a person gives himself up to an indolent sottiſh habit, and suffers his affairs to run to ruin for want of attention on his part, he is pitied as an idle *good-natured* fellow, who is no one's enemy but his own.

The libertine who breaks the ties of friendship, honour, and hospitality, by robbing his friend of the wife of his bosom, shall, instead of being branded with infamy and pointed at as a monster of ingratitude, be only called a thoughtless *good-natured* rake.

And the duellist, though in a paroxysm of false honour he runs his most intimate acquaintance through the heart, reduces thereby a whole family to ruin, and plunges an unprepared soul into inextricable misery, shall notwithstanding, pass cheerfully and honourably through the world, with the character of an exceeding *good-natured* man.

But the term is more commonly appropriated to those persons who have reduced themselves by dissipation to a state of indigence and dependence.

The long list of names which daily ornaments the newspapers under the appellation of Bankrupts, is almost made up of men of this character.

No sooner is a young man entered on the possession of his fortune, or a genteel business, but he is immediately surrounded by a number of *good-natured* fellows eager to initiate him into their honourable order, and to make their market of, that they may afterwards laugh at, his weakness; and when his ruin is perceivable, or completed, the observation of these *barpies* is, that he is too

excess of craft is a dishonest man ; but neither of them can be justly esteemed a *good-natured* man ; since their own consciences must have dictated that the bent of their actions lay towards injustice and fraud.

If a man treats me with extravagant civility, and stretches beyond prudence to oblige me, I have reason to question the rectitude of his motives for doing so ; and though a superficial judgment may pronounce them to be *friendship* and *good-nature*, yet cool reflection will prompt me to consider his conduct as an interested design upon my property, or as the height of absurd injustice to his creditors.

He who treats largely without being in a state of independence, must have a very bad heart, for such extravagance cannot be supported but at the expence of the industrious part of the community ; and he who does so upon the strength of an ample fortune, is a vain fool, who thinks thereby to gain admiration from those who live upon his bounty. Favours shewn towards others are not the effects of *good-nature*, unless the principles from which they proceed are disinterested. Now the man who lives extravagantly, whether he can or cannot support it, is actuated by a foolish spirit of pride ; and all his generosity in entertainments to his dependents or companions is to shew his own greatness, to outvie his neighbours, and principally to procure a large share of the incense of flattery and adulation from the abject wretches whom his bounty feeds.

Real *good-nature*, on the contrary, is composed of *philantropy* and of *justice* ; the one disposes the person governed by it, to do good to all men for their sakes only ; the other points out the proper objects to be assisted, and the proper means of doing it.

Gentleness and affability enter also into the composition of this excellent quality, but the whole is regulated by the strictest integrity and prudence ; and he who is deficient in these particulars, however distinguished he may be for extravagance, is not a *good-natured* man.

There are some who cannot bear the sight of an execution, the catastrophe of a deep tragedy, the slaughtering of a lamb, or even the relation of a melancholy circumstance, without evidencing a violent commotion of spirits ; and will instance this affection, as a proof of their excessive *good-nature*. This oftentimes proceeds, however, from a weak and not from a beneficent nature ; for many such persons are observed to be deficient enough in fulfilling those positive duties which are called for by the principles of humanity. Instead therefore of admiring persons of this cast as examples of perfect *good-nature*, I should be apt to suspect them as not having fortitude sufficient to support a uni-

formity of virtue ; since he who would suffer justice to give way to an absurd tenderness, would as easily fall before a temptation to a vicious action.

Besides, this kind of compassion is commonly the effect of surprise, and it would be gradually lessened or totally destroyed, in proportion as such scenes and circumstances are become familiar.

I have known men whose trade has been blood, and whose profession has called them constantly to the sight of objects enough to shock an heart not accustomed to them, yet perfectly gentle, benevolent, and truly *good-natured* ; and on the other hand, I have known men whose profession has been of the mildest nature, yet morose, unfeeling, and brutish. The *goodness of heart* depends not, therefore, upon external circumstances, but the use of reason in restraining, improving, and cultivating the passions and graces of the soul.

A man as it was said before, may be profusely generous from a principle of ostentatious pride ; but he who is generous from motives of genuine, unaffected goodness will search out for proper objects of his bounty, and on them he will be careful to bestow it unnoticed by the world.

To be properly *good-natured*, we must be strictly and uniformly just ; and therefore he only is the *good-natured* generous man who always conducts himself by that golden precept of our Saviour: *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*

The Vision of Cleanthe.

JUST as the sun was sinking below the horizon after a calm day in the autumnal season, the young and beautiful Cleanthe strayed into a thick forest that reared its awful shade behind the stately castle of the baron her father. The serenity of the evening—the plaintive cooings of the stock-dove—and the distant murmur of a water-fall—joined with the tender recollection of an absent lover, conspired to lull her into that pleasing train of ideas when the mind, abstracted from sensible objects, loses itself in distant and visionary pursuits ! She was roused from this reverie by the sweet and melodious sounds of a lute, which at first swelled into the most sublime and elevated strains, and then, gradually dying away—was succeeded by a deep silence !—not a leaf stirring to interrupt the solemn repose !—The moon was rising, and cast a shadowy whiteness over the leafy umbrage which sheltered her. She started ! and gazing round, perceived with terror she had wandered out of her knowledge, and of the various paths which presented themselves, was at a loss to conjecture which would con-

duct her to the peaceful, parental asylum she had unwarily quitted. In the midst of this perplexity her ears were assailed by the most mournful and piercing shrieks—a thick cloud covered the moon, out of which darted incessant flashes of lightning—the trees shook without a wind—and the howlings of savage beasts resounded on every side! A mortal paleness covered the cheek of Cleanthe, her limbs trembled, a cold damp bedewed her face, and she sunk motionless on the ground. From this trance she was awakened by a clashing of swords, and saw approaching her two knights richly caparisoned, engaged in a fierce and desperate combat:—collecting her strength she arose, and, winged by fear, rushed precipitately into the thickest part of the forest, and spying at some distance a glimmering light like that of a lamp, ran towards it with mingled hope and apprehension!—As she advanced nearer she found it proceeded from the ruins of an ancient abbey; she entered trembling! and walking up a long aisle, at the end of which the light seemed suspended, she saw at the foot of an altar half destroyed by time, a woman spread on the floor, who appeared as if expiring, with eyes fixed, and features pale and ghastly: a stream of blood issued from her bosom, and her hand convulsively grasped a rusty and leaden hilted poignard! The timid Cleanthe, struck with amazement, gazed on her with unutterable anguish, unable to move either to assist, or to fly from the miserable wretch extended before her.

At length opening her eyes and fixing them on Cleanthe, “whoever thou art, (said she, in a sullen and hollow tone of voice), behold in me the fatal effects of heedlessness, vice, and criminal despair!” She ceased—and in convulsive pangs breathed her last!—No sooner had the guilty soul forsook the lacerated body than the light was extinguished—the earth trembled and shook, and loud peals of thunder, mixed with a noise like the roaring of cataracts, totally overwhelmed the spirits of the terrified maid, who screamed aloud, and sunk lifeless on the ground!—But how great was her astonishment when, after a few minutes, returning to life and recollection, she found herself in the most delicious garden, surrounded with all that could charm and delight the sense! The sun shone resplendently, and gilded every object with his animating beams, the fervor of which was tempered by cool and refreshing breezes loaded with fragrant and odoriferous odours—all Arabia breathed in the gale! Groves of orange and myrtle, interpersed with thickets of roses, and beds of violets, flowers of every variegated scent and hue, and trees bending with fruit of the most beautiful and

vivid bloom diversified the prospect! Soft music floated above, about, and underneath—every bower resounded with the voice of festivity, and all was pleasure, harmony, and love! The terrors which had lately agitated the mind of Cleanthe subsided a pace—her soul dissolved in softness; the roses were again flung over her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with hilarity and delight! She was rising to explore a scene so new and paradisaical, when she saw approaching her, crowned with intermingled roses and myrtle, the brave and beautiful Alcanhor (for whom her gentle bosom had long sighed in secret); his air breathed delight, while more than mortal beauty seemed to animate his form!—He advanced, and kneeling at her feet, poured out vows of tenderness and ardour—then seizing her hand, conducted her to a temple sacred to the Loves and Graces. A train of young beauties crowded around, and with syren voices hailed her fairest of the throng! Her senses swam in pleasure, while half fainting she leaned on her beloved Alcanhor! A nymph, more lovely than the rest, quitting her companions, approached the enamoured pair, and, presenting a bowl of an intoxicating mixture, “drink, (said she) and partake of immortal felicity, of bliss that knows no period, or satiety!”—Her lover snatching the bowl, drank deep of its contents; and raising it to the lips of Cleanthe, she was about to taste, when a low and mournful voice sounded in her ears—*forbear!*—call to remembrance the ghastly figure, the pavement dyed with blood, the convulsive pangs, the dying groans!—heedlessness has already betrayed thee into danger—temptation is now plunging thee into vice!—despair! death! destruction follow!—*It ceased!*—Cleanthe started, and dashed on the floor the fatal beverage; a loud shriek followed, succeeded by a hideous crash—and the whole vision faded away. Cleanthe looked around, and beheld the moon and stars glittering over her head, the waving foliage of the forest at the back of her father’s castle, and the welcome portico of his hospitable mansion. She rushed in, and in the soothing of parental affection, sought consolation and repose for her agitated spirits.

Physiognomical Anecdotes. [From Lavater’s Essay on Physiognomy.]

I REQUIRE nothing of thee, said a father to his innocent son, when bidding him farewell, but that thou shouldest bring me back this thy countenance.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her face in the glass, as she

passed

passed it with a candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast to the ground, with inexpressible modesty, at the sight of her own image. She passed the winter in town, surrounded by adorers, hurried away by dissipation, and plunged in trifling amusement; she forgot her bible, and her devotion. In the beginning of spring she returned again to her country seat, her chamber, and the table on which her bible lay. Again she had the candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a sofa, and fell on her knees—"Oh God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! My follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, illegible, till this instant? Oh come and expel, come and utterly efface them, mild tranquillity, sweet devotion, and ye gentle cares of benevolent love!"

"I will forfeit my life," said Titus of the priest Tacitus, "if this man be not an arch knave. I have three times observed him sigh and weep, without cause; and ten times turn aside, to conceal a laugh he could not restrain, when vice or misfortune were mentioned."

A stranger said to a physiognomist, "How many dollars is my face worth?" "It is hard to determine," replied the latter. "It is worth fifteen hundred," continued the questioner, "for so many has a person lent me upon it to whom I was a total stranger."

A poor man asked alms. "How much do you want?" said the person of whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. "How shall I dare to fix the sum?" answered the needy person; "give me what you please, sir, I shall be contented and thankful."—"Not so," replied the physiognomist, "as God lives I will give you what you want, be it little or much." "Then, sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings."—"Here they are; had you asked a hundred guineas you should have had them."

National Characters. From the Same.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

THE Englishman is erect in his gait, and generally stands as if a stake were driven through his body. His nerves are strong, and he is the best runner. He is distinguished from all other men by the roundness and smoothness of the muscles of his face. If he neither speak nor move, he seldom declares the capability and mind he

possesses in so superior a degree. His silent eye seeks not to please. His hair, coat, and character, alike, are smooth. Not cunning, but on his guard, and perhaps but little colouring is necessary to deceive him, on any occasion. Like the bull dog, he does not bark; but if irritated rages. As he wishes not for more esteem than he merits, so he detests the false pretensions of his neighbours, who would arrogate excellence they do not possess. Desirous of private happiness, he disregards public opinion, and obtains a character of singularity. His imagination, like a sea-coal fire, is not the splendour that enlightens a region, but expands genial warmth. Perseverance in study, and pertinacity, for centuries, in fixed principles, have raised and maintained the British spirit, as well as the British government, trade, manufactures, and marine. He has punctuality and probity, not trifling away his time to establish false principles, or making a parade with a vicious hypothesis.

THE FRENCHMAN.

In the temperament of nations, the French class is that of the sanguine. Frivolous, benevolent, and ostentatious, the Frenchman forgets not his inoffensive parade till old age has made him wise. At all times disposed to enjoy life, he is the best of companions. He pardons himself much, and therefore pardons others if they will but grant that they are foreigners, and he is a Frenchman. His gait is dancing, his speech without accent, and his ear incurable. His imagination pursues the consequences of small things with the rapidity of the second hand of a stop watch, but seldom gives those loud, strong, reverberating strokes which proclaim new discoveries to the world. Wit is his inheritance. His countenance is open, and, at first sight, speaks a thousand pleasant, amiable things. Silent he cannot be, either with eye, tongue, or feature. His eloquence is often deafening, but his good humour casts a veil over all his failings. His form is equally distinct from that of other nations, and difficult to describe in words. No other man has so little of the firm, or deep traits, or so much motion. He is all appearance, all gesture; therefore, the first impression seldom deceives, but declares who and what he is. His imagination is incapable of high flights, and the sublime in all arts is to him offence. Hence his dislike of whatever is antique, in art, or literature; his deafness to true music; his blindness to the higher beauties of painting. His last, most marking trait is, that he is astonished at every thing, and cannot comprehend how it is possible men should be other than they are at Paris.

THE ITALIAN.

The countenance of the Italian is soul, his speech exclamation, his motion gesticulation. His form is the noblest, and his country the true seat of beauty. His short forehead, his strong marked eye-bones, the fine contour of his mouth, give a kindred claim to the antiques of Greece. The ardour of his eyes denotes that the beneficent sun brings forth fruit more perfectly in Italy than beyond the Alps. His imagination is ever in motion, ever sympathizing with surrounding objects, and, as in the poem of Ariosto the whole works of creation are reflected, so are they, generally, in the national spirit. That power which could bring forth such a work appears to me the general representative of genius. It sings all, and from it most things are sung. The sublime in arts is the birth-right of the Italian. Modern religion and politics may have degraded and falsified his character, may have rendered the vulgar faithless and crafty, but the superior part of the nation abounds in the noblest and best of men.

THE DUTCHMAN.

The Dutchman is tranquil, patient, confined, and appears to will nothing. His walk and eye are long silent, and an hour of his company will scarcely produce a thought. He is little troubled by the tide of passions, and he will contemplate, unmoved, the parading streamers of all nations, sailing before his eyes. Quiet and competence are his gods, therefore, those arts alone which can procure these blessings employ his faculties.—His laws, political and commercial, have originated in that spirit of security which maintains him in the possession of what he has gained. He is tolerant in all that relates to opinion, if he be but left peaceably to enjoy his property, and to assemble at the meeting-house of his sect. The character of the ant is so applicable to the Dutch, that to this literature itself conforms, in Holland. All poetical powers, exerted either in great works or small, are foreign to this nation. They endure pleasure from the perusal of, but produce no, poetry. I speak of the United Provinces, and not of the Flemings,

makes him appear a blockhead. Of nothing is he so proud as of honest, moral understanding. According to modern tactics he is certainly the best soldier, and the teacher of all Europe. He is allowed to be the greatest inventor, and, often, with so little ostentation that foreigners have, for centuries, unknown to him, robbed him of his glory. From the age of Tacitus, a willing dependant, he has exerted faculties for the service of his master, which others only exert for freedom and property. His countenance does not, like a painting in fresco, speak at a distance, but he must be sought and studied. His good nature and benevolence are often concealed under apparent moroseness, and a third person is always necessary to draw off the veil and show him as he is. He is difficult to move, and, without the aid of old wine, is silent. He does not suspect his own worth, and wonders when it is discovered by others. Fidelity, industry, and secrecy, are his three principal characteristics. Not having wit, he indulges his sensibility. Moral good is the colouring which he requires in all arts.—Hence his great indulgence towards abortions which wear this mask. His epic and lyric spirit walks in unfrequented paths. Hence again his great, and frequently gigantic sense, which seldom permits him the clear aspect of enthusiasm, or the glow of splendour. Moderate in the use of this world's delights, he has little propensity to sensuality and extravagance, but he is, therefore, formal, and less social than his neighbour.

On Dress. A Conversation-Piece.

(Concluded from P. 406.)

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

I N my last (for the early insertion of which in your Magazine I am to thank you) I detailed as briefly as I could the conversation which passed on the subject of dress, previous to our being called to the supper-table; after the necessary ceremonies of that meal had been performed; *Charles*, with whose speech I concluded my last let-

shews by contrast the meanness of appearance in the strongest light. Sweetness of look and manner (pray attend to this, Ladies) requires *simplicity* of dress joined with the greatest elegance. A stately and majestic air requires sumptuous apparel, which ought not to be gaudy, nor crowded with little ornaments. — A woman of consummate beauty (mind this, Elvira) can bear to be highly adorned, and yet shows best in a plain dress,

—— “For loveliness

“Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

“But is, when unadorn’d, adorn’d the most.” — *Thomson’s Autumn*, 208.

“Back’d by the authority of such an author as this, and indeed supported by all other writers on this subject, as well as by the common sense of mankind whenever they are pleased to see with their own eyes, I do not hesitate to return to my former position that the more you depart from simplicity in dress, the more you depart from what is decent, proper, and becoming.”

“Pooh,” said Mr. Darnly, in one of his pets, “what a deal of pains you have been taking, I am afraid to little purpose, to convince the ladies that in matters of dress the ladies ought to adhere to simplicity, and see with their own eyes. Why man, don’t you know that fashion is the sworn foe to simplicity, and the ladies the sworn subjects of fashion? Don’t you know that they cannot, if they would, see with their own eyes? They are obliged to see with the eyes of those mantua-makers and milliners I spoke of before, who compel them to adorn or deform themselves just as they please, and violate or obey the laws of order and congruity, just as it happens to suit the high will and pleasure of those sovereigns and despots.”

“Nay, now, Mr. Darnly, you are growing quite scurrilous. But we have said enough in favour of the mantua-makers and milliners, and if you are not satisfied, I will ask you a question or two, Mr. Darnly. Suppose you were to build a house, would you let about it yourself? Would you not rather consult, and even employ one of those artificers or surveyors, who by having devoted their whole lives, their time, talents, and attention to building, may be supposed much better qualified for the work than you can possibly be yourself? And if you employed such a person, would you not expect that he would build the house pretty nearly as the houses are built in the modern taste, excepting only the circumstances of size, and elegance, which might depend on your ability, and on the purposes for which the house was intended?”

“Yes, Clarinda, I fancy I might do all this——”

“Very well — and pray do we act any more absurdly by employing these man’ua-makers and milliners to make the furniture of our persons; since, besides the advantage of having them better made than we could make them ourselves, we have the agreeable reflection, that we are giving bread to thousands of our own sex, for whom the world has provided no other trade or employment, and whose circumstances will not permit them to live in idleness. Should not this, Mr. Darnly, in some degree atone for our frequent whims, vanities, and changes of fashion in dress?”

“Ay, Madam, there your strongest plea is; the fatal necessity imposed on the one half of mankind to be extravagant and foolish on purpose to provide for the other.”

“But why *fatal* necessity, Mr. Darnly?”

“Ay, Mr. Darnly,” said Charles “why fatal necessity?” For my part, I see no fatality in the case. If women dress better than they can afford, and continue to do so notwithstanding a consciousness of their inability to pay; there is a fatality, if you please, or an infaturation in their conduct. But I know of no honest employment that can be said to succeed in the world by a *fatality*.”

“Right, Charles,” added Elvira; “we must make Darnly take back his fatal epithet. — What! I suppose he means that we should dress, that is to say, put on a certain quantity of linen vestments for no other purpose but to prevent our catching cold. Perhaps he may say, this was the only original intention for dress; but there, Mr. Darnly, you and I cannot agree. I believe there were coquets in dress in very ancient times.”

“If indeed,” rejoined Charles, “Mr. Darnly is of opinion that we ought to wear no more articles of dress than are absolutely necessary, he would I am afraid not only banish Luxury (which, to say the truth, a happy people might very well do without) but even industry, for what is the industry of the whole manufacturers and mechanics of this kingdom, employed in doing? Why, in providing for that extra-consumption of the articles they manufacture, which he thinks we ought not to use. If this plan of œconomy were to be adopted, one manufacturer would be quite sufficient where we now have a thousand, and one shop where we have a hundred, to supply all the *necessaries*. And yet, let me see—ha! ha! ha! I don’t think after all that Mr. Darnly is a practitioner according to his own system, for those, if you please to observe ladies, are not the buckles he had yesterday, and I fancy that if instead of those laced ruffles he substituted plain ones, he would not find them less adapted to “keep out the cold.”

Nay, Mr. Darnly, what do you think of no ruffles

ruffles at all?—Ladies, do favour us with your opinion; don't you think Mr. Darnly might be dressed much more simply, in compliance with his plan?"

"O! no doubt—no doubt—"

"Well — Ladies — enjoy your laugh," answered Mr. Darnly, "for you have all along been speaking of the sentiments of another person and not mine. You have been laughing at another and not me. I dropt one unfortunate word, which you first misapprehended, then tortured into a thousand shapes to serve the purposes of defending an argument which I never meant to oppose, and opposing a plan which I never meant to bring forward. However, you are welcome to make what you can of my dress. But, by your leave, you, madam Clarinda have artfully shifted the subject of simplicity in dress, which I think has not received its full discussion, unless you will allow, that in many cases, you allow yourselves to be too much swayed by an absurd fashion introduced by—I will not say, mantua-makers and milliners—but by 'tis no matter who—it shall have dropped from the clouds if you will—yet to that absurd fashion, as a standard, how eagerly do you croud, and how firm your allegiance!—for a few weeks, after which that which was pleasing, elegant, becoming, tasteful, is pronounced to be horrid, frightful, abominable, and shocking. These, I believe are the gentlest of the epithets bestowed on a cast-off cap."

"Well, to please you, we will allow, that many of our sex do not judge so much for themselves as they ought to do; but you see it is all "for the good of trade!"

"And there, ladies, is your best plea. The world is overgrown; there are more people in it than could be provided for, if the rich contented themselves with the bare necessities of life. Thousands and tens of thousands would starve, or emigrate, were this to be the case. But lest I should, by saying so, be considered as an advocate for luxury, I shall (by way of concluding this conversation, for it grows late) state to you in as few words as possible, my notion of the duty of the female sex with respect to dress.—In the first place, whatever be the reigning fashion, let every woman dress according to her fortune—I would perhaps

absurd, nay infamous, in a shopkeeper to get into debt by following such an example. If an attention is paid to our fortune, in matters of dress, many incongruities will be prevented: a servant girl may think she has a right to wear precisely the same cap as her mistress, because she happens to have a guinea in her pocket to pay for it. But no one can doubt that she has mistaken *power* for *right*. I paid my footman his wages to-day: who would not account him a madman were he to buy a pair of point ruffles with it?

"Secondly; let it be remembered that, as the ornamenting the person is no crime, it ought to be done with an eye to that simplicity which is the chief ornament of all the works of nature and art. The love of simplicity banishes all that is tawdry, all that is gaudy, superfluous, and glaring. Let your dress, Clarinda, which I acknowledge, corresponds with my idea of simplicity and neatness, be compared with the dress of a figurante in a dance at the Opera House, and the contrast will very strongly appear, yet the Frenchwoman thinks she is absolutely *killig* in the latter.

"Lastly, I wish the whole sex to be continually impressed with the idea that ornament is not the great business of life, that beauty is not a permanent possession, that age and ugliness will come on in spite of all our art, and that nothing can prevent the decrepitude of the one, nor the appearance of the other, but that virtue which never dies, and that sweetness of temper which for ever gives beauty. It may be necessary so to comply with the fashions, as not to discover the pride of singularity; but to be the slave of foppery in dress, to consider it as the great duty of life, in a word to value ourselves upon it, is unworthy of a rational creature. Youth is the season most fitted for receiving ornament from dress; but when age comes on, when disease hints to us that the world and its supports are decaying, *then* to affect the ornaments of youth is monstrous folly, and most preposterous affectation."

After this didactic conclusion of the subject, the company departed, not a little pleased that a subject which would in some places have created divisions and animosities, was discussed, as far as time and abilities would permit, with that good-humour and

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

(Continued from Page 436.)

Tuesday, April 14, 1789.

THE House met pursuant to adjournment.

The Lord Chancellor informed the house, that in pursuance to its order, he had transmitted the address of thanks to the Prince of Wales, for his answer to their Lordships address to his Royal Highness.

Lord Mountmorres asked, in what manner this address of thanks had been conveyed?

The Lord Chancellor replied, that he had sent it by the Yeoman Usher, or Deputy Black Rod, in which he had adopted the mode pursued by the Commons, who had dispatched its Deputy Serjeant at Arms with the address.

Lord Mountmorres rose to make a motion, which had been announced relative to the vote of censure upon the Lord Lieutenant. According to the precedents upon the Journals, addresses to the King only had been transmitted thro' the Lord Lieutenant; this had been the regular practice since 1715; before that period addresses to the King had been rare, unless upon extraordinary events.

Addresses to subjects had uniformly been transmitted by letter from the Speaker; of these he cited the only five instances which appeared upon the Journals.

The 7th of December, 1661, a letter, containing a vote of congratulation to the Duke of Ormond on his appointment, was sent by Dr. Westly, an assistant of the house.

The 6th of March, 1661, it was ordered that a letter should be sent by the Deputy Clerk to thank the Duke of Ormond for his services on the Act of Settlement. The Duke was then nominated to be Lord Lieutenant, but had not been sworn into that office; the parliament met under Lords Justices, but no application had been made to them to transmit these addresses.

A vote of thanks to the Chancellor, Lord Nottingham, the 20th of December, 1662, was likewise sent from the Speaker for similar services.

On the 24th of October, 1692, a vote of thanks to the parliament of England, for the reduction of Ireland, was sent; after enquiry on the mode of transmission in a committee, from the Chancellor to the two Speakers in England.

Two letters of thanks relative to the appointments of the Duke of Ormond, in 1703 and 1711, were not transmitted.

ly—by the Lord Lieutenant—by Commissioners—by the Serjeant at Arms; which last had been transmitted to Lord Southampton, and then directly to the Prince of Wales, as was the intention of the house. Of the seasonableness of the motion alone, he was doubtful; nor could he form any judgment of the compositions and reconciliations that had been made with undertakers in parliament. Many Lords more in the confidence of administration might mark whether it was seasonable or not. After mentioning the votes of thanks to Lord Rodney and General Elliot, &c. in 1783, which had been sent by letter, he concluded with the following motion:—"That a committee should be appointed to search for precedents relative to the proper methods of transmitting addresses and votes of thanks from this house;" and his Lordship justified it by the proceedings on Mr. Hastings's trial, and various other examples, on the Journals of the Lords of England.

Lord Caryfort paid many compliments to the labour and industry of the noble Viscount. He thought the motion was unnecessary; he believed the noble Lord himself had exhausted the subject, and it would be superfluous to fatigue the house with an enquiry, for which there was no pressing occasion. He was sensible of the very honourable services of the noble Lord, and of his kind expressions to the Viceroy, to whom he was so nearly allied; but he wished that matters might not be revived which might create animosities, upon subjects which at present prudence required should sleep in oblivion.

Lord Mountmorres rejoined, that the motion was indifferent to him, whether it was affirmed or negatived. He reminded the noble Lord of a reply that was made by Mr. Harward, who had been a candidate for preterment, to his maternal uncle, the late Duke of Bedford, when he asked him his opinion upon a political question, "My Lord, I am no judge." He could not form any idea how far the motion was convenient, as he was not possessed of secret communications; he trusted the sessions would not be wasted by a dispute for places and employments; but he should for one, as a friend to his country, endeavour to revive and reanimate an unimportant session, by some important propositions for the advantage of the people.

The motion passed in the negative.

The Lords were summoned for next day, on a difficulty that arose on the orders of the house not being complied with, in a cause about the interchange of cases.

Then the house adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Continued from Page 436.)

Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council, do wait on his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, to know when he will be pleased to receive the same.

The house, according to order, resolved itself into a committee of the whole house, to take into consideration the granting of a further supply to his Majesty.

The Right Hon. John Monck Mason in the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the usual resolutions for the support of the several branches of the military establishment for ten months, ending the 25th day of March, 1790; which were all agreed to.

Mr. Pery, after stating the very great trouble which the Right Hon. Gentleman then in the chair had, in being chairman of the different committees of accounts, supply, and ways and means, and also in framing the different money bills, which had now increased to 13 in number, and paying a compliment to his very proper conduct in the chair, and to the amiability of his private character, moved, that the sum of 500*l.* be granted to the Right Hon. John Monck Mason, chairman of the committees of accounts, supply, and ways and means, for his services during this session.

Mr. Pery observed, that in Great Britain the chairman of these committees was amply rewarded for his trouble; and he understood, that in another house of parliament, a noble Lord was voted annually the sum of 1400*l.* for being chairman of the committees. He trusted that there would be but one opinion in the house on the subject.

Sir Henry Cavendish seconded the motion; he bore testimony to the services of the Right Hon. Gentleman who was the object of the resolution; and as it was only a just reward for acknowledged services which had been done, and as it by no means militated against the principle of the resolution which he had brought forward the day before, he perfectly coincided in the motion made by the hon. Gentleman.—The resolution was agreed to *nem. con.*

Mr. Grattan moved, that the sum of 200*l.* be granted to Thomas Lefrange, Esq. Deputy Sergeant at Arms, for his trouble in going to London with the address of thanks of this house to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for his Royal Highness's gracious answer to the address of both houses of parliament.—Unanimously agreed to.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that a sum not exceeding the sum of 253,283*l.* be granted to his Majesty for the support of the military establishment of this kingdom, to the 25th of March, 1790.—Resolution agreed to; and on the house being resumed,

Mr. Mason said, he was ready to report the resolutions of the committee, whenever the house would be pleased to receive the same.—Ordered that the said report be received to-morrow.

Read a second time, the revenue bill, which was committed for Friday.

Sir Henry Cavendish moved, that the proper officer do lay before the house, the names of such persons to whom parliamentary grants have been made during this session, and who

are not servants of the house.—Ordered accordingly.

Sir F. Flood moved, that the Treasurer and Receiver of the tolls of the road leading from Naas to Maryborough, be ordered to attend at the bar of this house.

On the Chancellor of the Exchequer handing Sir Frederick a letter to read, by which it appeared that the Treasurer is at present ill, he consented to postpone the motion for a few days.

Sir J. Blaquiere presented an account of the sums collected and disbursed by the paving board.

Ordered to lie on the table.

Sir H. Cavendish said, that in consequence of the conversation of yesterday, on the subject of the reduction of the interest of money, he had spoken to several gentlemen who were friends to the principle of reducing the interest of money, and who supported that principle in the last session; the result of which was, that it was agreed not to take up a measure of that nature this session of parliament.

Mr. Secretary Hobart moved for leave to bring in a bill for preventing mutiny and desertion.—Leave given.

Mr. Moore, after stating the advantage which the counties of Tipperary and Waterford derive from the navigation of the river Suir, presented a petition from the grand jury of the county of Tipperary and the inhabitants of the town of Clonmel, praying for an act to enable them, by presentments, to make and keep in repair a towing path from Clonmel to the town of Carrick on Suir. The petition was received, read, and on the motion of Mr. Moore, referred to a committee.

Mr. Serjeant Toler, Mr. Cahan, Sir Thomas Osborne, and Mr. Holmes, spoke on the subject of the petition.—At six o'clock the house adjourned to next day.

15.] The Right Hon. Mr. Mason reported from the committee of supply.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the said report be received by a committee of ways and means to-morrow.—Ordered.

Mr. Grattan moved, that the proper officer do lay before the house a list of the preventing surveyors appointed by government for the suppression of private distilleries; the reports whereon that establishment was grounded, and the amount of the salaries and other expenses attending the same.—Ordered.

Mr. W. Pontonby said, the persons who contracted for building mail coaches, as also those who had agreed to run those coaches from Dublin to Belfast, had so far performed their agreement as to commence their experimental journeys; but unfortunately the roads were in such a state as by no means to admit of the expedition wherewith it was proposed they should travel; the contractors for the Cork road stood in a similar predicament. He held in his hand a petition from the latter, which he asked leave to present to the house.

Lord Kilwarlin stated his objection to the passage of the mail coaches toll free through the turnpikes on the Northern road, as extremely injurious to the fund arising from that tax. He said if it was permitted, the trustees of that road would never be able to pay off the arrears of the debt.

debts contracted. That as the mail coaches would go to explode post-chaise travelling, it would of course destroy the principal source of the turnpike fund.

Mr. Ponsonby argued, that as the carts which at present conveyed the mails passed toll free, no difference could possibly arise to the fund from their being conveyed in a coach.

The petition was received, and ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. J. Wolfe presented a petition from the high sheriff and grand jury of the county Kildare, stating the injury arising from the want of proper bounds and restrictions in the persons licensed to sell malt and spirits in that country, and praying the interference of parliament in the enacting some proper regulations.

The petition being received, Mr. Wolfe moved that it be referred to the committee on the revenue bill.—Ordered.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved to revive the order of the house for considering the application of the tillage duties, and for the whole house in committee to take the same into consideration to-morrow.—Ordered.

Mr. Grattan presented a bill for the better securing the freedom of elections for members to serve in parliament, and for preventing revenue officers from voting therein, which being received, and read a first time, Mr. Grattan moved for the second reading on Tuesday next.—Ordered.

Mr. Mason moved, that the bill be printed for the previous perusal of the members.—Ordered.

The house adjourned till to-morrow.

16.] House in a committee of supply. Mr. Mason in the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer having proceeded a considerable way in moving for the several branches of revenue duties which were agreed to, moved that Mr. Mason do leave the chair, report progress, and ask leave to sit again to-morrow. He stated as his reason for this motion, that he intended to-morrow to propose a new tax on the admission of barristers and attorneys, and it was his wish to give timely notice, in order that gentlemen might have time to consider the matter, and be prepared to offer their objections, if any seemed necessary. He said the measure had been suggested to him by several gentlemen of character in the respective professions, and he adopted it on their representation, rather as a measure of regulation, than a principle of taxation.

Mr. J. Wolfe rose to enquire how the tillage duties were to be appropriated?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that matter should be fully explained, when the business came before the house.

Mr. Grattan desired to know to what purpose the additional tax on the admission of attorneys and barristers was to be applied?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to the increase of the national revenue.

Mr. Grattan was against the measure of extending taxation without specifying some purpose of appropriation, as repugnant to propriety, and to the line professed by the hon. Gentleman himself.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared it was not his wish to increase taxation, and if gentlemen were averse to the measure when it came before the house, he would most readily withdraw it. There had been frequent and general complaints of the ill consequence of irregularity in the admission of improper persons, and he had heard from professional gentlemen, since he came into the house, that the want of regulation was an intolerable grievance.

The chairman then put the question on the Chancellor's motion, which was carried nem. con. and the house being returned, reported progress, and obtained leave to sit to-morrow.

Sir H. Haristonge presented a petition from the grand jury of the county Limerick, stating, that a Clergyman in that county, who had abjured the Romish communion, and embraced the Established Religion, some years, had not received any provision in the diocese, though promised by the Bishop;—and therefore praying that the grand jury might be empowered to appropriate the sum of 40l. per ann. appointed by law for Romish Clergymen conforming to the Established Church, until such time as they should be otherwise provided for.

The Hon. D. Browne objected to the reception of the petition, as vesting a discretionary power injurious to the inhabitants of the county at large. He recollected in the county that he represented, 40l. to be granted almost every assizes, for some years, for similar purposes, and said it was an encouragement to impostors, as any ruffian, be his morals ever so depraved, who could procure an ordination in the Church of Rome, had only to conform and become a tax upon the inhabitants of a county.

Mr. W. B. Ponsonby said it was a motion to which the faith of the public was pledged—a premium for conformation, and the encouragement of the Protestant Religion, and ought therefore to be provided for.

Mr. Mason submitted to his Hon. Friend (Sir H. Haristonge) whether a bill was not necessary on the occasion?

Sir Harry then moved for leave to bring in a bill.

Sir E. Crofton objected to the introduction of a bill, as looking like acknowledging a breach of faith in the house; he thought the provision might be made without a bill.

Mr. Bushe thought the number of applicants in this way very confined, and not of such importance as to create any claim on the score of national expence. In the county where he resided, there had been but one in the last twenty-five years.

Mr. Browne said, though that had been the case in the county where the Hon. Gentleman resided, it was extremely different in that which he lived in, as 40l. was granted almost every assizes, but at least 60l. per ann. on an average for several years. The law on this subject he observed would expire in two years, and he therefore submitted whether it was worth while to introduce a particular bill, when by a new law at the consummation of that time, some general principle might be adopted.

Sir H. Haristonge withdrew his motion.

House then resolved into a committee on the application of the tillage duties, Mr. Marcus Beresford in the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer apprised the house, that he was about to lay down an entire new system. It was his wish to provide efficiently for the different purposes which appeared to merit national encouragement, and for which claims had been lodged before and acceded to by the house, and to which the tillage duties thereto appropriated were totally insufficient.—The sum of money for the grant of which he was now about to move, would, he trusted, be amply sufficient to all the purposes which the house had thought proper to patronise. Though he despaired of being able to satisfy the whole number of claimants that might possibly appear, the great principle he wished to lay down with regard to the navigations, in aid of which claims should come before parliament, was that no public money should be granted until a greater sum had been expended or actually embarked by the proprietors or such works; a former proposal had been made, he observed, for the undertakers of such works to receive from parliament one proportion in six of the amount of their estates.

That which he was about to propose offered one in three; there were already granted from the tillage duties 8000*l.* per annum for eight years to come, but from the portions in which it was necessary to divide this sum, it was in fact thrown away, as the works of each went out of repair before sufficient support was attained to conduct them. He therefore thought that by granting a sufficient sum at once to government, and giving them the direction of appropriating such sums as should appear to be necessary, the end would be more effectually answered. He expatiated on the great utility of Canal conveyance, professed that he did not offer the measure as his own, nor as that in which the crown could be interested, but as a measure of national utility, and if the house did not concur in the principal of the system, he would most readily withdraw it.

He then proceeded to state the purport of the resolutions he was about to propose to the committee.—He thought the sum of 8000*l.* annually arising from the tillage duties wholly inefficient. He said the estimates already submitted to the house on claims for inland navigations amounted to 551,000*l.* There were since come in other claims amounting to 38,000*l.* more, making in all 59,000*l.* He therefore thought 200,000*l.* would be adequate to every claim, and he would state resolutions for the appropriation to the following purport:

1. That the amount of the tillage duties being inefficient, they cease from the 24th of June next, and that debentures be issued to the amount of 200,000*l.* bearing an interest of 4*l.* per cent. per ann. for the same purpose.

2. That no subscribers in any navigation be entitled to receive any grant from this fund until they have first deposited at the National Bank a proportion of one-third of the amount of the estimate for conducting such work, or actually prove the expenditure of that sum, within six months from the 24th of June next; and after having received of the public money one-third

of the said estimate for the current expences for the year, not to be allowed any further grant till they have proved the expenditure of a third.

3. That no higher toll than one halfpenny per ton per mile be demanded for the conveyance of goods carried on any branches of navigation adjoining the Grand Canal.

4. That no greater an amount than 25,000*l.* per annum be issued in debentures, which is in proportion to a public expenditure of 5000*l.* annually.

5. That all the surplus over and above the charges on the sum of 200,000*l.* should be appropriated at the discretion of the house, to the purposes of inland navigation.

6. That this fund remain open until the 25th of March next, and that the Treasurers and Vice-Treasurers of the tillage duties be empowered to appropriate the balance in their hands, and the arrears due thereon, to the 24th June next, in discharge of all claims, debts, and arrears thereon, and that they be empowered to issue debentures at 4 per cent. for such deficiency of such claims and arrears which their balances shall be insufficient to discharge.

The system was agreed to without any objection to the general principle.

Some objection was made to the wording by Mr. Griffith, in relation to the resolution which limits the fund to the 25th of March, 1790, which he considered too short a period for the disposal, and by Sir Lucius O'Brien, who joined in his idea.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer contended for the expediency of the period, but at length relinquished his idea, and Sir Lucius O'Brien moved, that instead of the 25th of March, 1790, the words "the first week of the sessions of parliament in the year 1791" be inserted. This amendment was adopted, and the chairman reported progress, asked leave to sit to-morrow, and the house adjourned.

18.] Mr. Grattan moved for leave to withdraw the bill for better securing the freedom of election of Members to serve in Parliament, by disabling certain officers employed in the collection or management of his Majesty's Revenue from giving their votes at such elections.—Leave given.

He then moved for leave to present another bill to the same effect, in a more proper form.—Leave given.

Mr. Grattan then presented the bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Tuesday next.

Mr. Grattan, after regretting the absence of an Hon. Friend of his, [Mr. Forbes] who was prevented by indisposition from attending in his place, and who had given notice, some time ago, of his intention to bring in such a bill, moved for leave to bring in a bill to disable any person who shall have in his own name, or in the name of any person or persons in trust for him, or for his benefit, any office or place of profit whatsoever under the Crown, created after a certain time, from being chosen a Member of, or from sitting or voting in the present or any future House of Commons which shall be hereafter summoned.—Leave given; and ordered, that the Right Hon. Mr. Grattan, Mr. Forbes, the Right Hon.

Hon. Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Hardy do prepare and bring in the same.

Chancellor of Exchequer presented great money bill—malt bill—stamp duty bill—and bill for granting to his Majesty certain duties, and rates upon postage and conveyance of all letters and packets within this kingdom; which were severally read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

Mr. M. Beresford brought up the Revenue bill, and on the Speaker putting the question, that the bill be engrossed,

Mr. J. Wolfe said, that he had a few days ago, presented to the House, a petition from the High Sheriff and Grand Jury of the County of Kildare, complaining of the indiscriminate grant of licences by the Commissioners of the Revenue, for the sale of spirituous liquors, and of the evil consequences arising therefrom; he therefore moved a clause founded on that petition, that no licence should be granted without a certificate, signed by two Magistrates, first being heard.

Mr. Buile was of opinion, that this would be giving too great a power to the Magistrates, and he instanced a case where a Justice of Peace had refused signing a certificate for twenty-seven publicans, without the least cause whatever.

Mr. Beresford said, several cases had occurred where publicans had been refused a certificate from the Magistrate, and on their applying to the Board for a special licence, in that case the Board always wrote to the Magistrate to know why he refused signing the certificate; and if it was a satisfactory one, the licence was withheld. He said the whole amount of special licences granted for these seven years past, was but eighty-two, in which were included thirty-one granted in the town of Downpatrick, where the Magistrate refused signing for no other reason than that he thought it was against his conscience. He here took an opportunity of defending the present system of law respecting the distilleries in this kingdom. He stated that the distilleries, which a few years ago produced but 63,000l., will this year produce a revenue of 175,000l.—and this he took from the average of the produce of the months of January and February last, which amounted to 44,000l. He said, that notwithstanding all the outcry and unmerited abuse constantly thrown out against the revenue code, the distilleries of this country were increasing to a very great and productive degree.

Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Alcock said a few words in reply.

The clause was negatived without a division.

Mr. Hartley mentioned the severity that the brewers of this city lay under from several obnoxious clauses in the revenue bill; he said it was their intention to have petitioned the House for a repeal of them, but they despaired of obtaining any redress, as their applications hitherto for relief were of no avail.

This called up Mr. Beresford, who said, that for his part, both as a Member of Parliament, a Commissioner of the Revenue, and as a Gentleman, he had ever treated the brewers of this city with proper respect. He went into a long and uninteresting detail of the brewing system; in the course of which he mentioned, that he was at one time considered by the brewers such a friend

to their business, that they not only voted him their thanks, but they also gave him their freedom of their Corporation in a gold box.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed.

20.] Mr. Mason reported from the Committee of ways and means to a Committee of the whole House.

Mr. Curran opposed the clause imposing an additional stamp duty of 5l. on the admission of attorneys and Barristers, as tending to create a tax useless to the revenue, as not productive of any sum that could be considered an object of revenue, and ineffectual as a regulation, in being too trivial to bar the admission of exceptionable persons. He said he well knew what had been the objects of Administration in this country, and that in the present it was very probable there were some persons who would think even the 500l. at which he averaged the amount of the proposed tax an object worthy of cavilling for—but for his own part, he was an enemy to the principle of the tax, as being too small to operate either in revenue or regulation, and if larger as unjust and oppressive.

Mr. G. Ponleuby wished to know how the tax was proposed to be applied?

Chancellor of Exchequer answered, that the appropriation must be regulated by the House. He had never considered any produce that could possibly arise as an object of revenue, but had merely proposed it in compliance with the wishes of persons eminent in the law, who seemed to think it necessary.

Hon. D. Browne was not friendly to the tax, he rose principally to reply to something which had fallen from Mr. Curran, which he conceived to be aspersive on the administration of the Marquis of Buckingham. He commented with some severity on the vein of irony and sarcasm which the hon. Gentleman was prone to indulge on this topic, and he defended the economy of the Marquis of Buckingham's official conduct, alledging that there had been more profusion in two months of the Portland administration than in the whole course of the Marquis's residence. Those matters generally found their way into the newspapers, were conveyed into the country, and created prejudices; he therefore thought it his duty to take care that such alledgements should not go unanswered.

The hon. Gentleman ought to be more guarded in his expressions; the people might be deceived by such assertions. To-morrow, he supposed, his words would blaze forth in some public paper, and the enormities of Government, would be magnified to the people.

Mr. Curran humorously observed, that it seemed as if there had been something in what he had offered, that went off like the report of a gun, and had alarmed the hon. Gentleman out of the subject in debate into a justification of the Marquis of Buckingham's economy, lest the subject should get into the papers. He said, if any thing which fell from him should find its way into those papers, he had no objection that the right hon. Gentleman's answer should be there annexed to it. He did not wish to attack his Excellency in his weak points, and on the present occasion had no such intention, nor did he conceive how the hon. Gentleman could think

an idea of extravagance in the Minister existed in his mind, when he was speaking of a paltry tax of 600*l.* per ann. he however promised the right hon. Gentleman, that if he lived but a few days longer, in that House he should bear such a train of shameful, unnecessary, and scandalous extravagance in that quarter, as would make him blush; he might however, have the consolation to sit in silence, and hear what it was impossible to defend.

Hon. D. Browne said a few words in rejoinder.

Question was put upon the clause, and carried without a division. Bill was gone through, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Mason reported from the Committee appointed to consider further application of the tillage duties.

Mr. Ponsonby rose to question the propriety of imposing an universal dock duty on all shipping that entered the port of Dublin.

Chancellor of Exchequer denied that there was any such intention either proposed or in contemplation, or that there had ever been such a subject mentioned—that grant was more an aid voted by the House to the construction of these docks under certain conditions; but not a title was mentioned of any such tax as that alluded to.

Mr. Hartley said, the merchants of Dublin certainly had no right to find fault with any grant the House might think proper to contribute toward such an undertaking; he however thought they would certainly consider such a tax as a general dock duty on all ships entering the harbour, without deriving any benefit from docks. They were under high duties already, and such a measure as this would certainly be considered unjust. He was however so well convinced that such a measure was not to be dreaded, that he would decline to present the petition then in his pocket against it, as unnecessary, he was persuaded, and opposition now would be combating a shadow.

Mr. Colville and Sir J. Blaquiere said a few words to the same purport.

Clauses were agreed to without amendment.

Proper officer presented amount of revenue salaries, contingencies, &c. for years 1784 and 1788; also, the account of places created and raised above salary of 100*l.* per ann. pursuant to

to serve in Parliament, by disabling certain officers employed in the collection or management of his Majesty's revenue, from giving their votes at such elections, and on the question being put that the bill be committed,

Mr. Copinger rose to oppose the commitment of the bill; he said the bill militated against every principle of justice, and against every principle of the constitution—it went to deprive a certain description of men of their right to franchise, without even a charge being brought against them; it was inflicting a punishment without even the form of a trial, which was not competent with any degree of justice; and this he considered as a violation of the great charter. He admitted that the law of Parliament constituted part of the law of the land, but Parliament was only vested with a delegated power. He here took a review of the several acts which passed in Great Britain, in 5th William and Mary, 11th and 12th of same, and 9th Anne, for disqualifying Revenue officers from voting at elections for Members to serve in Parliament:—having stated these acts, he contended that the situation of this country was totally dissimilar from that of Great Britain; in the one country such a bill might be necessary, but in this country it would be a bill of the highest injustice. He considered the bill as partial and unjust in the highest degree. He asked why were the rights of franchise to be withheld from Revenue officers, why not extend it to officers in the post office and other departments? He was ready to admit that a similar bill had passed this House in the session of 1782, but it was stopped in another House. He here bestowed the highest eulogium on the Commissioners of the Revenue, and he considered this as throwing a kind of stigma on them; he also looked on the bill as unconstitutional, and for these reasons he should give his decided negative to its commitment, at the same time he was ready to admit, that the Right Hon. Frazer of the bill had certainly brought it forward from the purest motives.

Mr. Grattan said, the bill went generally. He admitted, that it would be partial if it was confined to the exclusion of Revenue officers—but it went to officers in several other departments.

Mr. G. Ponsonby observed, that if the general wording of the bill was not sufficiently com-

Sublime and beautiful the structure stands,
And joy and reverence at once commands.
Thro' yonder window what a lustre springs,
Where Cherub forms display their dazzling wings!
How does the worthy worshipper rejoice,
When the grand Organ lifts its varying voice!
How sweet, to listen to the chiming bells,
Or when, at times, their pealing thunder swells,
What joy, to hear the loud tumultuous sound
From echoing walls and answering woods re-
bound!

Near to the church, an ancient fort is seen,
With a fine castle, and a bowling green.
From this fair fortress, look into the park,
What various beauties may you there remark,
The wood, the water, and the verdant ground,
Where lowing herds, and bleating flocks abound?
But special notice, does the hermitage,
A Sylvan amphitheatre I engage,
Where winding walks, and deep recesses run,
Maze within maze, impervious to the sun;
Like the fam'd labyrinth in days of yore,
Whence Ariadne her dear Theseus bore,
His way conducting by a secret clue:
What will not mighty love make mortals do?

Now to the town itself direct your eyes,
But can you do so without sweet surprise,
Such elegance in every quarter shines,
So fair the streets, so regular their lines?
The market area seems a perfect square,
Where can you breathe a more salubrious air?
With safety may you here pursue your way,
As well in bleak November, as in May;
As well when night in darkness wraps the world,
As when the beams of day around are burl'd:
No midnight miscreant here your purse demand,
Nor tempting Syren in your passage stand,
No broken pavement have you here to shun,
And lamps supply the absence of the sun.

Next let us view the stately mansion, where
Resides a Nobleman of virtues rare.
Not to rehearse, how in religion's dome
He holds sweet converse with the world to
come;

Not to relate, how with unwearied zeal
Still some new work he plans for public weal,
Nor by his means how such plantations rise,
That a new Tempe in the prospect lies;
Not to remark, how with his friends he shares
The genial banquet, and relieves their cares;
Nor less intent on charitable deeds,
How clothes the naked, and the hungry feeds:
Substantially humane, his tenants find
In him a landlord ever just and kind;
Like some great tree, that rears its honour'd
head,

And guards the plains by which its roots are fed.

Behind the house, improvements yet appear:
What end to beauty and enchantment here?
Come, let us round these walks, my charmer! go,
Survey the Sylvan steep, and lake below;
Look, in our progress, at the lawns and bowers,
The shapely hedges, and the smiling flowers;
With ever new delight, to hear the breeze
Blow soft and soothing thro' the rustling trees;
While, ever and anon, the turtle dove
Endears the landscape with the voice of love;
Then, passing onward thro' a depth of shade,
Hear the soft murmurs of the prone cascade.

Stay by these murmurs, till the Muse attends
The modest mansion of my dearest friends,
Which stands not far from hence, and long has
stood,

Beside this mill, beneath this waving wood;
There live my parents, and my brethren dwell,
And I, the least of all, the story tell:
Stay, till the Muse proclaims their honest praise,
Their humble lives adorning Wisdom's ways,
O may their lives no other picture shew,
And sweetest peace for ever may they know!

The dear excursion let us now renew,
And up that shady walk our way pursue,
When as a foil to gay scenes we come
To Cromlin, venerable for its gloom;
Once a repository for the dead,
Where many a son of care has laid his head.
Here let the proud, the giddy, and the vain,
With those who follow hard in Mammon's train,
Still as this solemn scene they chance to see,
Pause as they pass, and think on what shall be,
Their thought to true and heavenly wisdom bend,
And learn to love and meet their latter end.

As we proceed, imagination wades
Deep in the charms of these luxuriant shades;
At length, arriving at an upland green,
We pass reluctant from the charming scene.
But why our wonder or our praise confine?
Here heavenly graces in Lycoris shine.

Ye elegant abodes, enchanting bowers,
Scenes of my youth, and of my careless hours,
How can I thus your various charms commend,
And not take notice of my absent friend?
The learned Little, a profound Divine,
An Orator incomparably fine,
The sage Physician, and what yet bestows
A higher praise than from such titles flows,
The man of worth, whose kind instructive tongue
The noblest lessons taught me when but young,
As here together would we sometimes stray,
And he would deign to mark my future way.
Hence, my dear Doctor, shall I ever own
Thy generous friendship early to me shewn;
As grateful thus I pay thee honour due,
In scenes as fair as one might wish to view.

Yet must these scenes, however fair, decay,
And pass, like all terrestrial things, away.
Some careless ages more, and all is done,
Earth burning to the center, dark the sun!
All perishing but Virtue! Virtue lives,
And Nature's ruins gloriously survives.

*Verses by a distressed Author, on a miserly Person
who refused him a Dinner.*

SHUT, when we dine, good Betty, shut the
door,
Keep out all strangers, and keep off the poor;
Sure we've a right to eat our bread at ease,
To eat it when, and where, and how we please.
The frugal Dutch, from whom we ought to
learn,

Ne'er let folks eat the food they do not earn;
At times we may bestow, but then to such
As in return will give us thrice as much.
All good economists should fast in Lent,
And of their former gluttonies repent.
Man was not born to live on costly meat;—
We eat to live, and do not live to eat.

Then

Then cut that scrag of mutton, girl, in two,
 Why should we waste when half of it will do?
 Pray do not make your dumpling quite so large,
 You know I hate unnecessary charge;
 And since provisions are so very dear,
 Pray add half water to the *strong* small beer.
 And do not throw those whiting heads away.
 They'll serve to make us broth, some other
 day:

And, as you know I never read by night,
 A farthing candle gives sufficient light.
 Put out that fire: God bless us, what a light!
 'Twould make a bonfire on a Birth-day night.
 In all we do let prudence point the way,
 And make provision for a future day.
 I hate the Welsh, and all such squand'ring fools,
 Spendthrifts, and strangers to prudential rules.
 So the Hibernian, of his scanty fare
 Will give the hungry stranger half his share;
 Will ne'er against the traveller bar his door,
 But what Heav'n sends, divides it with the poor.
 So too the Highlander, when 'tis his lot
 To see some traveller approach his cot,
 Steps forth with hasty stride to meet his guest,
 And gives him part of what he is possess'd;
 But here, thank Heav'n, we all are wiser
 grown,
 And grasp tenaciously what is our own;
 For hospitality can do no good,
 It pampers fools, and gives the lazy food.
 Our charities, we are in Scripture told,
 Will be restor'd to us an hundred fold;
 I'll not the truth of holy writ deny,
 But let those give who have more faith than I;
 Lest we again return, with grief and shame,
 Back to that poverty from whence we came.

*Sonnet to the Memory of Falconer, Author of
 the Shipwreck.*

ILL-fated Bard marine, who strung the lyre,
 A chilling tale of sorrow to rehearse,
 In all the mournful melody of verse,
 Warm'd by a beam of true Mazonian fire;
 Well might the theme my tuneful breast inspire,
 Who felt the rage of Fate's most adverse hour,
 And saw grim Death's most drear terrific storm,
 Whilst struggling round thy gallant mates ex-
 pire.

Thy strains to distant times their names shall
 give;
 Snatch'd from oblivion's ever-dreaded gloom,
 Oh that my Muse could bid thy mem'ry live,
 And paint in verse like thine thy mournful
 doom (a),
 The plaintive strains with energy should flow,
 And sympathy unborn should melt at Falconer's
 woe.

J E A L O U S Y.

THOUGH roses round my temple twine,
 From the jolly god of wine;
 Though soft music floats around,
 Torture does my senses wound;

N O T E.

(a) It is said he was lost in the *Aurora* fri-
 gate going to the East Indies.

Though the roof with echoes ring,
 And pleasure soars on gilded wing,
 Yet her sounds no more can charm,
 Celia gives the dire alarm;
 Falshood's in the circling glass,
 When her name with wishes clasp,
 As we touch the mantling bowl,
 Damned horrors shroud my soul.

Stanzas by R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

I.

ASK'ST thou "how long my love shall
 stay,
 "When all that's new is past?"
 How long?—Ah! Delia, can I say,
 How long my life will last?
 Dry be that tear—he hush'd that sigh;
 At least I'll love thee till I die!

II.

And does that thought affect thee too,
 The thought of Damon's death!
 That he who only lives for you,
 Must yield his faithful breath!
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear!
 Nor let us lose our Heaven here!

Delia to Damon, in Answer to the above Stanzas.

I.

THINK'ST thou, my Damon, I'd forego
 This tender luxury of woe,
 Which better than the tongue imparts
 The feelings of impassion'd hearts?
 Blest, if my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that wait to love.

II.

Can true affection cease to fear?
 Poor is the joy not worth a tear!
 Did passion ever know content?
 How weak the rapture words can paint!
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that wait to love.

III.

The Cyprian Bird with plaintive moan
 Thus makes her faithful passion known;
 So Zeph'rus breathes on Flora's bowers,
 And charms with sighs the Queen of Flowers!
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that wait to love.

A Question Solved.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

VIRG.

PRAY, what is Love?" Sly Betty said,
 And laughing, look'd in Sandy's face:
 Her meaning all her eye display'd,
 And made the youth grow bold apace.

"Love is (said he) a freakish thing,
 Despotie o'er the tender heart;
 From diff'rent forms it gives the sting;—
 From yours I have receiv'd the smart!"

FOREIGN

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

Constantinople, July 9, 1789.

THE plague broke out again last week in the Naval Arsenal, and particularly in the quarter inhabited by the slaves and prisoners, and still continues: It also rages in a great degree at Smyrna.

Stockholm, August 4. Accounts received from Finland mention a very smart action which took place on the evening of the 20th of July, near Parkumaki, between the corps commanded by Brigadier General Steding, and the Russian troops under Lieutenant General Schulz, in which the Russians were forced to retreat, with the loss of two hundred killed, and between four and five hundred taken prisoners, with the cannon, ammunition and baggage.

Copenhagen, Aug. 6. The junction of the two Russian squadrons was effected between the islands of Christiansoe and Bornholm, the day after the division, which lay in Kioge Bay, and the Danish fleet had put to sea; and in the evening all the Danish ships returned to their former station at Kioge, and cast anchor this morning before Copenhagen.

Paris, Aug. 13. The unexampled violences every where committed in this country, though the capital at present enjoys a state of tranquility, have induced the necessity of putting the Provost law into immediate and full force, for the speedy execution of justice; and his most Christian Majesty's edict to that effect was yesterday registered in Parliament. The new code of municipal laws, comprehending the general Police of this city, is completed, and its operations are directed at the Hotel de Ville to begin from this day.

Sept. 6. The debates in the National Assembly, on Thursday and Friday, were not very interesting: the royal sanction to bills passed by the representatives of the nation, was still the principal question. A variety of new speakers appeared, but nothing new was offered on the subject. The general opinion was, that the King ought, in some degree, to partake of the legislative power—that he ought to have the right of approving or disapproving any law, of which he was to have the executive power.

For a long time the dispute was, whether the right should be absolute or suspensive: at length they found out that the effect would be nearly the same under both qualities, and being fairly tired with the dispute, they decided, that there was no need of any longer discussion, and therefore brought forward two other questions, which are now under debate, and are to be determined with the former. These questions are, the permanency of the National Assembly, and whether it shall be divided into two branches, or remain as at present in one body. The constitutions of England and America are brought as examples by the different parties; but by the ingenious sophistry of the disputants, are held up equally as proofs of perfection and of imperfection; one party supporting the House of Lords, as a just balance between the other parts of the English parliament, the other denouncing the Lords as venal, and totally under the power of the crown.

September, 1789.

The debate is yet too young to offer any decisive opinion on what it will amount to. The proposal of a Second Chamber, under the name of Senate, seems to have many protectors; but of whom, or in what manner that Senate should be formed, nothing has yet passed that can guide our opinion.

An ecclesiastic, named Gregoire, has made a motion in favour of the establishment of the Jews. The matter is referred to a committee.

Every thing seems quiet in this city. The Marquis de Huruges, who was the promoter of the late tumult, is arrested, and in prison:—the frequenters of the Palais Royal are frightened at it, and we hear no more of those who have, for some time past, excited such alarms.

The Countess of Artois left Versailles yesterday morning, about nine, in order to meet the Count at Turin.

Rome, Aug. 14. The French patriotic spirit has at length reached this place. The French Students here publicly wear the national cockade in their hats. The Cardinal de Bernis endeavoured to prevent this, but in vain.

Vienna, Aug. 15. His Imperial Majesty, as a mark of his approbation, has conferred on the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, the Great Cross of the Military Order of Maria Theresa, has sent a snuff-box, richly ornamented with diamonds, to the Russian General Suwarow, and has promoted several of the officers who had distinguished themselves in the late action.

The Prince of Saxe Cobourg has advanced his head quarters in Wallachia, between Fockichan and Rimnik.

19.] The departure of the Archduke Francis, and Field Marechal Comte de Pellegrini, for the army, is delayed yet. We are assured that the prospect of peace is at no great distance; the French Ambassador at this Court, has received intelligence from Constantinople, that the Porte begins to mollify, and that the Sultan Selim, and the new Grand Vizier are desirous of peace. The defeat of the Seraskier operates considerably in our favour, and inclines the Ottoman Court to listen to terms. The Emperor continues better.

29.] The Emperor was yesterday so much better as to have been able to remain out of his bed for more than two hours. As the environs of Luxembourg, and even the gardens of that Palace are entirely overflowed, in consequence of the present inundations, it is expected that his Imperial Majesty will return to this capital, as soon as he is able to bear the motion of a carriage.

Brussels, Aug. 18. The fermentation of this country increases every day. On the 14th inst. a tumult happened at Tournay, where a person having bought a considerable quantity of cotton at the market, was taken into custody as a monopolist. The alarm bell having been rung, the populace assembled, and pillaged five houses; but the few troop that were in town, assisted by the Bourgeois, and a party of the regiment of Murray, which had arrived from Mons, soon restored tranquility, though not without firing

R r r

upon the insurgents, by which five of them were killed.

A great number of young men having received passports from the Magistrates of this town, are gone towards the frontiers; but this morning orders are issued by the Government, to prohibit the Magistrates from granting any more passports unless to persons well known.

Hague, Aug. 21. Accounts have been received here from Leige, that on the 18th instant, a tumultuous assembly of the inhabitants of that city, and its district, had surrounded the palace of the Prince Bishop, and extorted his assent to different demands; one of which was, that the States General of that principality should be forthwith assembled.

An express arrived here also this morning from Maestrich, with intelligence that a body of several thousand rioters had assembled in the neighbourhood of Verviers, and had committed

various outrages; but it does not appear what was the immediate motive or pretext for this insurrection.

Madrid, Aug. 24. An edict of his Catholic Majesty has just been published here, by which the trade to the port of Manilla, hitherto confined to the Asiatic nations, is opened for the term of three years, to commence from the first of September, 1790, to the ships of all the European powers, which are allowed to carry thither any Asiatic produce (the importation of European goods in foreign bottoms remaining strictly prohibited) and to export from thence silver, and all Spanish merchandize, as well as such foreign articles as may have been conveyed to that port by the Philippine Company, on the same terms as this trade is permitted to the Asiatic nations.

Berlin, Sept. 1. His Prussian Majesty arrived this morning at Charlottenburgh from Silesia, in perfect health.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

August 15, 1789.

A Melancholy accident happened at the apartments of Signor Invetto, at the Grove Tavern in Bath, occasioned by some powder taking fire, which communicated to several pieces of fire works in the room, by the explosion of which his wife and son were instantaneously suffocated, and afterwards scorched so as to render them dreadful spectacles. This very ingenious foreigner was from home when the catastrophe happened—on his return, finding the situation of his wife and child, his agonizing feelings cannot well be described; whatever can be conceived of despair, frenzy, and horror, were depicted in his countenance. He has lost every thing he possessed in the world; but above all, what he prized superior to every other consideration: for he was exemplary in his attachments and duties as a husband and a father.

Brecon, Aug. 17.] Our calendar this session is of the blackest that appeared here for many years.—Lewis Lewis, one of the persons concerned in a murder perpetrated in October, 1784, has been convicted, and ordered to be hanged in chains.

It appears, that not contented with murdering the unfortunate man, the parties determined, as they thought, to avoid every possibility of a dis-

ed evidence against him; another was tried for sheep stealing; the father was reprieved from transportation last year; the uncle likewise; another uncle is on board a ship for Botany Bay; and the wife of the last was tried this session for the murder of a bastard child, since her husband was sent for transportation.

Plymouth Dock, Aug. 22.] This morning the King, with the Queen and three Princesses, left Saltram, on their return to Weymouth, after a stay of twelve days—during which their Majesties, accompanied by the Princesses, and attended by the Board of Admiralty, viewed the dockyard, the ships building and repairing, and those on float; went on board the Impregnable, a guard ship of 90 guns, and Royal Sovereign, a new ship of 100 guns, in ordinary, and proceeded to sea in the Southampton frigate (accompanied by the Magnificent of 74 guns) to review the squadron of evolution, under the command of Commodore Goodall, which was cruising in the offing.

His Majesty also inspected the Victualling Office, and afterward took a view of the citadel, gun wharf, and works on the heights near Canlan-bay, accompanied by the Master General of the Ordnance, and the Governor of the Garrison.

His Majesty's barge was constantly attended by

were manned with Blacks, dressed in white, with very handsome turbans.

Between the acts, the Southampton made the signal by the King's express order, for all cruisers; which was an intimation for Commodore Goodall and Captains to pay their respects to his Majesty; they did so, and were graciously received, and kissed hands of the King; this over, the Captains joined their respective ships, when the Squadron made sail; the Commodore drew out his ships in a good position, in a line a-head, and concluded the day with a very general salute; after which the Southampton and Magnificent stood in for the Sound, and the fleet tacked together, and laid their heads to the southward.

Their majesties did not land at Saltram till near eight o'clock at night; so that they were upon the water full eight hours.

His Majesty expressed the highest approbation of the good order and discipline of the fleet; of the excellent condition of the dock-yard, arsenals and garrison, and the regularity with which every thing was conducted; and shewed the utmost satisfaction at the demonstrations of loyalty and attention with which he was received by all ranks of people, who assembled in great numbers from every quarter to enjoy the happiness of seeing their Sovereign among them.

And his Majesty was also pleased to order the following sums to be distributed, viz.

To the artificers, workmen, and labourers of the dock-yard, victualling office, and gun-wharf, the sum of 1,000l.

To the poor of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Plymouth dock, 250l.

To the crews of his Majesty's barge, and of the several barges which attended upon him during his stay here, 200l.

York, Aug. 24.] His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Duke of York arrived on the Race-ground this day, about three o'clock, and were received by many thousands, with acclamations of real joy, and unfeigned affection. They came from Knavesmire in Earl Fitzwilliam's carriage; at Micklegate-bar the horses were taken from the carriage, and they were drawn by the populace with great eclat.

The following is a Copy of the Address from the Corporation of York, which has been presented to the Prince of Wales, with the Answer of his Royal Highness.

To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales.

May it please your Royal Highness,

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of York, animated with the most lively gratitude for the high honour conferred on this ancient city by your presence, beg leave to approach your Royal Person with the utmost respect and most cordial affection. This honour, Sir, is greatly increased by your Royal Highness being the only Heir Apparent to the Imperial Crown of this realm whom they have ever had the felicity personally to address.

They cannot resist the present favourable opportunity of expressing their just admiration of, and unfeigned acknowledgments for, the wisdom and moderation which so eminently distinguished the affectionate and princely conduct of your Royal Highness, in the most awful and trying

situation, when all men looked up to your Royal Highness for protection, with the fullest assurances of receiving it. And blessed as this kingdom hath been, by Divine Providence, in the happy recovery of our Most Gracious Sovereign (for whom they entertain the warmest sentiments of duty and loyalty) it is their fervent prayer, that when it shall please the Almighty to call his Majesty to a heavenly throne, your Royal Highness may succeed him in the hearts and affections of a free, brave, and loyal people, and long live to reign over them with the happiness and glory of a patriot king.

Your Royal Highness is respectfully entreated to permit your Royal name to be enrolled among the freemen of this ancient city, and to accept the freedom thereof, which is thus humbly offered for your Royal Highness's gracious reception.

His Royal Highness's Answer.

My Lord Mayor, and Gentlemen,

I thank you for your loyal and affectionate Address; and for the satisfaction which you express at my visit to the city of York.

It gives me very sincere pleasure, that my conduct has been properly understood by you; and that my opinions, as to powers necessary to have been trusted to me for the general welfare, have not been mistaken by the respectable Citizens of York for an extravagant lust of power; or an unbecoming haste to assume that Seat, which to be called to as late as possible, is the constant and warmest wish of my heart.—Impelled by these sentiments, I must above all other rejoice in that happy event which is the subject of your joyful congratulations; and which touches my feelings not more as an affectionate son, than as the person the most interested in every thing which concerns the prosperity and happiness of the Realm.

I with pleasure accept the freedom of this ancient city, and your offer of enrolling my name among its citizens.

30] It is needless to say how much the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has contributed to the hilarity of our races. Every place of public entertainment has been honoured with his attention, and his engaging affability charmed every one around him.

On Saturday Mr. Wentworth's Clown being the only horse entered for the Ladies' Plate, his Royal Highness was informed that it was the market-day, and consequently that a great number of the neighbouring country people would be present, was pleased to give a Handicap Plate of 50l. which afforded excellent sport, and gave the honest Yorkshiremen a full opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, for which they expressed their gratitude by incessant acclamations.

Earl Fitzwilliam also complimented the public with a plate of similar value, which was warmly contested, and won with the greatest difficulty by the Prince of Wales's Tot.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, who has been much indisposed since his arrival, supposed from the fatigue of the journey, and the subsequent one to Plymouth we are happy to assure the public, was so much recovered as to be able to take an airing this day; and there is every reason to hope, he will be sufficiently well

well to join his brother to-morrow, on his return from Castle-Howard to Wentworth-house.

The Prince opened the ball on Friday evening with Lady Mexborough; and Mrs. Baker had the honour of dancing country dances with his Royal Highness.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales danced on Tuesday evening with Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to Earl Fauconberg, and Lady to the heir of the noble house of Norfolk.

His Royal Highness dined on Friday at the mansion house and was very much pleased with the sumptuous entertainment provided for him by the Magistrates. The Prince breakfasted with Mr. Jolliffe, member of Parliament, at Nun Monkton.

The Duke of York, to the great happiness of the Prince, and all the Visitors, is now happily recovered.

Weymouth, Sunday, Sept. 6.] It had been long in contemplation with his Majesty to go on board the *Magnificent*, in Weymouth-road, to hear Divine Service performed; but from a variety of circumstances, he had never succeeded in his wishes till to-day: when the whole of the Royal family, with a respectable suite of nobility, did the *Magnificent* the honour of their attendance to the church; for which purpose a trifling alteration in the construction of a man of war church was adopted.

The usual ceremony took place on the royal barge heaving in sight—that of manning the yards, and on his approach cheering. The marine forces welcomed them both in and out of the ship, with the grenadiers march, and a better company of men we never saw. The King was very much satisfied, as well with the soldier-like appearance of the guard, as well with the cleanliness and orderly behaviour of all the men.

The King, Queen, and their amiable daughters occupied the starboard side, under the quarter deck awning. The larboard part contained the Nobles; in the centre of the quarter deck sat the officers of the ship, and behind them was placed the ship's company, and marines, who formed themselves into a crescent: ensigns of different sorts were hung round the deck; this disposition of the congregation took place when their Majesties were seated, which was near eleven o'clock. The great uniformity observed on this nouvelle occasion, was awful, and did much credit to every man on board; the Sovereign himself could not but feel the full force of it. The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Clifton, chaplain to the *Goliath*, but at present doing duty on the *Magnificent*, who delivered an excellent discourse on the occasion.

As soon as the service was over, their Majesties went forward to the clergyman and thanked him for his sermon, hoped he was not too much fatigued, with numberless other marks of condescension; and the Queen expressed her wish to have the sermon transcribed, and sent to her.

The Royal Family soon quitted the quarter deck for a substantial repast in the cabin, where they partook of some refreshment.

At two o'clock his Majesty desired his boat might be manned, when the same etiquette took place as on his arrival. The Royal Family's

engaging manner, outdid to-day, if possible, all their former marks of affability. In the evening they went to the rooms, and continued till half past nine.

7.] Their Majesties visited Milton Abbey at 12 o'clock, and were received at the entrance by Lord Milton and Miss Damer. Green baize was spread from the carriage to the house strewn with flowers. After taking some refreshment, her Majesty, the Princess Royal, Lady Courtoun, and Miss Damer, got into an open carriage, drawn by six grey ponies, mounting three postillions. The Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, with the Ladies Walgrave, accompanied them in the same kind of vehicle. His Majesty, Lord Milton, and attendants, rode on horseback. They went round the grounds, and viewed the surrounding country. The company returned about four o'clock to dinner, which was sumptuous and elegant, and worthy the Royal guests. Their Majesties, &c. left the lodge at nine, well pleased with their visit, the hospitality and loyalty of their reception, and the beauty and elegance of the mansion and surrounding country.

8.] This morning his Majesty bathed, and after breakfast took an airing on horseback.

The Royal Family are in their usual health and spirits, and still continue their relish for the country and its amusements.

9.] Earl Fitzwilliam gave his magnificent fete at Wentworth House. Nothing could be more superb and sumptuous than the whole of the arrangements. It was in the true style of ancient English hospitality. His gates, on being honoured with the presence of the Heir Apparent, were thrown open to the loyalty and love of the surrounding country; and not fewer than forty thousand persons were entertained in his noble park. The scale of entertainment may be imagined, when we state, that in the course of the day his abundance supplied not less than fifty-five hogheads of ale. The diversions, consisting of all the rural sports in use in that part of the kingdom, lasted the whole day; and the Prince, with the nobility and gentry, who were the noble Earl's guests, participated in the merriment.

The company in the house were about 200, and they comprehended all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood, without distinction of party. The dinner was in the highest style of magnificence, and the fete concluded with a ball.

In coming to town from Wentworth House, the Prince of Wales encountered an alarming accident, but which, providentially, was attended by no ill consequence. About two miles on the other side of Newark, a cart crossing the road struck the axle-tree of the Prince's coach, and overturned it. It was on the verge of a slope, and the carriage fell a considerable way, turned over twice, and was shivered to pieces. There were in the coach with his Royal Highness, Lord Clermont, Colonel St. Leger and Warwick Lake, Esq. Two of the Prince's servants were on the box.

We rejoice to be able to say, that the Prince received little injury. He suffered only a slight contusion in the shoulder, and his wrist was sprained. His Highness was undermost in the first fall, and by the next roll of the carriage was brought uppermost, when he, with his usual ac-

tivity and presence of mind, disengaged himself, and was the first to disengage and rescue his fellow travellers. Lord Clement was the most hurt. He is much wounded in the face, and is otherwise so severely bruised, that he was obliged to remain at Newark. The other gentlemen were like the Prince, fortunate enough to escape with little hurt.

B I R T H S.

July 6. HER Catholic Majesty, of a Princess. 1789. **H**—27. Lady Melbourne, of a daughter at her house in Piccadilly—**August 4.** The lady of Lieutenant-general Hale, at his seat in Yorkshire, of a son, being her one and twentieth child.—14. The right hon. the Countess of Glasgow, of a son.—The lady of Sir John Thorold, Bart. at Sytton Park, Lincolnshire, of a son.—17. The lady of Richard Aidworth Neville, Esq. of a son, at his seat at Stanlake, in Berkshire.

M A R R I A G E S.

CAPTAIN Carol, of the 5th regiment of dragoons, to Miss Delacour, of Port Arlington.—Charles Drummond, Esq. of St. James's-square, to Miss Lockwood, of Portman square.—The hon. Colonel Fane, to Miss Lowe.—Michael Angelo Taylor, Esq. member for Poole, to Miss Vane.—**July 29.** At Margate, Mr. Tomlin, jun. of North Down, to Miss Cramp, with a fortune of at least 60,000*l.* Taking their ages together, two and thirty will be the amount.—**August 3.** By special license, at the house of John Stanley, Esq. member of parliament for Halting, in Queen Ann-street, Cavendish square, the hon. Wm. Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford, to Miss Boucher, daughter of the late Henry Boucher, Esq. of St. Christopher's.—6. At the Countess of Errol's, Charles Cameron, Esq. banker, in London, to the right hon. lady Margaret Hay, dau. to the late Earl of Errol.—7. By special license, by the reverend Robert Palk Welland, A. M. Fellow of Exeter college, Oxford, at Lady Darnley's, in Berkley-square, Lawrence Palk, Esq. member of parliament for Ashburton, and only son of Sir Robert Park, Bart. to Lady Eligh.—10. At Greenwich, Charles Stirling, Esq. of the royal navy, youngest son of Sir Wm. Stirling, to Miss Charlotte Grote, second dau. of the late Andrew Grote, Esq. of Blackheath.—Sir Patrick Blake, Bart. of Langham-hall, Suffolk, to Miss Phipps, of Bury.—Lately, at Linz, in Upper Austria, George Sheldon, Esq. to the Countess Dowager of Daun, daughter of

Charles Prince of Aversperg, and widow of Leopold Count Daun, Count of the sacred Roman Empire, and Prince of Tiano, in Naples, and son of Field Marshall Count Daun.—13. By special license, at the seat of Thomas Powy, Esq. of Lillford, Northamptonshire, Christopher Neville, Esq. to Miss Mann, niece to the late hon. Sir Horace Mann.

D E A T H S.

DAVID Ross, Esq. secretary of the general post-office, Edinburgh.—The Countess of Lauderdale.—John Rotherham, M. A. rector of Houghton le Spring, Durham.—Wm. Savage, Esq. of East-street, Red-lion square.—**July 16.** After a very short complaint in his chest, his Excellency the Marquis Caracciolo, prime minister and secretary of state of the Neapolitan kingdom. He had several times acted as ambassador in European courts, and lately was viceroy of Sicily.—**August 2.** On his return from Margate, Samuel Devy Liptrap, Esq. of Mile End, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex.—3. At his seat in Yorkshire, the rt. hon. Sir John Goodrick, of Rippon-hall and Bramham-park, in that county, Bart. member of parliament for the borough of Rippon, one of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, and formerly ambassador from this court to his Swedish Majesty.—6. Thursday night died the right hon. Dowager Lady Carbery, at her house in Chapel-street, Grosvenor square. By her death, a very large real estate devolves on her grandson, the present Lord Carbery, and a considerable personal estate to her Ladyship's only daughter, the hon. Mrs. Davy, of Suffolk.—7. The infant, seven weeks old, of Lady W. Wynne; and on Monday the body was removed from their house in St. James's-square, to Wynnslay, in Denbighshire, to be interred in the family vault with his father. The remains of the late worthy Sir Watkin Williams Wynne lay in state at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, in their way to the family vault, and there they were overtaken by the body of his infant son!—8. The most hon. Louisa Marchioness of Lansdown, in the 53d year of her age.—14. At Clifton, near the Hot-wells, Bristol, the hon. Miss Southwell, eldest daughter of the Dowager Lady De Clifford, and sister to the present Lord.—15. The infant son of the right honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons.—At his house in Grosvenor-square, Peter Delme, Esq.—19. At Bath, Mrs. Northey, relict of the late Edward Northey, Esq. of Epsom, Surrey.

D O M E S T I C I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Tralee, August 18, 1789.

SATURDAY evening last, about four o'clock, the river running through this town was observed to rise, and continued to do so until six, at which time the Mall, Square, Love-lane, Abbey, and Blackpool—were one continued sheet of water; in the latter place the flood had risen to no less a height than four feet in every house; many of the wretched inhabitants of cabins, who were confined to ground floors, were obliged to

quit their children, leaving their little furniture, &c. to the mercy of the waters.

It being market day, and the weather extremely fine, the town was consequently much crowded, which added considerably to the confusion; all were in alarm!—mothers running promiscuously, they knew not where, screaming for the supposed loss of their off-spring—husbands in search of wives and children—horses, some with and others without riders, driving through the streets; in short, every face wore the marks of distraction,

distraction, not knowing to what to impute the cause of their alarm; some without giving themselves time to consider what course the waters took, thought the sea was pouring in upon them, while others more ignorant imagined the world at an end.

At six the flood began to fall, and at eight the river was very little higher than it usually is at this season of the year, however, notwithstanding the general confusion, there was but one life lost, which was that of a young man of the name of Cronin, who happening to stand on the battlement of a small bridge opposite the New Jail, was called by a poor woman to assist her getting up also, on which he humanely reached his hand, but the woman, becoming alarmed at the rapid motion of the water, and letting go her hold, the unhappy man fell back into the river, and was instantly hurried under the Parade Arch and drowned. His fate is the more to be lamented, as we are informed he was the only support of a mother and three younger children, who have now to depend on the bounty of the benevolent. After a diligent search, his remains were next morning found, near a mile distant from the town.

What makes this flood the more extraordinary is, that we have had no rains in town during the day, nor in any other part of the country, for some time before; but we since learn that it was occasioned by a tremendous shower which fell in about the circumference of a mile, and which could be compared to nothing less than the bursting of a water-spout, as the water descended in streams or sheets, continuing but a very few moments, preceded by a single clap of thunder.

Cavan, Aug. 29. Last Wednesday, one Knox, the supernumerary gauger of this district, took out a party of the 43d regiment of foot quartered here, to a place near the Cross-Keys, about five miles off, where they seized some contraband malt, and afterward on their return, happened to meet with a horse load of whiskey, which they also attempted to make a seizure of, when a riotous mob attacking the supernumerary and his party, by flinging stones at them and knocking down the revenue officer, the military fired on the assailants, and killed two men and a woman.

Limerick, Aug. 30. Mr. Crips, sheriff of this city, was attacked on his return from Castle-Connell by three villains, who rushed out of a dyke opposite the Castle near Greaney, one of whom required him to stop, and struck his horse a violent blow with a large stick that made the animal turn, on which Mr. Crips clapped spurs to him, and the robbers not being able to overtake him, one of them levelled a blunderbuss at him, which providentially only burned priming.

Coghlan, who not long since (after escaping from a charge for coining) was convicted of a fraud in selling a fictitious taffel for indigo, for which he was pilloried.

30] The new church of Monkstown was consecrated by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, who was attended by his son, the Rev. Mr. Fowler, Dr. Walsh, and Mr. Duignan, his Vicar General.—The service was read by Dr. Burrows, and the consecration sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Graves, one of the Junior Fellows of Trinity College.

At so early an hour as nine o'clock, at night, two coaches were stopped on the Black Rock road by four robbers, who plundered the persons in the first coach: but on approaching the second, in which was an officer and another gentleman, the officer opened the door, jumped out, and drawing his sword, declared that he would run the first man through that advanced nearer him. Whereupon the marauders made off across the fields without any more booty.

Early in the morning, a duel was fought at the Fifteen Acres in the Phoenix Park, between F. H.—, and G. W. E.—, Esqrs. They each discharged a case of pistols. The first shot of neither took effect; but on the second fire Mr. H.'s right-side curl was carried off, and Mr. E. was slightly grazed on the shoulder. After this, by the friendly interference of the seconds, the affair was amicably terminated.

Sept. 8] The stale and reiterated device of impostors in ring-dropping, of which simple people have been so often the dupes, it was thought could no longer have been practised with success in this city: An instance, however, occurred this day in Dame-street, which demonstrates that, by studying proper characters, those villains who live by depredation and imposition, may sometimes be successful, as a poor mariner, who is likewise a stranger, was tricked out of a guinea by a sharper who dropped a small bag containing a ring, wrapped carefully in cotton, and enclosed in the following letter:

"*Dublin, September the 8th, 1789.*

"Madam, I send you the enclosed gold ring according to your directions, which I hope will please you better than the last I sent you. The price of it is two pounds five shillings and sixpence sterling. So no more at present from your humble servant,

"THOMAS CARROL."

To Mrs. Mary Murray, Carlow.

The villain, on the sailor's taking up the bag, claimed, in the usual way, a share of the prize as an immemorial right, proposing, however, to give or take a guinea as his portion; unluckily the seaman, wishing perhaps to present it to a sweetheart, gave the sharper a guinea, but afterwards on examination, found the ring base

14.] About twelve o'clock at night, a gentleman was stopped in Great Britain-street, within a few doors of Simpson's Hospital, by three fellows, and robbed of three guineas and seven shillings. After committing the robbery, they ran into Cross-lane, and made their escape.

A gentleman returning to Harold's-cross, after seeing two ladies into town, was stopped near the garden wall in New-street, by several fellows, who robbed him of a metal watch, double gilt, a pinchbeck-headed cane, with the initials of his name engraved on the top, a remarkable Bengal silk handkerchief, blue spots on a chocolate ground, with an elegant border, a silver bottle-screw, and a black-tin snuff-box, which was probably taken for more valuable metal.

15.] About two o'clock in the morning, a number of villains surrounded the house of John Corbally, of Stormanstown, and after breaking into the dairy, they were proceeding to attack the dwelling-house, when they were discovered by some labourers, and Christopher Vaughan, one of the villains was taken, and in a short time after committed by Justice Graham to Kilmainham gaol.

About the hour of eight o'clock, an accidental fire broke out in the out-offices belonging to Counsellor Pinucane, at Lifford in the county of Clare, which raged with such violence as to destroy the entire range of buildings in less than two hours.—Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the flames, the horses, and many articles that were stored therein, were fortunately saved.

16.] Justice Graham committed to Newgate, Charles M'Guiness, charged with having feloniously set fire to the house of Patrick Cannon, of Rush, which burnt down the same, and had nearly burnt the wife of said Cannon, his mother, and six children, the villain having fastened the door without side, so that with difficulty the poor creatures made their escape.

The Ballycastle collieries are likely to prove an acquisition of the highest importance to this country.—Upwards of 16,000 tons have been very recently brought to this city, from thence; their quality is so much superior in every respect, to Scotts coals, that they have obtained a general preference, and been the means of reducing the latter 2s. per ton.

An estimate of the annual revenues arising to the different Bishops of England and Ireland.

	l.		l.
Armagh	8000	Clonfert	2400
Dublin	5000	Clugher	4000
Tuam	4000	Kilmore	2600
Cashel	4000	Elphin	3700
Derry	7000	Killala	2900
Limerick	3500	Kildare	2600
Cork	2700	Raphoe	2600
Cloyne	2500	Meath	3400
Down	2300	Killaloe	2300
Dromore	2000	Offory	2000
Leighlin & Ferns	2200	Waterford	2500

Total 74,200

It appears from this estimate, that there is allowed by both countries, for the maintenance of forty-eight persons, no less a sum than one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds per annum.

Query.—Were this provision reduced one-half, and the salaries of poor curates in both countries increased, how many would it raise from poverty, and how much more honour would it add to the church?

17.] Early this morning some villains found means to break into one of the apartments in the Linen-hall, and take out a very considerable quantity of linens;—but, by the vigilance and activity of Mr. Robert King, chamberlain, the villains were apprehended.

24.] Last Monday morning a soldier on the Cattle-guard, having had some contention with the proprietor of a huxier's shop in Copper-alley, he stabbed him with a large knife in the back. He was conveyed, with little hope of recovery, to the Infirmary on Arbour-hill. The woman has absconded.

Two boys about thirteen, the parents of one living in Vicar-street, the other in Cook-street, having quarrelled, one of them drew out a pen-knife and stabbed the other to the heart, who instantly expired.

Though the boy above mentioned must stand his trial for the murder, yet in consequence of his tender age, it is presumed, he will be acquitted.

We read in the English History, of a boy of ten years old being executed for a similar offence; the circumstances were as follow: Two boys, the elder not eleven years old, quarrelled about some trifling affair; when one of them stabbed his antagonist with a pen-knife, of which he instantly died: the boy then looked round

Pinigan, near Rathcoffey, in the county of Kildare, returning from the field at the usual hour, locked himself up in the stable and was found with his throat cut in so miserable a manner, that he died before any help could be procured. A peremptory refusal from a young woman whom he had long courted, is supposed to have occasioned this rash act.

BIRTHS for September, 1789.

AT Sans Souci, county of Dublin, the lady of William Digges Latouche, Esq. of a son.—The lady of Thomas Burgh, of Oldtown, Esq. of a son.—In Molefworth-street, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Champeigny, of a son and heir.—At Runnymede, co. of Kildare, the lady of John Fallon, Esq. of a daughter.—At Merville Lodge, the lady of Thos. Lighton, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES for September, 1789.

HENRY Cole Bowen, of Bowen's Court, county of Cork, Esq. to Miss Prittie, daughter of Henry Prittie, Esq. one of the knights of the shire for the county of Tipperary.—Emor Hart, of Kilenock, Esq. to Miss Johanna Richardson, of Athy.—Ephraim Carroll, Esq. Barrister at law, and m. of parliament for the borough of Fethard, to Miss Doherty, daughter of the late John Doherty, of Augier-street, Esq.—James Bernard, Esq. to Miss O'Sullivan, daughter of the late John O'Sullivan, of Clonakilty.—The Rev. Mr. Gowrly, of Taughboyne, to Miss Edmiston, of Altagnanerry.—At Crawford's Burn, David Gordon, Esq. to Miss Mary Crawford.—The Reverend Nathaniel Shaw, of the city of Cork, to Miss Jackson, daughter of the Rev. Henry Jackson, of Banbridge.

DEATHS for September, 1789.

IN London, the honourable John Fitzwilliam, brother to the late and uncle to the present Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, of Merrion: he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, 12th November, 1755; to that of Major General, 25th June, 1759; to that of Lieutenant General, 19th January, 1761; and to that of General, 19th March, 1778. He was Colonel of the 2d regiment of horse, now called the 5th dragoon guard, which regiment he had the command of these twenty-nine years. He left Mr. Jones, his late domestic, his house and furniture at Richmond, which is estimated at 20,000 l.

of Aughmore, in the county of Longford, Esq.—At Ballinatrea, county of Cork, Mrs. Smyth, relict of the late Richard Smyth, Esq.—At Lisburne, Doctor Henry Betty.—At Bath, Robert Davis, Esq. of Cork, M. D.—In the South of France, in the 73d year of his age, Henry Duquerry, Esq. father to Mr. Serjeant Duquerry.—On Arran-quay, Samuel Burrowes, Esq. a very eminent Apothecary.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Right Hon. Robert, Lord Viscount Kingborough, to be governor of the co. of Cork.—The Right Hon. Hugh Carleton, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to the dignity of Baron Carleton, of Anner, county of Tipperary, to him and his heirs male.—The Right Hon. Wm. Eden, to the dignity of Baron Auckland, to him and his heirs male.—The Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner, to the dignity of Baron Mountjoy, of Mountjoy, in the co. of Tyrone, to him and his heirs male.—The Right Hon. Robert Stewart, to the dignity of Baron Londonderry, to him and his heirs male.—Sir John Browne, Bart. to the dignity of Baron Kilmaine, of the Neale, in the county of Mayo, to him and his heirs male.—Sir Nicholas Lawless, Bart. to the dignity of Baron of Cloncurry, in the county of Kildare, to him and his heirs male.—Henry Gore, Esq. to the dignity of Baron Anally, of Tenehick, in the county of Longford, to him and his heirs male.—Sir Sampton Eardley, Bart. to the dignity of Baron Eardley, of Spalding, to him and his heirs male.—John Armstrong, and George Agar, Esqrs. sworn of the Privy Council.—The Hon. Thomas Pakenham, to be Surveyor General of the Ordnance.—Richard Mages, Esq. to be Clerk of the Ordnance.—Thomas Lottus, Esq. to be principal Store-keeper of the Ordnance.—Robert Wynne, Esq. to be Clerk of the Deliveries.—John Armit, Esq. to be Secretary to the Board of Ordnance.—John Stapleton, Esq. to be Captain in the 8th dragoons.—George Pigott, Esq. to be Captain in the 17th dragoons.—Thomas Daniel Black, Esq. to be Major of the 13th regiment of foot.—Henry Williams, Esq. to be a Captain in the 13th foot.—Benjamin Tollett, Esq. to be a Captain in the 13th foot.—Richard Cumberland, Esq. to be a Captain in the 13th foot.—James Douglas, Esq. to be Major of the 15th foot.—Charles Browne, Esq. to be Captain in the 15th foot.—John Skinner, Esq. to

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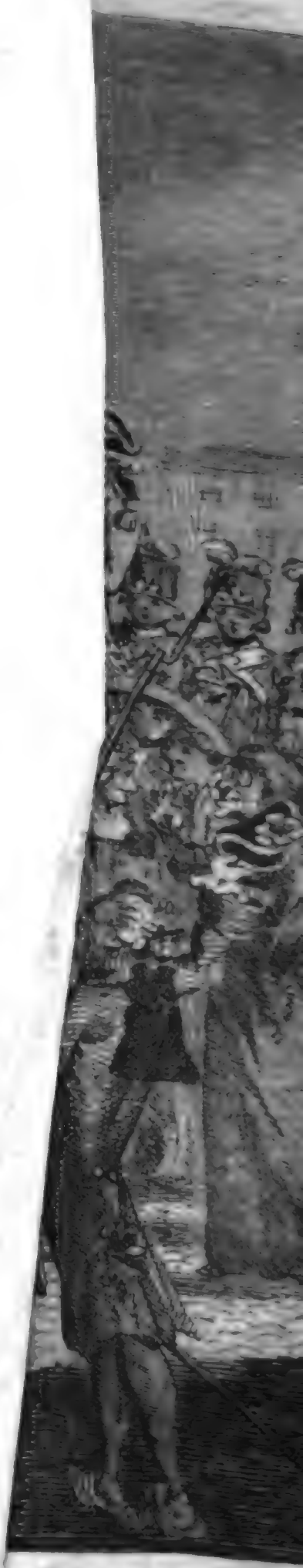
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W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For OCTOBER, 1789.

Genuine Account of the GRAND PROCESSION from Versailles to Paris, by the French King, to confirm the late Revolution. With the Triumph of the Fishwomen.

Illustrated with an Original Copper-plate Engraving, commemorative of that remarkable Event.)

A GRAND procession was made to Paris, by the king, attended by his guards, and a numerous body of citizens, to confirm the late Revolution; and during the whole time his Majesty was not one minute free from apprehension that an attack would be made upon his life. He did not fear any thing from the Marquis de la Fayette, or from the respectable citizens, but from their want of power to restrain the multitude, and keep them within any bounds of decency or respect.

So far was the dignity of the Monarch lost in the midst of a rude rabble, that three fish-women stooped the King's coach, and insisted that they should be suffered to get upon the roof of it.

No one dared to dispute their sovereign will, and accordingly they seated themselves on the roof, whilst two other ladies of the same respectable profession ascended the coach-box, and placed themselves one on each side of the coachman.

These five women began to discourse with each other, as soon as they were seated, in language suited to their habits: at short intervals, however, they were pleased

that they intended his Majesty no harm, yet the unfortunate Monarch apprehended danger from every one who approached him. He trembled like an aspin, and to every one who kissed his hand, he, in a faltering voice, said, *bien obligé*; so that the usual order was here inverted; the King was thankful to those who kissed his hand, not indeed because he conceived himself to be honoured by the act, but because he found that the persons who paid him this homage, were departing without any attempt upon his life.

His sufferings on that day of triumph, as it was called, were so great, that his Majesty declared afterwards, he would not pass such another day to save his Crown.

Observations upon the Liturgy; with a Proposal for its Reform upon the Principles of Christianity, as professed and taught by the Church of England. By a Layman of the Church of England, late an under Secretary of State.

ANOTHER of the numerous attempts which, in this enlightened age, have been made to correct and amend the liturgy

ken place after the fall of man. This supposition, he says, renders the circumstances of Eve's deception the more probable, for that, in the garden of Eden, she might have been used to converse with angels, under the form of flying serpents, though after the fall of man the higher animal was changed to a reptile, and angels appeared in the form of men. All this, it must be confessed, is conjecture: and the vast difficulty that is sometimes found in producing harmony between divine revelation and human philosophy ought to make us, contrary to the general rule, very diffident of our own powers, and somewhat more cautious than the generality of philosophers are, in advancing the petty conceptions of our glowworm reason, with an idea either to establish or to controvert the sacred truths, or tenets of the Old or New Testament. The author of this work has shewn us what scepticism and freedom of investigation are, in his introduction to the proceedings of the Convention. They may be read with pleasure by candid and inquiring minds. He has added the minutes of the convention; their public regulations respecting the liturgy; and their correspondence with the English bishops. This correspondence is at once entertaining and instructive. The mildness, the liberality, and the firmness of the English prelates are much to be admired and commended; and the members of the Convention merit great praise for their candour and judgment.—It will not be expected that we should go into a detail of the particular doctrines established by the Convention. We can do little more than announce the work.—We cannot, however, refrain giving the author's ideas of the spiritual nature of Christ, after his resurrection, as somewhat novel and curious.

“That Christ's body, though immaculate, was spiritualized in the sepulchre, may be fairly collected from what is said of it after his resurrection. When he makes him-

Christ himself says, ‘Because, Thomas, thou hast seen,’—not touched—‘thou hast believed;’ and although Peter says, ‘they (the apostles) did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead,’ that does not imply that he eat and drank with them; and though St. Luke, in his very abridged account in his gospel of Christ's appearances, after his resurrection, says, that ‘he took the piece of broiled fish and honey-comb, and did eat before them;’ he does not repeat his eating them in his introduction to the Acts; and St. John, who is much more particular in relating that circumstance, says, that Jesus, after desiring the disciples to ‘come and dine, cometh and taketh the bread, and giveth them fish likewise;’ but does not say he ate any of either himself: and both Matthew and Mark are wholly silent upon the point. Indeed, the former says, the women, whom he first appeared to, ‘held him by the feet, and worshipped him;’ but this can only mean that they fell at his feet, and would have held them, and kissed them, as one of them had done before the crucifixion, but in the manner of other men; and if no change had happened in his body after his death, or he had not intended that the apostles should perceive there was, it is not to be supposed that he would have done otherwise after his resurrection; but as he had now fully convinced them that ‘his kingdom,’ which they were so eager to see established, ‘was not of this world,’ he might judge it proper to give them demonstrative evidence that their bodies might be rendered capable of entering into, and enjoying it, where it was to be. That Christ could render his body, however spiritualized, tangible as well as visible, there can be no doubt; and therefore his having been felt or handled, would by no means prove its materiality; but as many idle things have been said about the manner of his appearances and disappearances, I thought it right to examine the relations of

of him to so many military men who had served under his command, that I am not deceived in what I have said of him.

After having served as a volunteer under the Great Condé, as colonel and a General officer under Marshal Luxembourg, the command of the army was given to him at the beginning of the war for the Spanish succession. He was sent into Italy in 1702, and during three or four of the first campaigns, he supported the honour of the King's arms, and gained four battles, two of them before the defection of the Duke of Savoy, and two afterwards; yet he had to do with the famous Prince Eugene, who understood the art of war better than any man of the age in which he lived; provided in the best manner for every thing which could happen, knew better than any body how to subsist an army; and conducted it with wisdom, coolness, and reflection, into such situations as were capable of rendering it the most useful. M. de Vendome was not so profound in his designs, made fewer reflections and combinations in preparing for his operations: he was too neglectful of detail; but in critical and decisive moments, he awoke, as it were from a trance; seemed to recall his own genius; took measures eagerly wise and vigorous; and shewed more heroism and judgment than even the Prince Eugene perhaps would have done in a similar situation. The French soldiers, whom he did not subject to too severe a discipline, had so much confidence in his measures, that they would have risked every thing to have withdrawn him from any disagreeable situation into which he might have fallen. They feared nothing when they saw him at their head; and were persuaded that to go into battle under his command was to be led on to glory. It is generally believed, that a perfidious policy recalled him from Piedmont, and sent him into Flanders; and that when there he had not time enough to repair the faults which the Marshal Villeroy had committed. He was afterwards sent into Spain, without any body to second him, without an army or any kind of succour; but his name and reputation, added to the former confidence of the French who had served under him some years before, made up every deficiency: he reconquered Philip V. almost driven from his possessions, to Madrid; pursued the enemies, forced them to evacuate Spain, and retire into Portugal. This was the fruit of the famous battle of Villa Viciosa, in 1710. Covered with glory (which seemed to seek him rather than he to run after it) with honours which he thought himself, as he really was, superior to, and with riches which he neglected and despised, he died at Vinaros in Catalonia, of an indigestion, a

kind of death which appears little worthy of one of the greatest and most able Generals of the age, but which answered otherwise well enough to his private life; for it must be agreed that this made a great contrast with his military one. His character was mild and beneficent; he was a stranger to envy, hatred or revenge; he prided himself in thus resembling Henry IV. he was neither haughty, vain nor ostentatious; and fully persuaded that nobody could have a desire to be wanting in respect to him, effectively, he never had reason to think to the contrary. The princes of the blood only could dispute with him in France the superiority of rank, and he never had the least difference about it but with them; and even these, were always terminated in the most honourable and becoming manner.

Such was the Duke of Vendome, considered in the most favourable light. Let us at present examine what he was, according to other Memoirs, perhaps as faithful, in a less advantageous point of view. He was of a middling size, and had a vigorous constitution; his figure and air were noble, his look and conversation graceful; he had great natural sense, which was but little cultivated; he was even profoundly ignorant in the art of war, which he had never studied or reflected upon; brave even to intrepidity, daring when he could get the better of his indolence; he was generally successful by what may be called an effect of his happy star; he knew as much of the world and the court as he did of war, and in the same manner, by routine, and without any regular principles; notwithstanding this, he pleased every body, though he was no courtier except to the King alone; and he made all the rest perceive that he was the son of Henry IV. and that he ought not to cede, except to the legitimate descendants of that monarch. This kind of vanity pleased Lewis XIV. who having like his grandfather, natural children, wished to make them equal to the princes of the blood. The Duke of Vendome was not excessively polite, and was reserved with those whom he thought capable of opposing him; but he affected to be familiar and popular with the lowest rank of officers, with the soldiers, and those of his servants, whom he believed incapable of abusing his goodness. Obstinate and inaccessible to the counsels and representations of those who would have been attended to by any other man; he suffered himself, to be governed by such only as were extravagant in their praises of him, and in their admiration and respect for his person and qualities. As soon as it was perceived in the army that this was the means to obtain his confidence, there were found in the most distinguished military rank, men base enough to flatter his

weaknesses, in hopes that he would put them in a situation to make their fortunes. He carried, particularly in the decline of life, libertinism, slovenliness and indolence to so great an excess, that it is inconceivable these defects were not prejudicial to him. In the midst of the court of Lewis XIV. sometimes a gallant, sometimes a devotee, he made no secret of his most indecent and culpable pleasures; and Lewis XIV. dared not approach him upon a kind of debauch, which, during the whole time of his reign, would have ruined any other subject. Every thing, which the court of Versailles would have blushed at, was openly braved in the little court of Anet. Those who served under him in his Italian campaign have assured me, that he had by mere indolence missed more than twenty times the finest opportunities of beating the enemy; and that he had by negligence as frequently exposed his army to be destroyed: but happily those who commanded the wings and in the rear, were more attentive and vigilant.

Every body has heard talk of the cool of the morning of M. de Vendome, an expression which is still made use of to describe a march made in the heat of the day: this comes from the custom M. de Vendome had, of announcing in the evening, that he would march very early the next morning; but when the moment indicated for departure arrived, he lay so long in bed, that it was generally noon before he was in motion; the warmest climates and seasons made no difference in this respect.

The greatest advantage he had over Prince Eugene, was in defeating his calculations, by making none himself. As he never took his departure from any place at the time he had previously fixed upon, no spy could give intelligence of his motions. He held no councils with his general officers, so that nobody ever knew what he meant to do; he began a campaign without any settled plan, and gave himself but little trouble about those sent him by the court, therefore his designs might well be said to be impenetrable. His audacity and penetration in

did not come from those, who by their meanness had gained his confidence, he took no notice of what was said to him upon the subject.

Marlborough, who commanded the enemies army, soon saw that M. de Vendome had only his motion to make, and that it was necessary to oppose him. But he could not approach Oudenarde without making a considerable circuit, and he might arrive there too late for his purpose: the Duke of Burgundy went himself to prevail upon M. de Vendome to act without delay; he could not make him shake off his indolence, nor persuade him to quit the place he was in. Finally, M. de Biron, Lieutenant General, who commanded a *corps de reserve*, sent word, that the enemy approached, and went himself to confirm this advice. M. de Vendome refused obstinately for some time to believe it: at length M. de Biron ran to his corps, and put himself in the best posture of defence. The general had permitted him to do this upon condition only, that the enemy was near charging. The order was imprudent enough, but Biron was obliged to execute it; for the engagement began immediately between his advanced posts and the enemy, which came to reconnoitre them. Marlborough reinforced those who had begun the attack, and Biron did the same to his advanced posts. It became necessary for M. de Vendome to march, and it was in this manner that the battle of Oudenarde began. Notwithstanding the valour of the French troops, the efforts of the King's guards, and the personal bravery of the Duke of Burgundy, the ground, not being favourable, because it had not been chosen, neither were the manœuvres prepared, the success was not advantageous to us. Some troops were necessarily sacrificed to favour the retreat of the army, which was made to Ghent. The Duke of Burgundy did not remain in that city, but retired with the head of the army, behind the canal of Bruges. M. de Vendome on the contrary, stopped at Ghent to repose himself after the fatigues of a day, whereon he had given greater

lieved that the Duke of Burgundy would never make a good officer, and that it was useless to continue to send him to the army. If he judged by what had passed before and at the battle of Oudenarde, this great monarch was deceived. The siege of Lillo, which the enemies undertook the following year, proved clearly what was the consequence of the loss of that battle: nevertheless, M. de Vendome was sent the next year to save Spain; and whose presence alone procured him an army, which regained Philip V. his capital, beat the enemy at Villa Viciosa, and gave the young King the most magnificent bed which was ever prepared for a sovereign, being composed of the ensigns of his enemies; but it was only necessary to excite the enthusiasm of the Spaniards and of the French who were in Spain. The name of Vendome had this effect. His reputation, justly or unjustly merited, frightened Staremberg and Stanhope, and his daring character and determined bravery did the rest. Yet his end, which is so brilliant in history, was melancholy and unhappy. After having passed the year 1711, in triumphing over the enemies of Philip V. he had no sooner received at Madrid all the honours which this King could confer upon his liberator,—the title of Highness,—the pre-eminence over all the grandees of Spain,—in short, all the distinctions formerly enjoyed by the famous Don Juan of Austria, than he grew tired of this Spanish greatness; and leaving the court of Madrid, and the conduct of the army to his Lieutenant-Generals, he retired to a burgh of Catalonia, called Vinaros; surrounded there by a small circle of flatterers and debauchees, he gave himself up to that kind of voluptuousness which was so agreeable to him. He glutted himself with fish, which he was extravagantly fond of; whether it were good or bad, well or ill dressed, it was the same thing to him; he drank thick bodied and heady wine; and at length brought on a kind of indigestion, or rather an illness, the consequence of repeated indigestions, which might undoubtedly have been cured by diet and exercise. His disorder was treated in quite a contrary manner; and he had very soon no hopes left of being restored. The most beautiful

Escorial. The most elegant funeral orations were delivered in honour of him, both in France and Spain. These have served to deceive posterity with respect to his real character; and no historian whom I have heard of, has yet given himself the trouble to undeceive it.

The British Theatre.

Hay-Market.

AMONGST the variety of new pieces that we have received from this theatre, we shall this month, select one of the best—the *Married Man*.

The Married Man is a translation from the French of Destouches. The characters—

Sir John Claffick,	Bannister, jun.
Lord Lovemore,	Palmer.
Mr. Claffick, —	Aickin.
Mr. Tradewell	} Kemble.
Claffick, —	
Dorimant, — —	Williamson.
Lady Claffick, —	Mrs. Kemble.
Emily, — —	Mrs. Brookes.
Lucy, — —	Mrs. Whitfield.

Sir John Claffick, who is the hero of the piece, is a person who, on account of his learned dissertations, has been knighted. He is wholly dependent on the bounty of his uncle, Mr. Tradewell Claffick, and has, without either his consent or knowledge, been married two years to Lady Claffick. The secret of their marriage rests (or is rather supposed so to do) with Lady Claffick, Emily the sister, Lucy, and himself. Sir John's anxiety to keep the secret, having been formerly an avowed hater of, and laughter at marriage, forms the humour of the piece—the *denouement* is brought about by Mr. Tradewell Claffick, (a rich old contractor, whose ideas are all centered in the multiplication-table) having discovered the marriage, and threatening to annul it; from which he is turned by the behaviour of the wife, and is reconciled to the match.

In this piece there is neither propriety nor merit. That a marriage could have taken place two years, the parties all the time

renders him an object of contempt.—Mr. Tradewell Classick's speeches also excite in us indignation, which is by no means removed wholly at the end of the play.—Yet, after all, there is much to give us pleasure. Old Classick's character is finely drawn, and is, indeed, a noble one—the filial affection of his son charms us—and added to these, the play abounds with wit, humour, and smart repartee. On the whole, it deserves the approbation it received from crowded audiences.

The affecting Story of Camillo and Margherita.

IN the progress of that excellent work 'Zeluco,' lately published, we find the profligate hero of it smitten with the beauty of a young lady at the opera-house in Naples. This induced him (Zeluco) to attach himself particularly to signora Sporza, at whose house Laura, the young lady, and her mother, madam Seidlitz, enjoyed a temporary protection. On taking his leave, one day, of signora Sporza, he happened to let a china snuff box he had taken off the table, fall on the hearth, where it instantly shivered in pieces. After making becoming apologies, he took his leave, and the same day sent a gold snuff box, enriched with diamonds, with a letter to signora Sporza, intreating her to accept of the one as an atonement for having destroyed the other.

Some few days after this, Zeluco again waited on signora Sporza. She received him with more frankness than at his last visit; he imputed this to the benign influence of the snuff-box: as soon as he was seated she whispered her maid, who instantly withdrew.

They talked for a while on the common incidents of the place; of a new finger that was expected; of a violent explosion which had happened the preceding night from Mount Vesuvius; of the queen's having seemed out of humour at the last gala; of a man who had stabbed his rival in the street at mid-day, and then had taken refuge in a church; of a religious procession that was to take place next morning, and of a ball in the evening.

Zeluco endeavoured to turn the conversation from those topics, so as that it might seem to fall undesignedly on that which was the object of his visit. Signora Sporza observing this said, 'I will give you the history of the ladies by and by, signor; but I expect two people immediately, to whom you have rendered a most essential service; and you must permit them to thank you in the first place.'

He could not possibly comprehend her meaning: but soon after the maid introduc-

ed a very handsome young woman, plainly dressed, with a child in her arms, followed by a genteel-looking man, who seemed to be a tradesman, and a few years older than the woman.

Zeluco was greatly surprised at their appearance.

'This is your benefactor, Camillo,' said signora Sporza, addressing herself to the man, 'the generous person who enabled me to free you from prison.'

'I am greatly indebted to you, signor,' said the man, in a most respectful yet manly manner; and although I do not absolutely despair of being one day enabled to repay what you have so humanely advanced to liberate me, yet I shall never be free from the strong sense of obligation I feel toward you.'

'Ah signor!' cried the woman, unable to contain herself, 'you do not know what a worthy and noble-hearted man you have relieved; you do not know the extent of the blessed deed you have done; you have preserved my sweet infants from death; you have ransomed my beloved husband from prison, and you have saved my poor brain from madness. O, signor! had you but seen——' Here the tears obscured her sight; the recollection of her husband's condition when in prison, with the keen sensations of gratitude, suppressed her voice;—she was ready to faint;—her husband snatched the child from her arms, and the poor woman sunk down on a chair, which signora Sporza suddenly placed to receive her.

Camillo, with his child in one arm, supported his wife with the other; while signora Sporza chafed her temples with aromatic spirits.—'Margherita will be well immediately, Camillo,' said signora Sporza; 'see, she recovers already.'—'Thank heaven,' cried Camillo with fervour; then begged leave to conduct his wife home. Signora Sporza attended her with Camillo and the children into another room, ordered them some refreshment, and desired they might not leave the house till she came back.

All this was as great a mystery to Zeluco as it is to the reader.—'If I had suspected,' said signora Sporza to him, as she returned to the room in which he had remained, 'that this poor woman would have been so much affected, I should have spared you the scene, which I will now endeavour to explain:—I have known this young woman from her childhood; she was always the most cheerful sweet tempered creature I ever knew. By my recommendation on the death of her mother, she was taken into the service of the marchesa de B——; and in a short time she became her favourite maid. The marchesa is liberal, and the girl was as happy

happy as a maid could be whose mistress has the misfortune of being put out of humour every day as soon as she rises: the cause of her ill-humour was without remedy, and grew daily more inveterate; it proceeded from her observing more grey hairs on her head, and more wrinkles in her face every morning than she had seen the day before; but although her peevishness was diurnal, it did not last long at a time, for Margherita powdered her hair with wonderful expedition; and as soon as her face was varnished, and her toilet finished, she contemplated herself in the mirror with complacency, recovered her cheerfulness, and Margherita was happy for the rest of the day. Meanwhile, the man who has just left us fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him; and from that moment the girl's mind was more occupied with her lover than her mistress; whose head, after this incident, was neither so expeditiously nor so neatly dressed as formerly. When the marchesa found out the cause of this alteration, she was very much out of humour indeed, and told Margherita, that she must either give up all communication with the lover or with her:—'so you will consider the difference between me and him,' continued she, 'and then decide.' Margherita accordingly did consider the difference; and decided in favour of the man.—After leaving the marchesa, she passed more of her time than ever with her lover; and their mutual love increased to a very alarming height. Neither of them, however, ever thought of any other remedy than marriage; and notwithstanding the numbers who have found it a radical cure for love, to this couple it has hitherto proved ineffectual; in the opinion of the poor people themselves, the disease rather gains ground, although they have now been married two complete years, and have two children.

The husband, who was at first employed in the coarse preparatory work for sculptors, has himself become a tolerable artist; he redoubled his industry as his family increased, and saved a little money.—Margherita on her part cheered him under his labour, by the most active attention to family economy, by everlasting good-humour and undiminished affection. The bloom and growing vigour of their children was a source of joyful foreboding to both.—It was delightful to contemplate the happiness of this little family. I often called on Margherita, purely to enjoy that happiness; health, content, and mutual love resided under their humble roof: obtaining with difficulty the superfluities, or even necessities of life, they tasted pleasure with a relish unknown to those who have the overflowing cup of enjoyment constantly pressed to their lips. The gloom of their

poverty was cheered by some of the brightest stars of pleasure, and by the hope of permanent sunshine. But all this fair and serene prospect was suddenly obscured by a terrible storm. The imprudent husband, impatient to become rapidly rich, was persuaded to raise all the little money which he had saved, to accept of a larger sum on credit, and to risk the whole in a commercial adventure:—the whole was lost;—and the obdurate creditor immediately seized on all the furniture and effects of this little family, and threw Camillo into jail.—Margherita, half-distracted, came and told me her story. It happened by a superabundance of ill luck that I was very low in cash myself, and had overdrawn my credit with my banker; I gave her what I had, but it was not sufficient to procure her husband's liberty, which happened to be what poor Margherita was most solicitous about. I begged of her to call on me the following morning, determining then to go in search of the necessary sum; but before I set out, the snuff-box, of which you desired my acceptance, arrived: instead of going to borrow money, signor, which if you ever had the experience of it, you must know to be the most disagreeable thing on earth, I went and sold the snuff-box, and in my opinion to very great advantage; for the sum I received has not only freed the poor fellow from prison and redeemed his effects, but also makes him a little richer than he was before his unfortunate attempt in commerce. I informed the joyful couple that I had received the money from you, which in effect I did; they know no more of the matter: and now that you have heard the whole, and have seen the family whom your bounty has saved, I am convinced you will approve of what has been done.'

Zeluco expressed great admiration of the benevolence of signora Sporza, but insisted on redeeming the snuff-box, and restoring it to her. This she absolutely refused, saying, that the circumstances which she had related formed the only consideration which could have prevailed on her to accept of a present of that value; but she was willing to receive from him a snuff-box of the same kind with that he had so fortunately broken, which she would wear as a memorial of that happy event. Zeluco, finding her obstinate, was obliged to agree to this compromise of the matter.

But although signora Sporza had informed him of all she knew, Zeluco himself knew certain particulars relative to this same affair, that he did not think proper to mention to signora Sporza; but which it is now necessary to impart to the reader.

It was already observed, that Zeluco was greatly surprised when Margherita was pre-

sented to him : he had, however, frequently seen her before ; and this was one reason of his being a little confounded at her appearance at signora Sporza's ; but on recollecting, that although he knew her yet she did not know him, he re-assumed his composure.

In going to church, Margherita usually had passed the windows of Zeluco's apartment, and he had often remarked her as she went and returned to and from mass.

Being somewhat captivated by her face and person, he employed an agent to find out where she lived, and what she was ; and afterward commissioned the same person to engage her to meet a very honourable gentleman, who was greatly captivated with her beauty, at a house appropriated for a rendezvous of this nature. Margherita rejected the offers of the agent, baffled the arts employed to seduce her, and would have nothing to do with the very honourable gentleman.

This unexpected resistance increased Zeluco's ardour. His valet was acquainted with the man who had lent Camillo the money which the imprudent fellow had sunk in the ill-judged commercial adventure. This man, who thought his money in little or no danger when he first advanced it, was now exceedingly uneasy, and had already begun to press Camillo for payment. The valet acquainted Zeluco with those circumstances, who instructed the valet to convince the creditor, that it was in vain for him to expect that ever Camillo could pay the money ; and that as long as he was left at large, none of his friends would think of advancing it for him ; but that if he were thrown into prison for the debt, some of his or his wife's friends would then certainly step forth for his relief. The man scrupled to use so violent an expedient ; but having mentioned it to his wife, by whom Margherita was envied on account of her unblemished character, she pressed her husband to adopt this harsh expedient, as the only means of recovering his money. The creditor, however, still hesitated, till the valet assured him, under the obligation of an oath of secrecy, that he knew a person who would advance a sum sufficient to pay all Camillo's debts, rather than allow him to remain long in prison ; and he became bound himself to do this if Camillo was not released by the other within a month.

Zeluco, who took care not to appear in all this infamous transaction, imagined, that when Margherita was once separated from her husband, and humbled by distress, she would then listen to the secret proposals he intended to renew through his former agent.

The creditor having given orders to his

attorney to proceed to extremities against Camillo, went himself to the country, that he might avoid a scene which his heart was not hard enough to support. But his orders were executed very punctually on the very day in which Zeluco was so much struck with the beauty of the young lady at the opera. She had engrossed his mind so entirely, that from that moment he never once thought of Margherita, till he saw her introduced with her husband at signora Sporza's, and found that the present he had sent to that lady with a very different view, had been the means of relieving a family brought to the brink of ruin by his insidious arts.

Method of taking out Spots of Ink from Linen.

SPOTS of ink, it is well known, will absolutely ruin the finest linen. Lemon-juice will by no means answer the purpose of taking them out : the spots, indeed, disappear, but the malignity of the ink still adheres to the linen. It corrodes it ; and a hole never fails to appear, some time after, in the part where the spot was made. Would you wish for a remedy equally certain, without being subject to the same inconvenience ?—Take a mould candle, the tallow of which is commonly of the purest kind ; melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow : then put it to the wash. It will come perfectly white from the hands of the laundress, and there will never be any hole in the spotted part.

Philosophical Maxims.

THE man that acts the buffoon in company displays just understanding enough to be a fool.

Do nothing in the moment of wrath. Would you put to sea in the midst of a tempest ?

Sarcastic pleasantry is the poison of friendship.

No persons are more empty, than those who are full of themselves.

Bad company will make the good wicked, and the wicked worse.

A false friend is like the shadow of a sundial, which appears while the sun shines, and vanishes at the approach of the smallest cloud.

He who is charitable from motives of ostentation will never relieve distress in secret.

Prepare for the worst, while you hope for the best.

A regular life is the best philosophy ; a pure conscience the best law.

Plain honesty is the best politeness, and temperance the best physician.

Riches obey the wise man, and govern the fool.

On the silly Affectation of having a numerous and grand Acquaintance.

THERE is hardly any vanity more common, or silly, than the affectation of a genteel, and an extensive acquaintance.

People, in general, pay very little attention to those accomplishments which dignify their possessor in every circumstance and situation; but flatter themselves that if they are on terms of intimacy with persons of a superior rank, the rest of the world must necessarily acknowledge them to be highly meritorious.

But such a species of conceit is surely excessively vain; for even when we can thus associate with the great, we shall find that they who permit us to be familiar with them, have some interested motives for it; either to make use of our services, or to display their own consequence by our attendance upon them; in which cases we shall shine with no other credit than as humble *satellites*.

And yet there have been many men of very excellent understandings, and who have shewed in other instances an elevation of spirit, who, actuated by this ridiculous vanity, have stooped to the lowest meannesses and the grossest adulation, to keep up the appearance of a connection, which, instead of rendering them respectable, has made them universally contemptible.

Some of the greatest geniuses that ever adorned the world of literature, have been distinguished by this degradation of their understandings. The immortal Virgil prostituted his talents in adulating Augustus—the sublime Milton condescended to be the creature of Cromwell—Dryden was the constant flatterer of Princes—and even the modest Addison, the pious Young, the elegant Pope, and the pathetic Thomson debased their performances by an abject servility in celebrating their patrons.

But to leave authors, who may be supposed to stand in absolute need of a connection with the great, and therefore to flatter may be excused in them; yet for those who can have no such excuse to plead; whose province is to walk on in the middle course of life, being favoured by Providence with a sufficiency to support them, independent of the smiles or frowns of their titled fellow-creatures; for them to be actuated by this species of *pride* is not only ridiculous but exceedingly pernicious.—To keep up the appearance of an honourable acquaintance, many (otherwise unnecessary) expences must unavoidably be incurred, and some considerable portions of time squandered away, at least in useless idleness; if not in vicious pleasures, and which might have been applied to the procuring a credit which

would have been truly honourable and unfading. And all this must open the way to a vicious course; for he who thus venerates the great, will ape their manners; their vices will be transformed by his prejudices into noble accomplishments; and as it too generally happens that the *vices* of the great are much more distinguishable than their *virtues*, it cannot be wondered at that the spirit of imitation should render the servile imitator more despicable than agreeable.

For my part, I would no more put confidence in the follower of the great, than I would in their lacquies and lower dependents; for he who can so far lessen the dignity of his nature as to do a mean office for a fellow worm, merely from the love of being on terms of intimacy with him, must have a soul of such worthless pliability, as not to deserve being trusted in any matter of importance.

Servilius is one of those who affects to have a very noble acquaintance: if you ask Servilius to a plain family-dinner, he is sure to be pre-engaged at some person of quality's sumptuous table; though, probably, he departs from you to his usual ordinary. He is, by his own account, on such a footing with men in power that they cannot do any thing without him; and should you unluckily enquire why he does not, therefore, enjoy some lucrative *sinécure* by virtue of his connection, he will insinuate that secret services must be acknowledged with secret rewards. If ladies of fashion are mentioned, the old ones are as sure to be intimate with him as his own relations; and for the younger ones, if he was inclined to change his happy condition, it would be but to *ask and have*. Let the conversation turn upon what subject it will, Servilius dazzles your imagination with the names, description, and the familiar *bons mots* of great personages with whom he is quite familiar. Talk of politics, and he corrects your judgment by something he heard an eminent *Statesman* lately say;—of religion, and he remembers what he heard from a learned *Prelate*;—of law, he silences you with the opinion of a *Lord Chief Baron*, *Chief Justice*, or, it may be, of the *Lord Chancellor*.

And yet every one knows that Servilius is not acquainted with such personages; so that the poor man is despised among all his equals as a proud liar who would fain be thought their superior.

But if the affectation of a genteel acquaintance is so ridiculously pernicious, that of a very extensive acquaintance cannot be less so.

To have a select number of friends, in whose company we can unbend our minds from the cares of life, enjoy a rational and improving conversation, and to consult their

advice when trouble perplexes our steps, is one of those necessities without which *living* deserves not the name of *life*.

But this consists not in constantly forming a new acquaintance, and in making perpetual entertainments. If we have been fortunate enough to form a social intercourse with persons animated by a real regard for us, we ought not to approve ourselves unworthy of their friendship by being anxious to enlarge the circle of our friends. *In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety*, says Solomon; but, with all due deference to such authority, I cannot think that in the multitude of friends there can be much happiness. Not to rest entirely upon the advice of one person, in an affair of importance, may be good counsel; but he who enjoys the blessing of one sincere friend ought to be exceedingly cautious how he admits into his confidence a second person; such a new connection oftentimes proving the means of dissolving the first.

Those who are ambitious of a very numerous acquaintance cannot have much stability of disposition, and therefore cannot be persons capable, or deserving, of the delights of real friendship. Their minds are too weak to be satisfied with the solid and improving pleasures of the understanding, and must, therefore, be continually roving after novelties. And as such a disposition cannot, certainly, render its possessor respectable among those who know him, so it must be highly detrimental to himself; for a continued succession of new intimates must necessarily draw on new expences and new vices. Time must be lost, and dangerous amusements engaged in, which will unavoidably terminate in a mental imbecility, a contemptible reputation, and a ruined estate. There is scarcely any class of persons so much given to this weakness as our modern tradesmen; and surely there are none in whom it can be more improper, since their time should be wholly devoted to frugality and industry.—People in business must ne-

In every station of life some acquaintance is necessary, but let that station be what it will, our intimates should be but few. An old friend is like old wine, refreshing the spirits, meliorating the heart, and strengthening our nature;—but a series of fresh intimates is like new liquor, frothy, vain, and weakening.

In short, if we have no friend, our hearts must be insensible and worthless;—if we affect to have many, our hearts must be silly bubbles, blown about at pleasure by the breath of artful knavery.

On real and imaginary Happiness.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

THE following ingenious little production appeared in France above forty years ago. It is now become exceedingly scarce, and indeed rarely if ever to be met with. Thinking a translation of it would not be disagreeable to your readers, I have sent you one, and am,

Sir, your's, &c.

COLLECTOR.

To Mr. ———.

S I R,

YOU have heard me frequently warm in my censures of lotteries, and I really thought I should never have been drawn in again; yet very lately that has been my case, and would have been your's in the like circumstances. I have the happiness of being a member of a society where amusements are improved into utility; and last week a motion was made for a kind of lottery, in which each ticket assigned a subject to be treated in writing by the person who drew it. That which fell to me demanded a solution of the following question: "which was most eligible, to have constantly every day a dream of sixteen hours, made up of imaginary happiness.

I was sinking into a welcome repose, when the god of Sleep, in a car of thick clouds making his way through the darkness of the night, descended towards me; the Dreams were in his retinue and waited his orders; "Collect," said he to them, "all your illusions, and form an exquisite happiness of sixteen hours, which this mortal, now under my influence, is to enjoy." He spoke, and sprinkling me with a branch dipped in the water of Lethe, a somnolence diffused itself through my whole frame; the past disappears, and I find myself in a situation which to me seemed full of delight. A moderate income fully answered all my desires; Hymen has blest me in the lovely and virtuous Pulcheria, the object of all my tenderness, as I was of her's; her discourse was melting as music to me, I consulted her in all my concerns, and her participation of them improved all my pleasures; we gave ourselves up to none which are mingled with disquietness and followed by remorse; we squared our wishes by our abilities, and freely gratified them, they being all corrected by reason. A reputable society, whose wit was without conceit or impiety, was an inexhaustible source of varied amusements: elegance, if not profusion, directed our table, which never failed to be enlivened by a decent hilarity; a lively repartee and ingenious sally were well received; but the poignancy of satire was exploded, especially the coarse double entendre, or infamous ribaldry met with no quarter; we reduced the sportive talents to their true use, as relaxations after the fatigue of business or the intenseness of study; never suffering them to be excited by passions dangerous to our own virtue or the tranquility of another; our conversations never aimed at any high flights, and were as much above futility; we all broke up with cheerful minds and warmed hearts, for vice was never mentioned but with contempt, and virtue with reverence; had any one begun to talk of dogs, horses, balls, or actresses, it would have been intimated to him that he forgot himself; our mansion was not an overgrown palace, but a convenient house adapted for use and delight; it was at such a proper distance from tumult as not to be a lonely solitude; the apartments were not large, nor the furniture rich, but in neatness and contrivance nothing could exceed them; it was besides environed with gardens, which offered an infinitude of slightly objects to the eye, though the simplicity of nature suffered but little from any variegated decorations.

This happy condition did not seem any thing of a novelty; I thought it was natural to me, and enjoyed it without apprehension of its transitoriness; but this delightful ima-

gery was dissipated, and my awakening put a period to my ideal happiness with which I fed myself in my dream. Then, without any interval, the view was shifted from ease to anxiety; a quick sense of my wants returned upon me without any prospect of means to satisfy them. I was under the most painful restraints, bound perpetually to do the will of others; every portion of my life was taken up in employments disgustful to my mind, and above the strength of my body. If I had any snatch of pleasures, they wanted that communication wherein all their sweetness consists: if to obviate the uneasiness of impressions I looked forward to futurity, that also presented nothing to me but subjects of vexation and grief. My real miseries were aggravated by an unhappy turn of mind, and, by the force of a melancholy imagination, the calamities that I dreaded were more excruciating than the present; these convulsions were further increased by an ardent tendency to whatever had the appearance of relief and pleasure. I had not even so much as a single friend to whom I could communicate my pressures, or from whom I could expect any comfort. Alas! who under misfortunes meets with constant friends? Now what a difference is there between the two conditions which I have described!

Let us now suppose that the dream fraught with so much felicity, were to be renewed every night, and as invariably followed by eight hours of real life, attended with these constraints, pains, and sufferings; it is asked, Whether this condition be rightly preferable to that wherein the dream was to be afflictive, and the waking hours filled with happiness, which, according to the hypothesis, would be real?

This question, which ever way it be decided, does not infer any increase of our happiness, since that on which it is grounded labours under a natural impossibility. However, being obliged to deliver my opinion on the choice, I say, that imaginary goods, however strongly they may affect us, are by no means to be brought in competition with the real; the use which we seem to make of the former terminates in the dream, and nobody else is the better for our happy circumstances. Now the pleasure of obliging is with every reasonable man a capital article in his scheme of happiness; to make others happy is to be happy ourselves; so that I would hope, that person is not living who would prefer a condition, of which all the advantages would centre and terminate in himself alone, whilst another was within his choice, in which it would be in his power to do kind offices to his fellow creatures, and promote the lasting happiness of society.

Histories of the Télé-à-Télé annexed; or, Memoirs of the Old Seducer, and the Young Milliner.

LUCINDA, at the time of her father's death, was in her sixteenth year, and as his income ceased with his life, she and her mother were reduced to very narrow circumstances; but in this moment of distress an old acquaintance came forward, and offered the assistance of his purse and interest.

This good-natured friend not being very rich, it was not expected his bounty could be more than moderate; he expatiated largely on the necessity that every woman, as well as every man, was under, whom providence had not blessed with independent fortune, of applying themselves to some profession, and persuaded Lucinda's mother to bind her apprentice to an eminent milliner with whom he was acquainted.

The gentleman was at this time upwards of sixty years of age, of a venerable aspect, and a pleasant and cheerful countenance that gained respect, and stifled suspicion. His calls on Lucinda's mother were frequent, and he often accompanied her on visits to the daughter, calling sometimes by himself, and making her several genteel presents.

The attention of the old man soon raised a report that he was paying his addresses to the mother, which induced him one evening to explain his intentions, when he assured the old lady, that she was not the object of his affections; but that if she would persuade her daughter to become his wife he would make a handsome independent settlement upon both.

This offer at first surprised and mortified the old lady, who had long flattered herself with the hopes of becoming wife to her husband's friend. He assuring her, that as his principal motive for marrying was to have an heir to the wealth he had acquired, she could not even throw out a hint in favour of herself, who was passed child-bearing; but promised to exert her utmost authority and influence in persuading Lucinda to accept his hand.

Lucinda at first received the proposal with disgust: maternal persuasion, however, had at last its effect, and she promised to sacrifice her youth and beauty to the interest of her parent.

The old gentleman having gained the assent of Lucinda, assured her mother that he had given proper directions to his lawyers for preparing the settlements. He frequently visited the young lady, who continued to reside at the milliner's, sometimes attended her to her mother's, and often prevailed on her to extend her walk, by which subtle means he entirely gained her

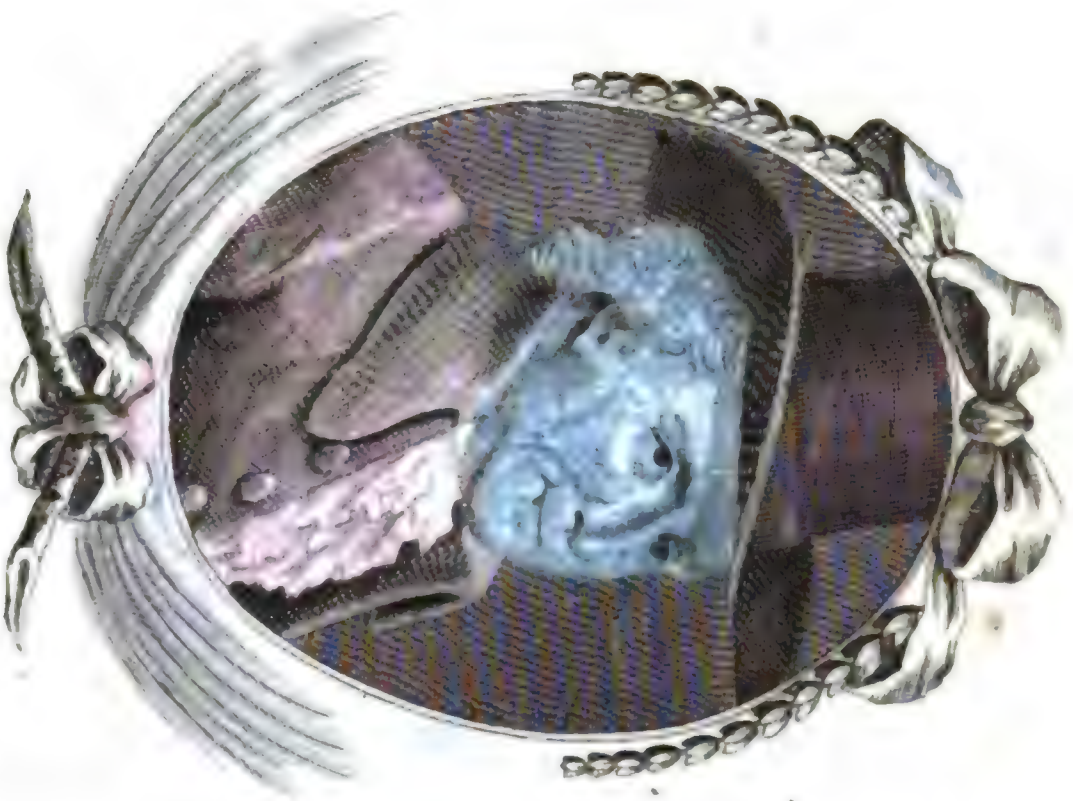
confidence, and though she did not feel the warm impulse of love, gratitude created in her heart a tender sensibility for the favours she received, and particularly for some presents of silks and other ornaments for her person.

The mother of Lucinda having been taken ill, her intended husband availed himself of this misfortune to perpetrate a design he had long harboured against her, and having one afternoon proposed a walk to which she acceded, he cunningly brought her into Covent-garden at the hour of going into the play, and as if the idea had suddenly came into his mind, proposed they should go to the gallery. The play was an entertainment which Lucinda had never seen; her curiosity was of course naturally excited, and having no suspicion of her conductor's integrity, she eagerly embraced his offer.

During the play the old gentleman purchased a bottle of port wine from one of the orange women, and the theatre being extremely hot, he easily prevailed on his unwary companion to drink more than she was used to. On getting into the street, under pretence of being thirsty himself, he conducted her into one of those infamous houses from whence innocence has seldom escaped without pollution, and having ordered supper, which of course introduced more drinking, the consequence was, that poor Lucinda was conveyed to bed in a state of intoxication, and was soon followed by her infamous seducer.

The next morning, when sobriety had produced cool reflection, Lucinda upbraided the old man with his base conduct, and was answered with protestations of inviolable attachment. She could not however return to the house of her mistress, and he proposed retiring to the country till the day of marriage, which had been previously fixed upon. In her situation there was no alternative. He conveyed her to a village not far distant from London, where, under various pretences, he continued with her for three weeks, when "fully fated with the luscious banquet," he quitted her one morning, leaving behind him a letter of consolatory advice, recommending to her strongly to return to her mother, and in future to support herself by industry.

During the absence of Lucinda and her enamorado from London, he amused her mother with letters, assuring her that a private marriage had taken place, and that his retiring to the country, to have the ceremony performed without her knowledge, was merely owing to a whim of his own, he having strong objections to the disagreeable congratulations of friends on such occasions; and these letters had the desired effect of appeasing her apprehensions. But



The Old Soldier.



The Young Soldier.

Published by T. WALKER, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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when her daughter returned dishonoured, disgraced, and repudiated, it naturally raised her indignation, and as soon as the first paroxysm, of rage had subsided, she resolved on evincing her resentment, and procuring justice for her daughter by means of the law.

She accordingly applied to an attorney, an action was commenced, the trial came on, it was opened by her advocate with zeal and ability; but alas! there was an error in the declaration: the plaintiff was nonsuited, and to the calamities under which the unhappy widow and her child suffered, the costs of both parties were added.

Memoirs of John Wesley, M. A. including an History of, and Observations on, Methodism.

(Concluded from Page 481.)

ON the breach between Mess. Whitefield and Wesley, each of them sent forth a number of lay preachers to propagate the doctrines of their respective principles. But such disorderly proceedings caused great disturbances, so that many, and sometimes very severe, were the riots against the itinerant apostles; some of whom were pressed by justices, who had not the fear of Methodism before their eyes, and sent to fight for their King and country in the fleet and army.

The pulpits of the Established Church vented bitter anathemas against the new schismatics and their followers; and even the whining posterity of the good old saints in Noll's days lifted up their rams horns, and sent forth terrible blasts against those Jebusites.

Books and pamphlets also in abundance were published against Methodism, and it must be allowed that all this opposition tended but the more to its advancement.

Mr. John Wesley, however, delighted in the contention; the war of the pulpit and of the press was always his joy, and many of his adversaries have felt the weight both of his tongue and of his arm.

One of his earliest and most considerable antagonists was the late Dr. George Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, whose book entitled "The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared," had a most surprising run. It was a shrewd, lively, and learned performance; and Mr. Wesley, to whom the third part was entirely appropriated, felt the blow as though it were the shock of an electrified jar: he replied with bitter heat and many words; but the Bishop's readers, who were innumerable, still continued to laugh, while Mr. Wesley's only groaned.

To enumerate all his literary engagements would be an endless and tedious task; we shall therefore only point at a few of the most considerable.

On the publication of Mr. Hervey's Dialogues, in which, for the first time, Calvinism appeared in an agreeable dress, our polemic attacked it in a very warm but very silly manner, heaping up a quantity of objections unsupported by any proofs. One of these objections was laughable enough; it was made against the lively and good-humoured manner in which the Author of the Dialogues had mentioned elegant dress, furniture and food. — Mr. Hervey, on those points, had shewn himself the rational Christian; — Mr. Wesley shewed himself to be the precise old Puritan. Mr. Hervey drew up a reply to Mr. Wesley, which was published after the author's death; and Mr. Wesley, in return, fired his cannon into Mr. Hervey's grave.

The late learned Bishop Warburton, in his "Scripture Doctrine of Grace," honoured Mr. John Wesley with his notice; but he, probably, would have thought that compliment better if omitted. His Lordship was far from being the politest of polemical writers; and it may be thought that he handled our hero with a little too much roughness. Mr. Wesley, however, drew forth his *gray goose quill*, and profanely scattered his ink, once more, upon lawn sleeves; yea, he even dared to treat the Rt. Rev. Father in God with as little respect as his Lordship had treated him. But the Bishop had no inclination to continue so low a contest; his character was certainly above it, and perhaps he did not do that any credit when he first entered the lists.

We may rank Mr. Toplady as the next of Mr. Wesley's antagonists. That gentleman, in the year 1769, published a translation of the Calvinistic Zanchius upon Predestination. The treatise was close, logical and persuasive. As Mr. Wesley therefore feared its success among his followers, he justly considered that a confutation was necessary not only to preserve them, but to defend his own principles. But this was not so easily done; his abilities were not of that depth to manage such a contest upon the fair ground of argument; — he therefore endeavoured to spring a mine, and to blow the obnoxious book entirely up without risking his own literary character. This he attempted by publishing a concise abridgement of the book, carefully suppressing every stubborn passage, and inserting others that were not in the original. Such an act of deceit roused the Translator, and as he had logic and rhetoric at his command, the poor Abridger came off in a worse condition than if he had acted upon fair terms.

This controversy lasted, under different shapes, during the remainder of Mr. Toplady's life; and it must be allowed, notwithstanding the warmth of that gentleman's temper

temper often hurried him into low expressions and personal satire, that his tracts possess more merit in point of sound learning, metaphysical keenness, solid argument, and elegant language, than any Calvinistic productions of this century.

At the time, viz. in 1780, when those intolerant Associations called Protestant were formed in order to procure a repeal of the Act passed in favour of the English Catholics, Mr. John Wesley concurred heart in hand with those assemblies of faction. He published a letter in the papers of the most pernicious and persecuting tendency, and having it printed separately, caused copies to be stuck up at the corner of streets, not only in the metropolis, but in Bristol, Bath, and other considerable places. In it he particularly charged the Catholics with holding, as a chief article of their creed, "that there is no faith to be kept with heretics," and supported the charge by a silly story fabricated for the purpose. This justly roused the spirit of that respectable body, and the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, a Franciscan Priest at Cork, wrote a reply to Mr. Wesley's letter, in which he not only completely vindicated his community from the above charge, but lashed the accuser with becoming severity for his malevolence.

One should have imagined that the infamous riots which succeeded those Associations would have tempered Mr. Wesley's spirit into philanthropy, but this was not the case; he visited Lord George Gordon in the Tower; and in his 19th Journal, now before us, condemns in high terms the Bill of Indictment that was presented against that infatuated personage by the Grand Jury of Middlesex.

The worthy Priest abovementioned in his remarks on Mr. Wesley's letter very wittily and shrewdly observed, that "when Mr. Wesley felt the first-fruits and illapses of the Spirit; when his zeal, too extensive to be confined within the majestic temples of the Church of England, or the edifying meeting-houses of the other Christians, prompted him to travel most parts of Europe and America to establish a religion and houses of worship of his own, what opposition has he not met with from the civil magistrates? with what insults from the rabble, broken benches, dead cats, and pools of water bear witness! Was he *then* the trumpeter of persecution? Was his pulpit changed into Hudibras's drum ecclesiastic? Did he abet banishment and proscription on the score of conscience? Now that his *Tabernacle* is established in peace, after the clouds had borne testimony to his mission*, he complains in

N O T E.

* See an Abridgment of Mr. Wesley's Journal, where he says, that in preaching

his second letter, wherein he promises to continue the fire which he has already kindled in England, that people of exalted ranks in Church and State have refused entering into a mean confederacy against the laws of nature, and the rights of mankind. In his first letter he disclaims persecution on the score of religion, and in the same breath strikes out a creed of his own for the Roman Catholics, and says "*that they should not be tolerated even amongst the Turks.*" Thus the Satyr in the fable breathes hot and cold in the same blast, and a lamb of peace is turned Inquisitor."

Unanswerable, however, as the Father's performance was, yet Mr. Wesley aimed at somewhat of a vindication of himself and of his principles: but the writer he had to deal with, though an Irish Catholic, and a Priest, was more than a match for him; and Mr. Wesley came off with greater disgrace from this contest, than from any theological one he had before been engaged in. His former disputes turned mostly upon speculative points which were but of little or no moment; but this was upon the most sacred of all human rights, the rights of conscience; every one, therefore, who had a regard for them must have rejoiced in the defeat of that man who endeavoured to injure them!—We believe this was the last of Mr. Wesley's controversies, and we hope that it has produced in him a more charitable and candid spirit, which, at least, becomes his years and profession. Among his disputes, however, we had almost forgot to mention that he was warmly engaged on the side of government during our late unhappy contest with America; but, perhaps, it had been better if we had entirely forgot it, since that part of his conduct was shamefully inconsistent; he having, before, been a very warm advocate for the Colonists.—Some persons made no scruple of asserting that he was bribed by administration to change his colours; but, whether this were so or not, it is certain that he was fairly confuted, and that he lost a considerable share of his popularity.

Besides his controversial pieces he hath also published a large number of books and pamphlets on a variety of subjects—History—Philosophy—Medicine—Poetry, &c.—but his History is never read, his Philosophy is silly and injudiciously compiled, and his recipes are poisonous. His poetic pieces indeed are pretty, and would be sometimes elegant, were it not for the vein of mysticism which runs through them. All his writings have

N O T E.

one day at Kinsale a cloud pitched over him, which, without doubt, the pious man imagined was by the peculiar interposition of Providence, and the setting a seal on the sacredness of his person, and the truth of his doctrine.

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been charged with plagiarism, and we have never seen the charge refuted.

Mr. Wesley is a widower, having been married in 1750; the bonds of which union were cemented by Plutus and not by Cupid; the consequence of which in a little time was a mutual divorce. The lady died in 1781; and the *farx froid* with which he mentions her death in his Journal, is worthy of observation.

On Mr. Whitefield's death, in 1770, Mr. Wesley preached his funeral sermon; but there were some things in it highly displeasing to the followers of that gentleman, the preacher having given, in his sermon, a brief recital of the differences between him and the deceased, and which the Whitefieldians thought tendered more to keep the breach open than to close it.

Mr. Wesley has travelled repeatedly over every part of Great Britain and Ireland, and is, of course, a very entertaining and informing companion. Notwithstanding his great age he is still lively, preaches often, and with great fluency. He holds as powerful a sway over his numerous followers, as even his Holiness himself. He has a considerable number of lay-preachers officiating under him in every part of the kingdom; but in general they are extremely illiterate, being mostly selected from the very dregs of the people, and tend rather to disgrace than to adorn the cause they serve.

That some good has been done by their means cannot be denied; but whether it is not counterbalanced by the contempt in which these preachers teach their people to hold the Established Church and its Ministers, may well be questioned.

It may be observed, that the Puritans in the last century began somewhat like the Methodists in this. The work of reformation and the conversion of the people were their pretences, and some good was done by them; but when the people became possessed of the idea that they were wiser than their civil and ecclesiastical rulers, they soon became malcontents, and the Church was the first sacrifice made to the spirit of reformation. The *out-powerings* of the Spirit produced a spiritual madness; and then a zeal for the Lord of Hosts drew thousands and ten thousands, headed by their Preachers, to fight against Ahab and to destroy the Priests of Baal.—The high places, the altars, the pictures, and the images were pulled down in the name of the Lord, and the glorious work was crowned by pouring out the blood of the Nobles, of the Priests, and of the King, as an offering unto the Lord.

All that is meant by thus adverting to those times of faction and outrage is to shew the danger which attends the Spirit of Enthusiasm; if it once rises, it is well if it stops

below madness; and should a large number be intoxicated with the same mad spirit, what dreadful consequences must not the rational part of the community expect?

We hope, however, that this will never more be the case in England; but a consciousness of truth and a remembrance of 1780 compel us to say, that Methodism has a greater tendency to it than any species of Enthusiasm known to us; since it appears to be no other than the fiery Puritanism of the last age revived.

An Essay on Money.

THE more mankind are polished by arts, sciences, good breeding, and politeness, the greater is their avidity for money; for to keep up and maintain a true taste and spirit for the elegancies of life, requires some considerable quantity of it in order to make any splendid figure in life, which now is deemed tolerable.—Our forefathers, who knew little of our present refinements, were not so avaricious as we are of this present polite age, as they could content themselves to carry on trade and commerce without the help of it, by bartering and exchanging commodities with each other. But now that old-fashioned custom is become quite obsolete and discarded by us wise moderns, who know the nature of things as we ought!—So great is the raging attachment of the present age for money, that without its all-powerful influence nothing in human life can be transacted.

But to pursue the thought by a due concatenation of circumstances, we may form some idea of its potent influence, which it hath on the minds and manners of mankind. What a poor figure would royalty make, without the annual subscriptions of parliament, who by various ways and means, feel the pulse of the public! Our zealous patriots, politicians, and bold commanders, would soon, very soon, be spiritless and chafallen, without all-powerful money's salutary aid.

Our dignified clergy would soon relinquish preaching and praying, were they deprived of its assistance! Our gentlemen of the faculty would relax their pursuits and study of physic, and would not hurry themselves night and day in attending their patients, were they not in hopes of obtaining this precious dross! Our church would not be crowded with such numbers of candidates for holy orders, who are dissolute, immoral, and ignorant, who pretend to teach others the duty of religion and virtue, but who, alas! cannot govern their own passions! and who scarcely (not one in ten of them) can read or write with any tolerable degree of propriety, without a sufficient quantity to recommend them, as a substitute, for their

literary and moral abilities ! Our honest labouring farmers would never endure the vicissitudes of weather, and the toilsome labours of the plough, did they despair of a reward this way.—Our common herd of mechanics would never toil, labour, and suffer such close application and confinement unless they expected money for their trouble.—Our undaunted highwaymen would never run the risk of temporal and eternal punishment, but for the love of money ! In short, money is the only spur to human actions. Our hangmen would never be so anxious to finish the business of the law without their fees ! The common prostitute and vagrant, would no longer pursue their infamous callings, without the reward of money ! If some fair one is called in question, it is generally enquired, is she possessed of money ? Then it immediately adds lustre to her charms ! O Money ! Money ! thou art the life and soul of all human exertions ! from majesty on the throne, to indigence on the dung-hill ; therefore it is by money that “ we live, move, and have our being.”—It is money that makes the gentleman, and not education and good breeding, but money only ! When we enquire after any man, we ask whether he is rich, and if we are convinced of this, then our reply is—he is a gentleman to be sure ?

Such are our notions of the real worth and estimation of money ; therefore let us embrace them with the greatest avidity, as they are pregnant with every-good, and capable of bearing us up in all our calamities.

Such are my serious thoughts on this subject, a subject I am fond of handling ; but the reader, whoever he is, may make that application of them he pleases, whether in an affirmative, or negative sense ; but there is an old-fashioned book which some poor fearful fools read for their amusement, where it is said, “ that money is the root of all evil,” (I suppose it means if a wrong application be made of it) ; and Mr. Pope hath sung in his celebrated “ Essay on Man,” that

“Worth makes the man, and want of it
the fellow,

The rest is all but leather, and prunella.”

And I say,

“For want of cash, we ne’er can make a
show.

It’s Money only makes the Mare to go.”

Two Curious Anecdotes of the Cardinal Dubois, Prime Minister of France, in the Minority of Lewis XV.

DUBOIS, both when simple abbé, and when elevated to the highest dignities of the church, was one of the most profligate of men. Avaricious and insatiable, he was

ever intent upon preferment. The cardinal de la Trémouille, archbishop of Cambray, died the 1st of January, 1720 ; the information was received by the abbé Dubois at midnight, with some other dispatches. He read them in bed, then rose with precipitation, and hurried to his royal highness. The regent had retired to bed, and given orders not to let any one enter his apartment, except a lady with whom he relaxed his mind. The abbé asked to see him, but the valet mentioned the prohibition and the reason. The minister insisted on entering, saying the orders did not extend to him, and advanced to open the door. The valet taking him by the collar to prevent him, scratched him in many places ; but all his efforts were unavailing, he kept his ground, and at last reached the regent, to whom he announced the vacancy of the archbishopric of Cambray, and his desire of attaining that dignity. The regent replied, “ Art thou mad ? thou an archbishop ! thou art a knave, and who would make a priest of thee ? ” “ Your first almoner, my lord.” “ True,” replied his highness, “ but all the world will reproach me.” “ Do not let that disturb you, my lord,” returned the abbé, “ a thought just occurs to me, write to Destouches, to solicit a letter from the king of Great Britain to your royal highness, in which he may ask this archbishopric for me, in consideration of the services I have rendered him in the triple alliance. Thus you will be screened from all censure, by saying, that you could not refuse this favour to his Britannic majesty.” The regent consented, and solemnly promised to nominate the Abbé. He wrote the next day, a copy of the letter the king of England was to write, and sent it to Destouches, desiring him to convey it through the channel of Mr. Stanhope : that minister warmly interesting himself, the king signed the letter, and the regent read it publicly to his courtiers.

The regent had never had much respect for the abbé Dubois, and it was not increased when he became archbishop. Having displeased him one day, his serene highness was in a passion, and kicked him soundly. Dubois represented to him, while he was squeezing himself into the wall, that he was a priest and archbishop, and that consequently he ought not to be so injuriously treated : upon which the regent redoubled his blows, saying, that is for the priest, and that is again for the archbishop. It is true, this prelate had neither reformed his conduct nor conversation, for he often went out without his cross, and descended by a back staircase into the by-allies of the opera, where a sedan chair was always waiting, to carry him to the houses of his old friends.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

Anecdotes of Dean Knapp, Mark-Anthony Morgan, and Mr. Moffat, who resided at Killala.

FRANCIS KNAPP, formerly Dean of Killala, is well known by his elegant complimentary poem addressed from Killala to Mr. Pope, on the publication of his *Windfor-Forest*.

When he was Dean, Lloyd was Bishop of Killala, who had a large paunch and a *strumous* swelling in his right hand.

The Dean and his fair and witty acquaintance, then Miss Charity Annesley, were present in the Cathedral of that town at an ordination by that Bishop. The next day, the Dean sent the following lines to Miss Annesley:

Say Virgin, say in whose fair bosom dwell
The charms of Clio and her sister Mel?
Say, hast thou seen a Bard of solemn
gravity, [concavity?
Whose paunch has fulness and whose skull
Say, hast thou seen his sacred mutton
paw, [daw,
Held o'er the noddle of some young jack-
To baste with blessings his unhallowed
locks, [thodox?
And make him rise both sound and or-
Say Virgin, say is this *Dan's* benediction
A true *Pax tecum*, or an arrant fiction?

However reprehensible that dignitary was in ridiculing so sacred a ceremony, and a Bishop that was as venerable for the piety of his life and his charity, * as for the exalted rank he held in the church; yet his lines exhibit a specimen of his fine talents for poetry and ridicule.

This anecdote I had from Miss Annesley, latterly Mrs. Blake, of Lehinch, when she was about twenty-five years old; at which time she had a wonderful recollection, and a vivacity which was very entertaining when it did not take an acrimonious turn, which was too frequently the case.

MARK-ANTHONY MORGAN.

THIS gentleman had his school education at Killala, where he acquired a talent superior in its kind to any thing recorded in history.

He could multiply nine figures by nine

N O T E.

* I had it from credible eye witnesses, that Bishop Lloyd used to come abroad on a stated day, weekly, in a sedan chair, which his infirmity obliged him to use, and always distributed five pounds, (all in sixpences) to the poor of Killala and its vicinities.

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figures, without pen or ink, or any such equivalent aid. He did it merely by a mental calculation.

Now suppose the first figures of the Multiplicand and Multiplier to have been but units, let the rest of the figures have been what they might, though they are not to be supposed to have been all noughts, the product must at least have amounted to seventeen places of figures, and be upwards of ten thousand millions of millions.

That Mr. Morgan did perform this, I believe from what I heard in different countries, from the tradition at Killala, and particularly from what Mr. Samuel Kirkwood, (a respectable and credible gentleman of that town, who knew Mr. Morgan personally,) told me.

He said, that Mr. Morgan was supposed to have originally acquired that wonderful talent by having been, when at school, often confined in a room wherein there were chairs with brass nails.

For my own part, I have no doubt of what I have heard of this surprising gentleman, on account of an instance I have myself met with, which differed only in degree, though it must be owned the difference was great.

About eight-years ago, I happened to be in Dublin, and to hear of a blind man (whether he was so from infancy or not I do not recollect) one *Brogan*, a teacher of Arithmetic, who could multiply seven figures by seven figures. I sent for him, and wrote two lines of figures, each consisting of seven places. The first line began with a 7, 3 was the first figure of the second line: There was not an unit or a nought in either; I read the figures distinctly, and on his requisition, I read them a second time: He paused about the third part of the time that an ordinary arithmetician would require, to multiply such a sum, and then gave me the product to write down.

Having examined it at my leisure, I found it perfectly true, though it consisted of fourteen places, and therefore was upwards of twenty-one millions of millions.

My hurry then, and my sudden departure from Dublin prevented my trying if his talent that way extended any farther.

It would be a curious enquiry to try if he could multiply a greater number of figures.

Being a public teacher, he will be easily found in town, if he is still living there.

Let the reader who marvels not at those talents try by mental calculation to tell the product of seven promiscuous figures by two figures, provided these are not noughts, nor units. He will wonder at what those persons performed.

U u u

MOFFAT,

M O F F A T,

WAS a schoolmaster at Killala, and by what a companion of his told me, a most facetious and convivial man.

He had printed a very humorous and entertaining little poem, descriptive of the customs and manners of the native Irish, which begins with the following lines,

In Western Isle renowned for bogs,
For Tories and for great wolf-dogs;
For drawing hobbies by the tail,
And threshing corn with fiery flail, &c.

The Irish being prone to upbraid one another in their quarrels, with mean pedigrees, he represents one of them who quarrelled at a feast, as reviling his antagonist in the following words:

Who was the son of *Phelim Fad*,
Who on each hand six fingers had.
Who was the son of *Gillicbriest*,
Who was the son of Hugh the Priest? &c.

I mention Mr. Moffat, and quote some of his verses, merely to induce some person who may have his poem, to send it to some printer, who for his own emolument and the amusement of the public, will not hesitate to have it re-printed.

It is about thirty-five years since I saw that poem.

To the Editor of the *Hibernian Magazine*.

S I R,

Your inserting the following observations in your useful Magazine, on a disorder which has never yet, I believe, made its appearance in this kingdom, will much oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

Observations on Rappania. Extracted from a clinical Lecture, by Doctor Gregory, Professor of the Institutions of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

THIS is indeed a very rare disease, in-
somuch, that Dr. Cullen, in the
course of 50 years extensive experience,
never saw an instance of it. It is his 52d
genus;

ed, and the eyes roll; the pulse is irregular, the limbs swell, and sometimes lumps appear upon the hands. The patient is affected with nausea and sense of horror, vertigo, weight of the head, flushing of the face, drowsiness, stiffness of the eyes, tongue and fingers. In the advanced stage, *epilepsy*, *apoplexy*, *palsy*, and in many instances, *Mania* has been induced. The patient has been left deaf, and his voice changed similar to that of a cock. It is more frequent in some countries than in others. It has prevailed epidemically. The state of the air was supposed to have great influence; but this is not at all probable. It has been brought on by the use of vitiated rye; and *lollium* has produced similar effects. Horstius refers it to muscilages in bad and unbaked bread: for it affected the servants and not their masters. It has succeeded a wet summer and unfavourable autumn. The proximate cause I shall not attempt; it must be referred to a combination of circumstances. The prognosis, in general, is unfavourable.

In attempting the cure, we should, according to Linnæus, first evacuate the poisonous matter, and then obviate spasms.—To answer the first indication, emetics, cathartics and sweating, are to be employed. The second, is to be fulfilled by stimulants and sedatives. Horstius recommends a promiscuous farrago of antispasmodics, in form of electary, for exciting sweat. The human skull was in frequent use. In Linnæus's pamphlet, several other articles are enumerated, Camphor, Castor, Valerian, Angelica, &c.—We have had two patients in the Infirmary this winter, who attributed their diseases to the use of bad corn, and were cured by the sweating and antispasmodic method.

Authentic Narrative of the Revolutions at Delbi, in the Months of September, October, November, and December 1788. Including an Account of the Joinagtur Rajapoots, and the barbarous Cruelty of the Robilla Monster Goolam Kadir Khan towards the King Sharw Allum and his family.

[Extracted from Papers written by an Eng-

to confine the surviving offspring, Princes and Princesses, of the deceased monarchs, and who at this time were very numerous. Amongst them were some of the Begums of the two last Kings, who were in possession of large sums of the public and private treasures their husbands had left at the time of their death. Some of these hoards were of long standing, and had even escaped the rapacious vigilance of the famous invader Thamas Kouli Khan, who principally confined his depredations to the public wealth in the palace, and that of people in office.

Goolam Kadir having previously stationed emissaries in this place, proceeded to lay hands on every thing he could find, and committed the most horrid acts of cruelty to discover where the treasures lay. This inhuman and savage Rohilla, not content with plundering the old King and his family, had the cruelty to order him to be beat in his presence, nay, in the midst of his rage did it himself; and afterwards (I shudder at the relation) this barbarous enemy of the human race, presenting his own dagger to one of his infernal instruments, ordered him to tear out in his presence the old King's eyes; which order was obeyed without the least deviation from so horrid and unparalleled a command. The sufferings of this poor unfortunate Prince, who deserved a much better fate, can be better conceived than described. His life was for some time in danger. Some of his sons died in confinement of hunger and thirst, they having been refused both food and water.

These barbarities were extended to the Prince and Princess in Selim Ghur, to discover their treasures, where Goolam Kadir found large sums of money and jewels. For this purpose he had them all stripped in his presence, and left no means untried, however barbarous, shameful, and before unheard-of, to discover where jewels might be concealed; by which means having discovered some very extraordinary large pearls, he next proceeded to have them confined in a close prison, for the purpose of a species of search too shocking to relate. Not satisfied with the plunder acquired from these unhappy people, said to amount to two crores of rupees, or two millions, but which it is generally supposed amounted at least to one, he next proceeded to abandon himself to every species of excess imaginable, particularly drunkenness; and in one of these fits he ordered the Princes to be brought before him to dance in his presence; where when they appeared, he upbraided them for their pusillanimity, and calling them women, told them he would treat them as such; and that they must dance or be flogged. Some obeyed; some preferred and underwent the

punishment held out in case of non-compliance; and this and other indignant cruel treatment he repeated for several days.

By this time the Mahrattas had obliged Ismael Beg to raise the siege of Agra, who, on abandoning that enterprize, marched to Delhi to join Goolam Kadir Kaun. On his arrival at that place, the latter refused him admittance into the fort, but promised him money to pay his troops, and advanced him a trifle. His suspicions of Ismael Beg were founded on the latter's disapproving of the enormities committed at Delhi, and accordingly a rupture between them was the consequence. The Mahrattas informed of this, found no difficulty in gaining over Ismael Beg with his troops to their side, and Madagee Sindiah sent the former to act in concert with him (Ismael Beg) at Delhi. They immediately laid siege to the fort, where the savage Rohilla Goolam Kadir yet remained; who finding that he could not hold out long, renewed many of his horrid cruelties, and began to destroy what he could not carry away.

He next evacuated the place, and took away with him all the sons and daughters of the old King, in number fourteen Princes and eight Princesses, accompanied by the new-made King Biddor Shaw, the old Begum Mulksumanee (who had been so instrumental in bringing all this torture and disgrace on the Royal Family), and the treacherous Nazir. With these he marched off. The Mahrattas followed him, but did not dare to attack him. They however constantly kept harrassing him for some months, in the hopes of being supported by the British government in India, whose public approbation, at least in this instance, they looked for, in endeavouring to bring to punishment such an enemy to the human race.

Goolam Kadir now finding that he could get no more money from the old Begum, at whose instigation he had raised Biddor Shaw to the throne, deposed the latter, and had Akbor Shaw, the second son of the blind King, crowned in his stead; whom, though a favourite of his father, and next heir to the throne on the spot, the country refused to acknowledge, from the circumstance of this nomination proceeding from Goolam Kadir, and also of the blind King being yet alive.

Goolam Kadir thus pursued by the Mahrattas, and execrated by the country people, took shelter with his Rohillas in Morat, a small fort situated near his capital of Goshghur, where he had deposited the produce of his savage depredations. While he remained in this situation, a reinforcement of 15,000 horse from Poonah (the capital of the Mahrattas), under the command of Ally Bahader, joined the army under Mada-

jee Sindiah. This Chief, during the latter part of the above transactions, had remained in person quite inactive at Maltra, a city between Agra and Delhi, situated sixty miles from the latter.

Ally Bahader immediately marched with his troops against Goolam Kadir, whom he closely invested in the fort of Morat. The latter held out till reduced to such straits for want of provisions, as induced him to undertake a most daring enterprize, as the only chance he had of shifting his quarters. He accordingly issued out with 300 of such of his half-starved horses as could carry their riders, and sword in hand pushed his way thro' the Mahrattas; but was followed by 3000 of the latter, who cut 200 of his followers in pieces. Goolam Kadir, with the remaining hundred, principally consisting of his chiefs, took shelter amongst some of the Zemindars; who giving intelligence of it to the Mahratta commander Ally Bahader, Goolam Kadir and his followers were seized and carried to him, loaded with chains; in which situation he exposed them in his march through the country. Most of this Rohilla monster's wealth, as well as what he had plundered at Delhi, with his mother and family, were in Morat, and fell into Ally Bahader's hands, as also 120 pieces of cannon, 60 elephants, and horses in proportion.

It is to be feared that the unfortunate Shaw Allum's family would not be benefited by any restitution of their plundered wealth and effects; for the Mahrattas, though certainly not a bloody race, however famous for their depredations, never fail setting up, wherever they are employed, such pecuniary claims as in all probability, in the present instance, would leave the former little to expect, even under such accumulated distresses.

In the above state did the affairs of Delhi remain in the month of December 1788.

However inactive our present system of rigid neutrality may have induced us to remain on the above occasion, it is more than probable that we shall find its consequences hereafter materially affecting our political interests.

These, let it be said to the credit of Mr.

No man was ever more attached to peace than Mr. Hastings; but he certainly did not follow it so implicitly as to make great and important sacrifices to it. Whatever he undertook was always with a moral assurance of success; and in the long course of his administration never did he plan or authorize any military operation but what was attended with complete success; nor did he ever engage in any negotiation but what he acquired the object proposed by it; so fixed was the general opinion of his character, at a period when our existence in India was hanging by a thread; and his preservation of it in so critical a situation was, I may say, effected in spite of the shackles with which he was constantly fettered by those whose co-operation would have rendered his successes still more brilliant and advantageous.

Letters respecting Barbary, and the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs.
By the Abbé Poiret.

(Continued from Page 468.)

L E T T E R III.

TO THE SAME.

I PROPOSED, my dear doctor, to give you in this letter, an account of the trade carried on by the African Company on these coasts; but I prefer the relation of an event which took place at La Calle a few years ago, the circumstances of which I have just now learned from the governor.

If the want of the company of women be a punishment for the inhabitants of La Calle, the condition of the men in this accursed country is no less a source of disquiet and uneasiness to those wives whose husbands are obliged to leave them behind them in France. Some time ago, a poor mechanic, at Marseilles, reduced to beggary through want of employment, resolved to go over to La Calle, and to quit his wife, whom he tenderly loved. He took care not to make her acquainted with the exact state of a country which perhaps he did not thoroughly know himself; but the woman having remained a long time without hearing any news of her husband, (whether his letters had miscarried, or that he neglected to write) went

workman, presented herself at the office, and got her name registered among the number of the passengers who were going to La Calle. During the passage, which she supported with an heroic courage, her figure and youth interested the captain and all the crew in her favour, and they sincerely lamented the fate of this poor youth, reduced to the necessity of going to inhabit a country so destructive, especially to young people, and to those of a delicate constitution. Such conversation was to this woman like so many stabs of a dagger: forgetting her own danger, she thought only of that to which her husband was exposed, and to which, perhaps, he had already fallen a victim.

When the vessel arrived on the coast of Africa, and was about to touch at Bonne, on account of contrary winds, whilst this woman was searching her trunk for clothes in order to go on shore, some of the sailors observed a few articles of female dress among her effects, and this discovery gave rise to conjectures which her figure seemed to confirm. Their suspicions were soon realized; and, when she was known to be a woman, she would have suffered much from the brutality of the sailors, had not the captain, to whom she confessed her intention, taken her under his protection.

On the first fair wind, the vessel set sail for La Calle, where she had no sooner arrived, than the captain presented himself before the governor with this faithful spouse, who could not answer any question till informed that her husband was still alive. This news filled her with so much joy, that she had almost fainted. The governor, desirous of enjoying their interview, sent for the husband. The husband appeared; but he was quite astonished at seeing a young workman throw his arms about his neck, without being able to utter a single word for sighs and sobbing. Being at length told that this person was his own wife, he soon recollected her, but he could scarcely believe his own eyes. Agitated both by the keenest emotions of tenderness, they attempted to speak, but their words were every moment interrupted by their mutual caresses; while their eyes, blinded by tears, hardly perceived the spectators, in whose breasts this affecting scene excited the most pleasing sensations. The governor gave them private apartments; and the husband, overcome by the affection of his wife, embarked* with her for Marseilles, where he soon after found

N O T E.

* I returned to France with the captain who had brought this heroic female to Barbary: he confirmed the truth of all these circumstances which I have related.

that employment which he wished for. I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

TO THE SAME.

I NOW return, my dear doctor, to the detail which I promised you concerning the trade carried on annually on the coasts of Barbary.

The principal trade of Barbary is granted exclusively to a company established at Marseilles, under the name of the Royal African Company, and which owes its principal existence to the coral fishery. This fishery for a long time has been the base and foundation of its traffic. It was formerly a harvest, the produce of which, according to calculation, was considered as invariable; which alone supplied the expences necessary for so great an establishment, and afforded a considerable profit besides; but at that time the fishery was very abundant, the expences attending it were much less, the sale was equally great, and perhaps more advantageous; and whatever revolutions the other branches of the Company's trade might experience, this was sufficient to support it, if not in a flourishing condition, at least in that state of moderation and solidity from which a commercial company ought never to depart. For a certain number of years this fishery has always been decreasing; at present it is so much reduced, that the Company entirely depend upon the trade they carry on in corn and wool, to which they join that of hides and wax, though it derives a very small profit from the two last articles.

Wool, barley, and corn, are the articles upon which the Company gain most; they purchase these commodities with Spanish dollars which have been filed; from each dollar they take about the value of eight pence sterling, and make them pass in Barbary for four shillings and sixpence. From this speculation there arises a considerable profit, which amounts to about ten per cent. The principal houses belonging to the Company are at La Calle, Bonne, Tabarque, and Collo, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

This Company was established under Louis XIV. and its principal factory was then at the Bastion of France, situated in the eastern extremity of the kingdom of Algiers. It had in view two objects, the coral fishery and the commerce of grain, which it shared then with an English Company established at La Calle. The English, however, failed; and the trade has remained exclusively in the hands of the French.

Wherever the Europeans have penetrated, from a thirst of gain; wherever they have offered

to the natives, often half savage, their friendship and the advantages of commerce, they have almost always become despots, and repaid by treachery and crimes the confidence which has been reposed in them. It is thus that the Spaniards established themselves in America, the English, the Dutch, and the French, in the East Indies, and various other parts of the globe. Batavia, Peru, and Madagascar, are still proofs of this assertion. If they spared some few of those nations among whom they settled, they have at least rendered them tributary; and instead of paying for liberty to trade, the European merchant has demanded to be recompensed for treating those with humanity from whom he at first required only a fair and peaceable exchange.

This, however, my dear doctor, is not the case with the trade established among the Moors on the coast of Barbary. If the merchant in the Indies and America is proud and haughty, in Africa he is submissive and cringing. He pays, and very dearly, for the right of purchasing the productions of that rich, but too much neglected country. The greatest exactions fall principally upon the African Company. The States of Barbary do not grant it the exclusive privilege of its trade, but in consideration of an annual tribute; and it is obliged to take their provisions at the same price as that at which they are offered by other occasional merchants, tho' the Company pays a considerable tribute.

For liberty to fish for coral on the coasts of the kingdom of Algiers, and to obtain an exclusive right to the commerce of grain, wool, wax, and hides, in its different factories, the Company pays to the Dey of Algiers about 4,000*l.* sterling annually, and is obliged, besides, to send him two boxes of the most beautiful coral. The duties which the Bey of Constantine acquires from the corn which he causes to be sold at Bonne, bring him nearly cent. per cent. and for wool he is paid at the rate of about three shillings per hundred weight.

several other nations. By a new arrangement made with the Bey of Tunis, to establish a coral fishery in his seas, the Bey is to receive annually about eleven hundred pounds sterling. The factory of Collo must also pay a tribute to the Jument, or tribunal of justice. This tribute, though exorbitant, is according to the rights of nations, and has nothing humiliating in it for the merchant. Every state, and every sovereign, have power not to permit foreigners to trade in their dominions, unless they pay certain duties; and this custom is received in all Europe. It is only in the Indies and America where the merchant, taking advantage of the weakness and too great confidence of the natives, has rendered them tributary, in contradiction to every law human and divine.

But what vilifies the European trader upon these coasts is, the sovereign contempt with which he is treated by the Moors, and the oppression and acts of injustice which he is under the necessity of enduring, in order to carry on trade without interruption. The inhabitants of La Calle are more exposed to these than those of any other place. Whenever the Moors make their appearance they are obliged to give them bread, oil, salt, and many other articles which they ask with the utmost insolence. If, harrassed by their demands, one refuses them the most trifling thing, they give vent to threats, which they almost always execute, and with the greater confidence, as they are sure of never being punished. The malecontent conceals himself behind a bush in some defile, and the first Christian who appears becomes the unhappy victim of his resentment. Besides, it is not difficult for a Moor to gain over his whole nation to his interests: so that, instead of one enemy, an hundred are to be encountered. One must then think of an accommodation, endeavour to appease the discontented person; and treaties of peace are generally concluded with granting to the Moors every

dollars, one farthing of which is never remitted. The Moors, who neglect no opportunity of robbing us, often assassinate one of their own countrymen, deposit the body privately in the neighbourhood of the place, accuse the Christians of the murder, and oblige them to pay the fine.

It thence follows, that we must suffer every thing from the Moors, grant them every thing, forget their insults, endure their contempt, and receive from these barbarians the most unjust and humiliating laws. For example, would you not be surprised that the Company have not the right of naming their own Truchemans, or interpreters? This right belongs to the Moors, who always take care to choose those whom they consider as fittest for cheating the Christians.

The Bey of Constantine is by treaty obliged to assist the Christians in all cases, but every time he does so, gives occasion for a new impost. He is even sometimes the first to excite a disturbance in order to render himself necessary, and to make us pay dear for his succour. When we obtained a Chief to repress the Moors of Mazoule, this Bey, on account of some division, sent an army of five hundred men to re-establish good order, but he demanded from the Company a dollar per man, which they were obliged to pay. Here they had not great cause for complaint; but the day following he claimed five hundred dollars more, and not daring to found this tribute on the assistance which he had granted, he established it for the passage of the river Ceibas, on the road to Bonne, though there is neither boat nor bridge on it, and though the Christians pass it very seldom, unless when they go to Bonne by land. For the sake of peace they resolved to pay it, and this tax has continued ever since. To this anecdote I could add many more of the same kind; but I think, I have said enough to give you an idea of the trade carried on here with the Moors. I have the honour to be, &c. *

L E T T E R V.

TO DR. FORRESTIER.

I HAVE not been able, my dear doctor, to hold out any longer. Notwithstanding the contagion; notwithstanding the civil

N O T E.

* These letters are extracted from *Voyage en Barbarie, par L'Abbé Peiret*, 2 vols. 8vo. The greater part of this work is taken up with Natural History, and as the descriptive part is short, being contained in twenty-nine letters, which are curious, we intend to give a complete translation of them, and to continue them in the succeeding numbers of this Magazine.

Wars; and notwithstanding the representations of the Governor of La Calle, and of the other officers, I have passed our barriers. I with regret, beheld the spring gliding away, and the flowers disappearing with it. Though it is only yet the end of May, the sun is still so scorching, that it is impossible after nine in the morning to endure his heat. I have however, for a fortnight past, been going through various adventures, in a dress no less remarkable than that of the celebrated Robinson Crusoe; but you yourself shall judge. Over a light vest, and a pair of breeches, I wear the Arabian dress, which is a kind of large hooked cloak, that reaches to my heels. It is all of one piece, without seams, close before, and ornamented with silk fringes at the extremities, on the breast, and at the ends of the hood. The latter part is fixed on the head by means of a strong cord of camel's hair, several yards in length: among the Moors, it supplies the place of a turban. To secure myself from the sun, I wear besides this, an enormous hat made of palm leaves, which many of the Arab chiefs make use of during the summer. Thus, in appearance half Moor, half Christian, I traverse the burning sands of Barbary. My complexion gradually assumes the dusky tint of the Africans, and nothing is wanting but a tufted beard, with naked legs and arms to disguise me entirely. Though my principal object is to procure plants and insects, I walk always prepared for war, after the manner of the Arabs. A large leathern girdle, furnished with excellent cartridges, a pair of pistols, a kind of poignard, a sabre, and a fusée, are generally the armour of every Arab. In this dress, I boldly present myself before the tents of the Moors, accompanied by a domestic, and two of the natives, whom I carried along with me from La Calle, where they had learned to speak a little of the dialect of Provence. I however, trust neither to my own courage, nor to the arms which I carry. Before I penetrate into the country, I take care to learn, by means of my interpreters, whether the nation which we intend to visit be connected by trade with La Calle; whether it is subjected to any chief; whether a Christian may appear there in safety, and above all, whether the plague has made any ravage in it. I never expose myself, but according to their report; and hitherto I have experienced no kind of danger, though with respect to the plague, the accounts of the Arabs are little to be depended upon.

How shall I paint to you, my dear doctor, the confused and contradictory ideas which arose in my mind, on the first view of these Arab hordes? I had approached

with a

within half a gun shot of about thirty tents, and was preparing to go up to them, when I was informed, that the plague had made its appearance there eight days before. To avoid the danger of communication, without advancing any farther, I dismounted from my horse, as I had need of a little repose and nourishment. The spot where I then happened to be, was on the brink of a rivulet, the stream of which was cool, and perfectly limpid; Lushes of rose laurels, terebinth and myrtle, formed around me an agreeable shade, and the landscape bounded by hills, clothed with the most beautiful verdure, was animated by the numerous herds which fed at a distance. Thus nature, by presenting this delightful view of a rural and pastoral retreat, disposed my heart for joy, and transported me in idea to those happy ages, when men were all shepherds, and knew no other riches but their flocks and the productions of the earth. Occupied with these ideas, with the eye wandering over the beauties of this scene, and fixing my sight principally upon the low smoky huts of the Arabs, I saw all of a sudden about a dozen of them, who were directing their steps towards me. I confess to you, my dear doctor, that on the sight of these ferocious men, I could not suppress an emotion of fear, which, in an instant dispelled all those ideas with which I had been so agreeably entertained. They were all armed, and I apprehended some attack from them; but the Moors who accompanied me assured me there was no danger. As soon as they were near enough, I saluted them according to the custom of the country, and I ordered my interpreters to tell them to keep at a distance, on account of the contagion. With this request they readily complied, and squatting down in a circle around us, conversed with their countrymen for some time. They asked me, if I would have any milk. I replied in the affirmative; upon which, two of them immediately set out, and returned soon after, with each a bason full of it. I drank some of it, and notwithstanding their forward manner, and threatening air, I was sensible that they gave me a kind reception. I expressed my gratitude by my gestures, and distributed among them a small quantity of powder and shot, which they requested. Forgetting then the picture which had been drawn to me of their manners, or rather attributing their ferocity to the despotism under which they groan, and perhaps to their intercourse with Europeans, who may have taught them to cheat, and to be dishonest, I endeavoured to persuade myself, that the nearer man is to nature, the better he ought to be. I perceived in them, the patriarchs of antiquity, devoted entirely to the care of their flocks, and

free from that multiplicity of wants created by luxury. I beheld men to whom I was indebted for their hospitality, since they offered me an asylum in their tents; and if I did not find in them the affected politeness of Europe, I thought I perceived at least that rustic openness, such as it ought to be in the man of nature. It was then, that in reasoning with myself, and suffering myself to be deceived by that desire which I would willingly indulge, of finding in all mankind a natural fund of goodness, I with pleasure gave way to an error, which I had too much occasion afterwards to be sensible of.

When I took leave of these Arabs, having from motives of prudence declined entering into their tents, they accompanied me nearly half a mile, and when we parted they wished me in their own language happiness and peace. Being informed of the meaning of these expressions, I repeated them very affectionately, and congratulated myself that the first Arabic words which I pronounced, served to express my gratitude. I have met with almost the same reception from the different Arab tribes among whom I have since been; but for some days, I durst not venture to enter their tents from a dread of the plague. As the weather was mild, and the sky serene, I caused a small hut to be erected for me of leaves at a little distance from their tents, and there I passed the night, stretched out on the green turf, where I enjoyed as sound a sleep, as if I had been in the most delicate bed. However, as danger when viewed near, does not make such strong impressions, I have insensibly become reconciled to the tents of the Arabs. I am received there every evening, and I have the honour of being admitted to their repasts. Believe me to be, with every sentiment of friendship and respect, &c.

(To be continued.)

Some Strictures on the present System of Education.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

THROUGH the channel of your excellent Magazine, a work the most universally read of any in this nation, I beg leave to submit to the publick a few loose remarks upon the Education of our Irish youth. In the Annals of history, no age nor nation will be more famed for the excellent care taken in the instruction of youth, than these in which we live. Not that the various munificent endowments for that purpose, as at present managed, are of much avail, nor that we owe much to secretary Orde's chimerical plan, with the execution of which we have been so frequently threatened. To ourselves,

ourselves, in our private capacities, are we beholden for this inestimable blessing. Several munificent monarchs and well intentioned private persons have left very considerable endowments in lands to establish schools in most parts of the nation. But how are the produce of these lands applied? Not to lighten the expence of education; but to support a few ecclesiastics of one particular community, who already are possessed of the tenth of the people's labour. My reader will be apt to cry out, this is written by a Belfast Presbyterian: be it so. Yet he is one that pays taxes, that leads a quiet and industrious life, and is as much entitled to share the beneficence of government as any other of equal property in the kingdom, let his profession be what it will. One of the good effects of the present education of youth is that these religious prejudices are daily wearing away. Indeed, in many places free-schools are established on those foundations, that is, schools where the master has 7 or 800 pounds per annum for teaching a few boys Latin and Greek, for which he charges more than what is paid in private schools, where the master has nothing but what he can make by the scholars. These are not the foundations on which the poor depend. Private subscriptions to a much less amount have done more good than all these publick foundations together. In most parts have schools been of late established by charitable inhabitants, in which all who can attend are taught gratis; instructed in useful learning; in the principles of religion; in honest industry. Already are the fruits of these pious institutions visible in the demeanour of the poor children where they are established.——The schools daily increase.

But the poor are not the only children benefited by the mode of education at present adopted. Formerly little else was taught at school, than the knowledge of a few dead languages. To every capacity the study of languages is not adapted: hence knowledge was confined to genius of one particular kind. At present the ancient languages are not neglected; but, without any support from government, we have many good schools established upon the principle of teaching the sciences, through the medium of our mother tongue*. The English lan-

N O T E.

* Witness Mr. White's in Grafton street, as well as many others in the metropolis and other parts of the nation.

In this Town (Belfast) an academy has been established, without any aid from government, where the ancient and modern languages, with every other branch of polite literature is taught by proper masters,

Hib. Mag. Oct. 1789.

guage is now taught grammatically; and there are many young men in this nation, good mathematicians, excellent geographers, well skilled in History both ancient and modern, speaking and writing the English language with critical exactness, without understanding any other tongue whatsoever. I would not be understood to despise the knowledge of Greek and Latin; I only assert that many have spent a few years at school much better than if they had been kept to these languages, and that the English grammar schools are more generally useful than those which are confined to the teaching of dead languages.

One defect relative to education I have noticed, which I could wish to see supplied; I mean the want of suitable books for boys learning the English language. There are indeed in our language well written books on every subject; but generally too voluminous and expensive for common schools. I should imagine that a selection from history, on a different plan from those hitherto published, instead of short paragraphs on moral subjects, a few entire biographical pieces, would very well answer the purpose. Suppose we had a short account of the life of Cyrus, of Alexander, and a few of Plutarch's lives abridged, together with the lives of some of the most famous moderns. I think such a collection would be of great use, being much more entertaining to youth, and more likely to give them a taste for history, than the very short pieces already selected. We have very good Histories of Rome and of England for the use of schools, viz. Goldsmith's Roman History, and that of England which assumes the name of Lord Littleton.

Another book I wish to see published for the use of schools is a proper selection from the Spectator, Guardian, &c. The excellent morality contained in these papers, and the elegant language in which many of them are written render them very suitable for boys at school; but the whole of them is too much, and some of them above the comprehension of children. If some person of leisure would take the trouble of selecting as many papers as would compose one good volume, in my opinion, the public would be much indebted to him, and I am persuaded he would be more than paid for his trouble and expence of printing, by the rapid sale of such a book through the nation.

Perhaps your inserting these few remarks in your magazine may give the hint to some of your more ingenious correspondents to enlarge upon the subject, or to employ their

N O T E.

and at as small expence as boys are kept at those largely endowed schools, where little is learned besides Latin and Greek.

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leisure

leisure hours in compiling such books as I have here mentioned.

Your constant reader,

Belfast,

E. T.

Sept. 18, 1789.

††† We have inserted the above letter of our ingenious correspondent verbatim, and return him our best acknowledgments for the favour he has done, and the compliments he has paid us. It shall be our constant endeavours to merit the good opinion of the public in general, and of the sons and daughters of literature in particular. With respect to the conclusive part of our correspondent's letter, wherein he recommends a selection of moral essays from the Spectator, Guardian, &c. we apprehend that the booksellers shops sufficiently abound with works of that nature already, and that more would be needless. In fact, selections from authors are *too numerous*—It is a walk in literature (if such it may be called) that has been of late worn quite bare. These selections bear the name of *Beauties*. Thus we have the Beauties of the Spectators—the Tatlers—the Guardians—the Adventurers—the Ramblers, &c. &c. &c. and the Beauties of every author, and author's works, that can boast but a moderate degree of merit—the Beauties of Swift—the Beauties of Goldsmith—the Beauties of Sterne—the Beauties of Johnson—the Beauties of—*cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est*—in short, there is no end of our *Beauties*.

Reasons why Virtues and Vices have been at Times confounded.

NO man can deny that Vices have been countenanced by laws in certain countries. Scepticks and men of dissolute morals have laid hold on this circumstance with avidity, and have made it a pretext for denying the eternal differences of things, and have asked good men with an air of civil triumph, what is Virtue? They would insinuate by this question, that Virtue depends merely upon usages and customs.

The following considerations, will keep

At other times, the legislator tolerated Vices, not because he thought them harmless, but because he thought a greater good would redound from the practice of them. Thus, if he thought that duty to the state should outweigh every private consideration, he would enact, that sickly or deformed children, aged or decrepid persons should be exposed.

Again, ethical truths are not considered absolutely in themselves, but with reference to time, place and persons, so that as applied to various circumstances they admit of various conclusions.

These three principles will account for the inconsistencies of antiquities. There is therefore no reason at all for saying, that right and wrong depend on opinion.

It is too absurd to believe, that a positive law could make perfidy and murder appear Virtues in our eyes. If this were true, we ought to find as great variety between kingdoms in their notions of right and wrong, as in their dress and language, which has never been the case. A few exceptions prove nothing against a general rule.

It is an observation made by Mr. Hume, that a false taste for poetry and eloquence may prevail among a people, but that it never has been found to be preferred to a true, on comparison and reflection: Now this reasoning may be applied as justly to Virtues and Vices when they are mistaken for each other.

Trin. Coll.

H. M.

Historical Anecdote respecting Henrietta-Anne, of England, first Wife of Monsieur, Brother to Louis XIV.

(From the Duke of St. Simon's Memoirs.)

THE gallantries of this princess * inflamed the jealousy of her husband; and his taste, which was entirely contrary to her's, gave her the greatest uneasiness, while his favourites, whom she hated, did every thing in their power to foment the discord between them, that they might manage the prince as best suited their purposes.

many attractions, had full power over the prince, and made the princess, as well as all the rest of the family, sensible of it.—Madame, who was only a year younger, and whose beauty was enchanting, could not endure this influence; she enjoyed the highest degree of favour and esteem with the king, and she at length prevailed with his Majesty to send the Chevalier de Lorraine into banishment. Upon hearing this news Monsieur fainted, then burst into tears, and went to throw himself at the king's feet, in order to try if he could prevail on him to revoke an order, which plunged him into the deepest sorrow. Finding that he could not succeed, he returned in great fury, and repaired to Villers-Cotterets, after having given vent to many severe expressions both against the king and the princess, who always protested that she had no hand in the affair. He could not, however, appear long discontented, after a thing which brought so much public shame upon himself. Besides, his Majesty condescended to satisfy him in other respects: he received money, compliments, and other marks of friendship: he therefore returned, though not without some remains of passion in his breast, and was by little and little reconciled with the king and the princess.

D'Effiat, principal equerry to Monsieur, a man of a forward disposition, and the Count de Bevron, who was mild and insinuating, but who wished to make a figure with the prince, in whose guards he was a captain, and above all to enrich himself, as he was very poor, were intimately connected with the Chevalier de Lorraine, whose absence hurt their affairs, and made them apprehend that some favourite, who, perhaps, would not be of so much service to them, might assume the Chevalier's place.

None of these three had much expectation of seeing the end of the Chevalier's banishment.

Madame now began to take a share in public affairs, and to enjoy great favour; and as she had made a mysterious journey to England, by the king's desire, from which she returned more triumphant than

her glass. It stood always in a porcelain jar, with common water near it, that in case she should find it too bitter, she might mix it according to her taste. This anti-chamber was the public passage that conducted to the apartments of the princess, and no person remained in it, because there were several others.

The Marquis D'Effiat had discovered all this, and on the 29th of June, 1670, passing through this anti-chamber, he found the opportunity he sought for, no one being in it, and observing also, that no one followed him. He therefore stepped up to the cupboard, opened the door, threw in the poison, and hearing some one enter, took up the other vessel which contained plain water, and as he was putting it down, the page who had the care of the succory water, asked him abruptly what he was doing in the cupboard. D'Effiat, without being in the least embarrassed, begged pardon, and told him that being ready to die with thirst, and knowing that there was water there (pointing to the jar with common water) added that he could not resist the temptation. The boy kept grumbling, and the other endeavouring to appease him, and to excuse himself, entered the apartment of the princess, and conversed like the rest of the courtiers, without the least signs of emotion.

What followed an hour after made a great noise in Europe. The princess having expired at three o'clock the next morning, the 30th of June, the king was seized with the greatest grief. It is probable that the day before he had received some information that the page had mentioned the circumstance of D'Effiat's being at the cupboard. or that he entertained some notion that Purnon, principal maitre d'hotel to the princess, was in the secret, because he and D'Effiat had passed their infancy together. However this may be, his Majesty went to bed, rose up, sent for Brissac, who being then among his guards, was very much devoted to him, ordered him to choose six of the most faithful and trusty of the soldiers, to seize Purnon, and to convey him to his

pay for it before you quit this place. Was "not Madame poisoned?" "Yes, Sire," replied Purnon. "Who poisoned her?" continued the king, "and how was it done?" Purnon then told him that it was the Chevalier de Lorraine who had sent the poison to Beuvron and D'Effiat, and related all the circumstances of the affair as above. Upon this the king repeating the promise of pardon which he had made, said to him, "Did my brother know of it?" "No, Sire," answered Purnon, "none of us three were so foolish as to let him into the secret: he would have ruined us all." On hearing this the king fetched a deep sigh, like a man greatly oppressed, or who expires suddenly adding "This is all I wished to know: but are you certain you have told me the truth?" He then called Brissac and ordered him to conduct Purnon to some place where he might leave him in full liberty.

This man himself several years after told this circumstance to Mr. Joly de Fleury, * who told it to me. This magistrate, with whom I afterwards conversed upon this subject, gave me some information of which he made no mention the first time, which was, that a few days after the second marriage of Monsieur, the king took his princess aside and told her this affair, adding that his brother was innocent, and that he had too much honour to permit her to marry his brother, had he been guilty of such a crime.

Notwithstanding what is here said by the Duke of St. Simon, respecting this mysterious affair we find the following passage, in a work entitled, *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*. "On the reports which I have mentioned, all the king's physicians, those of the deceased princess, and of her husband, some from Paris, and the physician of the English Ambassador, with all the surgeons who opened the body, being assembled, they found the noble parts all perfectly sound, which surprised every one,

ing of this affair, says, "It is pretended that the Chevalier de Lorraine, Monsieur's favourite, in order to *revenge* himself for being exiled and imprisoned, a punishment which his base conduct to his princess had drawn upon him, had been induced to commit this horrible crime. But it is to be observed, that the Chevalier de Lorraine was then at Rome, and that it must be very difficult for a young knight of Malta, of the age of twenty, who is at Rome, to purchase the death of a great princess at Paris."

Observations on the Animal and Vegetable Poisons of the Southern Parts of Africa.

(From Paterson's Travels.)

OF the reptiles of Africa, the most poisonous is the horned snake; it is of a greyish colour, and about eighteen inches long: its head, which is very flat, is large in proportion to the size of the body, with small scales, which the inhabitants call horns, rising over its eyes.

This serpent so truly formidable from the mortal nature of its bite, particularly abounds in the country of the Boshmen and Nimiqua Hottentots, who use its poison, in preference to all others, for poisoning their arrows. The Boshmen, indeed, who have no cattle of their own, and depend entirely on their bows for subsistence, seem to have been furnished by nature with this poison as their only defence against their numerous enemies. Impelled by hunger, they often quit the mountains and plunder the Dutch peasants of their cattle; and were it not for these poisonous weapons they would be unable to withstand or escape from the parties which in these cases are sent against them; but thus armed, several of the Dutch have been killed, and many have barely escaped with life from their wounds.

The usual mode of preparing this poison is by bruising the whole snake till it becomes of the consistence of a gum. A small quantity

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me by the country people. I shall not attempt to vouch for the truth of them; but they are generally believed at the Cape. Many Hottentots die of the bite of poisonous serpents; but I have seen several who have recovered; though, from what I could learn, they had no other mode of cure than the actual cautery.

The Koufe Band, or Garter Snake, is another of the poisonous reptiles of that country: it is particularly dangerous to travellers, as it resembles the soil so much in colour, that it is not readily perceived. The Koufe Band is small, and seldom exceeds eighteen inches in length. I imagine it to be the Covra Manilla of the East Indies. This tribe is said to occasion almost instant death; but as all snakes lose a considerable portion of their poisonous quality by repeating their bite, there may be times when the poison is not so strong, or so mortal. I had the opportunity of seeing a farmer at the hot baths near the Cape, who had been bitten by a Koufe Band in the foot. For some time after the circumstance happened, he found great benefit from bathing the wounded part with cold water, mixed with a large quantity of salt. When I saw him he had been lame for two years. Whenever he took much exercise it occasioned a swelling in the leg, to which the warm bath afforded temporary relief.

The Yellow Snake, which differs only in colour from the Covra Capella, or Hooded Snake of India, is frequently found here. Though extremely poisonous, their size and bright yellow colour renders it easy to avoid them. They are from four to eight feet in length. The Yellow Snake is mostly found in rat holes. After eating these animals, which form the chief part of its food, it takes possession of their holes: this renders it dangerous for travellers to lie down in any place where there are traces of this destructive reptile.

The Hottentots procure the poison of this snake by dissecting the bag from its mouth, and dipping sinews, which they afterwards tie on the points of their arrows, in the liquid it contains.

white spots, from three to four feet long, and proportionably thick. When Colonel Gordon (now commander in chief at the Cape) was in that country, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, he mentioned to me a circumstance of his having met two slave boys chased by a Spring Adder, which seemed to be gaining ground upon them, when he shot it through the middle.

The Night Snake, which is more beautiful than any of the others, is from eighteen to twenty inches long, and very thin: it is belted with black, red, and yellow; and when near, at night, has the appearance of fire. The Hottentots call it Killmen.

These six species of serpents, about the Cape of Good Hope, I had the opportunity of seeing; and brought home specimens of most of them, preserved in spirits, for further inspection. I however regret much that as my chief object was the collection of plants, I had it not in my power to remain long enough in any one place to make such experiments on their several poisons as might have enabled me to have given a clear account of their effects from my own observation. There are, I have no doubt, many other snakes in that country with which we are as yet unacquainted. One, which is called the Spoog Slang, or Spitting Snake, has been mentioned to me by the inhabitants of the country, who say it will throw its poison to the distance of several yards; and that people have been blinded by it; but this never came under my own inspection.

The Black, or Rock Scorpion, is nearly as venomous as any of the serpent tribe. A farmer who resided at a place called the Parle, near the Cape, was stung by one in the foot, during my stay in the country, and died in a few hours.

Dr. Syde, one of the Cape physicians, informed me that several people had been brought to him stung by scorpions, and that he found oil to be the best antidote he ever tried. The natives of India hold the part wounded as near to a fire as possible, for a considerable time, which, they say, produces

box of their pills from the reverend Mr. Swartz, a missionary at Tanjore; and at the siege of Carrore we had an opportunity of proving the effects of them. One of our seapoys was bitten, and so ill that we despaired of his life. The colonel gave him one of the pills, which seemed to act as a very strong opiate for some time, and threw him into a delirium; in two days, however, the man was perfectly recovered.

We had also a second proof of their utility, though the man did not appear to be so ill as on the former occasion. I was witness to a third case, where we could not procure these pills. A servant of Lieutenant Smith, in the same regiment with myself, was bitten. The lieutenant gave him nothing but brandy and hot Madeira wine, and kept him in a state of intoxication for twenty-four hours; the next day the pain was gone, but the man continued indisposed for some time.

A soldier in the seventy eighth regiment, after a wound from a serpent, was so ill that his whole body was discoloured, and he was considered as incurable by all the surgeons in the army. In this case we could not have recourse to the Bramin's pills; and it was thought that nothing but the strength of his constitution could have saved him.

Another circumstance, respecting the bite of snakes, which happened near Bengal, will not, I flatter myself, be deemed unworthy of attention. When a brigade was cantoned, the houses had not been inhabited for some time before. Soon after they went in, there were some men found dead in the morning; for which fact they were totally unable to account. The disaster, however, was soon discovered to proceed from the bite of snakes. On searching, they found vast numbers of these animals in the holes of the mud walls; the greater part of which they killed. They were then advised to lay a quantity of onions and garlick about their rooms, in the inside; and after that no further trace of them was perceived.

for them to get into beds, as I have myself observed in the East Indies.

Though there are few countries in the world which abound more with deleterious vegetables than the country adjacent to the Cape of Good Hope, yet the principal danger to the traveller results from the animated part of the creation; he can always avoid the one, when he cannot apprehend the other. I am only acquainted with four of the former kind, which are commonly employed as instruments of destruction.

The first is a large bulbous plant, *Amaryllis Disticha*, which is called Mad Poison, from the effects usually produced on the animals which are wounded by the weapons impregnated with it. The natives prepare this poison in the following manner. They take the bulbs, about the time when they are putting out their leaves, and cutting them transversely, extract a thick fluid, which is kept in the sun till it becomes quite of the consistence of gum. It is then put up for use; and the method of laying it on their arrows has been already described.

The hunters employ this species of poison chiefly for the purpose of killing such animals as are intended for food, such as antelopes and other small quadrupeds. After they are wounded, they can, and do in general run for several miles; and it frequently happens that they are not found till the next day, notwithstanding the poisonous substance having penetrated the muscular parts.

When the leaves of this plant are young, the cattle are very fond of them, though they are instant death; the farmers therefore are very cautious not to suffer them to enter into the tracts which are suspected of producing this plant.

The second is a species of *Euphorbia*, which is found in that part of the country which is inhabited by Boshmen, and in the Great Nimiqua Land. The gum of this is also used for arrows; but the plant is more commonly used for poisoning the water where animals resort to drink: and a stran-

miles from one spring of water to another.

The only animal I ever saw poisoned by these means, was a Zebra; it had scarcely proceeded half a mile from the water before it dropped; and I was assured by the natives, that none escaped which drank of such water, though they declared the flesh was not injured by the poison.

The third vegetable poison proceeds from a species of *Rhus*, which is only found near the Great River, or Orange River, and is said to be very dangerous. When this poison is extracting, the operators cover their eyes, as the least drop touching that organ would certainly deprive them of sight. It is sometimes used for arrows.

The fourth is the only poison really useful to the European inhabitants; it is a small shrubby plant, producing a nut, called by the Dutch, *Woelf Gift*, or *Wolf Poison*, which they use for poisoning the hyenas.

The method of preparing this, is by taking the nuts and roasting them as they do coffee, after which they pulverize them: they afterwards take some pieces of meat, or a dead dog, which they stuff full of the powder, and throw them into the fields. The voracious hyenas meeting with any thing of this kind, soon devour it, and in general are found dead the following day.

Biographical Register of eminent Persons deceased in 1788.

JOHN WHITEHURST.

THIS eminent philosopher and mechanic was born at Congleton in Cheshire, April 10, 1713, and died at his house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, February 18, 1788, in the 75th year of his age.

RICHARD RIGBY,

Who made such a distinguished figure in administration in the present reign, was born about the year 1722. His father was a woollen-draper, in Pater-noster Row,

Having completed his academical studies, he visited the principal courts of Europe during his minority, and returned to England, in his one and twentieth year, to take possession of this respectable patrimony. He was then prevailed upon to offer himself as a candidate for Sudbury, in Suffolk, for which place he was returned to parliament after a violent opposition. A general election following close, he had a second contest to support, which was attended with similar circumstances of triumph and expence. About this time he became a member of the fashionable club at White's, where his fortune experienced further disasters.

Embarked, however, in polite life, with every advantage to be derived from strong, manly talents, and a winning address, it is no wonder that the leaders of the contending parties of those days were desirous of enrolling him under their respective banners. Frederick prince of Wales, was among the foremost to cultivate his acquaintance; he personally invited him to his levees at Leicester-house, and became so pleased with his society, that he gave him an unsolicited promise to make him, on the first vacancy, a gentleman of his bed-chamber. That vacancy happening not long after, Mr. Rigby's well founded expectation was disappointed by a different nomination. He resented this treatment, however, in a manner, that displayed great elevation of sentiment. The prince himself was hurt on the occasion, and endeavoured to correct the mistake, by the offer of a *douceur*, as a temporary compensation; but this was rejected in nearly the following terms: 'I shall never receive pay for a service of which I am not deemed worthy; but rather think it my duty to retire from a court, where honour, I find, has no tie!' He kept his word, and entered Leicester-house no more.

Soon after this he became attached to the late duke of Bedford; but his alliance with that illustrious family did not arise, as the tale absurdly goes, from his having protected his grace from personal insults at Litchfield races—a circumstance which happened

person so capable of managing the Irish house of commons as his friend Rigby, who was accordingly appointed secretary to the viceroy. Notwithstanding the turbulent spirit of the times, the affairs of the sister kingdom were conducted so much to the royal satisfaction, that his Majesty gave Mr. Rigby the mastership of the rolls, in that kingdom; a sinecure place, productive of considerable emoluments.——For the remainder of his life, the duke of Bedford never acted in any public or private concern without the advice of Mr. Rigby: he constantly returned him for his borough of Tavistock; appointed him one of his executors and trustees during the minority of the present duke; and, at his death, left him as a legacy the money which he had so liberally advanced him upon bond.

On the 20th of April 1763, Mr. Rigby was sworn a privy-counsellor of Great Britain, the duke of Grafton being then at the head of administration. On the 6th of January 1768, he was appointed one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland; another sinecure place worth 3000*l.* a year. This he resigned the same year, to make room for a more lucrative appointment, that of paymaster-general of the forces; a place, by the lowest computation then valued at 16,000*l.* per annum, and which he held from the 14th of June 1768, to the dissolution of lord North's administration in 1782; so that, for the space of fourteen years, he was in possession by places, of the annual income of 20,000*l.* Indeed, the late American war proved an unexpected source of wealth to Mr. Rigby; from the expenditure of millions upon military services, so complex, and so detached, immense sums of the public money, according to official usage, were unavoidably lodged in the hands of the pay master. This accidental turn of good fortune subjected him, however, eventually, to a persecution, for which no precedent can be found in the political annals of this country.

Mr. Rigby was the first person in administration, who, in the great debates in parliament, in 1782, on the subject of the Ame-

cluded men to whom, of all others, he was the most attached, lord North, and Mr. Fox. But state threats from either quarter had reached him, too well founded not to put him on his guard: a temporary neutrality, therefore, he resolved upon, naturally expecting thus to avoid the political rocks of Scylla and Charibdis! Unfortunately, however, this discretion did not avail him. In the fluctuating and desperate politics of that day, when the fate of a ministry turned upon a voice, he became the marked object of either party, and 'your vote! or your money!' was the implied language of each, as it prevailed.

To what but this shall we ascribe the extents which were issued against him on the part of the crown, and that rancorous spirit which pursued him nearly to his grave? To collect his balances on ministerial demand, was impracticable. The money was widely scattered, to relieve the necessities of several of the fairest characters in the kingdom, whose estates were at that time so depreciated in value, that to compel the payment of their mortgages would have been, in fact, to dispossess them of their patrimony. In this dilemma, he stated to parliament his readiness to pay his balances by quick instalments, and, in the interim, to allow five per cent. interest for the same. The country, as it were, with one voice, applauded his conduct; and a compromise took place upon it, by which Mr. Rigby paid 10,000*l.* for the interest of an unsettled balance, although no predecessor had ever been called upon on a similar account.

Mr. Rigby died at Bath, on the 6th of April 1788. His illness had not been of long duration: its approach was sudden; but the effects of it were greatly alarming to his friends: his last complaint was that of a dropsy — The firmness of his character, his friendship, spirit, hospitality, and animated conversation, will be long remembered with regret by all who knew him. The neighbourhood of Milsley Hall must particularly feel his loss. He rebuilt his seat in a very pleasing style of architecture. The beautiful situation, which commands

ley flourished: here vessels were built, and even royal frigates; his tenants and tradesmen were encouraged, and the poor around employed. The courtier, transformed into a plain country-gentleman, was often seen inspecting the employment of his workmen, with the keen attention of a common farmer. 'Where is that old man who was here yesterday?' he said, one day, to the person who superintended their employment. — 'He is no longer capable of working, and I have therefore discharged him.' — 'Poor man! but is he willing to work?' — 'Yes, sir, he is willing enough, but he cannot possibly earn his wages.' — 'Send for him, however; employ him, if it be only in picking up stones; no person upon my estate shall ever want bread, if he is but willing to work.'

Mr. Rigby was never married; but he left a natural daughter, to whom he bequeathed 5000*l.* which, as he had never brought her forward in life, was considered as an ample provision. His estates, both real and personal, were left to his sister Miss Ann Rigby; his other sister, Mrs. Martha Hale, the wife of lieutenant-general Bernard Hale, and his nephew lieutenant-colonel Francis Hale, of the eastern battalion of the Essex militia; to be enjoyed by them share and share alike, and finally to centre in the heirs of the last survivor.

(*To be continued.*)

Character of the Abbe Brotier. By the Abbe de Fontenay.

THAT intimate and sincere friendship which united me to the Abbé Brotier, gratitude for the services which he did me, his talents and his virtues will always endear his memory to me, and I may justly say,

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.*

However great may have been the merit of this learned man, as conspicuously eminent for the qualities of his heart as for those of his head, one must have been intimate with him to form a just and true idea of his character. As often as my avocations would permit, I indulged myself in the pleasure of his company, and many delightful hours I have spent with him. — Humble and unassuming, modest, and even timidly so, if I may be allowed the expression, in so much that he blushed when the least encomium was passed upon him; good tempered, plain in his manner, and giving himself up to society with the smiles and simplicity of a child, his conversation was engaging and always instructive, when it turned upon subjects of literature or science. Widely different in this respect from those

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men of letters who are misers, if we may say so, of their knowledge, and who seem to hoard it only for themselves, or to make an ostentatious display of it in some publication, the Abbé Brotier readily replied to the questions of those who sought information from him, and instructed those around him with the utmost condescension and affability.

I confess, that need of consulting him induced me often to visit him, and I can declare that whatever questions I put to him, I never found him in one instance wrong. He either satisfied me immediately respecting my demand, or pointed out those books in which I found what I wished to know. He had, indeed, great talents for being a scholar of the first rank; a tenacious memory, singular sagacity, and a most excellent method. In his youth he wrote notes in every book which he read, and I have seen several in his library which were entirely filled with them. Until his last moment he pursued the same method of study. All these he arranged wonderfully in his memory, and were it possible to put his papers in that order which he alone knew, I am confident that materials would be found in them to form several curious volumes.

With this method, and continued labour for twelve hours a day, the Abbé Brotier acquired an immense and prodigious variety of knowledge. Except the mathematics, to which I believe he gave little application, he was acquainted with every thing; natural history, chemistry, and even medicine. Every year he read *Hippocrates* and the books of *Solomon*, in the original. These, he said, were the best works for curing the diseases of the body and mind. But the Belles Lettres were his grand pursuit. He understood all the dead languages, particularly the Latin, of which he was perfectly master; he was besides acquainted with most of the languages of Europe. This knowledge, however extensive, was not the only part in which he excelled. He was well versed in ancient and modern history, both sacred and profane, in chronology, coins, medals, inscriptions, and the usages of antiquity, which had always been objects of his study. He had collected a considerable quantity of materials for writing a new history of France, and it is much to be regretted that he was prevented from undertaking that work.

The Abbé Brotier recalls to my remembrance those laborious writers, distinguished for their learning, Petau, Sirmond, Labbe, Cossart, Hardouin, Souciet, &c. who have done so much honour to the college of *Louis-le-Grand*, in which he himself was educated, and where he lived several years,

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with the title of librarian. Must I make a painful confession of what however is no less true? Alas! he is the last link of that chain of illustrious men, who have succeeded one another without interruption, for near two centuries.

On the destruction of the Jesuits the Abbè Brotier found an asylum equally peaceful and agreeable, in the house of Mr. de la Tour, a printer, eminent in his business, who has gained from connoisseurs a just tribute of praise for those works which have come from his press. It was in this friendly asylum that the Abbè Brotier spent 26 of the last years of his life, and that he experienced a happiness, the value of which he knew, on account of the care, attention, and testimonies of respect bestowed upon him both by Mr. and Mrs. de la Tour. It was there also that he published those grand and magnificent works which will render his name immortal; an edition of Tacitus, enriched not only with notes and learned dissertations, but also with supplements, which sometimes leave the reader in a doubt, whether the modern writer is not a successful rival of the ancient, and an edition of Pliny the naturalist, which is only a short abridgment of what he had prepared to correct and enlarge the edition of Hardouin, and to give an historical series of all the new discoveries, made since the beginning of this century; an immense labour, which bespeaks the most extensive erudition.

To these two editions, which procured the Abbè Brotier the applauses of all the literati in Europe, he added some others, of less consideration: a beautiful edition of Phædrus, and an edition of Rapin on Gardens, at the end of which he has subjoined a history of gardens, written in Latin with admirable elegance, and filled with the most delightful imagery; for the Abbè was not one of those pedants, according to the expression of the poet, *beriffés de Grec et de Latin*; he possessed a lively imagination, and a fine taste with clearness and perspicuity.

ent who required his assistance to a wound—"Sir," you hurt me, said the patient."—"I will be as gentle as possible," answered the surgeon.—"But, good God, I can't bear it," said the patient again.—"You must bear it," added the surgeon, "your wound is very bad, and I must probe it to the bottom; bear now, and you soon will be well."—

Whether this story be apropos I shall leave you, sir, to judge; I mean it as an introduction to the following short extract on the manners of the Irish ladies, that is, of a part of them, written by an author who has throughout his whole work done more justice to the character of the sex than any who wrote before, or since, upon the subject; and so without farther preface, he shall speak for himself.

Employment is not the mode of the times. In all the polite countries of Europe, those of rank and fashion, as well as those in decent circumstances, having an extraordinary portion of time upon their hands, with an almost irresistible inclination to pleasure in whatever form it offers itself, are more often to be met with at the shrine of Amusement than of Industry; and hence it has been commonly observed, that wherever there is a show, an entertainment, or a crowd, the women are more numerous than the men; but theatrical entertainments of all kinds, balls, assemblies, operas, riddos, and particularly reviews, seem to be the scenes of their peculiar delight; because, perhaps, at these, they can not only indulge their natural propensity to show and ostentation, but find them also convenient places for love, or for intrigue. Riding, walking, sailing, and in some countries of Europe, even skating, and being drawn on the ice in sledges, are female amusements. Besides these, and many others too tedious to mention, the women of fashion, in most parts of Europe, spend a great part of their time in receiving and returning visits; and in some of the politer nations, modern visiting is

onable goods, without any intention of laying out one single sixpence. After a whole forenoon spent in plaguing mercers and milliners, they return home, either thoughtless of their folly, or which, perhaps, is worse, exulting at the thoughts of the trouble and disturbance they have given.

But of all the happy inventions discovered by modern ingenuity for the killing of time, card playing is justly entitled to the pre-eminence; with an immoderate itch for this amusement, which we are at a loss whether to reckon public or private, both sexes, and all ranks and degrees of people, are infected; particularly indolent clergy, and women, who, having little to do, dedicate themselves so assiduously to play, that the habit in many is become so strong, as to be foolishly reckoned even necessary to their existence. To cards, when made use of only to unbend the mind fatigued with study, or to pass away an evil hour, we have no objection, nor do we flatter ourselves, that any thing we can say on the subject will, in the least, influence the conduct of such as are habituated to them. We would only, therefore, as we pass along, recommend to the ministers of religion, to set a watch over their tongues, while playing with bad success, lest an unguarded oath, or a few fitly exclamations at a card-table, should do more hurt to religion, and to their sacred character, than they are aware of. To the fair, to the lovely virgins of this favourite island, when thus engaged, we would recommend the strictest care of their temper, lest something should escape from their lips, that may belie the soft, the bewitching appearance with which nature has painted their exterior forms.

To the female diversions and amusements now mentioned, we might add many more; but, as a bare recital of names, makes a dry and unentertaining page, and as a description of each would be too tedious and insipid, we shall observe, in general, that such is the human, and particularly female nature, when tutored by European art, that it constantly shews a greater proclivity to the gay and to the amusive than to the sober and useful scenes of life; and loves better to sport away time, amid the flowers that strew the path of pleasure, than to be entangled among the briars and thorns which perplex the path of care. But, notwithstanding this, we must do justice to the sex in asserting, that as their attachments are always stronger than those of men, such of them as attach themselves to industry, pursue their plan with a steady and inflexible constancy, which mere nature perhaps is incapable of arriving at; and are neither to be tempted to deviate from it by the hope of pleasure, nor by the fear of danger and of pain.

Character of Count Schaumbourg-Lippe, commonly called Count de Buckebourg.

By Mr. Zimmerman.

SOLITUDE, says Mr. Zimmerman, puts every thing in its proper place. There, one is happy in being able to think; in pleasing a small part of mankind, and consequently in having abundance of leisure to oneself. To be generally hated, is sometimes a happiness worthy of envy. To him who can do good in retirement, it would be a real curse to be universally beloved, and on that account to find every one desirous of paying him a visit, or of inviting him to dinner. But for the most part, these are not the people who are principally distinguished, or who receive the greatest share of esteem, and a whole city never cries out against a person of ordinary character. It must therefore be confessed, that there is something great in that man whom the world abuses, at whom every one casts a stone, concerning whom a thousand ridiculous stories are invented, and to whom a thousand crimes are imputed, of which however, not even one is proved. The lot of a man of genius, who lives in obscurity, is far more enviable. He is then left to himself, and as it appears natural to him that he should not be understood, he is never surprised to find that the public judge badly of every thing he does or says, and that the attempts of his friends to rectify the opinions of mankind respecting him, are always unsuccessful.

Such was with the multitude, the fate of the famous Count Schaumbourg Lippe, better known by the title of Count de Buckebourg. I never saw in Germany, a man worse understood or more ridiculed, and yet his name deserves to be enrolled among those of the celebrated characters of Germany. I formed an acquaintance with him, at a time when he lived almost solitary and retired from the world; but he governed his small territories with the greatest prudence. He had, indeed, something disgusting on the first appearance, and it was this which prevented strangers from paying attention to his internal merit. Count de Lacy, formerly Ambassador from the court of Spain to that of Petersburg, told me, at Hanover, that he was a general in the Spanish army against the Portuguese, commanded by the Count de Buckebourg, and that the external figure of this commander so struck the Spanish Generals, when they discovered him with their spy-glasses, that they all exclaimed, "What! have the Portuguese got Don Quixote for their commander?" But this Count de Lacy, who was a man of great parts, spoke with enthusiasm

of the Count de Buckebourg's conduct in Portugal, and of the greatness of his mind and character. It is true, that at a distance, he had a romantic air, on account of his military countenance, his loose hair, and his long meagre figure, and above all, on account of the extraordinary length of the oval of his head, which undoubtedly might bring to remembrance Don Quixote. But when near him, one saw and thought in a different manner. Lively and animated features announced his dignity, his penetration, his shrewdness, his mildness of disposition, his goodness, and the serenity of his mind. Exalted sentiment and heroic thoughts, were to him as familiar and natural, as to the greatest of the Greeks or the Romans. The Count was born at London, and without doubt was a strange character. There are few people who know what a German Prince told me, that he was fond of disputing with the English on every occasion. He wagered, for example, that he would ride from London to Edinburgh, with his face turned towards the horse's tail; and in this manner he actually traversed some of the counties of England. He not only travelled through great part of that country on foot, in company with a German Prince, but he went through several of its countries in the habit of a beggar. Being once told, that there was a part of the Danube, above Regensbourg, so rapid that no person was ever able to cross it by swimming, he took it in his head to attempt it, and swam so far, that it was with great difficulty he could be saved. A great statesman and a profound philosopher, at Hanover, informed me, that in the war against the French, in which the Count commanded the artillery of the Duke of Brunswick's army, he one day invited some Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. When all the company had sat down to table, several cannon bullets passed over the tent. The officers, alarmed, all cried out that the French were undoubtedly approaching. The Count assured them that the French were at a great distance, and begged his guests to finish their dinner. In a few moments after some more bullets brushed the top of the tent, upon which the officers started up, crying out, "The French are cer-

on the top of our tent, and you see they have done it with the greatest nicety!" The philosophic reader will readily perceive these singularities, a man who wished to accustom himself and others to every thing that appeared difficult. Being one day with the Count near a powder magazine, which he had ordered to be built below his bed-chamber, in the fort of Wilhelmstein, I observed to him that I should sleep very little there during the warm nights of summer, but the Count proved to me, I know not in what manner, that the greatest danger and no danger are all the same. When I first saw this extraordinary man in company with an English and a Portuguese officer, he discoursed with me for two hours, on Haller's physiology, which he knew by heart. Next morning I was obliged to accompany him to the fort of Wilhelmstein, which he had constructed in the midst of water, without finding a single foot of earth, after plans which he shewed me. In this excursion, he himself managed the oars. One Sunday morning, in the grand alley at Pyrmont, whilst all the company round us were dancing, making love, or shewing themselves to the best advantage, he discoursed me for two hours, with as much ease as we had been alone, concerning all the proofs hitherto brought of the existence of God, the deficiencies of these proofs, and in what manner he thought it possible to surpass them all; and that none of this lesson might escape me, he held me by one of the buttons of my coat during the whole time. At his residence at Buckebourg, he shewed me a large folio, written by his own hand, on the art of defending a small state against a great power, a work finished and intended for the king of Portugal; but he read many passages of it which concerned Switzerland. The Count told me he considered the Swiss as invincible. He not only named all the important posts, which it would be necessary to occupy, but also roads through which a cat could not pass without difficulty. I do not know if any thing has ever been written of greater importance to my country than this work, for he shewed me in his manuscript, most pertinent answers to every ob-

observed him longer, and with more attention than I, could relate a thousand things equally remarkable of this truly great and extraordinary man. I shall close this account of him with one sentence. Count William de Schaumbourg-Lippe read much, he was a great observer, saw men through and through, was fond of no kind of game, and he smiled rarely, or when he did, it was only in a sneering manner.

Such was the character of this solitary man, always so ill understood. Such a person may well smile, when he sees mankind ridicule him. But what will be the shame and confusion of these partial judges, when they behold the grand monument which the great Mendelssohn has raised to his memory, or the judicious history of his life, just published by a young man at Hanover, in which impartial posterity will observe depth of thought, majesty of style, and much truth and sincerity?

He who is laughed at, as the Count de Schaumbourg-Lippe was a thousand times in my presence, on account of his long visage, his floating hair, his large hat, and his small sword, but who like him is a great man and a hero, may well smile sometimes. Count de Buckebourg, however, always laughed at the world, or at mankind with good humour, and without any thing misanthropic in his disposition. He lived in a small country house, in the midst of a forest, often alone, or in the company of a virtuous woman whom he had chosen for his wife, with whom he did not appear to me to be in love, but for whom he broke his heart when she died.

Ella, or Conjugal Love, a Fragment.

—**B**EHOLD that little white cot, deeply involved in the intricate mazes of the wood: there lives Ella, the wife of the gallant Belville.—The night is serene, the moon's refulgent beams illuminate the earth—Somnus holds his court—all nature is silent—when Ella came from her cottage. At the bottom of the garden was a small green bench, on which she seated herself; her eyes were fixed on the horizon, and her hands clasped in a suppliant posture, and the words, “O send my Henry to me!” were distinguished.—Every good and amiable quality was united in the lovely Ella; the exquisite beauty of her person was an emblem of her mind, and notwithstanding the possession of a splendid fortune, with its correspondent advantages, her heart was tremblingly alive to vibrations of sympathy and pity.

Ella was left an orphan at the early age of fifteen; her parents were noble and affluent; they left her an independent heiress. Her fortune brought her numerous admirers, her

youth and beauty brought her as many more. Ella bestowed herself on Belville, an officer, and their union was blessed with happiness.

Six months after their marriage the American war broke out, and claimed Belville's attendance: each friend was anxious to protect lady Ella Belville in the interval, but she chose to accompany her husband; she therefore attended him to scenes of hostile fury. He wished for her to have an habitation suitable to her rank, but she preferred the little white cot in which she lived. Belville visited her as frequently as he could, but he had not been to see her some length of time, which made her very unhappy.

She visited the mountain each evening, which she knew he must pass, in hopes of seeing his approach, but in vain; no Henry was to be seen. One evening, staying later than usual, she perceived two men on horseback advancing—her heart palpitated with hope—a vehicle followed them, with the blinds drawn up. They passed her, but neither of them was her Belville. She returned home, fatigued and disappointed. She had scarce entered the parlour before the bell rang with violence; she started involuntarily from her chair—when the door opened, and there entered the two gentlemen she had seen on horseback. One advanced towards her—“I am sorry, madam, to be the messenger”—His voice faltered, and the half-finished speech died away on his tongue. “Speak, speak,” said Ella, with a distracted air—“Yet stop, let me hold this flutterer fast, (putting both hands on her heart) or it will burst its small confinement.—There now, speak, I am prepared; come, quick—tell me all” The gentleman could not refrain from tears; but recovering himself, he took her hand, and said, “I am sorry, madam, to inform you, the brave, the gallant Belville is—no more!”—“Heaven has done its worst!” exclaimed she, “and yet I live to bear it: yet could I not see the corpse of my beloved Henry?” The gentleman (thinking it would occasion her to shed tears, which would be of service to her) assured her she could, for it was in the next room. She flew to the coffin—clasped the bloody corpse in her arms—pressed it to her breast—cast her eyes up to heaven—gave an agonizing groan—and expired!

Subjects for the Consideration of the Ladies of Ireland.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP is a word which has a very captivating sound, but is by no means of a desired quality: it may be friend or foe, as reason and true judgment shall determine for it. If I were to deny all female

friendship in the heart, it might seem a harsh sentence; and yet it will seriously behove every parent to keep strict watch over this propensity in the early movements of the female mind. I am not disposed to expatiate upon its dangers very particularly; they are sufficiently known to people of experience and discretion, but attachments must be stemmed in their beginnings: keep off correspondents from your daughters as you would keep off the pestilence: romantic misses, sentimental novellists, and scribbling pedants overturn each other's heads with such eternal rhapsodies about friendship, and refine upon nonsense with such an affectation of enthusiasm, that if it has not been the parent's study to take early precautions against all such growing propensities, it will be in vain to oppose the torrent when it carries all before it, and overwhelms the passions with its force.

SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility is a mighty favourite with the fair sex: it is an amiable friend or a very dangerous foe, to virtue. Let the female who professes it, be careful how she makes too full a display of her weakness: for this is to very soft and insinuating a propensity, that it will be found in most female glossaries as a synonymous term for Love itself; in fact it is little else than the *nomme de guerre*, which that insidious adventurer takes upon him in all first approaches, the pass-word in all those skirmishing experiments which young people make upon each other's affections, before they proceed to plainer declarations; it is the whetstone upon which love sharpens his arrows: if any lady makes a certain show of sensibility in company with her admirer, he must be a very dull fellow if he does not know how to turn the weapon from himself to her. Now sensibility assumes a different character when it is taken into the service of benevolence, or made the sentinel of modesty; in one case it gives the spring to pity, in the other the alarm to discretion: but whenever it assails the heart by soft seduction to bestow that pity and relief which discretion does not warrant and purity ought not to grant, it should be treated as a renegade and a spy, which under the mask of charity, would impose upon credulity for the vilest purposes, and betray the heart by flattering it to its ruin.

VANITY.

Vanity is a passion, to which I think I am very complacent when I admit it to a place among these convertible propensities, for it is as much as I can do to find any occupation for it in the family concerns of virtue: perhaps if I had known *Vanessa*, I

would not pay it even this small compliment: it can, however, do some under offices in the house-hold of generosity, of cheerfulness, hospitality, and certain other respectable qualities: it is little else than an officious, civil silly thing, that runs on errands for its betters, and is content to be paid with a smile for its good-will by those who have too much good sense to show it any real respect. When it is harmless it would be hard to wound it out of wantonness, when it is mischievous there is merit in chastising it with the whip of ridicule. A lap-dog may be endured if he is inoffensive, and does not annoy the company; but a snappish barking puppy, though in a lady's arms, deserves, like ill-bred, two-legged puppies, to have his ears pulled for his impertinence.

DELICACY.

Delicacy is a soft name, and fine ladies, who have proper contempt for the vulgar, are very willing to be thought endowed with sense more refined and exquisite than nature ever meant to give them; their nerves are susceptible in the extreme, and they are of constitutions so irritable, that *the very winds of Heaven must not be allowed to visit their face too roughly*. I have studied this female favourite with some attention, and I am not yet able to discover any of its good qualities: I do not perceive the merit of such exquisite fibres, nor have I observed that the slenderest strings are apt to produce the sweetest sounds when applied to instruments of harmony: I presume the female heart should be such an harmonious instrument, when touched by the parent, the friend, the husband; but how can these expect a concert of sweet sounds to be exerted from a thing which is liable to be jarred, and put out of tune by every breath of air? It may be kept in its case, like an old fashioned virginal, which nobody knows, or even wishes to know how to touch: it can never be brought to bear its part in a family concert, but must hang by the wall, or at best be a solo instrument for the remainder of its days.

BASHFULNESS.

Bashfulness when it is attached to modesty, will be regarded with the eye of candour, and cheered with the smile of encouragement: but bashfulness is a hireling, and is sometimes discovered in the livery of pride, often times in the cant trappings of affectation: pedantry is very apt to bring it into company, and sly secret consciousness will frequently blush because it understands. I do not say I have much to lay to its charge, for it is not apt to be troublesome in public societies, nor do I commonly meet it even in

in the youngest of the female sex. There is a great deal of blushing I confess in all the circles of fine ladies, but then it is so universal a blush, and withal so permanent that I am far from imputing it always to bashfulness when the cheeks of the fair are tinged with roses. However, though it is sometimes an impostor, and for that reason may deserve to be dismissed, I cannot help having a consideration for one that has in past times been the handmaid of beauty, and has been celebrated as peculiarly graceful in oratory; and therefore as Merit has taken Modesty into her service, I would recommend Ignorance to put Bashfulness into full pay and employment.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is a charming quality, and I would wish the fine ladies to indulge it, if it were only by way of contrast between themselves and the fine gentlemen they consort with. I do not think it is altogether becoming for a lady to plant herself in the centre of a circle with her back to the fire, and expect every body to be warmed by the contemplation of her figure, or the reflection of her countenance; at the same time I am free to confess it an attitude by which the man of high breeding is conspicuously distinguished, and is charming to behold when set off with the proper accompaniments of leather breeches, tight boots, and jockey waistcoat. I will not deny, however, but I have seen this practised by ladies who have acquitted themselves with great spirit on the occasion: but then it cannot be done without certain male accoutrements, and pre-supposes a flouched hat, half-boots, short waistcoat, and riding-dress, not to omit broad metal buttons, with great letters engraved upon them, or the signature of some hunt, with the indispensable appendage of two long dangling watch-chains, which serves to make the double value people of fashion put upon time, and also shew the encouragement they bestow upon the arts; with these implements the work may be done even by a female artist; but it is an art I wish no young lady to study. Politeness, as I conceive, consists in putting people at their ease in your company, and being at your ease in

a seat of thorns. Till this shall be reformed by the ladies, who profess to understand politeness, I shall turn back to my red-book of forty years ago, to see what relics of the old court are yet amongst us, and take the mothers for my models in preference to their daughters.

Original Letter of the late Rev. Mr. James Hervey.

Wexham, Feb. 21, 1746.

DEAR MR. W——

I BELIEVE I must answer your favour and Mrs. W——'s both under one; or rather, answer your's and acknowledge her's; so that this ticket may serve as a note under my hand, where I may own the obligation, and make myself responsible.

Your spouse informed me, that you was concerned that the little money I left in your hands has not been remitted to me. But, dear Sir, I am glad on this account; if it may be a means of cherishing one of the least of our Redeemer's Brethren, or the meanest of his Members, I rejoice that it has not been returned.

You did right in delivering a guinea to Mrs. W—— for the benefit of poor widow C——. If Molly L—— or Betty P—— are in want, by all means let them be relieved, tell them I present them each with a crown, and be pleased to give it them in my name; assuring them that I give it with the utmost readiness.

And bid them think if a poor mortal, a wretched sinner, is so ready to help them according to his ability, how much more ready is the infinitely compassionate Saviour of the World to pity all their miseries, and comfort them in all their troubles. If poor dust and ashes has a heart to pity them, how inconceivably more willing is the Fountain of Love, the adorable Friend of sinners, to hear their prayers, and fulfil all their desires! O! let them know, that the tenderest mercies of the most beneficent among the children of men are little better than cruelty, if compared with the marvellous loving-kindness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Was it in my power, I would willingly do more for them. But let them remem-

O! it is impossible to imagine, how rich our divine Master is in goodness and how mighty in power.

Therefore, if they want a more lively faith in his all prevailing mediation, or a more ardent love of his unspeakable goodness; if they want more abundant communications of his sanctifying spirit, or of all spiritual blessings; let them not cherish unworthy doubts concerning their gracious Redeemer. Do they believe me, when I make professions of kindness; and shall they not much rather believe the faithful and true Witness? When He says, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it;" when He says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will give it." We are not straitened in the tenderness of Christ's bowels, or in the power of his hand; O! let us not be straitened in our scanty expectations and feeble faith.

Perhaps my poor friends may feel themselves a little inclined to love the giver of such a mite. If they should feel themselves so disposed, O! let them consider, what reason, what most abundant reason they have to adore and love their most merciful Redeemer. Their friend never shed his blood for them; their friend never laid down his life for them; but Jesus who reigns in glory, did both for their sake.—Had their friend been possessed of a thousand lives, and had he surrendered them all to do them good; then, with what gratitude and love would they have thought upon his name. But the life of the blessed Jesus was of more worth than the lives of all mortals; yet this was freely resigned, this was given to tortures and death for them. How then should they be lost in admiration of such goodness! how should their hearts glow with gratitude for such amazing loving-kindness!

Who knows but this little gift, if attended with these considerations, may be a means of shewing the tender compassions of their Saviour—of inclining them to rely more cheerfully on his all-sufficiency—and of stirring them up to love Him more unfeignedly? And if so, it will be a gift indeed.

The remainder of the money be pleased to deposit with Mrs. W—— for the use of the poor widow C——. My heart yearns over her, because she has known what it is to live in affluent circumstances, and therefore must be more sensibly pinched with her present poverty. She is also at a distance from her kindred and father's house, and on that account must feel more heaviness in her heart, and cannot expect so much commiseration as if she was among her relations.

My humble service to your spouse and father, the Captain and his wife, and with the rest of my Bideford acquaintance, your late brother's widow. Pray recommend me in the kindest manner to Mrs. A — and his spouse, and all your other neighbours that remember their once unworthy Pastor and their constantly affectionate friend,

J. HERVEY.

Original Anecdotes. Bon Mots, &c.

FRANCIS the First of France, was a prince of exceeding irritability of temper, and most whimsical when the least disordered in his health.—He had a slight asthmatic complaint, and had taken it into his head that none but a Jew could cure him.—A Jewish physician was not to be found in France; but there was one at that time at the Spanish court who was sent for, and the French king's peculiar prepossession made no secret of: unhappily for this the physician had just become a convert to Christianity! but as the king of Spain well knew the disposition of his ally, as the Jew had not yet relinquished his beard, he was persuaded with proper instructions to undertake his most Christian majesty's cure.—When he came to court, and was introduced to Francis, he was so well pleased with his prescription that he retained him in conversation a considerable time, in the course of which he asked him how he got over the prophecies that related to the Christians' Messiah? They were all fulfilled near 1500 years ago, replied the Jew, at Jerusalem, in the proper person. Is it possible that you believe this, said the king? God forbid—You are a Christian! Yes, by the grace of God, was the reply.—The king's embarrassment is not to be expressed.—The physician was terrified into a confession of the whole intrigue, and the king was shortly after cured by one of his own physicians, who prescribed for him asses milk.

B O N M O T.

JUST after the illuminations for the recovery of his majesty, in Dublin, a wag offered a considerable bett that great numbers of transparencies with suitable devices would still continue to be exhibited in the metropolis every night; but as no person would accept his bett, was desired to explain himself, which he did, by saying that the transparencies discovered three golden balls; and that the suitable devices were money lent on pledges.

*Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.**(Continued from Page 494.)*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, April 21, 1789.

MR. COPINGER asked, why not extend the exclusion of the elective franchise to every person connected with Government? why not to the officers of the army?

Mr. Gardiner said, that the argument ought to be confined to the principle of the bill, and not to the wording of any particular clause.

Mr. Mason opposed the principle of the bill.

Sir H. Cavendish said, he should vote for going into a Committee on the bill; he wished to go into the Committee; at the same time he had strong doubts respecting the propriety of the bill—but he should reserve his objections till the bill was in Committee.

Mr. Hardy replied to **Mr. Mason**, and observed, that he heard nothing whatever which should prevent the bill going into a Committee, but just the contrary. With regard to what had been said of the bad policy of depriving any set of men in this country of their right of voting at elections, where the bulk of the people were Roman Catholics, he could only say, that the fewer the electors were in any country, the more uninfluenced they ought to be; for it was certainly a very extraordinary defence which had been set up for Revenue Officers, that their right of voting should be preserved to them however they might abuse it, because the major part of their countrymen could not vote at all. He entirely agreed with the right hon. Gentleman, that to deprive any man of his right of voting, was depriving him of his best birthright, and therefore such a measure should be well weighed before it was carried into execution. That was no argument however against the committal, but a strong one in favour of it; for if, on investigation, it should be found that the right of voting had been abused, then certainly it was not merely the right, but the duty of the House of Commons either to put that right under a temporary suspension, or to annihilate it altogether.—Every franchise whatever was given for the public good, and should cease the moment that object was lost sight of. The arguments he had heard made use of would be much better considered in a Committee; for there only could many points be ascertained, as the extent of influence which the commissioners might possess, the proportion

he considered the description of persons who are now the subject of debate, as under very strong influence. The Crown appoints them, and the Crown can dismiss them; and it is impossible that Revenue-officers, circumstanced in this manner, can act agreeable to their principles or free will, without running the risk of losing their employments, and perhaps bringing themselves and families to very great distress.—He said that for these 30 years past he had but one opinion on the subject, and he should vote for the present bill in every stage of its progress.

Solicitor General was decidedly of opinion, that the House ought not to pass the present bill.—He said that Parliament had not a right to take away the rights of any description of men—the right hon. Gentleman who had brought forward this bill had not even condescended to suggest the reason for his bringing it in, nor could a single fact be adduced to prove why Revenue officers should be precluded from voting at elections for members to serve in Parliament. He asked were the number of these Revenue-officers that are now in the kingdom ascertained? Was it known how many voted at the last election for counties, cities, towns and boroughs? He said, that if the bill should pass in its present form, that every officer in the Revenue, Post-office, Stamp-office, the Barons of the Exchequer, the King's Attorney and Solicitor General, and his Majesty's Justices of Peace, would be deprived of their right of elective franchise. He opposed the bill upon another principle, that in England the inhabitants were all Protestants, whereas in this country the number of persons of the established Church were but one to four, and this bill would be narrowing the number of electors; and he was of opinion, that the consideration of the bill ought not to be entered into by the House for one moment.

Mr. Dunn could by no means consider the Representation from the votes of Revenue-officers, as a fair representation. He said, they cannot be considered as proper persons to vote at elections for members to serve in Parliament; for his part, he considered this bill as a bill for the relief of Revenue-officers; for every conscientious Revenue-officer, who would wish to preserve his honour, and vote according to his conscience, would lose his employment; and surely this must be considered as acting under influence. He answered all the objections to the bill made use of by **Mr. Copinger**, and clearly refuted them; and he concluded with saying, that all the arguments that had been, or can be offered against the prin-

of? The law had provided, for wise reasons, as it must be supposed, for their not voting; he said that the objects of the bill were but few, but the salutary benefits to the community at large, would be exceedingly considerable—he should therefore vote for the committal of the bill.

Mr. Gardiner combated the principles of the bill; and he declared, that in the course of several contested elections which he had experienced, he never knew an instance where the influence of the Crown, or of the Commissioners of the Revenue, was made use of to sway the Revenue-officers at giving their votes at elections. He considered this measure either as going too far, or not going far enough; in his opinion, it went to affect almost every branch of the civil and military establishment, he should therefore oppose the measure as being unnecessary, as no evil does exist; he should oppose it as being partial, unjust, and unconstitutional, as Parliament has no right to deprive Revenue-officers of their elective franchise, without any charge of offence being brought against them.

Mr. Boyd opposed the committal of the bill.

Mr. Egan said, he came down to the House determined not to trespass on their patience, by delivering his sentiments on the present bill. He had so determined, imagining that the principle of the bill would have been acquiesced in, and the usual state argument, of inexpediency and unreasonableness, take the field against utility and constitution. But Sir, no man can justify to his conscience, or to the people his silence, when he hears the first law officers of the Crown, and some of the men of high station and ample property in this country, assert in this House, that the principle of this bill is unconstitutional—that this instance of legislation is illegal—that its imitation of the example of Great Britain is unnecessary, and that the experience of the conduct of the Crown in influencing Revenue officers, does not justify their disfranchisement. Sir, I trust I shall demonstrate to this House the reverse of these positions—these untounded assertions. Sir, the principle of this bill is to preserve the freedom of election, to prevent the undue influence of the Crown, or of the Revenue, from contaminating the freedom of election. The vital spirit of our admirable Constitution is the preservation of the three powers of the Constitution, independent of, and inviolate by one another.—On this depends its eternity, and its harmony. It has been the prophecy of an enlightened foreigner, and of the ablest statesman England produced—that Great Britain could never be ruined but by a Parliament. What is the meaning of this prophecy—that the legislative body, and of course the principal fountain of legislation—the freedom of election should be kept uncontaminated by the influence of the Crown.—For if the legislative body become corrupt, there would be an end of the Constitution, and of Great Britain.—Sir, the principle of this bill is the same with that principle, which animated the House in passing this session a pension-bill—it is the same, but more efficacious—it begins at the root of the evil. Sir, the loss of that bill is conclusive for the necessity of this. As we have been debarred from turning impurity and undue

influence out of this House, we are called upon to fence against the importation of it in future, by keeping the fountain of this House pure and undefiled.

Sir, this is the principle of this bill, and this is the principle, which gentlemen have been desperate enough to call unconstitutional. It has been said that the attempt in this House to pass this law is an illegal exercise of the trust reposed in them by the people. To this equally untounded assertion, I shall only say, that if this bill is an illegal exercise of the powers committed to this House, that the laws which regulate the freedom of election, that the laws which prescribe the qualification of the Electors, and the laws against undue influence and corruption, &c. are illegal acts of Parliament. Sir, it is to say, that fortifying the constitution against mortality, is an attack upon its existence. We are told, Sir, that we ought not to imitate Great Britain in the adoption of this law. Since I remember this House, I have constantly heard the example of Great Britain inculcated from the other side of the House, as conclusive upon the wisdom of this assembly. When we complained the other night, against the principle of the Revenue bill, in abolishing the Trial by Jury, within the jurisdiction of the Excise-Laws, when we complained against that bill, as hostile to the spirit of the Constitution, subversive of the principles of justice, and the liberties of the subject; we were answered by the first Commissioner of the Revenue, with the volume of the English Statutes in his hand—"Do the English venerate the trial by jury as much as the Irish ought to do? do they watch over the Constitution with as much sedulity as the Irish? and do they cultivate as much as the Irish, equal and impartial justice?"—They do, and yet they have passed similar Revenue Laws; and they have done so, impelled by the call of invincible necessity. Then, the errors of Great Britain, what I am justified in calling the vices of Great Britain, are forced upon our imitation, and we are torbid to emulate her virtues, her constitutional vigilance, her provident purification of Parliament.

England has a place-bill; England has a pension-bill; England has a disqualification-law, as to Revenue-officers; England has thought all those fortifications necessary against the secret influence of the Crown; and yet we are told Ireland ought not to tremble at that influence, which has been formidable to Great Britain. Sir, we are called upon to adopt the providence of Great Britain, from many additional inducements.—England is a great and an united country, the constitution as delineated by Magna Charta is her birth-right and her inheritance; England is bigoted to that constitution by a devotion, which has lasted for centuries; and yet with these principles and feelings, she fences against every possible evil that may assail or endanger that constitution; but in Ireland, a country inferior, and in some degree subordinate; in a country politically united, but religiously divided; in Ireland, where the Roman Catholics, the great mass of the people are, by objections, proceeding from religious dissension, robbed, to the disgrace of legislation, of their dearest birth-right, the right of representation in the Senate of the nation;

nation; I say, in this country, thus inferior, thus divided, thus curtailed of the rights of election, we are solicited not to imitate the constitutional providence of our sister country.

Sir, this bill is said to be unjust, as it is not founded upon the ascertained interference of the Crown in influencing the body of Revenue officers, nor upon the conviction of those officers for yielding to that undue influence. Sir, laws are made, not at the suggestion of individual guilt, but to provide against the depravity of human nature. How do we know, that the Crown will exert its influence in every direction it can? because it is human nature to do so. How do we know that placemen and pensioners will vote in this House at the suggestions of the Minister? because human nature placed and pensioned will, and has uniformly done so, and the dependant subaltern of the Revenue will do at the Election, what his superior does in this House. He will even think there is a virtue, a dignity in imitating the corrupt profligacy of his creators.

It is said this bill is unjust. Sir, there is a standing resolution of this House, as old as the reign of Charles the Second, against the interference of Revenue-officers in elections. Sir, that resolution was then strong enough to combat the evil. But now the interference has become notorious and audacious, and nothing less than a positive disqualification law can obviate its iniquity. Sir, Gentlemen have triumphed in summing experience against this bill. I cite experience against them. I cite the experience which I had as counsel on election committees in this House. I cite it in instances notorious to this House. I cite the audacious Revenue attack on the borough of Baltimore. I cite the interference of a Revenue-officer in the election of Carrickfergus. I say, Sir, I cite them as flagrant instances of audacious interference, and I will not detail them, out of compassion to the Revenue. I feel I have too long trespassed upon the kind indulgence of this House, for which I am highly grateful, and shall now conclude, that I trust this bill will be suffered to go into a committee, because its principle is salutary to the constitution; because its act of legislation does not exceed the delegated powers of this House; because it is a necessary imitation of the precedent caution of Great Britain, to fortify the independence of Parliament, because it is the result of notorious interference by the Revenue on its dependants, and of that depravity in human nature, which must yield to such interference. Sir, I shall add but one word more: if ever there was a period in this country, to fence against corruption, it is the present.

When you have a Lord Lieutenant audacious enough to enter into hostility with the Parliament of this land, to insult its understanding and its dignity, and boldly aspire to make the records of that Parliament, the register of his transgressions—when you have a Chief Governor barefaced enough, first to circulate the report, that loss of place should be the consequence of Parliamentary recalcitrance, and afterwards audacious enough to displace the most exalted, honourable and independent men of this nation, for that recalcitrance of conduct; I say such a period of intemperate, audacious exertion in undue influence, and un-

warrantable vengeance, against those who proudly and constitutionally resisted that influence, is the time for vigilant exertion against the secret, the undiscoverable, the undermining influence of the Crown.

Mr. Hewit and Sir H. Hartstonge spoke against the bill.

Mr. Stewart, of Killymoon, declared himself a friend to the principle of the bill, and he should vote for the bill being committed.

Mr. C. O'Neil adverted to the preamble of the bill; for the preamble declared, that the freedom of Parliament depend upon the freedom of election. After remarking that it was impossible for Revenue-officers to act with their own free will, and that they must always vote as they are directed by superior powers, he said that he should vote for the commitment of the bill.

C. of Exchequer spoke against the bill; as did also M. Johnson.

Mr. G. Ponsonby supported the bill.

Mr. Grattan, I hope that if any thing falls from the right hon. Gentleman, the first Commissioner, that deserves attention, I may be indulged with a reply. That right hon. Gentleman, much connected with and much interested on this subject, promises to speak to it at large; when he does, and speaks to it argumentatively, I hope I, like him, may be heard a second time.

I beg to remind this House, that the bill now under your consideration did; nearly in the same words, pass this House with the entire consent of most of those gentlemen who are now taught to exclaim against it, as an attack on the rights of the people. They themselves then made that attack; they were then guilty of the crime they charge, and they and this House, and the Ministers of the Crown were involved in the enormity. Such a bill did pass the Commons—such a bill did receive the concurrence of its present vehement opponents—such a bill was transmitted under the Great Seal of Ireland, and such a bill came back under the Great Seal of England.

It was lost in the Lords, I acknowledge; but I do by no means acknowledge that we are to attribute the loss of the bill in the Lords, to the absurd and preposterous surmise of a right hon. Gentleman, who tells us that the Lords on that occasion were the champions of the constitution. No; the Lords threw the bill out, because the then Ministry were turned out; the bill and the ministry both shared the same fate, and the people lost a good Ministry and a good bill.

Sir, this bill has been now combated on various grounds, and first Partiality. It is said that the bill is partial, because it don't extend to all Revenue-officers, and partial, because it don't extend to all the officers of the Crown, and to all professions, to the law and the army. To the first part of this objection, the bill itself is the answer. It does extend to all Revenue officers, and a blank is left for such exceptions as may be agreed on; and if the bill did not, which it does, extend to all Revenue Officers, the imperfection of its formation is no argument against its commitment. To the other part of the objection, the answer is to be found in the difference of the subject matters compared—the law, the army and the revenue.

The first is a profession—an independent profession; the Bar is not sed by the Minister. The gentlemen of the bar do not resemble excisemen, tide-waiters, hearth-money collectors, tide surveyor, in number, in sentiment, or in condition. Those of the bar, who are servants of the Crown, are, compared with such a tribe, not numerous; and compared with the bulk of Electors, nothing. The mischief therefore is not the same in its extent, nor in the rankness of its nature.

The army, that part of it which is composed of officers, does not contain numbers to affect the elections of the people; that part of it which is composed of rank and file men, don't contain electors, common soldiers are not freeholders, nor likely to become such; but if a Colonel of a regiment should do what a Commissioner is said to have done—if he should make his troop or his battalion such occasional voters, in a county or borough, I do then believe Parliament would interfere; because then a very improbable and unforeseen mischief would have taken place. But though the laws of England have not disqualified the military from giving votes at elections, they have removed them from the place of election, guarding the rights of the people against the evil incidental to the army force, as they have guarded those rights against the evil incidental to the Revenue Officers—corruption.

The laws of England have considered the different nature of the different members of the community, and have affixed certain suspicions and jealousies to certain descriptions of men. They have marked the officers of the revenue as a body, from their dependancy, from their rank, from their habits, from their occupations, and from their numbers, the most liable to undue influence, and the most extensive instruments thereof. They have considered the hardship it would be to a people, not only to pay the Crown a great Revenue, but to find in that very grant an influence arise prejudicial to their own freedom. The right of Election is the people's share of sovereign power; the occasional, the corrupt voter, is an usurper on the share. In Athens the stranger who intruded himself into their councils was punished with death; he was guilty of high treason against the Majesty of the people.

In Rome, when they reserved their democratic rights, they preserved their freedom; when they imparted them to Italy, they gave away their independency. These rights, whether simple as in Athens, or mixed as in Ireland, are sacred, and when you hesitate to disqualify men, whose dependancy makes them incapable of a faithful exercise of those rights, and whose numbers

are dependant on the Minister, is a fact; their corruptibility from their rank, their habits, and other circumstances, a high degree of probability; here is a situation which is in itself a disqualification, and instead of demanding proofs of undue influence exerted, you should be satisfied with the view of the situation itself, where undue influence, if exerted, could not be resisted. When gentlemen call for proofs, they know well the nature of the mischief renders proofs difficult. Who can trace the ways of undue influence? Who can follow the clandestine hint which a Minister may give, or a Commissioner may convey? The nature of undue influence is to elude the eye. Who can prove that a member of Parliament was ever influenced, and yet who can doubt it? and therefore this objection which bawls out for proof is founded on the difficulty of the discovery, not the consciousness of the innocence; but facts are not wanting (if report says true) sometime in the month of January, or the eve of an apprehended election, a batch of Custom-house officers, and of persons employed in the New Custom-house, architects, glaziers, slaters, plumbers, stationers, iron-mongers, went down like a herd of Tartars to the county of Waterford to register; having purchased forty shilling freeholds in the borough of Dungarvan, which gave them votes for the election for the county of Waterford, of which the first Commissioner is the representative; and for the borough of Dungarvan, of which the son of that Commissioner is the representative.—If this report is true, here is a direct attack made for the family of the Commissioner by the revenue officers under his dominion; and by the tradesmen employed in the New Custom-house under his direction; an attack made on the rights of election. Here is that influence of which we speak, attempting to make a borough private property, and to convert a county into a borough—here is that very fact, which gentlemen called for—here is Revenue influence—here is an exertion of that influence—here are occasional voters, non-resident voters, Custom-house voters—attempting to make a county and a borough the private property of the family of the first Commissioner of the Revenue.—Sir, it is a strong argument, in the committal of this bill, that in the Committee you may enquire into the ground of this report—there you may learn that you have fact as well as argument for this bill.

Sir, gentlemen aware that all the arguments founded in principle or expediency were against them, have affected to reduce this bill to a question of power, and have boldly told you,

happen to be enacted in times in which the constitutional spirit of England exerted itself with peculiar energy, and these happen not only to be the laws of England enacted in her most virtuous moments, but founded on the principles of other acts, that arise out of the spirit of her Constitution; for instance, the 5th of William the III^d, makes the interference of any Collector, &c. in the excise, to influence a voter, fine and disqualification in the Revenue officer—the 12th Wm. makes such interference in Commissioners, Collectors, &c. concerned in the custom, fine and disqualification—the 10th Anne makes such interference of Commissioners, Collectors, &c. concerned in the salt duties, fine and disqualification—the bill of the present reign goes further, and guards the subject against the intrusion of the Revenue officer, as the former had guarded him against his influence; so that the officers of the Revenue shall not influence elections either as the creditors of the Electors, or the agents of the Crown; and this is a precaution which the learned gentleman supposes to go beyond the power of Parliament—he too calls for proofs; proofs of what?—Had England, when she disqualified Placemen of a certain description, from seats in Parliament, proofs of their corruption? Had England, when she disqualified Pensioners from sitting in Parliament, proofs of their corruption? Had England, when she disqualified Revenue officers from voting in Parliament, proofs of their corruption? No, she did not proceed on the penal idea of punishing individuals, but on the cautionary principle of saving the people.—She did not, like the learned gentleman, confound a natural with a political right; nor suppose every man, except a criminal, had a right to share the democratic powers of the Constitution—she considered that a situation rendering the individual incapable of the unbiassed use of those powers, a disqualification, even though the individual was not a criminal—franchise being not a private property to be sold, but a public duty to be discharged. Gentlemen say, England is no example—that the beneficial laws of England are no model for Ireland; what right have they to hold out such language to the people? what physical, political, or moral blemishes do the people of Ireland inherit; or is it on their own authority that the Ministers of the Crown presume to badge the people of this country with opprobrious distinctions?—Is it because the people of Ireland have not the same wholesome food, they should not have the same

less rapacious? less ambitious? less craving? less servile or less ministerial?

Give me some decent and plausible reason for refusing to Ireland those beneficial acts which are the essential preservatives of the British constitution, and the fundamental laws of that country. I fear you have only adopted the constitution of England, but you have not adopted her precaution. The pension bill—the place bill—the disqualification revenue bill, acts tending to secure longevity to freedom—these you despise—and the same men who originally opposed the introduction of British freedom into this country, now oppose every measure necessary for its preservation. Gentlemen have endeavoured to justify this distinction, by insisting on the paucity of freeholders—and they state, that when your voters are few, they should not disqualify so great a proportion of them as the Revenue officers compose; just the contrary, you should disqualify them—you should when your members are few, take care they should be pure; the great portion of poison poured into so small a body of voters, must have greater and more fatal effect. The fact is, influenced voters do not add to, but diminish the number of your Electors—Sir, they are a counterpoise—eighty occasional Revenue officers in the county Waterford, are eighty good votes not added, but counteracted, and make the constituent body so much the less. Directly opposite to this is another argument, which insists on the paucity of Revenue voters, compared to the Electors in general, as an argument against the bill. Sir, the Revenue officers in this kingdom are from 2500 to 3000, and your counties are not more than 32; the proportion which they bear to freeholders in Ireland, where this bill must not take place, is considerable—in England, where this bill does take place, nothing. Diversity of situation is therefore in argument not against this bill, but for it—you require more precaution than England does—you have a weaker body to defend—you have a more tender constitution to preserve—the method you have hitherto taken to preserve that weakly constitution, has been to adopt the penal, the criminal, the unconstitutional code of England, especially in your Revenue bill, with a guilty accuracy, and to overlook the beneficial, and constitutional code with a blind abhorrence—your nice distinction has been to make England an example for the purpose of coercion, and none for the purpose of privilege.

—*Wm. Con. a Right Hon. Gentleman says*

proof is required) of the existence and extent of evil this bill would guard against, a proof that other men, besides the officers in question, have a property in this franchise. When a certain quarter turns advocate for the rights of the people, it is a symptom that such rights are bartered with—when they cry out franchise, it is a symptom that the franchise is abused—this bill will now be lost, but this bill will be the law of Ireland.

Mr. Curran thought such a bill at all times necessary—but now more so than ever. The arguments against it would have convinced him if his mind had not been decided before. One member objected that the principle went too far—another that it did not go far enough—thus inconsistent with itself was the opposition to this measure—consistent only in this that it came from the avowed servants of the Crown, and of every Administration. One of those, deservedly of much respect, (Sir John Parnell) had hazarded the assertion that there was not too much influence in Ireland. That gentleman had distinguished very rightly—he did not complain of the influence of the Crown—he complained of that insulated sort of following, not flowing, from the body of the people, nor of the nobility—not belonging to the Crown, but the personal property of every Administration. The excess of this, he said, was manifest in the history of past times, and in the picture of the present. He then observed on the state of Ireland for a century past, and the succession of its Viceroy, as almost to a man uniformly ignorant and rapacious; followed by a train of dependants and servants, insolent, beggarly and worthless—the Government of course oppressive—the Parliament weak and venal, and the people undone. If, said he, in that interval of darkness and misery the wretched people felt that a law existed, they felt it not in protection but in penalty; the religion of the country spoke to them only by the mouth of the scribe-proctor, or bailiff. Gentlemen might suppose that Ireland had been weighed down by the great talents or virtues of

its successive rulers. No—no such thing. On the contrary, the men sent to grind us were in general the refuse of Great Britain; but it was the fashion of Ireland to despise and hate our fellow subjects because they were hated and despised in England; it was the fashion to venerate the maxim of folly and oppression of which we were the victims, and to admire and respect the contemptible instruments by which we were plundered and disgraced. This silly infatuation, said he, was felt as it ought, many years ago by Dean Swift. I will read it to you in his own words: “I knew another person who was in England the common standard of stupidity, where he was never heard a minute in any assembly, or by any party, with common Christian treatment; yet, upon his arrival hither, could put on a face of importance and authority, talk more than six without either gracefulness, propriety, or meaning, and at the same time be admired as a pattern of eloquence and wisdom.”

What a pity, said he, that the picture of such a master should find no resemblance, except in the age he lived in! He then adverted to the present time—that excess of influence was never more legible than in the present Administration. The present Viceroy had come over here making a parade of economy; has he reduced a single establishment? has he abolished a single useless place? you had the faith of Government, when you gave them 140,000*l.* a year, additional taxes in 1784, that your expences should not exceed your revenue; they now have exceeded it by more than 300,000*l.* has he adopted any plan for alleviating any of these grievances? no; but where you have been active, has he co-operated? when the voice of a nation's morality, and a nation's want called upon you to correct the shameful abuse of the pension list—when the odious monster was condemned, and led forth to execution, it found a reprieve from the Marquis of Buckingham.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

Lines written by a Lady at the Cottage at Carton, during a Storm of Rain and Wind—Tuesday, August 25th, 1789.

HAIL! Carton, hail! the theme inspires
my lays, [bays;
If well performed, will crown my brow with
But say, vain girl, can you attempt to trace,
The various beauties of this charming place?
Ye Deities, that o'er these groves preside,
Assist my Mute, and my weak pencil guide;

See where fair Ceres with unsparing hand,
With her brown sheaves has beautified the land;
Luxuriant fall the ears, so full of grain,
Paying the farmer for his toil and pain.
Here lowing cows, and bleating lambskins feed,
And wanton play on the enamel'd mead;
Here fairies gambol, here their vigils keep
By Cynthia's beams, when mortals are asleep.

Next Waterstown thy beauties I must sing,
Thy rising prospect, and each cooling spring,
Where waters gurgling fall in silver rills,

When you have thought each beauty was ex-
plor'd,

A thousand rife that were before ohfcur'd.
But left ingratitude my verie fhould ftain,
The humble cottage does my praifes claim,
Whofe fhelt'ring roof fecured me fafe from harm,
Whofe opened doors received me from the ftorm.

Farewel, fweet Carton! may you ever bloom!
May ftill your meadows fhed a fweet perfume!
May no fierce blatts e'er make your beauties
fade!

May no new mafter fport within your fhade!
Ye Powers fupreme, receive a fuppliant's prayer,
And blefs great LAINSTER with a fon and
heir!

M. W.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

I TAKE the liberty to fend for your Compen-
dium of ufeul Knowledge, the following
Poem, which has at leaft, Nature to recom-
mend it, and was written fome time fince by
a young Gentleman of very confiderable poeti-
cal talents; In the sentiments of *Sylvanus*
are described the Author's own. *Sylvia*, the
heroine of this piece, is fince the partner of
his joys.—I hope they will both excufe my
giving to the world what was intended only
as a compliment to the fair one, who poffeffes
his heart; "a heart (I may fafely fay) that
beats alone for her, and bleffes its chains."

I am, Sir,

Your very humble and obedient fervant,
R O S C I U S.

The Village Rencontre.

LAST Christmas week the village folks were
gay,

And all was mirth, feftivity and play;
Good farmer Giles an evening party made,
And I of courfe my Sunday clothes display'd;
No clouds of powder at my toilet rife
(For country lads drefs not like city beaux)
A horn or box-comb, now I care not which,
Perhaps (for aught I know) 'twas made of beech,
With dext'rous hand difpos'd my flaxen hair
In artlefs ringlets waving in the air,
My linen white as bleak December's fnows,
My ftockings garter blue, and well black'd fhoes,
With little copper buckles clear and bright,
Compos'd my drefs on that enchanting night.
Thus gay equip'd, with hafty ftides I went,
And foon arriv'd where all was merriment.
A neat snug cottage with an earthen floor
Received the guefts 'till it could hold no more;

'Twas here my heart, unconscious of deceit,
Firft met the fweet difpenfer of its fate.
Far in a corner, drefs'd in ruflet gown,
The angel fat who would have grac'd a throne:]
Her meek-ey'd looks belpoke the lib'ral mind,
And left proud Beauty's glance far behind.
In fault'ring accents, and with down-cast eyes
I ask'd my *Sylvia* if fhe would rife,
Be my fair partner in the dancing train,
And make me envy'd by the happieft fwain?
She fmil'd, and with bewitching archnefs laid,
"That flatt'ring compliment is fo well paid,
I can't refufe, e'en tho' the fraud I fee,
So take a place and I will follow thee."
Good Heaven! what raptures did I then enjoy!
Sure fuch delight as that could never cloy!
'To fee the dear, the lovely *Sylvia* move,
She look'd like fome bleft vifion from above,
And while her hand in mine I foftly prefs'd,
Electric fire feem'd darting thro' my breast;
No longer Plato's maxims bore the fway,
A fott'ier paffion wing'd its rapid way,
Thro' ev'ry vital of my glowing frame,
Each thrilling fibre caught the tubule flame,
And ev'ry fente in extacy revolv'd,
And all my languid foul in love difolv'd;
I danc'd, or rather flew 'mid the gay throng,
And fix full hours, feem'd not a moment long,
But in dnight come, the matrons all arofe,
And laid 'twas time the feftive fcene to clofe;
Now hats and cloaks went toffing to and fro
While I flood ftill half-wifhing not to go,
I paus'd, I rav'd, nor had I power to move,
So ftong's the firft temptation of true love;
At length perceiving *Sylvia* was gone,
And with her both my heart and foul had flown,
I snatch'd my hat, o'ertook her in my flight,
I faw her home, and wifh'd her a good night.

Now fince my paffion, *Sylvia*, thou can't read,
Nor fcorn my vow, nor leave my heart to bleed;
A heart, whole only wifh is to be thine
By every law terreftrial and divine;
A heart, that while one pulse of life remains,
Shall beat alone for thee, and blefs its chains.

SYLVANUS.

*A new Vauxhall Song, fung by Mrs. Martyr,
with great Applaufe.*

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
Acrofs yon verdant plain,
Young Harry laid he'd fee me home,
A tight and comely fwain;
He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd;
Then ask'd a kifs, I blusht and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

I'd rather be refus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
 He warmly urg'd his suit;
 But still to all he said I was
 Most obstinately mute;
 At length got home, he angry cry'd,
 My fondness is abus'd;
 Then die a maid—Indeed, says I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.
 I'd rather be, &c.

*To the Writers in Glass Windows, at Inns on
 the Road.*

NO more in study need your hours be lost,
 To dub you poet—only travel post;
 Before you've joited to your second stage,
 You'll feel infected with the rhyming rage;
 Nay, if to *Cork* you'd go with rapid pace,
 You'll be a bard before you've got to *Naas*;
 Or if to *Wicklow* you would take your way,
 You'll be a poet ere you get to *Bray*:
 Conundrum, rebus, epigram, and ode,
 And song and elegy, rise on the road.

'Tis true indeed (but this we ought to
 smother)

One wit will steal or borrow from another;
 For if he hits upon a happy line,
 He cares not whether Dryden's, Pope's, or mine;
 No matter who had put the words together,
 He'll swear he wrote it—though he scrawl'd it
 rather.

Happy, ye wifings, were your wit confin'd,
 To "*Here we slept, we breakfasted, or dined*:"
 Or were you only decently to write,
 The fair Miss BLACK—or charming Mrs.
 WHITE!

Miss GREEN, Miss GRAY, and feber Mrs.
 BROWN,
 Pride of the plains, and glory of the town!

Yet hold!—forbear!—use not such dang'rous
 words—

More fatal they may prove than knives or swords.
 Deal not in figure—fools your sense can't reach,
 And knaves may sue you for—mere flow'rs of
 speech;

In harmless phrases spy a bad intent,
 "And find out meanings that were never
 meant." +

But on the windows see the wanton Muse,
 Stain'd with the profligate jargon of the stew:
 Here, horrid prejudice, and party zeal,
 Express'd with all the bitterness you feel!
 On every name poor Scotia's made to bleed.

The Splenetic Poet.

MUSE, lend thy gentle aid—heigh ho!
 Dull, dull, quite dull, *mal-a-propos*!
 Heigh ho! pray Jove, no harm is hatching;
 I've heard them say that gaping's catching.
 Bless me, 'tis so; I've found it true;
 Readers, I'll put it round to you.
 'Tis obvious what my yawnings mean,
 I'm burthen'd with that witch—the spleen.
 The spleen! good Charon, bring thy wherry,
 I'm surely at the Stygian ferry.
 Stay, can I walk? I move, 'tis true;
 But then, how know I that I do?
 Patients, in my distemper'd station,
 Want something more than confirmation.
 Hang this dull whim, 'tis fancy half,
 I'll hem, and try to strain a laugh:
 Strange, that conceit has such a spell!
 I'm in a minute sick and well.

Great men have been like me beguil'd;
 A Prelate thought himself with child;
 And a fam'd Soph express'd his fear
 That he was grown an elbow chair,
 But wanted yet another leg;
 A third conceiv'd himself an egg.

Another of this frantic class,
 Thought his whole body made of glass,
 And begg'd the doctor'd undertake him,
 But not approach so near to break him.
 He'd do his utmost, he assur'd him,
 So—fell to beating till he cur'd him.

A Bean once told his Grace at York,
 He was, *de facto*, turn'd to cork;
 Which d'd his head-piece so betwattle,
 He fancy'd he was grown a bottle.

A Lawyer had possess'd his poll
 That he was turn'd a parchment roll;
 And made him, at his taking up,
 On his posteriors write his will.

It ran once in a Cobbler's pate,
 His height o'ertopp'd a city gate,
 And that no arch could let him through,
 Till he began his stall to view;
 And, finding there he sat upright,
 It cur'd him of the whimsies quite.

A Tailor, troubled with this plague,
 Musing on wars and Admiral Greig,
 Betook him, big as Alexander,
 To think himself was turn'd commander:
 His shreds appear'd, with apert grace,
 To be converted all to lace:

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Rome, August 24, 1789.

THE spirit of liberty prevailing in other parts of Europe hath at length reached the seat of the Papal dominions. A few days ago four deputies from the ward or quarter of Travetere, waited upon the overseer of provisions, and demanded the weight of bread to be increased, and an abatement made in the price of oil; declaring, that in case of refusal, they would imitate the Parisians, and appear with cockade made of laurel. The overseer was thunderstruck at such a proposition when they roused him from his reverie, by assuring him a great body of people, at a small distance from the palace, waited for his answer. He then offered to become a mediator for them with his Holiness, and promised that their request should be attended to. He accordingly waited on the Pope, and represented what had happened, adding, that it was necessary to take an immediate step in this urgency. The Pope acceded to the proposition, and an answer was returned to the people, that early in September the weight of bread should be increased, and the price of oil lowered.

The mob, not satisfied with this, went to the palace of Corsini, in Travetere, and presented themselves before the Cardinal. One of them addressed him, and demanded that bread should be of the ancient weight, and the price of oil, and other provision, lowered. The Cardinal, wishing to make them quiet, dismissed them with promises, and gave them 20 sequins.

Next day, the Cardinal Corsini, Cardinal Camerlingue, and the overseer of provisions, went to the Pope, to whom they spoke with some degree of warmth on the behaviour of the people. The result, however, was an order, that the ancient weights should be made use of, and the price of all oil lowered. The people have thus gained one point, but appear not to be satisfied, and we have every reason to be apprehensive of further disturbances.

Vienna, Sept. 2. The Turks have been dislodged from Mehadia by Gen. Clairaut's corps, reinforced by a considerable detachment under the command of the Prince of Waldeck.

Since last Sunday, the Emperor has been entirely without fever, and is so much recovered as to be able to resume his former walks in the gardens of Luxembourg.

7.] Major General Bruggback, on the 22d of August, detached Lieutenant Colonel Count Wilborsky, from the defile of Kinluy to Transylvania, where he himself was posted, with a troop composed of cavalry and infantry, towards Czarper, near Argis.—The Count reached it on the 24th, and attacked the Turks, about 2500 strong, who, after a stout resistance, left the field of battle, with the loss of 200 men killed. We took six flags, one cannon, some baggage waggon, and 19 prisoners. We had 4 killed and 10 wounded on our side.

9.] The Emperor, who removed to Hertzendorf on Thursday last, begins already to benefit from the change of air, and his Imperial

Majesty is now in a better state of health than he has been in, at any time for the last five months.

12.] The Emperor, perceiving his recovery to be confirmed by the progressive amendment of his health, has now dismissed his medical attendants, after rewarding them in the most liberal manner. Baron Storck, his first physician, and M. Brambilla, his principal surgeon, have received the sum of one thousand sovereigns each, and a ring of the value of one thousand ducats. The inferior physicians and surgeons, and all the domestics of every description that have been about his Majesty's person in Luxembourg, have been also rewarded in proportion to their rank and services. Since his removal to Hertzendorf his Majesty has made several excursions in the environs of that place, and yesterday morning he took an airing on horseback, as far as the lines of this city.

Marshal Haddick returned hither on Thursday evening much recovered. On the 3d of this month Marshal Laudohn returned to Semlin, and on the next day, the Archduke arrived at that place. Marshal Pellegrini is still at Peterwaradin.

26.] Intelligence has been received here of the trenches having been opened before Belgrade, both on the heights, where Marshal Laudohn's army is posted, and on the Banks of the Save, (in front of Semlin) where Prince de Ligne commands.

Paris, Sept. 10. The three great Constitutional questions, which have, for some time past, occupied the attention of the National Assembly, are, 1st, Whether the Assembly are to be periodical, or permanent? 2dly, Whether it is to form one or more houses? and 3dly, Whether the King, shall have a Veto; and, if granted, whether it is to be an absolute, or only a suspending Veto? After a long and warm debate yesterday on the first question, they voted themselves permanent; but without any explanation or modification whatever.—The second question, after a very warm debate, was adjourned till the evening.

October 7.] It being customary for the Gardes du Corps at Versailles to give an entertainment to any new regiment that arrives there, the regiment De Flandres was on Thursday last sumptuously entertained with a dinner by that corps in the palace.—After dinner their Most Christian Majesties judged proper to honour the company with their presence, and condescended to shew their satisfaction at the general joy which prevailed among the guests. On their appearance the music instantly played the favourite song of "O Richard—O mon Roi," and the company joining in chorus, seemed to unite all ideas in one unanimous sentiment of loyalty and love for the King, and nothing was heard for some time but repeated shouts of Vive le Roi, within and without the palace. In the height of their zeal they proceeded to tear the National cockades from their hats, and trample them under their feet. The Gardes du Corps supplied themselves with black cockades, in the room of those

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they

they had treated with such disdain. The news of these proceedings soon reached Paris, where a general ill-humour visibly gained ground.

On Saturday there were great disturbances in the Palais Royal, and it became unsafe for any one to appear with black cockades, as several foreigners experienced, from whose hats they were torn with much violence, and abusive language.

On Sunday the confusion increased, and a vast concourse of people tumultuously assembled at the Town House, under pretence of demanding bread, and inquiring into the real causes of the extreme scarcity of it at this season of the year.

On Monday morning, a number of women, to the amount of five thousand, armed with different weapons, marched in regular order to Versailles, followed by the numerous inhabitants of St. Fauxbourghs, St. Antoine, and St. Marceau, with several detachments of the city militia; and in the evening, the Marquis de la Fayette, at the head of 20,000 of that corps, likewise marched to Versailles.

On Tuesday morning, an account was received of some blood having been spilt. The Garde du Corps fired on the Parisians, and five or six persons, chiefly women, were killed. The regiment De Flandres was also drawn out to oppose this torrent; but the word to fire was no sooner

given, than they all to a man clubbed their arms, and with a shout of *Vive la Nation*, went over to the Parisians. Some troops of dragoons that are quartered at Versailles also laid down their arms, and the Swiss detachments remained motionless, having received no orders from their officers to fire.

The Gardes du Corps being thus abandoned, and overpowered by number, fled precipitately into the gardens and woods, where they were pursued, and many of them killed and taken prisoners. Some of the heads of those who were killed were carried to Paris, and paraded through the streets on spikes.

The same morning, a report came that the King, Queen, and Royal family, were on their way to Paris. Upon this the people began to assemble from all parts of the town, and above 50,000 of the militia proceeded to line the streets, and the road to Versailles. Their Majesties and the Royal family accordingly arrived between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, after having been six hours on the road. The carriages all proceeded to the Town House. The concourse of people that attended is not to be described, and the shouts of *Vive la Nation*, filled the air. From the Town House they were conducted to the palace of Thuilleries, though totally unprepared for their reception, where they passed the night.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

LONDON, Sept. 10, 1789.

THE session of Oyer and Terminer and gaol delivery, holden at the Old Bailey during the last 12 days, finally determined.

The trials concluded with the capital conviction of two young men of good families, named Davis and Charrington, for robbing Guillaume Jeaveaux, valet to the Marquis de Confradt, a French refugee, of 9s. 6d. near Ball's Pond, Islington, on the 5th of August last; and they, together with Wm. Clarke, for burglary; Thos. Wilmot and Alexander Gilderoy, for stealing in a dwelling-house; and Wm. Coombs, Jn. Dutton, Daniel Delap Steward, John Price, Wm. Poynton, and Mary Peters, for highway robberies, received sentence of death.

Five-four other prisoners, convicted of inferior offences, were ordered to be transported for the term of seven years, to such places as his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, should appoint; and fourteen were punished by six months hard labour in the house of correction.

George Dawson, also, who had been convicted of high treason, in counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, received judgment to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution.

To this black and melancholy catalogue, a longer list, and more dismal scene succeeded. One hundred and eighteen unhappy prisoners, who had been convicted of capital offences at former sessions, were brought to the bar by ten at a time, and individually offered the King's pardon on condition of their being transported to Botany Bay, or and during the course of their natural lives.

It seems that a notion had been implanted in

the minds of some of those unhappy men, that they were to be sold to slavery, or treated with a degree of hardship and oppression intolerable to humanity; and eight out of the one hundred and eighteen, refused to receive the proffered mercy, on, what they mistakingly conceived, such hard conditions.

Mr. Recorder addressed himself to them severally, in a sensible, manly, and affecting speech, exhorting them against treating the benignity of their gracious Sovereign with contempt; and adding, by a pertinacious refusal of his mercy, the crime of self-murder to the crimes for which their lives had become forfeited to the laws of their country. Exhortations, however, were employed in vain; they persisted in their premeditated resolution to prefer death to exile, and were accordingly remanded into Newgate, and ordered to be confined in the condemned cells.

Happily the necessary adjournment of the Court at four o'clock afforded an interval for reflection; and on its being resumed, the Rev. Mr. Villetie, the Chaplain in ordinary of the prison, addressed himself to Mr. Recorder, saying that he had visited the cells in which those deluded men were confined; and that he was happy in being able to inform the Court, that five out of the eight were truly sensible of the impropriety of their conduct, in having contumaciously refused their Sovereign's mercy, and had, with the deepest sorrow and repentance, requested of him to implore the forgiveness of the Court, that the dreadful fate for their immediate execution might be recalled; and that they might be ordered again to the bar to express their contrition, and thankfully to accept the

the pardon of their lives on the conditions that had been offered them.

The Court humanely complied with the request of the Ordinary, and the five being brought into Court, on expressing their sorrow for their misconduct, were permitted to avail themselves of their Sovereign's clemency.

The final adjournment of the Court was for some time delayed, in expectation that this example of submission would work a like effect on the minds of Davis, Cowderoy, and Chaffey, the three deluded wretches who remained in the cell; and they were at last brought once more to the bar; but, notwithstanding every remonstrance, that it would be too late for them to repent of their unhappy obduracy after the Court was closed, they peremptorily refused to accept the proffered mercy, and were again remanded to the cells. The Court was then finally closed.

Next day, at two o'clock, two felons who refused to avail themselves of his Majesty's clemency, by which they had the choice of being transported to Port Jackson, were brought out to the scaffolding before Newgate, for execution. A third had consented to transportation whilst the preparations were making. Just as the Ordinary was preparing for them the fate they were about to suffer, they relented, and agreed to accept his Majesty's conditional pardon.

B R I G H T O N.

18.] On Tuesday evening last, about seven o'clock, Mons. de Maupeau, son of the Chancellor of France, in a fit of insanity, shot himself in a field near this place—this unfortunate gentleman arrived here from Dieppe the preceding day. His effects, consisting of two elegant watches, two diamond crosses of the order of the Knights of Malta, some valuable trinkets, with two letters of credit on London, for a considerable amount, were immediately secured by the principal officer of the custom-house here.

Yesterday morning, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, whose tenderness, feeling, and attention, were never more conspicuous than on this occasion, interested himself much about this unfortunate foreigner; and that every thing might be clearly ascertained, in case any future enquiries should be made, as to the real cause of his death, commanded Mr. Phillips, surgeon to his household, to open his head, while in the presence of two other gentlemen of the faculty of this town, found the ball in the brain on the side opposite to the wound.

His Royal Highness has ordered the particulars of this whole affair to be immediately transmitted to the French Ambassador, and has commanded by Mr. Symon to pay particular attention to the deceased, and not to suffer any steps to be taken relative to the funeral, till his Excellency the Ambassador's answer is received.

Monday, Sept. 21.

The President opened the National Assembly at Paris by reading the King's answer, which he had received on Sunday evening, and which was as follows:—

Versailles, Sept. 20.

"You desired me, on the 15th of this month,

to give my sanction to the resolutions of the 4th of August, and the following day. I communicated to you the observations that occurred to me on these resolutions. You now tell me that you will give them the most serious consideration, when you are engaged in making the law in detail, which shall toll w from these resolutions. Promulgation belongs only to law digested and passed with all the forms that necessarily appertain to them. As I have already said to you, that I approve the general spirit of these resolutions, and ratified a majority of them—as I am equally pleased to do justice to the sentiments of patriotism that animate you, I shall order the publication of them to be made throughout the kingdom. The nation will find in them the zeal with which we are animated for their good, and I doubt not but that I shall be able, with perfect justice, to enforce with my sanction the divers objects contained in your resolves.

"LOUIS.

"I give my sanction to your resolution concerning grain.

"LOUIS."

Tuesday, Sept. 21.

The King's Sacrifice of his Plate.

The King, truly penetrated at the embarrassed state of the finances, gave orders for his plate to be sent to the mint; and this morning at ten o'clock, it was sent from Versailles to Paris. The Queen made the same sacrifice. The National Assembly, touched with this striking example of patriotism and magnificence, thought at the same time it would be indecent to suffer the King to strip himself of his own property to assist the state, at the very moment in which the Assembly was sitting. They, therefore, directed the President to appear in the presence, and to pray his Majesty not to send his plate to the mint. M. Clermont de Tonnerre immediately withdrew, and at two o'clock he returned, and addressed the Assembly as follows:

"Gentlemen,

"In executing the orders of the National Assembly, I went into the Royal presence, and had the honour to say to his Majesty, that the Assembly was afflicted in the most lively manner, at his Majesty's having sent his plate to the mint, and extremely touched with the sacrifice he had made. The King answered with these words:

"I am much affected by the sentiments which the National Assembly expresses towards me. I entreat to make known to them my sensibility. I persist in the resolution which the scarcity of circulating coin has dictated; and neither the Queen, nor I consider the sacrifices which we have made as of any importance."

Friday, Sept. 25.

After some important and sagacious observations on the dilatory method adopted by the National Assembly, and their want of concord and unanimity among themselves,

Mr. Necker proposed:

1st. To adjourn all other business till the finances were regulated.

2d. To begin an immediate contribution for the safety and preservation of the State,

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3d. To

3d. To order the payment of all imposts.

4th. To authorise the *Casse d'Escompte* to assist the nation in her expences; and

5th. To employ the proper means to give to the executive power, its ancient and necessary energy.

The memorial, which was read partly by M. Neckar himself, and partly by his Secretary, took up one hour and a quarter in the recital.

As soon as the Comptroller General had ended, the President arose and spoke as follows:—

“S I R,

“The National Assembly will take into their consideration the instructions which you have this day laid before them, on the part of his Majesty. Whatever may be the misfortunes which afflict the empire, the French nation has an immense resource in the National Assembly, in the Sovereign, and, I dare to assert, in the Minister, who has so well merited its confidence.”

The number of contributions daily increase, and now that their Majesties have made a sacrifice of their jewels, it is held infamous to make use of either.

Mr. Demonville, printer to the French Academy, has presented the nation with 300 livres. His journeymen made up a purse of 200 livres among themselves, and made an offering of it to their country.

Their Majesties plate is reckoned worth 1,500,000 livres.

Plate, to the amount of six millions of crowns, has been brought to the mint.

The acts for abolishing tithes, and for preventing ecclesiastics from enjoying a plurality of livings, have received the Royal assent.

In consequence of this, the Archbishop of Vienna, one of his Majesty's Ministers of State, immediately resigned all his church livings, his Archbishopric not excepted.

His Majesty then bestowed upon this Prelate the Abbey of Buzay, of the Cistercian order, in the diocese of Nantz: so that in future this Prelate will be called Abbot of Buzay.

General Washington's salary, as President of the United States, is 26,000 dollars per annum, besides salaries to his officers, a provision of furniture, carriages, houses, &c. at the expence of the States.

The President, with that plainness and simplicity which have ever characterised him, has given notice to his several tradesmen, that their bills are all to be discharged weekly; and they are not, on any consideration, to give his servants

The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass, the farms are scattered round at the distance of two, three, four, or five miles, which the General visits every day, unless the weather is absolutely stormy.

He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. — He is stimulated with a desire which always actuates him, to do good to his country, and benefit mankind.

In 1786, he killed one hundred and fifty hogs, weighing 18,560 lb. for his family use, (exclusive of provision for his Negroes) which was made into bacon.

One of the Liverpool Greenland ships, the crew of which were entertaining themselves previous to their return with a full cargo, was crushed by the pressure of two large bodies of ice, so as to separate the under from the upper part — Happily the people, after having remained in a most perilous situation for 24 hours, were rescued from their melancholy condition by another ship more fortunately circumstanced, but without saving an article of any kind besides the apparel on their backs.

In the Isle of Man, the fishery, during the last week, was very plentiful and general. In Douglas harbour there were not less than 300 boats on Wednesday last, and the quantity of herrings sold that day were supposed to fetch 2000l. — Some boats had been so fortunate as to take up eighty mazes at one haul, which at 12s. 6d. per maze (the price they sold for) was 50l. for one night's labour.

A revolution similar to that of France, has taken place in Hesse Cassel. The Burghers, tired of the tyranny of their Landgrave, and encouraged by the example of their Gallic neighbours, resolved to throw off the yoke of despotism, and assert their liberties and natural rights. — In this insurrection the guard deserted their Prince and joined the citizens, who have taken possession of the Landgrave's treasure, which, owing to the mode of amassing it, by lending troops to foreign nations for large subsidies, is said to have been very considerable.

The last advices from Guatimala are highly alarming to the Spanish Court: the discontents in South America continued, and the insurrections appeared every day more formidable. To add to their vexation, the Governor of Pensacola has written, that the state of the government is so precarious, that he had thought it his duty to order all strangers to quit the Florida, and to keep the strictest watch on maps who remained there.

Navigation, and the construction of vessels for

Its freight is equal to that of the common sized merchantmen. It sails within five points of the wind; and from the particular construction of its small lateen or triangular sails, is put about without any loss of time. Its motion is extremely swift; and M. le Roy has tried it at sea in strong equinoctial tides; has found it to be free from any danger of oversteering in the worst weather, and to work remarkably well. He conveys a cargo from Rouen to Paris in a sixth part of the time usually employed.—There is no shifting of the cargo from boat to vessel, and vice versa, as in the methods usually employed.

This very curiously constructed vessel, will certainly apply, and with great force, to inland navigation.

A proprietor of East India stock having, at the last election for Directors, made a transfer of stock, to qualify him for a vote, he some time after called on his friend and demanded a transfer of his property.—The other, with great composure replied, "Sir, if you were fool enough to imagine that I should be guilty of perjury merely to pay you a compliment, you were damnably mistaken; I count it no breach of honesty to punish a man, who wished to make me a villain; and if ever I hear a single syllable from you again on this subject, I shall publish an account of the transaction in every public paper in England, and leave the world to judge which of us two is the greater scoundrel."

B I R T H S.

VISCOUNTESS Paulet, of a son, at Henton St. George, Somersetshire.—The lady of Craven Ord, Esq. of a son, at Bradfield, near Bury.—The lady of the Hon. Colonel Rodney, of a son, at Lord Rodney's, Kensington Gore.—The lady of Wm. Fraser, Esq. of Queen-square, of a son.—At Foston, near Grantham, the lady of Montague Cholmeley, Esq. of a daughter, being her fourteenth child.

M A R R I A G E S.

AT Edinburgh, Colonel Lenox, to Lady Charlotte Gordon.—Oxford Hanbury, Esq. banker, in Lombard street, to Miss Susanah Willet Barclay, daughter of the late John Barclay, Esq. of Tower-street.—At Willington, near East Bourne, Richard Tickell, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Sump Duties,

to Miss Ley, daughter of Thomas Ley, Esq. of Gower street, Bedford-square.—John King Dashwood, Esq. only son of Sir John Dashwood, Bart. to Miss Broadhead, only daughter of Mr. Broadhead.—Mr. Miles, to Miss Guell, of Bath, whose uncommon musical talents have so much attracted the attention of the *cognoscenti*—Rev. Stephen Langton, Esq. of Christ Church, Oxford, to Miss Rebecca Gines, a very amiable young lady of 30,000*l.* fortune.—Nicholas Starkie, Esq. Colonel of the 10th regiment of dragoons, to Miss Catharine Edgar, youngest daughter of the late Robert Edgar, Esq. of Ipswich.—At Lancaster, William Cockell, Esq. Serjeant at Law, to Miss Sandys, niece of Miss Studys, of Grantham.

D E A T H S.

AT Langley-park, Kent, in her 93d year, Mrs. Burrell, grandmother to Sir Peter Burrell, the Duke of Hamilton and Northumberland, and Lady Louisa. By this lady's demise Sir Peter gets 7000*l.* per ann.—Lady Mitchell, relict of Sir And. Mitchell, of Westthorpe, Bart. at her house, Canonbury, Edinburgh.—Wm. Miller, Esq. of Poole, former Captain of the 43d regiment of foot.—At his seat at Hatton, near Edinburgh, the Right Hon. James Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, Viscount Maitland, Lord Thirlane, Musselburgh, and Bolton, Heritable Royal Standard Bearer of Scotland, and a Baron of Nova Scotia.—Wm. Soper, Esq. of West Hoodway, Bucks, father of Lieutenant General Soper: the deceased was paymaster of the forces at Gibraltar.—At her seat at Hanworth, in Middlesex, of a cancer in her breast, which turned to a mortification, her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban.—Mrs. Lafcelles, wife of General Lafcelles, the once celebrated Miss Cateley. This lady was for near forty years a conspicuous character on the stage, and equally so on the theatre of public life. There are few persons of whom so much has been said, or so much has been written. The whole, however, may be comprised in few words.—She was the favourite of Thalia, the favourite of the town, and the favourite of fortune.—In George-street, Portman-square, Alexander Fordyce, late Banker in London, and brother to Sir Wm. Fordyce.

D O M E S T I C I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Lurgan, September 17, 1789.

THIS town exhibited a spectacle, of all others the most grateful to the eye of humanity. Above two hundred children, of either sex, educated in our free-school, paraded and went, attended by their respective mistress and masters, to the demise of the Right Hon. William Brownlow, where an excellent and

French-horns played during the time of dinner, which being ended, a chorus of girls and their masters sung God save the King, and a song adapted to the occasion; then, all rising from their seats and having their generous benefactors with three cheers, returned to their respective schools in the same good order in which they came.

This excellent institution has subsisted three

amount of which, with casual benefactions, enables the Governors to dress, in a decent manner, every well-behaved boy and girl belonging to the school. Premiums of books are occasionally given, which has an excellent effect in exciting a generous emulation; and as a further encouragement, the best spinner amongst the girls, at appointed times, have a week allowed them to spin in school, and wheels are given in premium for the finest and best yarn.

Londonderry, Sept. 21. This day the freedom of the city was unanimously voted in Common Council to his Excellency the Lord Chancellor, and the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Clonmell, and ordered to be presented to their Lordships, by the Recorder.

Clonmel, Sept. 29. Nath. Mitchel, Esq; was sworn into the office of Mayor of this Corporation, and Thomas Power and Thos. Gordon, Esqrs. Bailiffs, for the year ensuing.

Same day, Edward Cooke, of Kilmann, Esq; was sworn into the office of Sovereign of the Corporation of Fethard, for the year ensuing.

We are happy in announcing to the public, that the laudable spirit of rescuing the youth of the lower class, of this country, from that gross ignorance of religion, morality, &c. to which they have been hitherto addicted, is greatly promoted, by several charitable subscriptions lately instituted in the neighbouring counties for the establishment of public schools; as an instance of which we are assured, by a gentleman who visited the new subscription school of Kilkenny, a few days ago, that it consists of 195 children, whereof 114 are Protestants, and 81 Catholics. Girls and boys are taught separate, by a master and mistress; a clergyman of the established Church attends, to instruct and catechise the Protestant children; and the Catholics are publicly instructed at the Chapel, three days in each week. The benefits naturally to be expected from this praise-worthy institution, must strike every feeling mind, with a pleasing desire to enlarge its principles; and we are happy in being able to inform the public, that some of the principal inhabitants of Clonmel, have it in contemplation to establish a school for this purpose, on a most liberal plan.

Limerick, Oct. 12.] His Excellency the Lord Chancellor appeared much satisfied at the marked demonstrations of respect and attachment, which all ranks of people vied in showing him, on his arrival in this city. This he evinced in the flattering terms, in which he was pleased to offer

proceeded to attack the Castle of Ogonnelly, in the County of Clare, in which were carried on two large private stills; on the 6th instant, the party arrived at the Castle, but the stills were conveyed away about an hour before, in consequence of an express being sent that cannon were going out—however, the distillers kept possession until the 9th instant, at which time they surrendered; in the distillery were found a considerable quantity of pot-ale and singings, amounting to several thousand gallons, which Mr. Downs had spilled, and the vessels burned on the top of the Castle, after which the party returned to town on Friday evening.

The citizens, merchants, and traders of this city have expended 700*l.* in erecting on the site of the old Mayoralty House, a Mercantile Coffee House—where no species of gambling is permitted; near an hundred of the Members dined in the great room on Tuesday last. Philip Roche John, Esq; was chairman of the meeting, which was a very social one—and the evening passed away with much convivial merriment.

Kilkenny, Oct. 19. We hear from Graigue, that as Mr. Morrisly, of that town, was returning from Ross he suddenly alighted from his horse, and knelt down on the road, where, while praying with great fervency and devotion, he fell on his face and instantly expired.

D U B L I N, September 26.

Between four and five o'clock, in the evening, three felons, confined in the New Prison, broke out on the roof, from whence two of them descended by the cordage appointed for executing criminals, and got clear off, the third man, whether intimidated by the height of the building, or the uncertainty of escape, refused to join in the adventure, and returned to his cell.

October 1. As the packet with the mail and some passengers was got under way, a clergyman of the name of Poulks, who with two other gentlemen were returning to Wales, after visiting this city and its vicinity, was struck by the boom and shoved over board; and though the people on board the packet threw out an anchor immediately, and were assisted by the wherry which attended, from the darkness of the night their search proved ineffectual, and the gentleman was lost.—The body was taken up next day by a Welsh sloop, and carried to Holyhead.

To such a pitch of audacity have the marauders in the vicinity of this capital of late proceeded,

hance the landed property of this country in a high degree, to the Lords of the soil.

The Dublin Society have fitted up a Library, at their house and repository, in Poolbeg-street, in a very elegant style, to the use of which persons, properly recommended, are admitted. The collection of books, though not voluminous, is a good one, and peculiarly excellent in the departments of Natural History, Mechanics, and the Arts. The room is ornamented with a painting, in imitation of *alto-relievo*, by the late admirable De Grey, beautiful in conception, and exquisite in execution; the projection of the figures being such as to deceive the most experienced eye. The staircase to this apartment, and to the adjoining gallery, is a capital piece of mechanism, adding to ease of ascent, elegance of construction, and beauty of effect.

14.] At the City Quarter Sessions, held at the Tholsel,

Richard Andrews and Catharine Devereux, for robbing John Burke on the highway, on the 29th of August last, of a hat and purse, value two shillings, and 4l. 13s. 3d. in cash, both found guilty.

Andrews was recommended by the jury as an object of mercy, on account of a favourable circumstance appearing to the Court, that of having prevented his associates from ill-treating said Burke.

Catharine Devereux was sentenced to be executed on the 31st inst.

Several others were tried and acquitted.

Catharine Devereux, found guilty of robbery on Wednesday last, whose male associate had been found guilty likewise, but recommended to mercy, was yesterday brought to Court and pleaded pregnancy.

Thomas Bigney, Patrick Kean, and Thomas Shannaway, were whipped from the New Prison to Lazor's-hill, agreeable to their sentence, for forcing and unlawfully entering the cellar door of Elther Dempsey, on the night of the 7th ult.

The Recorder, in passing sentence on Wednesday last, on a soldier, who was convicted of a street robbery, with much humanity remarked, that as the prisoner had prevented, by his interference, his accomplices in the crime from putting the person to death whom they robbed, he considered him on that ground as entitled to some degree of mercy, and that he should therefore report him as a fit object for the clemency of Government. This circumstance, it is to be hoped, will induce others to refrain from those acts of cruelty, which too often accompany the crime of robbery.

A duel was lately fought in the church-yard

children of every religious denomination instructed in these schools is considerable, the progress which many of them have made remarkable, and the eagerness for instruction exhibited by not a few of them strikingly pleasing. Should such institutions become general, and the example here set deserves and encourages universal imitation, the most beneficial effects to society may be expected from them; by their improvement of the minds of the lower orders of the community, and by the consequent diffusion of religious and moral knowledge through the whole body of the people.

15.] Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, when the Beshborough Packet, was coming through our Bay to make the harbour, one of the passengers, Mr. S——, of Pill-lane, asked the Mate of the Packet to lend him a pistol, which being refused him, Mr. S—— went upon deck, where the Mate observed his hands were much soiled, asked if he should get him some water to wash them, "it is no matter," answered the unhappy man, "as I shall presently wash myself all over," and so saying, leaped into the water. A ladder, and some spars were thrown overboard, that he might buoy himself until the boat was cleared, which was immediately done, but in vain, for he never rose to the surface of the water.

A man of the name of John Maquay, who lives on the estate of James Stackpoole Malone, of Castle-Malone, in the county of Clare, Esq. has arrived at great perfection in the art of breeding ducks, by an ingenious method, from a very inconsiderable number of old ones, which when they lay six or eight sets of eggs, he puts under a hen; she sits on them for a week or ten days, he then places the eggs in a horse dung-hill, and takes care to turn them every twelve hours, till they are hatched, which is generally in a month, but he can force them a week sooner if he thinks necessary; he then puts fresh eggs to the hen, which is kept constantly sitting for two or three months—he then mostly takes them from her at the time before mentioned, but in rainy or cold weather he lays the eggs before the fire, which answers the same purpose by turning them every 12 hours, and by these means he raises every year, from ten or twelve ducks, between five and six hundred young ones.

24.] Yesterday, being the anniversary of the Irish rebellion, in 1641, the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, &c. went in state to Christ Church, preceded by an excellent band of wind instruments; where a suitable discourse was delivered, and the day was marked by the usual demonstrations of gratitude for the present happy constitution of this kingdom.

an elderly man passing through Crow-street, was seized with a fit, and expired in a few minutes.

BIRTHS for October, 1789.

IN St. Andrew-street, the lady of Edward Beatty, Esq. of a son.—In Black Pitts, the lady of Jacob Poole, Esq. of a son.—In Kildare-street, the lady of Counsellor Ball, of a son.—In Henry Street, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Stronge, of a daughter.—At Danerfort, county Kilkenny, the lady of James Wernys, Esq. of a daughter.—In Ganby-row, the lady of Robert French, of Rhaiane, Esq. of a daughter.—In Whitefriar lane, Augier-street, the wife of a poor man, of two girls and a boy, who are all likely to live.—In Mercer street, the lady of J. Bayly, Esq. of a son.—In Abbey-street, the lady of Hen. Conne Bell, Esq. of a daughter.—In Gloucester street, the lady of Arthur Henry d'Elterre, Esq. of a son.—At the Black-rock, county of Dublin, the lady of Captain Harris, of a son.—At Lodge, the Honourable Mrs. French, of a daughter.—At St. Patrick's Library, the lady of the Rev. Doctor Cradock, of a son.—At Carlow, the lady of James Butler, Esq. of a son.—In Athy, in the county of Kildare, the lady of Edward Ransford, Esq. of two daughters.—At Kinsale, the lady of Major Alcock, of a son.

MARRIAGES for October, 1789.

HENRY White, of Mantle Hill, county of Tipperary, Esq. to Miss Connor, daughter of the late Daniel Connor, of Cork, Esq.—Thomas Tennyson, of Blackhall, county of Kilkenny, Esq. to Miss Blackmore, of Graze, in said county.—At Thornhill, near Bray, the seat of the Right Hon. John Monck Mason, John Carden, of Cadentown, county Tipperary, Esq. to Miss Eliza Bolton, youngest daughter to Theophilus Bolton, Esq.—At Sur Castle, county of Tipperary, Major Green, of Watertord, to the Honourable Miss Jane Maffey, second daughter of the Right Honourable Lord Maffey.—Doctor Mackay, to Mrs. Dixon.—At Donedra Castle, county of Kildare, Sir John Hore, Bart. of Hurland, his Majesty's Consul General at the Court of Portugal, to Miss Aylmer, daughter of Sir Fitzgerald Aylmer, Bart.—At Ballinadee, Robert Alexander Dalzell, Esq. Lieutenant in the 20th regiment of foot, to Miss Jane Parks, daughter of the late William Parks, Esq.—In York-street, Captain Moore, of Cremorgan, in the Queen's County, to Miss Eleanor Derenzy, daughter of Annesley Derenzy, of White Hall, county of Wicklow, Esq.—Mr. Charles Pigott, of the Stamp Office, to Miss Delaney of Mark-street.—Doctor Sheridan, of Navan, county of Meath, to Miss Donnellan, of Oristown, in said county.

DEATHS for October, 1789.

JAMES Carroll, of Ballinure, Esq.—In England, the Honourable Miss Sackville, daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Viscount Sackville, and to the Countess of Glandore.—At Leixlip, the seat of Major General Sandford, Miss Elizabeth Fortescue.—In Eustace-street, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Este, mother to Charles Este, Esq. Secretary to the Stamp Office.—At Birt, Mrs. Carr,

lady of William Carr, Esq.—On Usher's-Island, Mrs. Fagan, many years agent to the late and present Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, of Merrion.—At Fisherwick, Staffordshire, England, the Right Honourable the Countess of Donegal, lady of the present Earl, most sincerely regretted.—At Shannon Bridge, county of Kildare, Thomas Coghlan, Esq.—At Upper Lora, county of Cork, the Rev. Chamber Croker, archdeacon of Ardagh, rector of Rathcooney and Cahirlag, in the diocese of Cork.—In Glasnevin, county of Dublin, Mrs. Costello, lady of Charles Costello, Esq.—In Gloucester street, Mrs. Alice Ellis, relict of Robert Ellis, Esq. late of Drogheda, and mother to the lady of Arthur Henry d'Elterre, Esq.—After a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Frances Bayly, wife of Mr. William Bayly, an eminent Attorney; having been an affectionate wife, and a sincere friend, and discharging the duties of an ever affectionate and careful mother, to a numerous family of tender years, all of whom must feel a sensible and irreparable loss.—In Augier-street, Miss Adams.—Mrs. Kelly, wife of Mr. John Kelly, of Kiltree, county of Sligo; her death was in consequence of the birth of three children, two of which are likely to do well.—In Mary-street, Miss Frances Church, sister to Thomas Church, of Arran-quay, Esq.—Cornet Roe, of the 8th light dragoons; his death was occasioned by a fall from his horse, at Castlereagh.—The Right Honourable James, Earl of Abercorn, in Scotland, Viscount Strabane, in Ireland, and Viscount Hamilton, in England, one of the Lords of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council in Ireland. His Lordship is succeeded in all his titles and very large estates by his nephew, John James Hamilton, Esq. member of parliament for St. Germaine, in England, now Earl of Abercorn.

P R O M O T I O N S.

CROMWELL Pierce, Esq. (son-in-law to the Earl of Camden,) to be Customs and Collector of the ports of Youghal and Dungarvan.—Isaac Weld, Esq. deputy Customs and Collector of the port of Dublin, (Richard Eaton, Esq. deceased).—The Rev. Robert Warren, presented to the rectory and vicarage of Cong, together with the prebend of Laccagh, and quarter parts of Clare Galway, in the diocese of Tuam.—Robert Day, Esq. to be chairman of the Quarter Sessions, at Kilmainham.—The Right Honourable John Joshua, Earl of Caryfort, sworn one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.—Colonel William Blakeney, elected a Member of Parliament for the borough of Athenry, (John Blakeney, Esq. deceased).—Lord Charles Fitzgerald, and Isaac Corry, Esq. to be Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue in Ireland.—Major Arthur Browne, to be Lieutenant Governor of Kinsale and Charles fort, (George Bernard, Esq. resigned).—The Rev. Frederick Blood, to the rectories of Dylare, Rath, and Tynagh, (the Reverend Richard Bullen, deceased).—The Right Hon. John, Earl of Westmoreland, to be Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, (the Marquis of Buckingham, resigned.)



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W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
 OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For NOVEMBER, 1789.

**THE FORTUNE-HUNTER AND RICH WIDOW :
 OR, THE SPORTSMAN AND HIS GAME.**

THE Fortune hunter is a character well known. He is to be met with in most public places, and follows his game, which is a Rich Widow or a young Lady with a large fortune, as eager as a Foxhunter pursues his prey.

The Fortune hunter, looking on the *Summum Bonum* to consist in wealth, overlooks worth, and despises every thing but money. Where there is money there can be no want, he thinks; and where there is no want, there must be happiness. A woman with a vast fortune, whether she be maid, wife, or widow, must have merit in abundance; but without that essential ingredient to oil the wheels of life, the carriage must drag most heavily along. Possessed of this opinion, the Fortune-hunter's whole aim is to beat the field of life with his utmost care and industry, search every bush, and examine every coppice, to see if it contains the game he is in pursuit of; which having once discovered, he begins the chase with ardour, continues it with perseverance, and ends it not till he has caught and enjoyed his prey.

The Fortune-hunter is not however always of the male species. The fair sex are

dow, and has fallen, at first view, most consumedly in love with her fortune. The **RICH WIDOW**, who wants a husband, full as much as the Foxhunter wants a wife, is enchanted with her conquest; but that she may not be too easily won, she affects the prude, leads him a long chase, is sometimes in view, and sometimes in cover; but after all her windings and turnings, she is at length caught, a willing victim to the arts of her Hunter.—The successful Foxhunter and the wanton Widow repair to Hymen's temple, where they are bound as fast as the matrimonial bands can tie them; and here let us leave them; for if we survey the domestic life of those that are brought together from the sordid views of Fortune-hunters, it will afford such an uncomfortable prospect as we do not choose at present to exhibit to our readers.

Account of the Fourth Volume of Biographia Britannica.

AFTER an interval of five years, at length appears the fourth volume of this voluminous and extended work. Let no man object that Bayle and Moreri have swelled a Biographical Dictionary of the

Biographia Britannica, we repeat here, that we are by means ashamed of this detection of modern book making; from which charge the greatest names in the republic of letters deserve no protection.—What Dr. K. says of a letter written by Congreve to the ingenious Mrs. Cockburne, that it contains some acute but friendly hints to her on her writing, we wish to apply to our strictures.

We beg leave to differ from Dr. K. in his idea that “the question whether that wonderful young man (Chatterton) was the author of the poems that have been ascribed to Rowley is one of the most curious literary questions that have been agitated in any age or country.” Doubtless the same might have been said of the forgeries of Pfalmanazar, Lauder, and Bower;—but if the talents of a Johnson or a Douglas are to be thrown away in the detection of such unworthy knaves, what must we think of the credulity of John Bull, which must be amused with windmills and leather bottle giants, to try the prowess of a Don Quixote?

Dr. K. acknowledges the assistance of Michael Collinson, Esq; the Rev. Dr. Conybeare, Sir Jos. Banks, Sir Hugh Palliser, the Rev. Mr. Huntingford, the Earl of Buchan, and a gentleman who wishes to conceal his favours; and for communications in a more general way to the manuscript biographical collections of the first Earl of Egmont, communicated by his grandson Lord Arden. Mr. Richardson, professor of humanity in the University of Glasgow, wrote the article of Dr. Craig; Mr. Hayley that of Crashaw; Mr. Chalmers, of Thread-needle street, that of Alexander Cruden [which, with that of Chatterton, make an awkward Appendix to letter C.] The late Mr. Duncombe, of Canterbury, “watched over the Biographia Britannica with a kind of Parental tenderness;” and the death of the late John Baynes, Esq; of Lincoln’s Inn, was a loss to it. To accelerate the

in such effectual aid as shall entirely preclude disappointment and complaint. It does not become us to penetrate beyond the motives assigned by the editor, but we sincerely rejoice in the assurance he seems authorised by the proprietors to give respecting the future progress of the work.

The new lives in this volume are, John Collins, mathematician; William Collins, poet; Peter Collinson, naturalist, antiquary, and excellent citizen; Bishop John Conybeare; the four learned Daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke; Captain James Cook; A. A. Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury; Samuel Cooper, miniature painter; John Gilbert Cooper; Captain T. Coram, Thomas Coryate, George Costard, Charles Cotton, Peter Fr. Courayer, Courten family, William Coward, Lord Chancellor Cowper, Sir Richard Cox, William Craig, Richard Crashaw, admirable Crichton, Richard and Henry Cromwell, Dr. Croxall, Alexander Cunningham, Lord Cutts, Thomas Chatterton, Alexander Cruden, Sir John Davies.

Lives added to are, Elisha Coles, Dean Colet, Anthony Collins, Edward Colston, Thomas Comber, Bishop Compton, Dr. Conant, William Congreve, Bernard Connor, A. A. Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, Coote, Earl of Montrath, Bishop Corbet, Bishop Cosin, Roger Cotes, Sir Robert Cotton, Miles Coverdale, Archbishop Courtney, John Cowell, Bishop Cox, Archbishop Cranmer, Thomas Creech, Bishop Crew, Bishop Croft, Cromwell Earl of Essex, Oliver Cromwell, Dr. Cudworth, Henry Cuff, Samuel Daniel, Sir William and Charles Davenant.

The additions to Elisha Coles’ article inform us, that Dr. K. owes his first renunciation of Calvinism to another Elisha Coles’ treatise on God’s sovereignty.

Our best thanks are due to Dr. K. for his favourable opinion of our miscellany, in which the efforts of Mr. William Collins’s poetical genius appeared; “a repository in

the Legislature, it is much to be feared the true interests of the hospital will soon be sacrificed to venality, and the worst of purposes. — “It is to be lamented,” adds Dr. K. “that fashion should ever have an undue sway in so excellent a thing as charity.” But are we not now running wild from the fashion of humanity?

In the article of Creech, Dr. K. seems to contradict himself in regard to Mrs. Philadelphia Pleydell’s will. After bringing the bequest in her will as a proof of their mutual affection, it is added, “It is most probable, not to say certain, that it must have been the father of the poet whom she thus remembers.” This article concludes with an eulge on John Baynes, Esq. who died of a putrid fever, August 4, 1787, aged 30. “It is proposed to pay a tribute of respect to his abilities and character under the article of Dr. John Jebb, with whom he was closely connected in friendship, and with whom he concurred in an ardent zeal for liberty, civil and religious, though without adopting every particular idea which was entertained by that excellent man.”

All the deserved censures passed on Bishop Crew cannot be heightened by the silly reflection on his giving the organ to his cathedral, in order to display his baron’s coronet and episcopal mitre united; for he could not have put up his arms or memorial otherwise.

The extravagant and wonderful panegyrics with which the world has been amused respecting the admirable Crichton are entirely overthrown in his article. Sir Thomas Urquhart’s ridiculous and bombast narrative is shewn to have no other foundation than family vanity. The *Disquisitiones* of Stephen Pasquier, on which M’Kenzie builds his Life, are only an abridgment of Pasquier’s *Recherches de la France*, whose wonderful young man is namelets, and lived in 1445, a century before Crichton. Imperialis is not less romantic in his short account. The only living authority, therefore, is the younger Aulus Manutius, who dedicated his edition of Cicero’s *Paradoxes* to Crichton, whom he grossly flatters.

series of phrensy and benevolence not often united.

Dr. K. has shewn himself throughout this volume, as the preceding, the advocate of public freedom, civil and religious; and not the shadow of a trait of superstition or tyranny escapes him:—but we are sorry to be obliged to transcribe the following specimen of repentment, unworthy a liberal and enlightened mind, inserted as addenda to Camden’s article in the preceding volume:—

“This year (1789) has appeared, in three volumes folio, an edition of Camden’s *Britannia*, published by the author in 1607; enlarged by the latest discoveries, and illustrated with a new set of maps and other copper-plates, by Richard Gough, Esq. This work is the result of many years travel, enquiry and labour. Of Mr. G. I have no reason to speak with personal respect: but not any circumstance of that kind shall ever induce me to depart from the exercise of justice or of candour, or prevent my declaring that, from his eminent character as an antiquary, and the extent of his typographical knowledge, there can be no doubt but that his edition of the *Britannia* is a performance of great consequence and value.” These kind of childish stings (*tella imbellia*) are unworthy the gravity of such a writer; and had the last sentence been entirely omitted, the justice and candour so much professed would have shone more conspicuous to the world, and Dr. K. appeared to have less of the sensibility of a mere author than to be hurt when that liberality of sentiment and freedom of thinking which he glories in is applied to him.

Among the corrigenda and addenda to the first volume we find a vindication of Mr. Walter’s character as author of *Andon’s Voyage* in a letter from his widow to Mr. Walter the bookseller. In proof of this he relates, that Mr. W. repeatedly told her he had been preparing the sheets for Lord Andon to look over, which he always did before they went to press; at which meetings Mr. Robins assisted, as he was consulted in the disposition of the drawings: but Mr. K. left England some months before the publi-

viated, however admissible in a writer of Mr. R's sentiments.

We cannot agree with Mr. Duncombe in supposing that the small figures of the Apostles and Cardinal Virtues [including Time and Death, and a boy with a spade and hour-glass] on Archbishop Chichele's monument at Canterbury were, from the elegance of the sculpture, which is superior to any thing known in England, more likely to have been carved in Italy. We suspect that, on the destruction or loss of some older, contemporary with the rest of the monument, these were substituted in their place.

The apology for the mis-statement of facts charged in the article of Robert Lord Clive is unworthy the writer of that article. But some anonymous communications meet with more personal respect than others.

We have some recollection of having many years ago seen, in the hall-window at Calchiobury, a marble case in form of a heart, containing the heart of Arthur Lord Capel; or perhaps it may have been that of some other of that noble family, for we did not copy the inscription, if there was any on it.

Female Virtue and Generosity exemplified.

AT a pleasant town far from the metropolis, resided an old gentleman of considerable property, who had for some years retired from business. He had never been married, and had at a distant village several brothers and sisters, surrounded with a numerous progeny. Some of his nephews, in indigent circumstances, paid him frequent visits, in the view of obtaining benefactions from him. It was the old man's intention to bequeath, at his decease, all he possessed to his family, but he wished to enjoy it quietly during his life. In order, therefore, to rid himself of these importunate visits, he declared, that such of his relations who continued troubling him with their presence, should be excluded from a share in his will. From that time his solitude remained undisturbed.

Nevertheless, one day, a pretty girl, one of his nieces, of about seventeen years of age, arrived in her uncle's neighbourhood, and was introduced with his permission, in-

but I will not see her." "Sir," answered Laura to Mr. C——, (the shop-keeper) "pray return to my uncle; tell him I reject his thousand pounds, and desire nothing but the happiness of seeing him; my mother enjoined me to do it at her death. I do not want his money to make me happy; my happiness will be complete, if I can but see him for a moment, to thank him and testify to him my affection, and I will immediately depart for my native spot." Mr. C—— repaired once more to the old man's, and related to him the sentiments of his niece. "Let her come then, that after I may hear no more of her." She arrives, throws herself in her uncle's arms, and displayed such tender sentiments and agreeable sallies, that the old gentleman was moved; the more so, as he discovered in her face the striking features of a favourite sister. He went, without saying a word, to his seruaire, and returning with a purse containing twenty guineas, put it into her hand, saying to her at the same time. "Go, my child; return to your own place; continue virtuous, and be assured I shall not forget you." Mr. C—— was present at the interview: he had a son enamoured of a young female in the neighbourhood, who returned his passion, and to whom he was upon the point of being married; but she had not a thousand pounds to her fortune. The father, speculating on Laura's expectations, engaged her to remain with them. "Your uncle is very aged," said he to her; "his health is in a declining state; it is not probable he will live much longer; perhaps the period is not far distant, when your services will be agreeable and necessary to him; reside at my house, you shall there be treated as my own child." She consented to it; the son's marriage was retarded, and shortly broken off, notwithstanding the young man's reluctance, and the lady's despair.—Laura, sensible of Mr. C——'s kindness to her, agreed to his proposal of espousing his son. Her uncle died, the will was opened, and the country lady was found sole heiress, and worth near ten thousand pounds. Mr. C—— could not contain himself for joy; but Laura addressing herself to his son said, "I know that you have been upon the point of marriage with a

youth, and beauty, leaving every one highly satisfied with her.

I must inform my readers, that her village Curate had with him his nephew, a young fellow of two and twenty, who although poor, had been liberally educated. Having no relish for an ecclesiastical calling, for which his uncle designed him, he was at a stand in what manner to proceed. Previous to Laura's departure for her uncle's, he had seen her, found her amiable, and told her so. One day, as he attempted some liberties with her, "Sir," said she, "your superiority in education and manners prevent you from stooping to the acceptance of my hand, and my virtue is too inflexible to suffer me to become your mistress; I desire you then to cease your future attentions; I cannot countenance them unless your uncle is in the confidence." The calm and firm tone in which Laura pronounced these words had the wished for effect on the young man. "I now feel for the first time," answered he, "what a misfortune it is to labour under the oppressive hand of poverty." At her return, after her uncle's decease, she had an interview with Harry (the Curate's nephew), who hardly dared to accost her: he expressed himself so truly overjoyed at her happy turn of fortune, that Laura was sensibly touched. She repaired to his uncle, who was in every respect an inestimable and worthy man. After some conversation on the fortunate occurrence she had experienced, "I believe, Sir," said she, "your nephew entertains for me tender and affectionate sentiments; he was not indifferent to me when I had nothing, but I took particular care to conceal that knowledge from him. Now I am rich, I am willing to make his fortune, provided you are of opinion that he can constitute the happiness of a wife, by whom he would be tenderly beloved. You are better acquainted than me with his character and disposition. You are his uncle, but you are my pastor; he would not be happy with me, if I was not happy with him: it is the future fate of each of us that I

delay. The young man's unbounded joy can scarcely be conceived, which after more than twelve months marriage does not appear in the least diminished. Laura, after having appropriated part of her fortune in easing the circumstances of those of her relations who were in need, bought a small neat estate, which she now occupies, contiguous to my residence; and I hope she will not deprive me of the pleasure of visiting there often, being already intimate with them. It is with surprize I find in a young person, born and bred in a village, where every thing about her wore the most rusticated aspect, so natural a grace, a pleasing and reasonable mind, and manners amiable in their simplicity. Laura has made it appear, that a mind destitute of reason, and the coarseness of manners, were the effects of society; and that there are some who are naturally inspired with what education, and the knowledge of the world, does not always teach to those who are the most possessed of means to make use of those advantages.

Curious Traits of the late Earl Granville's Character.

EARL Granville was one of those politicians who make religion subservient to the State. The considering the kingdom of Christ as a separate kingdom from that of this world, he counted absurd. On the contrary, he maintained that Christianity is incorporated with civil government, as land with lime, each of which by itself makes no mortar. Where he imagined that the public interest might receive prejudice from Christianity, he was against its being taught. He hoped, therefore, never to see our negroes in America become Christians, because he believed that this would render them less laborious slaves. On the same principle, he was against any attempts to convert the American savages. In learning Christianity, they would fall into the use of letters, and a skill in the arts being the consequence, they would become more formidable to the Plantations. Pursuing a similar train of

from their mutual divisions. He was an enemy, likewise, to the improvement of our colonies in learning. This, he said, would take off their youth from wholly attending to trade, fill them with speculative notions of government and liberty, and prevent the education of the sons of rich planters in England, where they contract a love for this kingdom, and when grown old come back and settle, to the great increase of our wealth. Even at home he was against charity schools, and was not for having the vulgar taught to read, that they might think of nothing but the plough, and their low avocations.

It requires no extraordinary powers to see the weakness and futility of Lord Granville's opinions. A man has only to open his eyes, and the slightest observation will produce conviction.

Some Account of the late Right Honourable Elizabeth Lady-dowager Cathcart.

THIS lady was one of the four daughters of ——— Malyn, Esq; of Southwark, and of Battersea in Surrey. She was four times married, but never had any issue: first, to James Fleet, Esq; of London, lord of the manor of Tewing, Hertfordshire, (believed to be son and heir to Sir John F. lord mayor of London 1693, and to have died April 30, 1733); secondly, to Capt. Sabine, younger brother to Gen. Joseph Sabine, of Quinohall, in Tewing aforesaid; thirdly, in 1739, to the Right Hon. Charles eighth Lord Cathcart of the kingdom of Scotland, commander in chief of the forces in the West Indies, who died at Dominica, Dec. 20, 1740; and, fourthly, May 18, 1745, to Hugh Macguire, late an officer in the service of the Queen of Hungary, for whom she bought a lieutenant colonel's commission in the British service, and whom she also survived, but was not encouraged, by his treatment of her, to verify her resolution, which she inscribed as a motto on her wedding-ring, — If I survive, I will have five. Her avowed motives for

petticoat, and constantly wearing them. The Colonel's mistress insinuated herself into his wife's confidence so well, that she learnt where her will was; and Macguire getting sight of it, insisted on her altering it in his favour, threatening to shoot her. Her apprehensions proved to be not without foundation; for one morning, when she and her caro spolo were out to take an airing from Tewing in the coach, she proposed to return, but he desired to go a little further. The coachman drove on; she remonstrated, "they should not be back by dinner time." At length the Colonel told her, that "she might make herself easy, for they should not dine that day at Tewing; they were in the high road to Chester, and to Chester they should go." Her efforts and expostulations were vain. Upon her disappearing, her friends found out what had happened, and whither she was gone. They sent an attorney in pursuit of her, with a writ of habeas corpus, or ne exeat regno, who overtook her at an inn at Chester. The Colonel was not deficient in expedients. The attorney found him, and demanded a sight of my Lady, but — he did not know her person. The Colonel told him, that he should see her immediately, and he would find that she was going with him to Ireland with her own free consent. The Colonel persuaded a woman, whom he had properly tutored, to personate her. The attorney asked the supposed captive, if she was going with Col. Macguire to Ireland of her own free will? "Perfectly so." Astonished at such an answer, he begged her pardon, made a very low bow, and set out again for London. The Colonel thought that possibly Mr. Attorney might recover his senses, find how he had been deceived, and yet stop his progress; and, in order to make all safe, sent two or three fellows after him, with directions to plunder him of all he had, and particularly his papers. They faithfully executed their commission; and when the Colonel had the writ in his possession, he knew that he was safe. He then took my Lady over

brought a suit against him at the assizes, which she attended in person, and cast him. She danced at Welwyn assembly, with the spirit of a young woman, when she was past 80. On July 18, 1783, the reversion of her manors of Tewing and Wimley in Hertfordshire, together with other property, particularly Bear Quay in London, was advertised to be sold in chancery; and we believe that in Hertfordshire was purchased by Earl Cowper. An annuity on her life was purchased by the same nobleman, at a time when it was said her life was less valuable because she had just left off dancing. Her brother married, and left two daughters, Mrs. Frances, and Mrs. Valentinia Malyn, now of Berner's-street. One of her sisters was Mrs. Jesses, late of Mortlake in Surrey; and another was Susannah, married to George Paul, LL. D. his Majesty's advocate general, &c, who died March 1, 1755, as she also did April 8, 1757.—Whether Ladyship had to leave she left among her domestics. Her body was dressed in linen, and laid in a leaden coffin: the outside coffin was covered with velvet, trimmed with gold, on which was a gold plate, whereon were engraven of the names her husbands, her age, &c. She was carried in a hearse and six, followed by two coaches and six, and a prodigious concourse of people, to the church of Tewing, where she was buried in a vault near her first husband. Hatbands and gloves were given in general to all who chose to attend, and a sumptuous entertainment was provided for them.

Singular Advantages of Ugliness.

A True Story.

IN the reign of Lewis XIV. a courtier, distinguished by the solidity of his understanding, and still more by his sprightly sallies of wit, going to Versailles one winter's morning, in private, and wholly unattended, took his passage in a stage-coach.

He was very plainly dressed; a large cloak covered him from head to foot; and the dignity of his mein was concealed beneath his rugged disguise. Thus equipped, with his hat over his eyes, he sat silent for some time in a corner of the carriage, and paid not the smallest attention to his fellow-travellers. But at length, being stricken with the ugliness of a person who sat opposite to him, and feeling perhaps the sudden effects of sympathy, he could not forbear entering into conversation with him; and after having enquired his name, his place of abode, and the object of his journey, he found that he was a reputable country gentleman, who had come from Auvergne to attend the progress of a law-suit at Versailles. The defendants in this suit were the

collector of the land-tax, who by successive appeals, had found means of illegally detaining from him the sum of twelve thousand five hundred pounds, notwithstanding repeated sentences in his favour which he had obtained in different courts. The cause was now before the council; for which reason the gentleman was obliged to make frequent journeys to Versailles; and it is highly probable he would have danced attendance during the remainder of his life, without procuring a decision, had not the nobleman, who was talking to him, taken him under his protection. Having listened with attention to a tedious recital of the various tricks and quibbles which had been executed against him; "The conduct of your adversaries," said the nobleman, "is base in the extreme; I see they rely solely on their own influence, and on your want of credit at court: but I'll take care of that. The king must be wholly unacquainted with the transaction, for he is too steady a friend to justice to countenance such proceedings. Call on me to-morrow morning, I'll present you to him as he goes to chapel, and you'll see that we'll bring your business to a speedy conclusion."

The country gentleman, who perceived no signs of superior rank in the nobleman, began to take him for a person who had just escaped from a mad-house, or at least for some Gascon who was willing to give himself airs of importance. To solve his doubts, however, he said—"Pray, Sir, where can I call on you?"—"At my own house," replied the nobleman; "I am the Duke of ———; you'll have no difficulty in finding me out." When the honest gentleman found to whom he was talking, he immediately altered his tone, and began to make a thousand apologies for the freedom of his conversation. But the duke interrupted him; "No ceremony," said he: "give yourself no concern as to what is past, only remember to keep your appointment with me to-morrow. I hate compliments; I feel myself inclined to serve you, and shall do it with pleasure." As he said the carriage stopped, and the company parted.

The gentleman, delighted with this fortunate rencontre, was determined that no neglect on his part should prevent him from reaping that advantage which it appeared to promise him. He accordingly took his post in the duke's anti-chamber by break of day, that he might be ready to accompany his grace to court. The duke highly pleased to see him, took him by the hand, and led him to the great gallery which the king passes in his way to the chapel: as soon as his majesty appeared, he presented him, saying, "Sire, this is a man of condition and

merit, to whom I am under particular obligations : he has been obliged to quit his family, and to waste his time and money in attending a law-suit, which the collectors of the land-tax have found means of perpetuating, notwithstanding the different sentences he has obtained to compel them to the restitution of twelve thousand five hundred pounds, illegally detained from him. Indeed, Sire, this worthy gentleman has been most shamefully oppressed, and your majesty's equity and glory are concerned in rendering him justice."—"He shall have justice done him," said the king, "and that without delay." In fact, his majesty made immediate enquiries into the case, and then sent orders to his council to give judgment in favour of the gentleman. The collectors were accordingly obliged to restore the money they had detained, and to pay all the costs and expences.

When this was done, and the duke went to return thanks to the king, his majesty asked him, what connection he had with the man whose interest he had so warmly espoused. "Not any," replied the duke; "indeed, so far from it, that I never saw him in my life till the other day, when I met him in a stage-coach."—"What!" replied the king, "had you never seen him before? How then could you be under such particular obligation to him?"—"Oh, Sire!" exclaimed the duke, "has not your majesty perceived that, but for him, I should be the ugliest man in your dominions? The exception he has enabled me to make, is surely a very great obligation!"

The king laughed heartily at the idea. The joke soon spread; and, after causing much mirth at court, it came at length to the ears of the gentleman who had given rise to it: but, like a man of sense, he bore it with good humour, and did not suffer it to interfere with his gratitude to his benefactor; who was now returned to Paris, where, in a few days after the receipt of his money, he went to pay his respects to him. When he arrived at the duke's door, the porter told him that his grace was at dinner with several other noblemen, and could not be spoke with. The gentleman, however, insisted that his name should be announced, assuring the servant that when the duke knew who it was, he would give immediate orders for his admittance; and this proved to be the case. The duke pleased with the opportunity of shewing his friends that there existed a man uglier than himself, desired him to be shewn into the room where they were at dinner. The gentleman being accordingly introduced, expatiated with great eloquence on the duke's generosity, and his own gratitude; and at the end of every sentence, fixed his eyes stedfastly on the

duke, said—"My lord, God preserve your sight!"

When he had finished his harangue, he took his leave of the duke, who, while he stayed, shewed him every possible mark of attention and friendship; and, after his departure, congratulated himself with having discovered a human face more ugly than his own. His guests joined in his congratulations; but, said they—"What could the man mean, by praying to God, at the conclusion of every sentence, to preserve your sight?" The duke not having paid attention to this circumstance, ordered the gentleman to be called back, that he might explain it.

When he returned, the duke begged to know what motive he could have in so often praying to Heaven to preserve his sight? "Because," replied the gentleman, "it appears to me, my lord, that if your sight should fail you, your nose is but ill adapted to the support of spectacles."

This answer, though somewhat bold, pleased the duke, and his friends still better, who were not sorry to see him attacked with his own weapons. They all paid the highest compliments to the gentleman, and insisted that he should stay dinner; and as he was endued with a considerable portion of wit, he supported the spirit of the conversation till late in the evening, when the company parted, highly pleased with their new acquaintance. In short, he returned to his family loaded with wealth and honour; for which he was solely indebted to his extreme ugliness. Very different to the illustrious conqueror, mentioned in history, who having been sent to cleave wood by persons unacquainted with his rank, and being surprised by some of his friends in that degrading occupation, observed, that he was paying the forfeit of his ill looks. Thus it may be truly said, that every thing in this world has two faces.

There was an officer at Paris not long since, who never entered an assembly-room; but some one or other who was playing deep, gave him a sum of money to leave the place; so that he had only to shew his face, in order to receive a pension—not *anual*, but *daily*.

Anecdote.

A CAPTAIN who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly, and very deliberately; which the sharper telling him of, he replied, he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he had no objection; but if he preferred the fair game to be it, he was agreeable to either.

Characteristic Traits of the Spaniards.

[From the *Chevalier de Bourgoanne's Travels*, just published.]

Bravery---Sobriety---Jealousy---Spanish Ladies.

THE Spaniards have preserved their ancient virtues, patience and sobriety; the former renders them constant in their enterprises, and indefatigable in their labours, the latter preserves them from the excesses too common in the other countries of Europe. I mean not to diminish their merit; besides, of what importance is the cause of virtues in men, provided they are useful in their effects. I dare, therefore, assert, that the so much boasted sobriety of the Spaniards is, in a great measure, the consequence of their physical constitution, and of the quality of their food. Their robust and muscular bodies, dried and hardened by the active heat of a burning climate, support better the deprivation and superabundance of nourishment. In the first case, the abstinence to which they may be compelled does not weaken them; in the second, their strength resists the excesses of intemperance. The flesh of animals, at least in the Mediterranean provinces of Spain, contains in a given quantity, more nutritive matter than elsewhere. Their roots, less spongy than in countries where water contributes more than the sun to their growth, are of a more nourishing substance. Strangers who remain some time at Madrid, soon perceive this superiority, and if they yield to the appetite they may have upon their arrival, an endemic disease, called *Entripeto*, a kind of colic, which the physicians of the country only know how to treat, painfully informs them of their change of food and climate. It is so true, that the power of eating little or much is a consequence of air and soil, that in the provinces, or in the kingdom of Valencia, for instance, where aliments contain less substance, a much greater indulgence of the appetite is neither proscribed by custom nor prejudicial to health. With respect to intoxicating liquors, the sobriety of the Spaniards proceeds in a great measure from nature, which, always employing means proportioned to her end, has bestowed on them a constitution analogous to the strength of the wines produced by their soil, while strangers cannot with impunity drink of them to excess. Nothing is more uncommon than to see a Spaniard inebriated with wine, although that which he drinks is more spirituous than those of France; and if a drunken soldier, be seen in the streets of Madrid, it is very probable he is a foreigner.

We may remark on this occasion, that sobriety seems to be the inheritance of the

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inhabitants of the South, as intemperance is that of those of the North. We may also observe, that the people who commit most excesses in drinking are not those whose soil produces the liquors by which they are inebriated, as if, nature which has given them the means of satisfying their thirst and appetite, and adapted their organs to the use of these means, intended to punish them for seeking at a distance, the food and liquor she has created for others. These dispositions are undoubtedly deranged by other combinations. Habit changes them in more than one climate; but it seems to me that with a little attention, it is easy to discover the traces of the primitive intentions of nature.

However this may be, the Spaniards will pardon me for considering their sobriety as a virtue of climate; this is only resembling them to other nations, and even to all the individuals of the human species, who equally owe their qualities to their education, rank in life, habits, the examples they have before them, and a thousand other causes which depend not on themselves. It is still a great merit not to resist beneficial impulses.

Jealousy, an outrage on the sex, the object of our homage, seems also to depend upon the influence of climate, which communicates its ardour to the senses and imagination. This odious passion, formerly so injurious in its suspicions, cruel in its precautions, and implacable, and sometimes atrocious in its resentments, is much weakened among the modern Spaniards. There are no people in Europe among whom fewer jealous husbands are to be found. The women, who were formerly hidden from the public, of whom it was scarcely possible to gain a glimpse through the opening of the lattices, which undoubtedly owe their name to the vile sentiment which was the cause of their being invented*, now enjoy full liberty. Their rivals, the only remains of their ancient servitude, only serve at present to shelter their charms from a burning sun, and to render them more attractive. First invented by jealousy, they are now employed to very different purposes. Coquetry has converted them into one of its most seducing ornaments; and in favouring secrecy they insure impunity to the stolen pleasures of love. The lovers who, under the balconies of their invisible mistresses, sighed without hope, and had nothing but their guitar for witness and interpreter, are banished to comedies and romances. Husbands are become more docile, wives more accessible, and conquests, as it is said, less slow and difficult. In this

N O T E.

* *Jalousie*, in the French language, signifies a lattice.

C c c c

respect

respect it belongs not to me to pronounce the eulogium of Spanish manners. Were I to confine myself to the evidence of my own experience, there are no women in Europe more pure. Whether it was from scruple, want of address, or that I felt not in myself constancy sufficient for the assiduities to which those who render homage to the Spanish ladies must be devoted; or whether I was deterred by dangers still more to be feared, although in some respects, perhaps chimerical, to which lovers are exposed, I have no less reason to believe in their virtue, than to do justice to their charms. But not to advance any thing upon suspicious evidence, I shall speak of nothing relative to the Spanish ladies of which I have not myself a knowledge.

The women of every country have particular charms by which they are characterized. In England, by the elegance of their shape, and modesty of their carriage; in Germany by freshness of complexion, and in France by that amiable gaiety which animates all their features. The charm felt on approaching a Spanish lady, has something of deception which is not easily detected. It owes but little to the aid of the toilet. The complexion of a Spanish beauty is never ornamented with borrowed brilliance: art supplies not the colouring which nature has refused by exposing her to the influence of a burning climate. But by how many beauties is she recompensed for her paleness? Where are finer shapes, greater ease in every motion, or softer delicacy of feature to be found than among the Spanish beauties? Grave, and rather melancholy, at first sight, yet, should one of these fair ones open on you her large black eyes, full of expression, should she accompany her glances with a smile, insensibility itself falls at her feet. But if the coldness of her reception discourage not her admirer from addressing her, she is as decided and mortifying in her disdain, as she is seducing in permitting him to hope.

In the last case she leaves him no room to fear a long cruelty; but perseverance, which in other countries accelerates the *dénouement*, must survive it in Spain, and becomes a severe duty. The fortunate men whom she designs to conquer, and who are called *Cor-*

jure the Spanish fair sex; but I am disposed to believe, their chains are not so easy to be borne, as difficult to avoid. The Spanish beauty is said to be very rigorous in many respects; her caprices are sometimes rather hastily, and too obedient to the impulse of an ardent imagination. But that which is not easy to conciliate with her eternally varying fancies, and concurs with a thousand other observations to prove the incoherency of the human heart both in male and female, is the constancy of Spanish women in their attachments. The intoxication they cause and experience, far different from all extreme agitations or affections of the mind, which continue but a short time, is prolonged greatly beyond the common term; and I saw, during my residence in Spain, more than one such passion continue constant till the parties expired with old age. I have frequently sought for the reason of this constancy; which disconcerted all my ideas, and have imagined it to be in a religious scruple, certainly ill understood, as most such scruples are. Perhaps, said I to myself, the confidence of a Spanish lady, sufficiently complaisant to permit her one gratification which offends her duty, would be terrified at a succession of infidelities. In the first she may possibly find an excuse in human infirmity, in the irresistible wish of the heart, which inclines her towards one object, destined by nature to fix her affections.

It belongs to those who are acquainted with the female heart and conscience to judge of this conjecture. It is certain, that in Spain, more than in any other country, both men and women appear to conciliate the irregularity of manners with the most scrupulous observance of religious duties, and even with the mockeries of superstition. In many countries these excesses alternately succeed each other. In Spain they are simultaneous; and the women, in consequence of this strange mixture of religion and folly, seem to aim less to prevent scandal, or conceal their conduct, than to establish a kind of equilibrium between their faults and their merits; an incoherence in which both sexes appeared to me to participate. It is the consequence of error and weakness, and the most serious reproach I

ther singular, we shall lay them before our readers in the authentic manner they were reported by the foreman of the jury.

It appeared in evidence, that an intimacy had subsisted some time between the deceased and a black man, named Thomas Cato, a native of the East-Indies, on whom she had fixed her affection; that on Thursday she had received a letter from him, wherein he accused her of deceit; but which she had burnt. The contents of this epistle produced her fatal resolution. She wrote him a letter, which she meant to have forwarded by the penny-post; and afterwards purchased three penny-worth of white mercury at an apothecary's, under pretence of its being to kill rats. Between twelve and one o'clock in the morning she executed her dreadful purpose, having previously mixed the poisonous drug in some liquid. She rang the bell violently twice; which being answered by a domestic, she said, "Call my mistress directly, for I am very ill;" but before her mistress could reach her apartment, she was insensible, and expired in a few minutes. When examined before the jury, the black appeared so ignorant and illiterate, that nothing could be collected from his evidence, nor the purport of the letter he had sent to her become at; but when her letter to him was read he wept bitterly. The jury after, a very humane and attentive consideration, brought in their verdict—Lunacy.

The following is an exact copy of the letter sent to Cato by this unhappy girl:

Sept. 24, 1789.

"My dear Thomas Cato,

"The letter I received this evening makes me very unhappy, to think you should expose me, and say I am deceitful, and forget my fond embraces so soon.—No, my dear, I am not deceitful, nor did I intend to be.—If I had, I should not have given my company to one not of my own colour. Likewise, now you think me untrue, you shall have your property returned with pleasure; for, was you the finest man that ever my eyes beheld, after using me in this manner, I would not make you my

die at my feet.—One favour I beg of you is, if not too much trouble, to see me after I am dead, as I shall not live to be married, or even see another day.—Let these few words be printed in your heart, as I am not able to write any more—for my eyes are flowing with tears—and my heart doth ache so, I cannot hold my pen—but am your sincere well-wisher—till death—

"E. JOHNSON."

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

AS nothing redounds so much to the honour, interest, and happiness of a nation, as its being distinguished for a spirit of gaming, which glorious spirit has been lately greatly supported and increased, it is very much to be lamented that gaming is not reckoned one of the cardinal virtues, as it is attended with such admirable consequences. By gaming, a man acquires a noble contempt of money. The soul is enlarged, and totally disentangled from the weakness of humanity, and other pusillanimous concern and tenderness which some people are apt to entertain for their wives, children, and friends. What a great creature is a losing gamester! What sublime expressions, what exalted hyperboles shall you hear from him! How exemplarily magnanimous is that person, who shall challenge and arraign Omnipotence itself! and (though he can neither write nor read) find fault with the whole system of the universe, because at a certain emergency he did not hold the Knave of Spades! For these reasons I request you may recommend to the consideration of the gambling clubs in Dublin, the following games, the utility of which I have attempted to describe.

ONE and THIRTY.

From this exquisite diversion our children learn the first elements of arithmetic, and grow acquainted with that serious truth and important proposition that two and two

real is not always to be easily get rid of, from whence they may learn some knowledge of the world.

BUILDING HOUSES with CARDS.

This is a very useful and admirable diversion. It was from this game, that Sir Christopher Wren had his first idea of architecture; and the great Cohorn his earliest notions of fortification: from this our little ones not only get a taste for building, but behold in emblem the glassy precariousness of all human works: and here again the doctrine of patience and diligence are tacitly inculcated.

COMMERCE OF TRAFFICK.

I think there is no one so hardy as to deny the expediency and even the necessity of this being taught the children of a trading nation. Here the little traders barter their merchandize, and lisp the language of the 'change. Here they have the earliest impressions of the advantage and pleasure of honest industry, and learn that noble and most useful lesson of doing honour to their country, at the same time that they are enriching themselves.

PUT, and ALL-FOURS.

That these are of most undoubted antiquity is plain, from a controversy which has subsisted for seventeen years between Dr. Rubbish and Mr. Bridle-Goose. The point in debate is, which of these two games (for they are very clear it was one of them), it was that Alexander the Great played at with the queen of the Amazons, the night before her departure. Dr. Rubbish (who by the by is a very sanguine man,) insists upon it with great vehemence, that it was the former: and adds that Alexander, lost fifty talents with Thalestris in the same manner, and for the same ends as some of our noble youth often do when they wilfully lose an hundred guineas at piquet with a fair lady. On the other hand, Mr. Bridle-Goose asserts, not with the same passion indeed, but with an equal degree of positiveness, that it was the latter, and that

truly military, and it is a very unsoldier-like thing not to understand it was imported into this kingdom by some travellers, who are all fond of it to this day.

LU, and LAUGH and LYE DOWN.

The latter of which is of moral import, and exceeding instructive, pointing out to the Hibernian fair the evil consequences of excessive giggling; and the former in which Pam is so often called upon to be civil, gives a practical hint for the promotion of urbanity and good manners.

CRIBBAGE.

This is a game which tries the genius, and teaches the art of thriving, especially when sharp's the sword, and you play accurately. A man very often learns humility at this diversion, by being taken down a peg lower. In short, I look upon it to be absolutely necessary for the matriculation of such persons, who are intended to serve their country in the characters of taylor, bum-bailiffs, booksellers, and excisemen.

My LADIES HOLE.

That this game was invented by a person of quality is too obvious to be insisted upon from the dignity of its appellation. It is an amusement attended with many exquisite consequences, but is rather too obnoxious to the punsters, who are not aware that it is evidently derived from the Greek word which signifies the *whole* or sum total, that is in short, the sweep-stakes.

SNIP-SNAP and SNIMM.

Delectable and profitable is this amusement, and a sovereign remedy against the hyp. It promotes the circulation of the glass, and is the foster-mother of jocularly. It is an exceeding good game to finish the heel of an evening, which is an hint for me to finish this long letter, in which I have said all that can be urged in the favour of gaming; and its worst enemies can bring but three small objections against it, namely, that it is the parent of robbery, blasphemy,

came confidential amanuensis to the governor-general.

When parliament took up the affairs of the India Company by resolving to bring to account and punishment the oriental mauders, the Principal dispatched the Little Major to England, for the purpose of preparing a decent reception for himself, and since that time he has been constantly employed in writing and publishing letters, addreses, cool thoughts, answers, essays, squibs, innuendos, charges, recriminations, and every other species of pamphleteering, and paragraphical trash, to the great benefit of the paper manufacture, and prejudice to the literary character of the country.

When Tip-top sold his commission, and became a principal proprietor of a certain nonsensical public newspaper, the Major formed a connection with that ludicrous character, and the reverend parson Puff, the editor, who should long since have suffered, for coining, clipping, sweating, debasing, and counterfeiting the king's English; and as one of the proprietors of the paper alluded to, sold his share for the enormous sum of four thousand pounds, there is scarcely a doubt but the Major was the purchaser, and that to his pen is to be imputed much of that dull trash and paltry abuse, which recently has been levelled at the most independent and best characters in the kingdom, prostituting the liberty of the press, and converting it into the vilest licentiousness.

By forming this connection the Major became acquainted with Becky, who at that time swayed with sovereign rule the affection and passions of Tip-top; but as this celebrated heroine of the buskin and sock, though apparently an idiot, had a stronger affection for gold than for any other earthly object, well knowing that it was the means of ensuring every species of gratification, she laid siege to the Major's heart. In her approaches Becky kept up a continual fire of winks and wiles, dimples and smiles; sometimes attacking in front with a broad grin, then attempting to carry the place by sap, in permitting him the indulgence of a gentle squeeze by the hand, or by lightly pressing her fatten clothed foot on his fantastic toe, and all this without observation from poor Tip-top, who flattering himself that the citadel was safe, neglected to keep watch and ward, or even occasionally to mount guard.

The genealogy of Becky is not at all necessary to the illustration of this memoir, and indeed if it was, the college of arms would probably prove unequal to the task of discovering even her father, (her mother's amorous connexions being so various) though in several instances they have

found out, and even ennobled the great, great, great, &c. &c. grandfathers of several new created peers, by substituting in their ensigns armorial swords for plow-shares, truncheons for pitchforks, and armour for waggoners frocks: all we pretend to know, is that the lady entered early in life into an itinerant company of stage-players, and from a liberality of disposition, stimulated by warmth and strength of animal spirit, found in herself a resource which kept her in good flesh, while the rest of the company were starved to skeletons. Her theatrical abilities are not objects to discuss here; they have frequently been descanted on in our dramatic department: we shall only, therefore, remark generally that they are not imitative of nature, but only of those who imitate nature. As to person, Becky is at present *en bon point*, with a face which would be beautiful if animated, an eye which is more expressive of wantonness than love, and a manner totally destitute of grace and elegance.

How long the attachment of the Major may subsist is extremely doubtful. Becky, though silly and unentertaining in conversation, is often inflated with violent passions, which break out in sudden gusts, as was fatally experienced by an unfortunate old paramour who wore spectacles, and who having unhappily provoked the dame, she levelled a punch bowl at his head, which striking on his artificial eyes, nearly deprived him of his real ones.

View of Great Britain, its Liberty and Privileges, General Elections, Courts of Justice, &c. — [From a Picture of England, lately published.]

TRIAL BY JURY.

TWELVE sworn citizens, whom they call a jury, give judgment in all the courts of justice. They actually acquit or condemn. It is true, they are assisted by one or more judges, whose business it is to hear the witnesses, take care of the legality of the procedure, sum up the evidence, and pronounce the sentence according to the tenor of the law. Besides this, to prevent the inconvenience that must naturally arise from the pretended criminals being dragged before a court of justice on slight suspicions, every accusation is first examined by a grand jury, whose decision either annihilates or continues the process. The petty juries, who give a final sentence, must be unanimous, and are shut up in a chamber until they bring in their verdict: on the other hand, the proceedings of the grand jury are regulated by a plurality of voices. If one of the twelve jurymen dies, after the arraignment and before the conviction of the supposed

supposed criminal, he is immediately released, because no person can be tried twice for the same offence.

The great impartiality of the English courts of justice is interwoven with the very constitution of the government. Never has the most powerful minister, however great his authority, or however profligate his conduct, attempted to bid defiance to the laws. Whatever may be his power, and however numerous his adherents, if he but attempt to oppress the least of his fellow citizens, a process will immediately issue against him, and he will be obliged to appear before the judges in person. Whoever knows the value of such an inestimable privilege, will not fail to admire the administration of justice in England, which cannot be imitated but in a state equally free.

Every inhabitant housekeeper, at the end of two years, is obliged to undertake in his turn certain parochial employments gratis, and is also to serve on juries. Foreigners, although they have not been naturalized, are likewise liable to these offices as well as the natives. The twelve necessary for the determination of any process, are chosen out of a very large number; which renders intrigues impossible: and indeed there has been no example of an attempt of this kind. By these means, the trials are at once quick and impartial. Linguet himself, who before he smarted for his patriotism, had undertaken the task of reviling every thing in England, was forced against his own inclination to pay to these customs the tribute of his admiration. In a criminal trial, if the accused be a foreigner, the jury is composed of six Englishmen and six foreigners, whose names are communicated to him beforehand, to the end that he may be enabled to reject, without explaining his reasons, any of them whom he suspects to be his enemies.

Nothing is more astonishing than the mildness and humanity with which criminals are here treated, whether they be thieves, murderers, or incendiaries. Even if their

contrast to the practice of those tribunals of which torture is the grand resource. When all the evidence is ended, it is permitted the accused to make his defence; and the greatest attention is paid to every thing he says. If he is found guilty, a judge announces to him the punishment which the law inflicts on his offence, in a speech which so far from being composed of reproachful and reviling words, is generally filled with tender and compassionate expressions.

Colonel de la Mothe, the French spy, executed at London in 1782, who in his own country had been considered as a despicable wretch, was not a little surprised at the indulgence he experienced here. They sent to him while in prison the heads of the accusation, that he might have time to prepare an answer. The most celebrated advocates undertook his defence without any fee. He received a list of the jury who were to try him; and, in a word, he was treated in such a manner as if the public welfare was interested in his preservation. The presiding judge, after having with great mildness stated the case which the laws had shewn to his situation, ended with these words: "It is thus, Sir, that you have been used in a country, where you had no right to expect the least favour; but such are the customs of a people whose dearest interests you have attempted to invade." Are not such examples sufficient to destroy those vulgar prejudices, by which we are taught to believe that the manners of the English are barbarous? This is not the act of a few individuals, but of a nation, displayed in its constitution, its manners, its usages, and its laws. Whoever searches into facts, and examines them with attention, must perceive the superiority of the laws of England.

THE RIGHT OF BEING REPRESENTED IN PARLIAMENT.

Every freeholder, possessed of the annual rent of forty shillings per ann. has a right to vote at the election of the members of parliament for his own county. This right,

the candidate goes among the electors, buys all kinds of trifles, and pays for them very dearly; for instance, five guineas have been given for a whistle, a fowl, &c. &c. The shopkeepers know what this signifies, pocket the money, and give their votes in return. As this is entirely a matter of speculation, it often happens that the candidate wastes prodigious sums in vain, when the influence of his rival happens to be greater than his own. Fordyce the famous banker expended 30,000*l.* in an attempt of this kind: and then, imagining that injustice had been done him, had the folly to embark in a process equally expensive, in consequence of which many hundreds of the inhabitants were sent to London to appear as evidence. This second attempt, however, had the same fate as the first, and did not a little contribute to his total ruin. The regard in which a member of parliament is held there, and his influence on public affairs, more especially if he possesses eloquence — that eloquence which leads to the first offices of the state — have such powerful attractions to an Englishman, that they induce him to make astonishing efforts to obtain a place in the senate of his country. One of the principal reasons of modern venality proceeds from the great number of nabobs, who, on their return from India, attempt at any price to purchase a seat in parliament; and this is also the cause of the impunity which they experience, for the enormous crimes committed in that part of the world.

There cannot be a more astonishing contrast between any two civilized nations, than that with respect to Italy and England. The Italians celebrate almost every day in the year a religious holiday; the English, a political festival. The latter is as little known in Italy, as the former in England. Nothing is more common in that island than meetings, processions, and other testimonies of public joy, which interest in a very lively manner all those who are acquainted with the reasons of them; but the finest and most extraordinary of all is, without contradiction, a general election. One may then behold the same scenes which were exhibited in an-

electors assemble in bodies, and range themselves under their respective colours. The candidates walk in procession, accompanied by a crowd of their friends, and the different parties are distinguished from each other by the ribbands worn in their hats. Before each are carried colours, on which the name of the candidate and his device are painted. These processions, consisting of some thousands of men, and which, in London, in particular, have always a hundred thousand spectators, are made without the assistance of armed soldiers, or the officers of justice, the presence of whom is regarded as indispensable in other countries, and who, for the most part, do more ill than good.

The candidates having ascended a kind of amphitheatre, covered with tapestry, and erected on purpose, harangue the people as the Roman orators did formerly in the forum. After this the names of the electors are registered without distinction of rank or age, and a majority of their votes determines the election of him, who, by his new dignity, is empowered to watch over the interests and safety of the state, and to enact or annul the laws of his country. On these occasions, however great the tumult may be among a people who enjoy so much liberty, there very seldom happens any serious affray, so much difference is there between a people accustomed to abandon themselves entirely, and without fear, to the impulse of their own passions, and those unfortunate men, who, bending under the yoke of a frightful despotism, fall into the most guilty excess the moment that they perceive their chains either broken or relaxed. One neither perceives the glittering of swords or of pistols in the political lists of the English, however great the animosity of the combatants.

The choice being made, the victorious candidate is brought to his own house in triumph. On his election Mr. Fox, in allusion to his support from the fair sex, dedicated a banner to them with this motto, “Sacred to female patriotism.”

I myself was present, and never beheld a spectacle which affected me so much, or which, in my opinion, was capable of con-

perhaps, have terminated his life in a dungeon; that in place of this pomp, which seemed to elevate him above mortality, an arbitrary order would have precipitated him, with the greatest ignominy, into the abysses of a Bastile or a Spandau, or exiled him into the deserts of Siberia. What a lesson! How truly does it justify the pride of Englishmen! How well does it excuse that preference which so many great men have even involuntarily given to their constitution above all others!"

It is a certain fact, that those elections greatly augment the haughtiness of the English, and inspire them with high ideas of equality. I was witness, at a contest for the town of Newcastle, to a very singular circumstance. Two candidates had offered themselves for this place: the one was the friend and relation of the late duke of Northumberland, who went there on purpose to assist him, and engage the people in his interests: the other was patronized by a merchant of London, of the name of Smith, who had acquired a fortune of 100,000*l* in the coal trade, and had a considerable interest among the inhabitants. The duke of Northumberland, who, besides the advantages of his rank and fortune, had also occupied some of the most distinguished situations in the state, did not imagine that such a man could oppose him with any probability of success. However, on his arrival at Newcastle he was soon convinced of his mistake. In consequence of this he sent for Mr. Smith, who observed, that he had no business with the duke, and that his grace must wait upon him. The duke actually complied, and said, that if he would allow his relation to represent the borough, his friend should be returned for a town in the neighbourhood that was entirely at his own disposal. Smith upon this roughly refused his grace's proposition, saying, "I have promised my friend that he shall represent this place, and no other; and I am not in the habits of breaking my word." Very well," replied the Duke, "it only remains that we should try our strength," and immediately departed. In fine, each used his utmost efforts; but the coal-merchant's candidate was elected in spite of all the interest

reformation in regard to the little boroughs. Is it not the height of folly to behold towns which have 40,000 inhabitants, and sometimes even more, without a single member, while a few miserable hamlets have a representation equal to the most considerable cities? London, which ought to send forty members, sends only four. Manchester, Birmingham, and a great number of other places whose manufactures and commerce render England so flourishing, send not even one. This scheme of Mr. Pitt, which tended to support the political constitution of his country, then on the brink of ruin, was evidently dictated by the greatest propriety. Lord North and his colleagues, however, opposed him: for corruption would have been annihilated, and all their power had this fatal system for its basis. As long as the sovereign does not seek to extend the privileges of the crown so as to infringe on the constitution, this reformation can never do him any hurt. During the glorious administration of the immortal Chatham, he never had recourse to ministerial authority or the tricks of office; he scorned the arts of influence and corruption.

Anecdote of Doctor Johnson.

AT the time a reward was offered for the best epitaph on General Wolfe, two gentlemen, both now living, in a frolic, agreed each to write one, and for a small wager to leave the determination of which was best to Dr. Johnson. After reading them both, the Doctor wrote his opinion to this effect. "Both the epithets are extremely bad, and therefore I prefer the shorter of the two."

A Corsican Anecdote.

THE Corsicans are represented as capable of the greatest actions, which are sometimes displayed by men from whom we should least expect them. One instance will suffice: the leader of a troop of banditti was taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried and condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man came up to the commanding officer, and said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you; but you shall soon know who I am. I have

Letters respecting Barbary, and the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs. By the Abbé Poiret.

(Continued from Page 528.)

L E T T E R VI.

TO MR. T. L.

WHILST you, my dear friend, are admiring the master pieces of eminent masters, amidst the celebrated ruins of Rome, I am traversing the plains of ancient Numidia. In this desert and uncultivated country, how many enjoyments, and what riches for the naturalist ! how many useful lessons for the philosophical observer ! You are seeking for the Romans in the Italians, and perhaps you no longer find in their figure and character that noble pride, and those traits of majesty and courage which announced them to be the masters of the universe. I am more successful than you : in every Arab mountaineer I think I perceive a Getulian or a Numidian. But can I congratulate myself on these marks of resemblance in a people who have retained the ferocity and manners of the first inhabitants of those countries ? How humiliating it is for human nature to see almost all nations degenerate insensibly from the virtues of their ancestors, and preserve only their vices ! This, however, is the picture which the history of all ages presents to us. Where at present shall we find the sages of Greece ; the learned Egyptians, and the heroes of ancient Rome ? We should in vain seek for them in their descendants, while the Asiatic has preserved his primitive effeminacy, and the barbarous African still thirsts after blood. How many figures worthy of exercising your pencil, have I already met with among the Moors ! Eyes full of fire and courage, a ferocious look, manly and strong features, an aquiline nose, nervous arms, a tall figure, a haughty gait, legs, thighs and shoulders almost always naked, are the characteristic marks which distinguish the greater part of the Moors. Notwithstanding the proverb, they are not naturally black, as several writers think ; they are born white, and remain so all their life time, when they are not exposed by their labours to the scorching beams of the sun. In cities the women have so fair a complexion, that they would eclipse the greater part of the ladies in Europe ; but the female mountaineers, being continually burnt by the sun, and remaining almost continually half naked, become even in their infancy of a brown colour, which approaches near to that of soot.

Their dress is an interesting object, and I believe it to be very ancient. I have been

assured that towards the desert of Zaara, several of the Arabs go perfectly naked. I have indeed met with some who had no kind of vestment whatever, and others who had only a kind of light drawers ; but the greater part wear a dress more or less simple, according to their wealth and condition. Some, I mean the poorer sort, who are consequently the most numerous, wrap themselves up in a piece of cloth several yards in length, which they roll each according to his own manner, around the head and body. This dress is perfectly well described by Mr. Fenelon, when speaking in his *Telemachus* of the customs of the Bœotians, he says, “ Their dresses are easily made ; for in that mild climate, nothing is wore but a piece of fine light stuff, uncut, which they throw about their bodies in long folds, giving it whatever form they choose.” Others add below, either a shirt like those of our women, or a tunic of woollen cloth without sleeves, which reaches as far as their knees. The richest wear beside this a kind of robe, much like the cloaks of our hermits. The fineness of their dress is still proportioned to their fortune. I have seen several Arab chiefs clad in woollen stuffs, which on the first view I have taken for very fine muslin, of an exceeding bright white colour. The Barbary wool has always been famous for its beauty.

The women for their dress wear a piece of stuff like that of the men, but they arrange it somewhat differently. They make a kind of robe of it, which covers several of those parts that the men leave naked. Besides this, the Moorish women wear several ornaments, which certainly do not contribute to set off their beauty. They wear their hair in tresses, and sometimes floating over their shoulders, while the men are shaved, and reserve only one tuft in the middle of the head. The ears, arms and legs of a Moorish woman are ornamented with large iron rings ; sometimes they add bits of coral. Coquettes, after their own manner, instead of rouge, which certainly would add very little embellishment to their dark complexions, they use gunpowder, mixed with antimony, for tracing out various figures on their foreheads and above their eye-lids. The men do the same on their arms, breasts and hands : a little superstition I believe is mixed with these mystical characters. If to supply those colours which they want, our European ladies were obliged to submit to an operation as painful as that employed by the Moorish women, I doubt much whether they would wish for any other charms than those bestowed by nature. The female Arabs, to render these marks indelible, prick their skins in numberless places with a needle, and when the blood

blood ceases to flow they apply their powder, finely pounded, and force it into the pores of the skin by repeated friction. These marks then cannot be effaced, and they free them from the trouble of laying their fictitious beauties every evening upon the table of their dressing room. I have seen many children, the nails of whose hands were dyed of a yellowish red, but this colour does not last.

The dress which I have described, is above all common among the wandering Arabs of the mountains and deserts. Those who live in cities vary more in their manner of dressing. Some go with their heads bare, or covered at most with a red bonnet; others wear a turban like the Turks, together with part of their accoutrements. They use slippers, but the mountaineers go always bare-footed.

The dress of the Moors is common to almost all the inhabitants of Africa, as far as Guinea, and even among the Arabs of Asia. Those who are fond of antiquities, might make curious and useful researches respecting the dress of the Africans and the Asiatic Arabs. What induces me to believe that it is very ancient, is that these people are absolutely ignorant of a variety of modes. A son never thinks of dressing any otherwise than his father, and even if he should, their industry is so limited, that their workmen would find themselves much embarrassed, were they obliged to change the form of their dress, however troublesome it may be.

The habitations of the Moors are as simple as their dress: they inhabit only tents or huts, constructed with the branches of trees and reeds. A collection of several tents is called *douard*; there are some of them which contain ten, fifteen, twenty, and even above an hundred. These tents are placed circularly, in order that they may enclose their flocks in the middle during the night. If there be any vacant space between two tents, they fill it up with bushes

posed is of wool, very closely woven, and died either black or brown. The facility with which these habitations are transported makes the Moors often change their abode, according to the season, or as their wants may require. In winter they choose a southern exposure at the bottom of some hill; in summer they approach those places where there are plenty of pastures and abundance of springs.

An inventory of their furniture may soon be taken. They are acquainted with no other bed but the earth, upon which the most delicate spread a little straw, a mat, or a coarse carpet. A few earthen vessels for cooking, and to prepare their courcouçon, a wooden bason to draw water and to hold their milk, when they milk their cows, a goat's skin to churn butter, and two portable mill stones to grind their corn, are all the apparatus of their kitchen.

You may readily suppose, after what I have said, that their repasts are neither sumptuous nor delicate; indeed nothing can be more simple or frugal. They make only one meal a day that requires any preparation. Besides this they take nothing, or else they content themselves with some fruit or a few wild roots. Those, however, who are in easy circumstances eat two meals a day, which consist only of courcouçon.

Before I describe to you the manner in which the Moors make their courcouçon, it will be proper to observe, that the Barbary wheat, little different from ours, does not, however, like that of France, produce a pure and nutritive flour; but it is necessary to distinguish in the grain the mealy part from that which is hard. The first, which is in very small quantity, is generally found at the point of the grain and in the middle. This flour makes very bad black bread, and on this account it is never used. They give it to their animals, or mix it in small quantity with the part which is hard. The Moors are acquainted with the use of bread. They bruise their wheat by means of two

fingers; this is generally beef, mutton, fowl, or goat's flesh.

When the courcougon is prepared in this manner, the chief of the tent, or any other Moor of rank superior to that of the rest, lays hold of the dish, and eats first and alone. He sits squatting down, places the courcougon before him, and having taken a little with his fingers, forms it into small balls in the hollow of his hand, and throws it into his mouth with much dexterity. When the chiefs have done, the dish passes into the hands of those who are next in dignity; to children, for example, who never eat with their father, nor even in his presence, unless among Moors of a certain distinction. The women eat last; they have nothing but what is left by the men, and even what is left by their own children. They alone have the charge of providing these repasts. According to the principles of their religion, the Moors are obliged, both before and after meat, to wash their hands, beard and mouth, but many neglect this ceremony. As Mahometans, they have nothing to drink but water, drawn up with a wooden bason, from which they all drink in their turn. However they do not refuse wine, when it is offered them, if they are not seen. I have even known many of them who drank to excess.

When the Moors undertake long journeys, and in places in which it is probable that they will meet with no hospitality, they carry with them a certain quantity of their meal, and when they are pressed by hunger, they make a few balls of it with water, in the hollow of their hand. This slight nourishment suffices and supports them during very long courses.

There are other Arabs, whose way of living is still more wretched and miserable. These are the unconquered hordes, who inhabit places inaccessible. They have no fixed possessions or place of abode. If they sometimes sow a small portion of land, and if they keep flocks, as they are then obliged to settle in the plains, they never fail to be robbed. These wretched people retire therefore to

life, which they could not enjoy but by submitting, like the rest of their countrymen, to the despotic government of the Turks. These Arabs are the cruellest of all, and so eagerly do they thirst after human blood, that I could easily believe that there are canibals among them. No one dares to penetrate into the defiles of their mountains. The sovereigns of the country have sometimes carried thither considerable armies, but their enterprises have always miscarried. Either the troops have been cut to pieces in the narrow passes, or the Arabs have dispersed, and taken shelter in the interior parts of their mountains. Sometimes they descend to the level country, and plunder the neighbouring nations. I have met several of these Arabs. Their figure is horrible; they are lank and meagre, covered with rags, and disgusting on account of their dirtiness. They never attack travellers but when in large bodies; but as they live at a distance one from the other, when one makes no stay among them, and does not give them time to assemble, one may pass in many places without danger. These, my dear friend, are beings very different from us, and far removed from the sweets of society; but I have only sketched out the picture; it is so painful to paint man wretched, that my pen refuses to finish it. I am, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

TO THE SAME.

I sit down, with great pleasure, my dear friend, to give you that information which you require respecting the politeness and customs of the Moors. I frequently wish for your company; your pencil would faithfully represent what my pen can paint but very imperfectly.

Though half savage in appearance, the Moors have certain received signs to express friendship and respect—signs, which among them, have as little sincerity as among us. The most usual salutation, when the Moors meet, is to put the right hand on the breast and to incline the head, and in this posture to wish one another a good day. They en-

kaide, they kiss their hand with great respect. A mark of favour, on the part of the great man, is to present the palm of his hand to the subjects who come to render him homage, and whom he wishes to distinguish from others: generally he presents only the back part of his hand. In short, as a greater mark of submission, they kiss his head, his shoulders, his turban, and his clothes. There are some who even prostrate themselves, by placing one knee on the earth. A Moor never approaches a great man without pulling off his slippers.

When two Moors meet in the highway, they salute each other, and ask all those questions, which I have mentioned above, without stopping, and even when pursuing their journey in different directions; so that it often happens that they are too far asunder to be understood when they have got to the end of their questions. This however does not prevent them from going on.

In conversation their gestures are lively, graceful, and expressive: when one studies them with attention, it is not difficult to comprehend the subject of their discourse. Their accent is strong and sharp, and the sound of their voice is sonorous, and may be heard very far. Their being habituated to live in the open fields, and to speak to one another at a great distance, makes them acquire, from infancy, a custom of speaking very loud. I remarked, that in cities their voice is much softer, and that their accent gives less offence to the ears.

The Moors do not assix to belching the same idea of rusticity and indelicacy as the Europeans. On the contrary, when any one belches or sneezes, they offer up vows for his health. They say *saba*, which signifies *may it do you good*. They employ this expression upon many other occasions. When any of them eats, drinks, or smokes, they say to him *saba*, an expression much juster than that used by us, when we drink to one's health.

When the Moors are at rest, their usual position is not cross-legged like the Turks; they sit squatting, with their fusée upright between their knees; for they never quit their arms, except when in their tents. In this manner they pass whole days in doing nothing, and they consider themselves as ex-

tative poetry, or that which represents virtues and vices, could not take its rise, but among people who had attained to some degree of perfection in civilization. At first, mens ideas respecting it were rude, because the state of society was so in the primitive ages, but afterwards, as their ideas began to be enlarged, they modelled themselves after the manners and customs prevalent among various nations. Dramatic poetry had every where the same beginning; it preserved amongst all nations some analogy to truth, that is to say, the representation of certain parts of their national history, or of the common events of life. Our author pretends, that the Theatre, properly so called, originated in the East, where indeed the most ancient nations still subsist. China, Japan, and the neighbouring countries, if we can credit their annals, gave birth to music, 22771 years before our æra; but with regard to theatrical representations, it is impossible to determine their epoch.—

They were used as a part of their liturgy, and entertainments of that kind had always a place at their sacred festivals. Travellers have seen them in Java, Tonquin, and Japan. In the last mentioned place the women who follow the profession of comedians are considered as infamous, and declared unworthy of burial. The Japanese nobility, who adore them, and load them with riches when they are alive, suffer their bodies after death to become a prey to dogs. Actresses are held almost in the same estimation in China, where, a little before the foundation of the Roman empire, an Emperor espoused a female comedian, as Justinian did several centuries after, at Constantinople. By an absurdity, formerly common in some parts of Europe, whilst the profession of a player and buffoon was declared infamous, and those who exercised it were excluded from interment, Princes and the greatest Lords represented plays and pantomimes in their palaces. It was even not rare to see a King and all his family act in the presence of his court. As far as we know, the Chinese are not acquainted with our rules respecting the unity of time, place, and action. Their drama is for the most part mixt, that is to say, tragi-comic, the number of acts is not determined, and the first is always a pro-

The fourth and fifth chapters of this work are dedicated to the Theatre which existed in America three centuries ago; and to those which have been observed in the South Seas in our time, though the author is far from believing that they can boast of great antiquity. The Mexicans, at the time when they were invaded by the Spaniards, had certain pantomimical and masked dances, which they called *mitra*. The nobility and the citizens divided into chorusses, cut capers, sung verses and drank strong liquors. The republicans of Tlascala had, as far as can be conjectured, something more regular, and in general, the half savage tribes had pantomimes representing battles, stratagems, triumphs, and warlike actions, and the performers went through their parts in a very natural manner. They were so animated, and so full of the character which they acted, that the European spectators were frightened. The Peruvians, who shewed some notion of the sciences, and of the arts of industry, had poets called *harawec*, of whose works some fragments still remain, and at Cusco they celebrated festivals similar to those celebrated by the ancient Greeks at their national and solemn assemblies. It is known, or it is said to be known, that a kind of philosophical poets, called *Amauti*, had invented there also dramatic fables, in which Princes and the Chiefs of the nation bore a part. The Spaniards, after their invasion, destroyed every thing in these unfortunate countries; but the place where the Mexican families assembled in the greatest numbers, *Cbiapa de los Indios*, still preserves many of the usages of their ancestors. Our author assures us, that they still make "pictures and fluffs of feathers, an ancient art of the Mexicans, in which no one ever could imitate them. They perform with much dexterity all the manœuvres of the Spanish method of wrestling, as well as of bull fights and of cudgelling. They exhibit grand naval combats on the river which runs past their city; they construct wooden castles, which they cover with painted cloth, and which they attack and defend, and they practise painting, music and dancing, and have public Theatres. The Peruvians on certain days of the year resume their ancient manner of dress; and carry through the streets images representing the sun and the moon. Some exhibit certain theatrical entertainments, particularly a tragedy on the death of their last Inca. This representation has such an effect upon the audience, that they burst into tears, and they sometimes rise to such a degree of enthusiasm, that it is astonishing that some of the Spaniards have never become the victims of their fury.

Our celebrated navigator, Captain Cook,

saw a dramatic ballet exhibited at Ulitea, which had a great resemblance to those so often repeated upon the theatres of Europe. Two companies of dancers, distinguished by the colour of their dress, represented servants on the one side, and thieves on the other. The master of the former left under their care a basket full of provisions; and the latter, as they were dancing, attempted, by putting themselves in various positions, to steal it, while the servants redoubled their vigilance to prevent them. They, however, fell asleep around the basket which they guarded; the thieves took advantage of this opportunity to carry it off, and, overjoyed with their prize, retired dancing. The servants, awakened by the noise, perceived the theft, and began to dance with signs of despair, &c. All this is a pantomime, very simple assuredly, but which however supposes some notion of a theatre in the people among whom it is found. The author then proceeds to the Grecian theatre, and to that epocha when it approached nearest to the rude simplicity of that of unpolished nations.

Tragedy took its origin from the ancient Dionysia, which were feasts celebrated by sacrificing to Bacchus a goat, the destroyer of vines in the time of the vintage. In this entertainment, at first entirely composed of hymns in honour of that deity, episodes were gradually introduced by way of interludes. These gave pleasure to the hearers, and in process of time acquired a better form. They were called indifferently tragedy or comedy, and constituted a new kind of spectacle, which was very agreeable to the Greeks. In this state of primitive rudeness it remained for some time; afterwards civilization and new political institutions increased its objects, interesting facts, worthy of being remembered, were multiplied; people wished to see them represented in a natural manner, and to this was owing that perfection to which this species of entertainment was afterwards brought. Thespis, the contemporary of Solon, separated it from comic buffooneries, and rendered it in some measure regular. Chærilus invented the mask, and Phrynicus, the first of that name, left seven heroic tragedies, the titles of which are scarcely preserved. Æschylus found things in a better situation. He caused Agatharcus to erect the first theatre ever seen at Athens; and tragedies were no longer represented upon waggons, drawn about from street to street, in the midst of the populace, but in a respectable place, and before a select audience. The decoration of the scenes and of the actors acquired more dignity, and the ballet, and the choruses of the singers were directed only by the poet. Æschylus composed about an hundred tragedies, and thirty times gained the theatric crown.

crown. Of these, however, no more remain but seven. Mr. Signorelli, who wished to give us a philosophical and critical history, and not a simple chronicle or journal of dates and titles, analyses these pieces one after the other, and renders his work less dry by inserting some of the most striking passages which he has translated. He does not conceal the critical observations which have been made on Æschylus by his commentators, but he defends him with success.

Sophocles, who was contemporary with the last years of Æschylus, carried tragedy to a degree of perfection which none of his successors ever surpassed, or perhaps equalled. He wrote one hundred and thirty tragedies, of which seven only have escaped the ravages of time and the barbarism of superstition. Our author gives faithful and judicious extracts from him; but he does not, through excess of veneration, spare the poet when he thinks him faulty, and he does not neglect to defend him when he finds him unjustly accused. We would advise young poets, who may find themselves inclined to make any attempts in the drama, to peruse his remarks attentively, before they read those two great masters of antiquity, Sophocles and Euripides. "Euripides naturally of a melancholy disposition, and an enemy to effeminacy, sought amidst the horrors and silence of a cavern, in the island of Salamis, a retreat where he might reflect upon those passions which agitate the mind of man. By this he knew better than any one, how to speak to the heart, and to command the attention by managing the pathetic, unknown before at Athens, in a very delicate manner, for which Aristotle gave him the title of *tragical in the highest degree*." Aristotle, however, and not without reason, reproaches him with a little negligence in the conduct of his tragedies, which proves that he employed more care in giving a faithful picture of nature, than of reconciling it with art. Of Euripides, we have nineteen tragedies remaining; but he wrote ninety-two, of several of which we have fragments.

The author compares, in the extract which he gives from Myppolitus, the beauties of the Greek original with those of the excellent copy of Racine; he relates

he was a successful rival. He had offended him by some epigrams; but when informed of his death, he sincerely lamented him, and ordered his actors to appear on the stage without crowns or ornaments, and in mourning dresses. It must indeed be allowed, that with these two geniuses the glory of the Greek tragedy disappeared. Plato, before he gave himself up entirely to philosophy, Socrates, the orator, Melitus, the rhetorician, Theodectes, a second Euripides, Alceus, Agatho, Heraclides, Acheus of Syracuse, Dion, and Mamercus, the tyrant of Catania, all wrote tragedies, none of which remain, though we find eulogiums passed on them by ancient writers. In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, seven other tragic writers acquired some reputation, but none of their works are preserved.

From the tragedy of the Greeks, our author proceeds to their comedy, and he describes its origin and progress among that people. Ancient scholars and grammarians inform us, that Sufarion was the first inventor of comedy, but some authors give that honour to Epicaneus, who flourished in Sicily; the latter wrote about fifty pieces for the stage. Several authors make mention of a great number of comic writers, but the most distinguished was Aristophanes, of whose works eleven comedies remain, replete with fire and Attic humour.

Our author, in the account which he gives of these comedies, shews the highest esteem for that genius of the ancient comic theatre, without, however, idolizing the whole of his pieces. According to Suidas, he expired on the stage, whilst he received a crown, amidst the applauses of the people. After him good comedy did not disappear entirely, but what Antiphanes, Anaxandrides, and a great many others did, has not reached us. That kind of comedy which was established at Athens during the oligarchy, our author calls *mezzana*. The few citizens who remained at the head of the government, took it very ill that they were introduced upon the stage. Alcibiades who was one of them, made Eupolis to be thrown into the sea without any ceremony; it was afterwards ordered that the name of no person who was in life should be mentioned on the stage, as had been

rendered the comic poets more circumspect, they confined themselves then to expose private vices. It would appear that Aristophanes wrote his comedy called *Plutus*, with a kind of reserve, for he is not so severe in that piece as in some others; but in his *Ecclæsus*, which is almost entirely lost, we have an example of reserve still greater. The new comedy, that is to say, the new kind, to which fear and a dread of the law gave birth, was cultivated successfully by the children of Aristophanes, who found among the writings of their father, abundant matter to put in order, and to present to the public. Amongst many others who distinguished themselves in this new kind, there were three of the name of Apollodorus, two called Philemon, and Menander, some of whose fragments remain, and a few comedies translated by Terence. The *Hecyra*, for example, belongs to one of these writers, named Apollodorus, but it is not precisely known to which of them. The *Andrian*, the *Eunuch*, and the *Heautontimorumenos* are of Menander, &c. The first comic writers of the Latins derived much assistance from the inexhaustible store of this writer, who, in regularity of plot, knowledge of the passions, and choice of expressions, was particularly distinguished. His comedies perished in the common wreck of time, and not one of them has reached us entire in their original language.

In the eighth chapter, Mr. Signorelli treats separately of satirical representations, of pantomimes or dumb comedies, where every thing is expressed by gestures, of the *neurospasti*, or puppet shews, which were moved by chords, and of several other exhibitions peculiar to the ancient theatres. In the ninth chapter he treats of tragic and comic masks, the use of which it would be impossible for us to adopt after the manner of the ancients. And lastly, in the tenth chapter, which terminates the volume, he has collected every thing certain and interesting to be found in the voluminous works of the learned, respecting the form of the ancient theatres, and the condition of the Grecian performers.

Account of an Essay on the Physical, Moral and Political Reformation of the Jews; a Work composed by the Royal Society at Paris

France, and themselves more useful. Having taken a view of the ancient and present state of these people, he refutes several calumnies propagated concerning them; enquires into the causes of our hatred against them; speaks of their invariable attachment to their opinions and customs; takes a view of their moral character; and proves that the greatest part of their vices arise from the persecutions which they have suffered. He then proceeds to examine the physical constitution of the Jews, and their great population, pointing out the danger of tolerating them, such as they are at present, not only on account of this numerous population, but also on account of their aversion for other people, and of their usurious commerce.

Mr. Gregoire takes notice also, of the insufficiency of the means hitherto employed to suppress usury among the Jews, proposes new ones, the execution of which appears to him to be possible, and shews that these people might be trained up to the arts, to trade, to agriculture, and even to the art military. The author then speaks of the effects produced by the laws lately passed in their favour among some neighbouring nations, of the influence which the proposed reformation would have on the national commerce, considers that carried on by the Jews, and defines within what bounds it ought to be restrained. Mr. Gregoire is of opinion, that these people ought not to be confined to separate quarters, but to be dispersed among Christians. He next examines whether they should be permitted to live according to their own laws; and is almost of opinion that they ought to be allowed to hold civil employments, to be ennobled, and to be members of academies. Lastly, he treats of their education, enquires into the nature and causes of the prejudices of the Jewish nation, proposes means for abolishing them, discusses the question whether the Jews should be forced to adopt those means of reformation, and shews the necessity of preparing them, as well as the Christians, for that revolution which can be brought about only by time.

To give our readers a better idea of this small work, and of the author's manner, we shall make a few extracts from it.

Since the reign of Vespasian, says Mr.

capital laid in ashes, and their body politic dissolved. Become the sport of fortune and outcasts from the earth, always tossed about between death and the poignard, they concluded, no doubt, that the measure of their calamities was completed. They were, however, deceived; a Roman Emperor exercised cruelties against them which even surpassed those which they had suffered before. Fire, sword, and famine, destroyed four millions of Jews, under the reign of Adrian, including five hundred and eighty thousand slaughtered in the revolt of Barchochebas,* and the few who escaped were deprived of the consolation of contemplating, even at a distance, the ruins of Jerusalem trod under foot by the Gentiles. Before, they were seen, covered with rags, traversing in tears the Mount of Olives, and the remains of their temple; and they were obliged to be economists, in their misery, that they might be able to satisfy the avarice of the soldiers for this indulgence. At this price they obtained the signal favour of being permitted to go thither and lament on the anniversary of the sacking of their city; and the Jews purchased the right of shedding tears in that spot where they had shed the blood of Jesus Christ.

To aggravate their disaster, they were forced to abandon for ever a country to which they were attached by so many ties, and which so powerful motives rendered dear to their hearts. On quitting with reluctance the places of their nativity, places to which they continually turned their eyes, but to which they were never more to return, they dispersed themselves into every corner of the globe, to solicit for shelter. With trembling they went to throw themselves at the feet of nations who tolerate them only to oppress them, and amongst whom they are sheltered from torments only by contempt. Their sighs are even considered as signs of rebellion; and popular fury, which spreads like flames, stains whole provinces with their blood.

Mr. Gregoire, persuaded that it is of the

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highest importance to speak to the feelings, as well as to the judgment, is of opinion, that to trace out these scenes of horror may be attended with the most salutary effects.

By putting the Jews in mind, adds he, of the mildness of the present government, their hearts will be awakened to gratitude: and by tracing out to Christians the crimes of their ancestors, they will see what remains to be done to expiate them. Let us remember that the Jews scarcely yet begin to breathe; that, from the taking of Jerusalem to the sixteenth century, there are few countries in Europe which have not successively expelled and recalled them, and in which they have not been plundered, massacred, or burnt. We may even consider the duration of their misfortunes as prolonged to the present day. The whole world have wrecked their fury on the remains of this nation. They have been almost always happy to shed nothing but tears, and there are few parts in the world which have not been tinged with their blood. We speak with horror of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but the Jews have been hundreds of times the victims of more tragical scenes; and who were their murderers?

The following passage concerning toleration, displays the benevolence, liberality, and good sense of its author.

To persecute a religion, is almost always the sure means of rendering it dearer to those who profess it; and men have had too many opportunities of ascertaining the truth of this observation. In such a case, self-love is interested in preserving principles which have cost torments; and besides that, misfortune, which sometimes conducts to crimes and to despair, rarely conducts to incredulity, because a man abandoned by his fellow creatures naturally turns his eyes towards Heaven, in hopes of finding consolation there for his sufferings. Such are the Jews. The expectation of a Messiah, who is to bring with him happiness and glory, makes them forget the anguish of a life replete with adversity; and the hope of future happiness is to them a source of pre-

of his sufferings. A martyr to opinion, he would have nothing to lose or gain by the esteem of the public, even should he be converted, because the world would neither believe in his virtue nor his sincerity. Being despised, he is now become despicable. Had we been in his place, we should have perhaps been much worse.

Shaftesbury observes, that the Jews are naturally gloomy and melancholy. This may very well be expected of a people continually surrounded by terrors. Hence that suspicious look, and that forced and timid air, which reigns in their physiognomy, and which is displayed in all their actions. Their fear is the fruit of slavery; their hearts are daunted by misery; and despair strengthens their aversion to Christians, and sometimes conducts them to vengeance. Such is the incontestible genealogy of many crimes, and almost always the progress of human nature, in the like cases; but the wrongs of the Jews, and their sufferings, accuse our conduct towards them. Whilst you grant them the tribute of a sigh, confess, nations, that this is your work! The Jews have produced the effects, you have been the causes; who are the most culpable?

The next article may displease some people; but we are confident it will please the greater number.

What is *usury*? The acceptance of this word is not yet fixed by a definition universally received, and this is a great vacuum in our code of morals. Several casuists, however, the number of whom is continually encreasing, and whose logic is weighty, authorize interest upon money lent, such as it is fixed by the Sovereign; and the more so, as the church has pronounced dogmatically on this head. It is not here the proper place to treat of this subject, which has been fully investigated by several authors; but I may venture to predict, that, in less than half a century, all will think in the same manner. Let us wish for the arrival of that moment; it will be a strong barrier against usury. The legal facility of procuring a lucrative loan, will multiply the resources of the needy.

The principal means of abolishing usury among the Jews are, says the author, to annul for the future their debts among Christians, by securing them payment of the preceding.

Speaking of the aptitude of the Jews for trade, agriculture, and the military art, the author quotes modern facts in support of his assertions, and endeavours to demonstrate that these people might usefully be trained to arms.

The Quakers, and the wandering Gypsies, says he, have a moral constitution very different from that of all other nations; *Hib. Mag. Nov. 1789.*

yet it has not been thought impossible to connect them with government, and the attempts made for that purpose have been crowned with success. Some provinces of Poland and Russia present a whimsical mixture of different religions. Near a Protestant, who eats his fowl on a Friday, is a Catholic who confines himself to eggs; and both drink wine, and exercise their callings, on that day, by the side of a Turk, who, circumcised like the Jew, abstains from wine, and from every kind of labour; and yet these varieties do not disturb the peace of society.

The author is strongly of opinion that the Jews ought to be dispersed among the Christians.

To the inconveniencies which Boëhemer thought he saw in mixing the Jews with us, we may oppose the real dangers which result from their residing in separate quarters. It is in these dismal retreats that a pestilential air is continually fermenting, which is calculated to occasion, or to spread, epidemical disorders. It is there that the Jews form always a separate people, and where their misery and their prejudices are concentrated. These prejudices are so much the deeper rooted as they are supported by enthusiasm and example; for enthusiasm and example act in proportion to the approach of individuals; and to these, more than any other, the Jew is easily subjected, as his ignorance and his principles lay him open to seduction. Afterwards, when any attempts are made to undeceive a people who have erred under the influence of these two causes, they will be more successful, if one endeavours to work upon them separately, than upon a numerous body united.

Mr. Gregoire insists much upon the destruction of Jewish communities, and gives some hints respecting the abolishing of their gibberish, which is an obstacle to the spreading of knowledge. After having established that, in the first ages of the church, marriages between Jews and Christians were permitted, he adds—

We can hope little, however, from a man, when he is come to maturity; his habit is formed, or it escapes us: let us therefore attack the evil at its root, and let us make sure of the rising generation while it advances towards puberty. Let this youth have the same education as is bestowed on the different classes of society, either in inferior schools, or in colleges and universities. This presupposes, that in many places, and in many things, you have meliorated public instruction; that the schools of jurisprudence among others have been totally reformed, and that enlightened preceptors, loving their pupils without distinction, whether Jews or Christians, will

establish amongst them that cordiality which may prevent the mischiefs that arise from inveterate hatred.

What are the causes of the prejudices of the Jewish nation?

The traditions of the Jew, his books, and his festivals, observes the author, continually bring prodigies to his remembrance, so that, become familiar with the marvellous, and being credulous through ignorance, and superstitious through misery, he gives himself up to all the delusions of falsehood, and cannot distinguish between real miracles and absurd fables, reprobated by reason. The government of the ancient Hebrews was a true theocracy. Since that epoch, they have connected all knowledge with that of the law, even to the sublime science of slaying animals; every thing enters into the plan of their religious system. This assemblage has given rise to a multitude of reveries, to which it has always been permitted to add. We may thence judge, that enlightened notions cannot be introduced among them but with difficulty, because the least change appears to be an innovation. The chaos of talmudical traditions has become their theology; but theology, properly so called, is a science which is not susceptible of discoveries: it proposes dogmas for belief, and supports these dogmas by motives of credibility. But if one advances beyond this sphere, the most sublime knowledge is disfigured; and what is the case among us, ought much more to be the case among the Jews.

Mr. Gregoire does not fail to examine the contempt which the Jews entertain for the female sex.

This conduct, says he, is common to them, and to other nations among whom permission to divorce their wives, and to have a plurality, keeps women in a state of subjection, and makes them be considered merely as the base instruments of their pleasure. Those legal impurities which, among the Hebrews, removed them sometimes from

of the husband, his heart will be opened to the impressions of delicacy, and, by cherishing his spouse, he will contract the habitude of respecting his equal. In general, consideration for the fair sex is in proportion to the progress which a nation has made in civilization.

To this work are added instructive and amusing notes; the most curious of which are, the history of a council held by the Jews in Hungary, observations concerning the pretended stink of these people, on their profession of faith, and on the presents required from them; very humorous details respecting their credulity; an affecting elegy, by a Jewish poet; and, lastly, tables of mortality, made out from the registers of the Jews of Metz, for the space of 32 years.

The Story of Hannah, when in Bedlam.
Taken from her own Mouth.

MY father rented a farm of about sixty pounds a year, of a lady to whom he was many years a servant, and who out of regard to his faithful services, became my godmother. While young I was sent to school as a half-boarder by her ladyship; but when I was turned of fourteen, and capable of assisting my mother, she took me from school to do the household work in the family. This life pleased me much, for though laborious, 'tis healthy, and the rural diversions we frequently had in that country made it very agreeable. When I grew to woman's estate I was addressed by a young man who had often been my partner at country dancings. He was not very handsome, but of a sweet disposition, and his vivacity, sincerity, and good-nature rendered him more agreeable to me than all other men. As he was the son of a substantial farmer, who had always supported a good character, my father had no objection to the match, and my godmother, who had been consulted about it, was so well pleased, that she entertained us two evenings at her house; talked to us freely on that head, and gave me in his hearing, some assurances of

master to influence me, who finding that impracticable, sent to my father, begged him to use his authority over me, and plainly told me if I did not marry that gentleman I should never have the legacy left me 'till he had carried it through "all the courts in *Westminster-hall*, and saddled me with a suit that should sink one half of the money." But, this did not affect me; I was determined to be faithful to my lover, and was persuaded he would gladly have taken me without a farthing, 'till I received three letters from him, all importing that he thought my fortune was precarious, my affections too wavering, and my person not so pure as he should wish for in a wife. He threw out some hints respecting my entertaining the officer, which stung me to the quick, and induced me, more out of pride and revenge than any thing else, to marry him. As soon as we were married, the legacy left me by my godmother was immediately paid into his hands, all but one thousand pounds, which I afterwards found was abated, and given up to the executor by previous contract, for his aid in the affair. Believe what I am going to say, madam. (*Here she took hold of my hand, and stared me full in the face.*) The greatest part of men are rogues, and with them the ruin of a poor innocent girl is a mere matter of diversion, and serves only for a laughing story at a Bacchanalian feast. This I know from experience, and experience makes us wise.

For oh! he's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
And laid in the cold grave!

(*Here she rambled a little, repeated two or three stanzas of a song, and then returned to her story.*)

The villain, my husband, says she, with an emphasis, not satisfied with this booty, wanted also to make a prey of my poor father, whom he assured that he had a large estate in the North of England, and that he had nothing to do but to quit his farming business, and to retire thither with him, and live like a gentleman. My good father, incapable of doing ill himself, suspected none, but immediately sold all his effects, and put the money into my husband's hands, who was to manage it for him to great advantage in the stocks. As soon as we came to London, the inhuman creature plundered me of all my best apparel, which he sold, and then made off to Ireland with the money, leaving us in a strange place, without a penny to subsist on. My father made some enquiries after him in order to recover his money, and was informed that he was one of those infamous creatures who dealt in that way, and that besides me, he had a wife in Ireland, one in Scotland, and ano-

ther in the West Indies, whom he had treated in the very same manner; his leaving me I did not regard, for I had no affection for him, and as by the assistance of an accidental friend, I got into business, which would maintain my father and me, I was pretty easy on that score: what gave me this terrible disorder and will for ever hang on my mind, was some letters I received from my Philemon, who had all this while long languished for me. The disappointment which he was unable to bear threw him into a consumption of which he died.

These letters were wrote in a hand as much like mine as you can conceive any thing to be. They were addressed to him as if coming from me, and contained such sentiments as never entered into my head! The purport of them was to forbid him ever calling on me, or writing to me again, and to inform him that I was then contracted to the captain, and to be married in a few days. When I saw my name thus prostituted to my own undoing, and to the ruin of a man I so dearly loved, you may judge of my behaviour, and of my trouble and anxiety; for this convinced me that the letters directed to me as if from him, were also counterfeits which he was no way privy to, and that the whole was an imposition, projected and carried on by the basest of villains, my undoer.—The gentleman who brought me these letters assured me that he received them from my dear Philemon on his death-bed, with a strict charge to deliver them into my own hands, and to assure me that in his dying moments he forgave me, and prayed for my happiness. Such matchless innocence! such worth! such truth! But he's gone, he's gone! Philemon's gone!

(*Here she sang some verses, the tears at the same time trickling down her cheeks, and then returned to her story.*)

This gentleman further informed me that one of my most intimate acquaintances whom my Philemon had employed in the character of a *go-between*, had fomented this difference betwixt us, (bribed I suppose by my basest of brutes) and wrote and carried him the letters in my name, and this secret the dread of a just judgment hereafter had extorted from her on her death bed; for she did not live long to enjoy the fruits of her wicked labour. But she was not only the serpent, the devil was concealed, and did not discover himself 'till after he had wrought our entire overthrow.

But to Philemon's grave I'll go
And lay my head on the stone,
Which with my tears I'll daily dew,
And melt it with my moan.

The Knight, and the Trap-Door.

IN former times, a gentleman of some distinction, of the kingdom of Mont-berger, a knight, and noted for his feats of valour, had, in his sleep, a very singular dream: he fancied that he saw a lady of extraordinary beauty, and conceived a sudden passion for her. He knew nothing either of her name or country; but her person and her features had struck him so forcibly, and were so strongly imprinted on his memory, that he had no doubt of recognising her in any part of the world.

By a fatality no less singular, the lady dreamed that love had united her affections with those of the knight, whose name she knew not, but whose figure was so strongly engraved in her bosom that change of time could not efface it.

It certainly does not appear to be the act of a very wise or prudent man to go upon an enterprise in consequence of a dream; yet, it is what our knight resolved to do. In order to meet the accomplishment of this adventure, he prepared an equipage, loaded a war-horse with gold and silver, and began his journey. Several months elapsed, while he was beating the country ineffectually, without any check to his hopes, or any abatement to his ardour. At length he discovered near the sea-coast a castle surrounded with ramparts recently constructed, with a tower of prodigious strength, of which the walls were thirty feet thick, and about a bow shot in height. The lord of the mansion was a rich and powerful duke, jealous of a beautiful lady, whom he kept confined in this fortress, secured by eighteen locks of vast strength and intricacy. He committed the care of the gates to no deputy, but shut and opened them himself. He always carried the keys about him, and would not entrust them to any living being.

On his entrance into the town, the knight cast his eyes accidentally upon the tower, and perceived at one of the windows a face that he recollected: it was the lady of his dream, her whom he sought with so much anxiety, and her whom he had loved before he saw her. She also had descried him at a considerable distance, and knew his person. So eager was she on the discovery, that nothing but the fear of her jealous hus-

in his service, giving himself out for a gentleman who had killed a knight in a tournament, and was, by a persecution from the relations of the deceased, obliged to quit his native country. "You are welcome, said the duke, I am this moment in war with enemies who are committing depredations on my frontiers; you may be useful to me, and I am willing to accept the offer of your services."

The very next day, the knight had occasion to exercise his valour. His arm, strong by love, performed wonders. In less than three months the enemies of the duke were either killed, dispersed or made prisoners, the country rescued and the roads free. The conqueror, in recompence, was made, on his return, the duke's chamberlain; and then he thought seriously of putting into execution the project which his passion had suggested to convey him into the presence of the duchess.

Under some plausible pretext, he persuaded the duke to make him the grant of a piece of ground in the court-yard, with permission to build a small lodge upon his own plan. This he obtained without difficulty. He caused then to be erected, at a little distance from the tower, but not so near as to excite jealousy in the duke, a small house with a drain and back door. When all the walls were finished and the roof covered, he seduced the architect by a bribe, and ordered him to make a subterraneous passage to communicate with the tower. When he had penetrated to the floor, he contrived a trap-door, which was made with so much art, and shut so closely, that the nearest eye could not discern it. He found no difficulty after that, to make his way into the tower, to see his lady, and to attain the summit of his wishes. On his leaving the tower, he gave as a pledge for her fidelity a very valuable ring, with which the duke had presented her. The knight, who had projected another plot, no sooner was in the presence of the husband than he endeavoured by every means to display the new acquisition upon his finger. The jealous duke changed colour at the sight. He nevertheless had prudence enough not to drop a hint of his suspicions to the chamberlain, but went immediately to the tower, in order to interrogate the duchess.

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with oaths and menaces, the lady, without saying another word, or appearing anxious to know the motive for his curiosity, opened the box in which she had just before laid uptherring, and presented it to him. That was enough to restore her to his confidence, and to banish suspicion upon that head. He concluded that the chamberlain had got a ring that much resembled it, and went to rest in perfect tranquillity of mind. On the following day, he took it into his head to hunt in the forest, and desired the chamberlain to be in readiness to attend him. "Sire, answered the knight, have the goodness to dispense with my attendance to day; my mistress is this instant arrived. During my absence, she had found means to compound with my prosecutors, and this intelligence, which she brought me in person, obliges me to quit your service, and to leave the castle to-morrow. But, sire, she is desirous to make her acknowledgments for your bounty to me, and begs that you will sup with her to night on your return from the chace." The duke assented. Now this was a trick which the two lovers had concerted; and the pretended mistress, with whom the duke was to sup, was no other than the duchess herself.

In the evening she passed through the trap-door into the chamberlain's lodge. There she found a rich dress, which he had provided to disguise her a little.

The duke, on entering with his attendants, saw a lady of extreme beauty, and dressed with uncommon splendour. The knight taking her by the hand and presenting her, said, "Sire, receive my mistress, the sole object of my love, and one whom I hope soon to call my wife." Scarcely had the duke cast his eyes upon her face, but he thought he recognized his wife's features, and was thrown into the utmost consternation. The lady without appearing to perceive it, took her seat at the table. She then desired the duke to sit down by her, and pressed him to eat; but he could not swallow a morsel. A thousand ideas floated in his brain; during the whole time of supper, he had his eyes fixed on her, like one enchanted, and wondered how it could be possible for his consort to escape out of a tower, so strong, so high, and so well secured.

On rising from the table, he retired again to satisfy his suspicion. The duchess at the same time threw off hastily her rich dress; and passing through the trap-door, got to her apartment in the tower: when she placed herself in bed and pretended to be in a profound sleep. The duke was very agreeably surprised, after having opened and examined all his doors, to find the duchess in bed. He thought of this affair just as he did of the former, and considering that it was

as likely for two women as for two rings to bear a close resemblance to each other. This reflection restored his peace of mind. He also then lay down, and passed the night with the duchess, little imagining that this was to be the last.

The knight had before made all necessary preparations for his departure; a vessel privately equipped, attended in the harbour, the wind was favourable, and every thing seconded his design.

Early the next morning our lovers came to take leave of the duke, just as he was going to mattins, and respectfully asked of him a parting favour, that of being a witness to their marriage. "My bride," said he, "requires your approbation of our union, and I myself wish to receive my happiness from your hands." The duke having signified his readiness to comply with this request, the knight hastened to conduct the duchess who waited for him at the lodge. She came covered with a hood, and in as close a disguise as possible. Two knights attended her to the church, when the duke fully cured of his suspicions, presented her in marriage to the chamberlain. From the church, the newly married couple repaired to the vessel, in which they were to take their departure. The duke with all his attendants insisted on accompanying them himself. He gave his hand to help the bride upon deck, and, rallying her on the joy that was perceptible in her countenance, bid her adieu with good humour and gallantry. But this pleasantry did not last long; for returning to the tower, he soon discovered who the lady was that he had given away in marriage, and who shewed such alacrity at her departure. She was gone; and all that remained for him was the shame and vexation of having been duped so egregiously.

Observations on the Manners of the Syrians.

THE situation of the women among the Orientals, occasions a great contrast between their manners and ours. Such is their delicacy on this head, that they never speak of them; and it would be esteemed highly indecent to make any enquiries of the men respecting the women of their family. We must be considerably advanced in familiarity with them to enter into a conversation with them on such a subject, and when we then give them some account of our manners it is impossible to express their amazement.

They are unable to conceive how our women go with their faces uncovered, when in their country an uplifted veil is the mark of a prostitute, or the signature for a love adventure. They have no idea how it is possible to see them, to talk with them, and to touch them without emotion, or to be

be alone with them without proceeding to the last extremities. This astonishment will sufficiently show what opinion they entertain of their females; and we do not hesitate to conclude they are absolutely ignorant of love, in our sense of the word. That desire on which it is founded is with them stripped of all those accessories which constitute its charm; privation is there without a sacrifice, victory without a combat, and enjoyment without delicacy; they pass at once from torment to satiety. Lovers there are prisoners, always watching to deceive their keepers, and always alert to seize the first opportunity, because it seldom happens, and is soon lost. Secret as conspirators they conceal their good fortune as a crime, because it is attended with no less fatal consequences. Indiscretion can scarcely avoid the poniard, the pistol, or poison. Its destructive consequences to the women render them implacable in punishing, and to revenge themselves they are frequently more cruel than their husbands and their brothers. This decorum preserves a considerable degree of chastity and decorum in the country; but in the great towns where there are more resources for intrigue, as much debauchery prevails as among us; only with this difference, that it is more concealed. Aleppo, Damascus, and above all, Cairo are not second in this respect to our provincial capitals. Young girls are reserved there, as every where else, because the discovery of a love adventure would cost them their lives; but married women give themselves up to pleasure, with the more freedom to indemnify themselves for the long and strict restraint they have endured, and because they have often just reason to revenge themselves on their masters. In fact, from the practice of polygamy permitted by the Koran, the Turks in general are enervated very early, and nothing is more common than to hear men of thirty complaining of impotence. This is the malady for which they generally consult the Europeans, desiring them to give them *madjoun*, by which they mean provocatives. This infirmity is more mortifying to them, as sterility is a reproach among the orientals; they still retain for fecundity all the esteem of ancient times; and the best wish you can make a young girl is, that she may soon get a husband, and have a great number of children. From this prejudice they hasten their marriages so much that it is not rare to see girls of nine or ten years old married to boys of twelve or thirteen. It must, however, be confessed that the apprehensions of libertinism, and the severity with which that is punished by the Turkish police, greatly contribute to these premature unions, which must likewise be reckoned among the causes of early impotence. The

ignorance of the Turks will not suffer itself to be persuaded on this head, and they are so irrational as to force nature at the very time their health is impaired by excess. This also is to be ascribed to the Koran, in which the amorous prophet has taken care to insert a precept, inculcating this species of duty. Montesquieu, therefore, is in the right to assign polygamy as one of the causes of depopulation in Turkey; but it is one of the least considerable, as there are few but the rich who allow themselves a plurality of women; the common people, and especially those of the country, content themselves with one; and persons are sometimes to be met with even among the higher ranks, who are wise enough to imitate their example, and confess that one wife is quite sufficient.

What we are able to learn of the domestic life of the husbands, who have several wives, is by no means calculated to make their lot envied. Their house is a perpetual scene of tumult and contention. Nothing is to be heard but quarrels between the different wives, and complaints to the husband. The four legal married women complain that their slaves are preferred to them, and the slaves that they are abandoned to the jealousy of their mistresses. If one wife obtains a trinket, a token of favour, or permission to go to the bath, all the others require the same, and league together in the common cause. To restore peace the polygamist is obliged to assume the tone of a despot, and from that moment he meets with nothing but the sentiment of slaves, the appearance of fondness, and real hatred. In vain does each of these women protest she loves him more than the rest, in vain do they fly on his entering the apartments, to present him his pipe and his slippers, to prepare his dinner, to serve him his coffee; in vain, whilst he is effeminately stretched out upon his carpet, do they chase away the flies which incommode him; all these attentions and caresses have no other object than to procure an addition to their trinkets and moveables, that should he repudiate them, they may be able to tempt another husband, or find a resource in what becomes their only property. They are merely courtesans, who think of nothing but to strip their lover before he quits them; and this lover long since deprived of desires, teized by feigned fondness, and tormented with all the listlessness of satiety, is far from enjoying as we may well imagine an enviable situation.

In the cities where we see most activity, as Aleppo, Damascus, and Cairo, all their amusements consist in going to the bath, or meeting together in coffee houses, which only resemble ours in name. There, in a large

large room filled with smoke, seated on ragged mats, the wealthier class of people pass whole days in smoking their pipes, talking of business in concise phrases, uttered at long intervals, and frequently in saying nothing. Sometimes the dulness of this silent assembly is relieved by the entrance of a singer, some dancing girls, or one of those story-tellers they call Nashid, who, to obtain a few paras, relates a tale, or recites verses from some ancient poet. Nothing attracts an equal the attention with which they listen to this orator: people of all ranks have a very extraordinary passion for this species of amusement. A European traveller is not a little surprised to see the Turkish sailors, when the weather is calm, assemble on the deck, and attentively listen for two or three hours together to a declamation, which the most unexperienced ear must at once perceive to be poetry, from the exactness of the measure, and the continually recurring rhymes. It is not in this alone that the common people in the East excel ours in delicacy. The populace even in the great cities, notwithstanding the turbulence of their dispositions, are never so brutal as we frequently see them with us, and they have the great merit of not being addicted to drunkenness, a vice from which even our country peasants are not free. Perhaps this is the only real advantage produced by the legislation of Mahomet; unless we may add the prohibition of the games of chance, for which the Orientals have therefore no taste; chess is the only amusement of this kind they hold in any estimation, and we frequently find among them very skilful players.

Of all the different species of public exhibitions the only one they know, and which is common at Cairo alone, is, that of strollers, who shew feats of strength like our rope-dancers, and tricks of sleight of hand like our jugglers. We there see some of them eating flints; others breathing flames; some cutting their arms, or perforating their sides without receiving any hurt, and others devouring serpents. The people from whom they carefully conceal the secrets of their arts, entertain a sort of veneration for them, and call these extraordinary performances, which appear to have been very ancient in these countries, by a name which

them best, allow that they find in them a people of more humane and generous character, and possessing more simplicity, and more refined and open manners, than even the inhabitants of European countries.

The History of Humanus. Drawn from real Life.

Veluti in Speculum.

IN passing through the village of T —, in Dorsetshire, in my way to Plymouth, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of an ancient building. This venerable pile first appeared to my view through the shade of a vast range of time-worn oaks and elms in which the rooks had made their nests, seemingly with a view for a readier address to that heaven to which the meanest reptile pays homage, probably with more sincerity than lordly man. Indeed, it might have passed unobserved by me, but from the clamorous vociferations of the birds. On coming nearer to it, I found the court-yard, which was spacious, crowded with persons of various ages and appearances; and, on closer inspection, I observed many of them in tears, others walking to and fro in pensive sadness. I alighted from my horse, and having made the bridle fast to the iron railing, walked into the midst of the assembly; I then asked a man, whom I had just before seen entering the gate upon crutches, the cause of the meeting? He immediately replied, "It is for the funeral of Humanus." — "And who was Humanus?" asked I. — "I am not capable," said the old man, "of speaking so fully of his virtues as they deserved: they were indeed beyond all praise — he was the comforter of the miserable, the staff of old age, the supporter of virtue, the scourge of the unprincipled, the reliever of the distressed of all nations, ages, and conditions; he was, in the fullest sense of the word, the friend of human nature; while living he appeared more than man: but, alas! death has given us to know, to our sorrow, that, though he was possessed of all the gifts of Nature in the sublime, he was mortal." This surprising account of a man, and told in so few words, determined me to learn more of the story of this human prodigy; accordingly I unloosed my horse from the stable, and, repairing to his

if the most trifling noise could have affected their departed friend; all was the stillest silence! — During the walk to the church, which was through a grove of chefnut-trees leading from the garden of the deceased, tears flowed down the furrowed cheeks of the aged, and the rosy cheeks of the young; they could look only on each other, but could not speak. The heart overcharged with grief finds little room for words! In this manner they went, in this manner they continued while the last offices were performing to this good man, and in the like manner they returned to their homes. The old man whom I had first accosted, told me, if I wished to know more respecting Humanus, he would introduce me the next day to Salanthes, who lived in the village, and who was his most particular friend. I thanked him; and the following morning he walked with me to his house: we saw him some time before we reached the place; he was leaning upon, or rather over, his garden gate, with a book in his right hand, seemingly in deep thought: when we came near him he started, but immediately on seeing Mutilatus, for that was the name of my guide, he recovered himself, and asking the old man how he did, at the same time making several reverential bows to me, which I returned with all possible respect. Mutilatus now told him that I was a traveller, who had been present at the funeral of Humanus, and wished to be acquainted with that good man's virtues. — "I have told him," said he, "the general outlines, and have referred him to you for the finished picture of his character." — "I thank you," replied Salanthes; "none so well can speak of the good qualities of Humanus as Salanthes, who has been so materially benefited by them. Walk in, kind stranger, and I will endeavour to satisfy thy inquiries." Mutilatus now took his leave and returned home. Salanthes, after enquiring whether or no I would take refreshment, thus began: — "Humanus drew his first breath in London, where, after an education suitable to the line of life intended for him by his father, he went as a merchant to Constantinople, and there it was that he first exercised his benevolent mind in the relief of a young Christian slave, a Spaniard, who had been taken by a Tunisian corsair, and conveyed

got half the money for him from any other purchaser. The slave was taken into the house of Humanus, and treated more like the brother than the servant; he continued with him during his stay in that country, and with him came to England; was a principal manager of his vast mercantile concerns while in business, and when he quitted trade to settle in this village, he brought him here also, and made his service 'perfect freedom,' for he would not even suffer him to live in the same house, but appointed him to one almost equal to his own, lest he should appear to be in the least restrained. 'Till ten days past!' Here the tears flowed from the eyes of Salanthes: "Till within the last ten days," he repeated, "they lived in the closest amity, the purest friendship." — He could not go on, his grief was so very poignant it prevented him. "And is this faithful man dead also?" I asked. "No," he replied; he lives to weep over days to come." And, after a long pause, interrupted only by his sighs, he emphatically exclaimed, — "I am the man!" — I was struck with amazement; his manner of delivering the last words almost overpowered me: but when he observed that my attention was again drawn to his recital, he further said: "Humanus laid an injunction upon me never to let the business of my freedom escape while he lived; but he is now dead, and, in justice to his memory, in justice to his virtues, I intend to make this matter publick; and you have my authority to acquaint whom you think proper with it. I could tell you an infinity of great and good actions of Humanus, but it would take up too much of your time to attend to them; and it is sufficient to say, that this village, and many of the neighbouring ones, have risen almost out of his bounty. His great heart, in expansion like the firmament of heaven, felt for the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, and his liberal hand relieved them: he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and liberated the prisoner. The prostitute, brought low by irregularity and disease, and the libertine, reduced by abandoned profligacies, were both objects of his compassion: nor, when he relieved them, would he ever listen to their stories; the recital he well knew must be painful to their feeling, which to his gene-

you have seen in this place is so strongly expressive of heartfelt grief."—Here he stopped; and, after returning him my thanks for his narrative, I went to the inn, took my horse, and pursued my journey, not without reflecting that the praise arising from good works must far exceed the triumphs given to heroes, or the adulation bestowed on princes.

The Miseries of Idleness displayed.

IDLENESS is a state directly opposite to that for which man was born; but to employ the mind and body wisely and justly is a task beyond the abilities of persons in general.

A London Grocer, who retired to his native town in the west of England to enjoy himself after the fatigues of business, was much afflicted with the gout. His friends occasionally used to visit him, and condole with him on his situation. He constantly replied, that in his situation, with nothing to direct his attention to, he found pain far from being an evil, as it gave him something to think of, as he expressed it.—Suicide, I believe, oftener proceeds from the mere Ennui of having nothing to do, than from suffering very great calamities. What did Sir Horace Vere die of? said Spinola to one of his friends. The answer was, He died of having nothing to do. In good truth, retorted the Marquis, that is enough to kill any General.—Sir Robert Walpole was observed, by the late Lord Holland, to burst one day into tears, at not being able to pick up a book in his library at Houghton that would amuse him. This happened, however, when he retired from public business; and though confessedly, a man of great sense and parts, he had been so used to the agitation and bustle of politics and party, that mere reading, to no particular purpose, was not stimulative enough to his mind to engage his attention. He, I think, recommended to Lord Holland, who was then very young, to lay in a great stock of Greek. He did not long survive his retirement at Houghton; and was much harassed with the stone; a disorder to which, I believe, he had been long subject; and which was, perhaps, aggravated by the want of exercise and employment his public situation had used to afford him.—What a wretched picture of the Count Duke d'Olivarez, when he was banished from Madrid, does Vittorio Siri give in his *Memoire Recondite*! He represents him as filling up his time with unmeaning acts of devotion, and taking the air twice a day in his carriage, till, oppressed with ennui and chagrin, he sunk in a short time to the grave.—Lord Clarendon's account of a neighbour of his in the country dying before forty, of the "mere having nothing

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to do," is exceedingly curious, and should teach parents to oblige their children to lay in, in early life, a proper stock of serious and useful knowledge. This story is well told in detail, in his Dialogue on the want of respect paid to aged persons in his time.

Our lively neighbours the French laugh at the English, and say,

Poor Johnny Bull can no one scheme pursue,
So hangs himself, because he's nought to do.

Their ennui, however, to speak in medical language, puts on another type. It makes them restless, and fly from one thing to another; a burthen to themselves, and the miserable persons who are obliged to endure the company of those who are tired of themselves, and to endeavour to amuse persons who, as Madame de Maintenon said of Lewis the XIVth. "qui ne sont plus amiables."—Of all professions, the physicians, I believe, profit most by this malady of the mind; which, in process of time, may really affect the body; though often the *malade imaginaire* is merely Ennui. Body and soul should act in concert, or the blade will cut the scabbard at last: "*Le corps de l'ame est l'humble serviteur.*" Where, however, there is no real disease, the mind can make one, to have something besides itself to complain of. Then draughts and potions are scattered with incredible avidity, the Physician not always reflecting, that the "*mentis piacula*" are in this case to be administered instead of the "*remedia corporis.*"—To a *malade imaginaire* of this kind said Monsieur de Senac, a famous French physician in the time of the Regency, I could wish Sir, you could rob some one, and think yourself obliged to fly the kingdom to prevent your being broken alive on the wheel for it.—What a wonderful picture of this disorder of the mind is drawn by Sauvage in his *Nosologia*, and by Helvetius in *L'Esprit*!—What then are the remedies that Philosophy would suggest for this disease? Occupation, occupation, occupation.

Throw but a stone, the giant dies.

If this may be said of the most trifling employment, what may not be expected from those of a higher nature; from those founded on the greatest exertions of the mind, and built on the firmest principles of reason and religion? Reason tells us, that to labour under this malady of the mind is to be void of sense, of conduct, of those powers of intellect that distinguish men from brutes. Religion tells us, that from man the improvement of his faculties, the proper and useful employment of them are expected. If he is reprehensible for every idle word he speaks, what danger does he

not incur for every idle hour he spends ; every idle hour which contributes to his own misery as well as to that of others ; to his own misery, by rendering him dissatisfied with his own situation ; and to the misery of others ultimately, by not administering to their ease and comfort ; by not rendering those talents of use to mankind with which he was entrusted for the honour of his Creator, and for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

But exclusive of all these considerations, Idleness has a direct tendency to derange and ruin all our affairs, particularly if we are concerned in a trading or commercial line. He that will not mind his business will find, to his sorrow, that his business will not mind him. Then he is despised by the industrious part of mankind, who will neither esteem nor trust him. His credit being gone, and his customers forsaking him one by one, poverty and wretchedness ensue. His family reproach him with their haggard looks, and all his relations and acquaintances (for friends he has none) shun him like a pestilence. After a life of misery and want, hunted by bailiffs, and in dread of the marshalsea, a commission of bankruptcy is awarded against him, and he is then, one would think, completely ruined. But by great good fortune, getting the better of this, he again engages in business, and—again becomes a Bankrupt. The consequences of his second Bankruptcy entirely ruin all his hopes, and destroy every particle of credit ; yet still the adventurer boldly engages again in business, as drowning men will catch at straws. He launches forth, a completely broken merchant, in a shattered vessel that has scarce a sound plank in it. He despises the remonstrances, the sneers, the pity, the insults of the public, and though no mortal will give him credit, he pursues like a ruined gamester, his ill luck, till a pistol, a halter, or his own garters, end his wretched life, and he is hung up as a scarecrow to affright idle and thoughtless tradesmen from walking in his steps if they would avoid his fate.

New Fashions in Paris.

For NOVEMBER.

THERE could not be a doubt but a *revolution*, such as happened in France, would furnish several ideas of expressing it in the ton of fashion—one of which has just taken place among

THE LADIES.

This is a *cap*, made to express the reunion, or rather confusion, of the orders, *Noblesse*, *Clergy*, and *Tiers* ;—though certainly it might be better done in the whole garment than in a simple cap.—However,

this beginning promises a long train of novelty, in which we shall retrace every essential point of the constitution, as it is established and decreed.

The *cap* or *bonnet* is made of gauze, nearly in the form of a *casque*, or head-piece ; the gauze is embroidered with green silk olive branches, having a very broad white taffety ribbon all round next the head, in the front of which are embroidered a sword and crossier in gold, and a spade (*bêche*) in blue silk ; these crossing each other, form a kind of trophy. On the left side of the cap is a very elegant national cockade—and behind, there is attached a knot of garter-blue ribbon, the ends of which fall very low down the back.

The *bair* is dressed in a frize all over the middle of the head, and on the sides in large curls, the mass of which descends on the neck, and behind it is relieved very high, in six different knots.

The most fashionable dress is a long *fourreau*, the corsage or shape of which, and the arms, are made of dark Pekin-blue silk, very long—The *petticoat* is of white linen bordered with a broad ribbon to match the shape.

On the *neck* they wear gauze kerchiefs, very open before, the ends of which are formed into a large knot on the stomach, and are pinned to the *fourreau*,

Over this they wear black silk kerchiefs.

The *shoes* are fire-colour silk, trimmed with dark blue.

A SECOND FASHIONABLE DRESS.—is a *robe* of *Pekin crimson*, trimmed down the front of the skirts with a narrow silver fringe, and double plain gauze ruffles at the elbows, the sleeves being short. With this robe they wear white stomachers and white petticoats, with double flounces round the bottom, plain.

On the *neck*, a gauze kerchief embroidered with blue silk flowers, *très bouffant*, the ends of which are tucked under the stomacher.

The *cap* is nothing new, except being trimmed with a fire-colour ribbon, and having a national cockade on it, with a bouquet of artificial roses in front.

The *bair* is dressed all over in large curls, the mass of which descends on the neck, and behind it flows *à la conseillère*.

White gloves, fire-colour fanssticks, and green mounts.

Two watches, one with a gold chain, the other with a dark blue ribbon.

Advice to the Fair-Sex.

AS the age in which we live increases every day in luxury and dissoluteness, a few hints of advice cannot but be acceptable from a friend, who delights to see virtue flourish,

Fourish, and as far as in his power would promote it. To the fair-sex I dedicate this paper, and to them only my few thoughts are directed. The age in which Mr. Addison lived might justly be called the virtuous age, as nothing but modesty graced the fair character, and it shone most conspicuous. It must be the wish of every well-disposed member of society, that those days had their lustre now; but times are changed. Nothing now appears but pride and extravagance. Modesty is banished the island, and forwardness of address is become the height of fashion. Permit me then, my fair readers, to advise you to let modesty, the characteristic of your sex, shine the most conspicuous of all the virtues. Bad as the world is, you will find respect from a modest and virtuous demeanour. Many of your sex suppose, that by forwardness of address, and by vying with each other in every reigning folly, they are likely to gain the favour of our's. But be assured as a certain truth, that nothing gains us over to your's so much as modesty. That man must be abandoned indeed, that loves not goodness in another; and who is there that is not struck with that meekness and gentleness so conspicuous in your sex? "A young lady," as Dr. Johnson justly observes, "is certainly more observed when she appears least to observe. For the eye of our sex loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair one, than to find itself obliged to retreat." I wish I could set before the gay and inconsiderate, the contempt as well as danger to which they are exposed. Can the young ladies of the present age expect to find husbands, when all their efforts lie in adorning their persons, and leaving their minds uncultivated? What companions must they be to those men, who have experienced the advantages of a liberal education, and who expect a companion for life to have experienced the same? "A companion for an evening, and a companion for life, require very different qualifications." On the culture of the mind depends an essential part of the education of the fair sex. That, with an able and modest carriage, will procure to them that respect, which all the decorations of dress without, will never be able to procure. At one time or other they will be convinced of the justice of these remarks, if not utterly thoughtless; but I hope before they are elbowed off the stage of vanity by other's flutters (for the most admired women cannot have many seasons to blaze in,) they will reflect a little on the absurdity of paying so much attention to outward decorations, without attending to that essential part, the culture of their mind. The union of these two will produce to them that esteem and respect, which all wish

to acquire in the world, and will procure them an immortal monument, when "all that have once sparkled and dazzled have passed away."

On the Manners of the Times.

RELIGIOUS feuds are so terrible in their consequences, and the peace of this kingdom has been so often destroyed by the furiousness of zealots and enthusiasts, struggling for church establishment, and persecuting in their turns the fallen party without mercy, that the tranquillity we now enjoy (greater as I believe than any time past, but certainly as great,) is of itself sufficient to put the modern murmurer to silence. To substantiate my assertion, let me refer to the rising spirit of toleration; whenever that blessed spirit prevails it prevails for the honour of man's nature, for the enlargement of his heart, and for the augmentation of his social happiness: whilst we were contending for our own rights, self-defence compelled us to keep off the encroachments of others, that were hostile to those rights; but these being firmly established, we are no longer warranted to hang the sword of the law over the head of religion, and oppress our seceding fellow subjects. Is there any just reason to complain of our established clergy in their collective character? If they do not stun us with controversies, it is because they understand the spirit of religion better than to engage in them: the publications of the pulpit are still numerous, and if they have dropt their high inflammatory tone, it is to the honour of Christianity that they have so done, and taken up a milder, meeker language in its stead. As for this practice of religion it is not in my present argument to speak of that; my business is only to appeal to it as an establishment essential to the support and happiness of society; and, when we reflect how often in times past it has been made an engine for subverting that tranquillity and good order in the state, which it now peaceably upholds, I think it will be clear to every candid man that this cannot be one of the causes of complaint and murmur against the present times.

The manners of the age we live in is the next point I am to review: and if I am to bring this into any decent compass I must reject many things out of the account that would make for my argument, and speak very briefly upon all others.

To compare the manners of one age with those of another, we must begin by calling to remembrance the changes that may have been made in our own time (if we have lived long enough to be witnesses of any,) or we must take them upon traditions to guess at them by the writing of those who

describe them. The comic poets are in general good describers of the living manners, and of all dramatic painters in this class, Ben Johnson is decidedly the best. In the mirror of the stage we have the reflection of the times through all their changes, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne, with an exception to the days of Oliver, of which interval if there was no other delineation of the reigning manners than what we find in the annals of Whitlocke and Clarendon, we should be at no loss to form our judgment of them. I stop at the age of queen Anne, because it was then that sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addison began to spread their pallets, and when they had completed *The Spectator*, no body will dispute their having a very finished portrait of the age they lived in. When they stop, tradition may begin, so that I think an observing man, with all these aids and no short experience of his own to help them out, may form a pretty close comparison in his own thoughts upon the subject.

Here I must remind the reader that I am speaking of manners as they respect society.

Now we can readily refer to certain times past, when the manners of men in this country were unsufferably boisterous and unpolished; we can point to the period, when they were as notoriously reserved, gloomy, dark, and fanatical; we know when profligacy threw off all appearances, and libertinism went naked as it were into all societies; we can tell when duelling was the rage, and the point of honour was to be defined by a chain of logic that would have puzzled Aristotle; we can turn to the time, when it was reputable to get drunk, and when the fine gentleman of the comedy entertains his mistress with his feats over the bottle, and recommends himself to her good graces by swearing, blustering, and beating of the watch: we know there are such words in the language as fop and beau, and some can remember them in daily use, many are yet living, who have their full-bottomed wigs brought home in a chair, and many an old lady now crowds herself in a circle hardly less than Arthur's round table. Here I may be told that dress is not manners, but I must contend that the manners of a man in a full-bottomed wig must partake something of the stiffness of the barber's buckle; nor do I see how he can walk on foot at his ease, when his wig goes in a chair. How many of us can call to mind the day, when it was a mark of good breeding to cram a poor surfeited guest to the throat, and the most social hours of life were thrown away in a continual interchange of solicitations and apologies? What a stroke upon the nerves of a modest man was it then to make his first approaches, and perform his

awkward reverences to a solemn circle, all rising on their legs at the awful moment of his entry? And what was his conditions at departing, when after having performed the same tremendous ceremonies, he saw his retreat cut off by a double row of guards in livery, to every one of whom he was to pay a toll for free passage? A man will now find his superiors more accessible, his equals more at their ease, and his inferiors more mannerly than in any time past. The effects of public education, travel, and a general intercourse with mankind; the great influx of foreigners, the variety of public amusements where all ranks and degrees meet promiscuously, the constant resort to bathing and watering places in the summer, and above all, the company of the fair-sex, who mix so much more in society than heretofore, have, with many other conspiring causes, altogether produced such an ease and suavity of manners throughout the nation, as have totally changed the face of society, and levelled all those bars and barriers which made the approaches to what was called good company, so troublesome, and obstructed the intercourse between man and man. Here then I shall conclude upon this topic, and pass to the arts, which I said were the ornaments of society.

As I am persuaded my argument will not be contested in this quarter, I need spend few words upon so clear a point. If ever this country saw an age of artists it is the present; Italy, Spain, Flanders, and France, have had their turn, but they are now in no capacity to dispute the palm, and England stands without a rival: her painters, sculptors, and engravers, are now the only schools properly so called in Europe; Rome will bear witness that the English artists are as superior in talents as they are in number to those of all nations besides, I reserve the mention of her architects as a separate class, that I may for once break in upon my general rule, by indulging myself in a prediction, (upon which I am willing to stake all my credit with the reader,) that when the modest genius of a *Harrison* shall be brought into fuller display, England will have to boast of a native architect, which the brightest age of Greece would glory to acknowledge.

Memoirs of the late Mrs. Lascelles.

[From an English Publication.]

THIS very celebrated personage was born in the year 1745, and like a bright orient gem, when removed from the dark bowels of the earth, emerged from an obscure alley in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill. Her father, whose name was Catley, if he could not boast of luxury himself, most

most essentially contributed to the enjoyment of it in others. His courtes were generally above the vulgar level, for he was, in short, and in plain English, neither more nor less than a gentleman's coachman. As to the particular occupation of the mother, opinions are divided; but the most prevalent is, that she was a washerwoman, and earned small sums in that way, by keeping clean the officers upon the Tower duty.

Little Nan, the daughter, when about twelve years of age, became an object exceedingly admired, and was permitted to expose her budding beauties, and her melodious cadences, even in the common ale-houses of the Tower district. She was yet too young for amorous endeavours; but the military heroes of the neighbourhood had their eyes upon her, as beasts of prey watch their destined victims until they arrive at a proper time and place to spring upon them. They were all, however, disappointed; Nan, before she arrived at her second teen, listened to the love-lore of a young linen-draper in the Minories, and in a very short time returned his passion with equal ardour, though this first amour was not as productive as almost all her succeeding gallantries.

And now that charming voice, for which she afterwards became so celebrated, began to encrease in strength and melody; inasmuch that, at the recommendation of some friends, her father applied to Bate, a music-master, who, upon hearing her, candidly acknowledged her superior abilities, and gladly accepted her as an apprentice by indenture, with a penalty of 200*l.* from the father, in case of misconduct.

About the age of nineteen, notwithstanding all her father and her master's care, she became acquainted with Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a character often observed in the registers of female seduction. It was in vain her master solicited and threatened; in vain also were her father's intreaties; her conduct became so very irregular, that Bate at length agreed to allow her twenty-five pounds a year for her board and lodging, and to take her salary at Covent Garden and Marybone to himself. This new arrangement did not, however, long continue. She

on application by her father, a writ of Habeas Corpus was granted, and accordingly, the next day, Sir Francis brought in the body without any return in scriptis. Here she openly avowed her attachment to Sir Francis, and her aversion to go home with her father; upon which the court ordered that cause should be shewn on the 16th, respecting an information, that she and her master should attend that day, and that in the mean time no person should molest her on pain of being committed.

On the 16th, the rule was enlarged to the first day of Trinity Term; when Lord Mansfield delivered his opinion; and upon fresh affidavits, acquitted the father of any act or part in his daughter's prostitution, but at the same time refused to deliver her to his care. His lordship highly reprobated the conduct of Bate, Fraine, and Sir Francis, and made the rule for an information against all three absolute.—A full account of all these matters are given in Blackstone's Reports.

Notwithstanding all the solemnity of these proceedings, our heroine and her amorous baronet contrived to indulge in tenderness, until certain appearances proved how very capable they both were of performing the intentions of Providence: a son was soon born, and another, and another succeeded in due course. But Sir Francis expressing some doubts respecting the third, the fair partner of his joys freely confessed a slip in favour of royalty, and that the child in question actually belonged to the then Duke of York. With her native pleasantry, she added a hope, that he might be wiser than his father.

This incontinence, however, produced a separation in a short time, and our Muse of Melody accepted an offered engagement from Mellop, the Irish Manager of the day. In Dublin she so much captivated and led the people, that, whenever she performed, the house was incapable of holding one-third of the crowds which endeavoured to obtain admission; and the manager, notwithstanding the very high salary which he paid, found his speculation so productive, as to renew the engagement for another season.

Among numberless solicitations in this country, Major Lascelles was remarkably contipi-

Mrs. Lascelles, we cannot omit relating a circumstance highly to her honour.

Among the most troublesome objects of her disgust, was a wine merchant on Ormond Quay, a married man, whose circumstances were but moderate, and whose wife and children were amiable and much respected. After repeated love letters, and other attempts, which were treated with ineffable contempt, he had recourse to bribery; and having filled a large hamper with Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, and all the best things in his cellar, he sent it accompanied by a very amorous letter to our heroine. Provoked at length by such irritated presumption, she was determined upon revenge, as well as justice; and, re-securing the hamper, sent it with all its contents, and a very handsome epistle, to the wife of her irksome lover. This exposure so confounded the disappointment merchant, that she was no longer pestered with his perseverance.

The following anecdote shews her sprightliness and humour.—The present Lord —, was among the number of her titled admirers. His lordship, though a good kind of man, had always been a remarkable oddity. He is effeminate to a degree, yet of an amorous turn. After a long attendance, it was at length agreed that, upon a certain evening, he should drink tea and sup with our heroine, who accordingly received him in form. No kind of liberties were to be permitted until the hour of retirement to rest; so that after tea, cards were introduced, and the parties amused themselves with playing at picquet until it became necessary to think of supper. There was, by accident, a wild duck in the house, but the question was how to have it dressed, as the meeting was to be a secret, even from the servants. It was at length proposed to roast it in the apartment, where, as there were no real culinary accommodations, a string was to be the substitute of a spit. His lordship readily acceded, and proposed to undertake the office of cook. The duck was suspended, and the noble lord, having turned down a child's nursery chair, placed himself opposite the fire, in an attitude something resembling that of a hare in form, and entered upon his business with great adroitness. While he was in this situation, on a sudden the door of an adjacent chamber flew open, and a loud laugh instantly arrested his attention: upon

revised and improved by Dr. Rees, there is no article of "*The Art of being agreeable*." I am certain that this art is one of the most useful, and besides it is the art of all arts which women and men are most desirous of obtaining. Perhaps, I have sometimes thought, our writers of Dictionaries have omitted it, because they were at a loss to determine whether it was an *art* or a *science*, and not knowing this, left it out altogether rather than expose themselves to a blunder. Perhaps, rather—for I have had much reflection on the subject—they conceived that it could not with propriety be accounted either an art or a science, but a gift of nature, like beauty, strength, or wit, and therefore not to be classed with arts or sciences, the work of men's hands, the result of men's experience. Whether this be true or not, it is certain, we agree in calling it an ART, because whatever nature may have given, the assistance of management and good conduct is necessary to bring it to perfection, and because very often nature's gifts are so strangely perverted as to produce disgust instead of pleasure, and destruction instead of happiness.

Be the "*Art of being agreeable*" really an art, or not, we are satisfied that it is the object of every one's wish. A few strange mortals there are in the world who set all mankind at defiance, and have on every occasion in their mouths, "I don't care what people may say,"—"I don't care whether they are pleased or not,"—"I'll do what I like, and let them grumble on,"—or expressions to that purpose; the plain meaning of which is, "I am at bottom proud, surly, self-conceited and rich, and my pride, my surly temper, my self-conceit, and my riches are to me every thing, and I will enjoy them as long as I can."—Let a place be provided for such men on some desert island, they are not fit to live among rational creatures.

"To be agreeable," is said to be the peculiar desire of the fair sex; nor can we wonder at this, since men in general choose their favourites from the number of those who have the appearance of being agreeable—I say the appearance—for it is no new remark that the appearance only will answer as well as the reality for the mere purpose of captivating, but that it will also answer in the great business of keeping the conquest

tive than positive qualities, and, surprising as it may seem, on what a man or woman *have* not, rather on what *they have*. When we examine into the cause of this, we shall be obliged to have recourse to *dear human nature*, that is, in other words, *sweet self*, which inclines us to wish that our friends wanted the perfections or qualities we possess, that there may be the greater field for us to display in. A talkative man, for instance, thinks another talkative man the most disagreeable creature on earth, while he prefers one who contents himself with hearing, or listening. Hence I have often found that many people have acquired the fame of being agreeable, merely by never speaking unless when spoken to, and by never taking any active part in the conversation. It is plain that this character must have been bestowed on them by persons who loved to hear themselves talk, and to whom a silent companion must of course be agreeable.

Lady D—, with a great share of beauty, and a greater share of good understanding, is remarked to select the ugliest and most stupid companions of any woman in town, and I have heard her give the character of disagreeable to certain ladies, who, to my knowledge, had no other fault than that of being as handsome and as sensible as herself. —Here is dear human nature again! and I give you warning, fair reader, that you must expect to meet with such characters often.

It is impossible, therefore, to be *agreeable* on the whimsical terms which whimsical people are apt to impose. I trust that no agreeable lady of my readers would, to render herself more agreeable, part with her share of beauty, understanding, or good temper, her accomplishments, or her fortune, merely that she might be a foil to those who possessed such qualities. We must not therefore, in studying to be agreeable, study to please whimsical and self-conceited people, since they require an absolute submission to their superiority, which is inconsistent with our own ideas of independence.

To be agreeable, is, in some degree, to please ourselves—not to please our eyes when they are fixed on a mirror, for that is a flatterer we ought not to trust—but to please ourselves when, in some moment of retire-

foibles of which the fair-sex are accused were to be brought into one view, I am convinced they would either centre in, or be traced to affectation. It is the more remarkable that so many persons practise the arts of affectation, because there is no species of pride so easily detected, so easily seen through, as affectation. It may be observed that the proud never can be truly well-bred. Feeling haughty superiority over their company, they cannot behave to them with ease and respect, and unable to conceal this superiority, it is impossible they should be respected by their company. All vices may be concealed but pride. The very attempt to conceal it, discovers it the more. Exactly thus it is with affectation. Of all moments in the year, the affected person appears most affected, when by some pretty *finisse* of eyes, or speech, she would have you believe she despises all affectation.

On the Galley Slaves of France. By the Abbé Dupaty.

CONDEMNING the extraordinary power which the Vice Legate, who was just then promoted to the office of candle bearer in the Pope's chapel, possesses in the administration of criminal Justice, the Abbe observes,

I saw a man yesterday, who has come out of the Gallies, to which this Candle Bearer had very unjustly and very ridiculously condemned him for five years—as convicted for murder.

This unhappy man, named Lorenzo, has suffered his punishment, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the Intendant of Toulon to procure his release, and every remonstrance in his favour.

His innocence appeared in the following extraordinary manner:

As he was going along, one day, in the arsenal of Toulon, another galley slave said to one of his comrades—"There is a wretch I can't bear the sight of."—"Why so?" replied the other—"That man is here for having murdered such a one, and it was I who committed the crime."—Lorenzo overheard him—what must he not have felt! He went up to the Galley Slave, entreating

every day?—But all without effect. At length, at the end of two years, by dint of prayers and tears, he succeeded so far as to soften once more the villain's heart, and, by awakening remorse, draw from him a second time the important secret. Witnesses were stationed for the purpose. A narrative was drawn up, and carried to the Intendant, who instantly threw the criminal into a dungeon—a severity highly imprudent, as the guilty man immediately retracted.

The five years are at length expired, and Lorenzo is released.

On what ground then, had he been condemned? On a circumstance! On the very slightest circumstance! The murdered man had nine louis in his pocket; three men, of which number was Lorenzo, were taken up; on each of whom were found three louis. “Here,” said the judge, “are nine louis, and consequently three murderers:” and these three men were sentenced to the Gallies. Two of them died there!—It is the history of l’Anglade; the history of circumstantial proof; the history of all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws of England are cautious of condemning; the laws of France fearful of acquitting.

This unhappy man is going to Rome to throw himself at the feet of the Pope, to obtain a revision for his trial. The Pope is said to be humane!

On Pugilism, or the Art of Boxing.

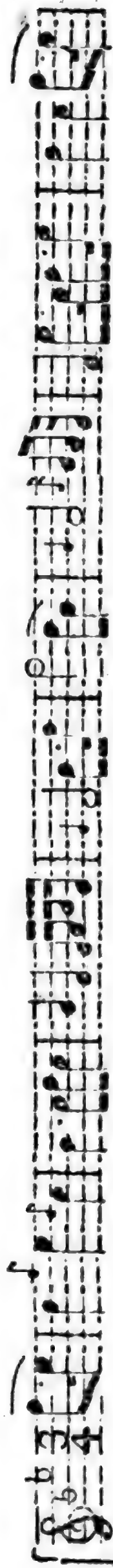
THE elegant acquisition of Pugilism, cultivated as it now is by people of the higher ranks of life, classes with the rest of the *fine arts*, and rates its practitioners with men of science: nor do we find gentlemen-performers less anxious to display their talents in a *boxing duet* than in a musical one, or any other refined application of the corporeal and mental powers: nay, so partial are they to the exercise, and so much more eager to exhibit their abilities in this fashionable art, than any other, that they are perfectly indifferent as to the quality of the person they engage with, and have as much satisfaction with a coal-heaver or hackney-

We cannot but observe, that to raise an great art to perfection, it has always been found necessary to place it under royal and public patronage; and that by regular seminaries, and periodical rewards, many a dormant genius, is stimulated to action, whose powers, without some such impulse, would have been consigned to obscurity. Hence so many shining characters in letters and the fine arts; and was boxing cultivated at Oxford and Cambridge, and a Royal Academy instituted in London, for *pugilists* as well as for *painters*, we do not hesitate to assert, that the pupils of the above great men would reflect an equal lustre on their country with any other great men whatever: therefore it is that we are sorry to see the pugilistic art practised and studied in the loose and desultory way now adopted; and cannot commend the great chief, *Mendoza*, in terms of sufficient praise, for the establishing his present academy; and for his judgment in selecting so superb and noble a room as the *Lyceum* in the Strand; a room which, for the purpose, could not be improved, nor, certainly, more properly employed: and it is our sincere wish that this example may produce many emulators; that in time every principal street in the great city of London may be ornamented with a similar seminary; and that instead of the irregular mode of pitched battles now in use, it will settle into diurnal, weekly, or monthly exhibitions: of which desirable circumstances, I must confess, I conceived a near prospect last winter, when the taste and judgment of Mr. Harris introduced Messrs. Humphries and Co. on his stage; and could not but entertain considerable hopes, that the *good sense* of the Drury Lane manager would have followed so dramatical and classical an example. However, it still enjoys the support of stage recommendation at the Royal Circus, which will, without doubt, be reassumed in the course of the season at Covent Garden, and no real genius of the fist be in want of an opportunity of displaying his pretensions to public favour.

Then Science will begin to rear her head

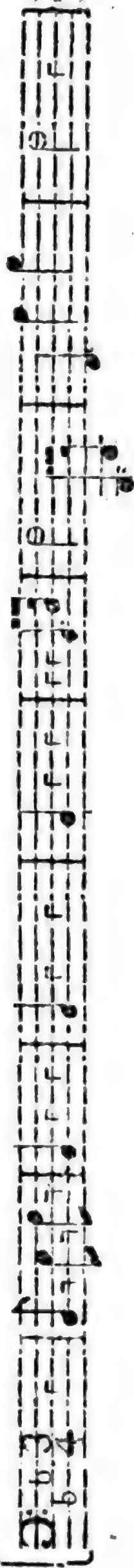
"On Love's blest Altar," &c.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH in the "Doctor and Apothecary."



Andante Espressivo.

On



Love's blest Al- - tar burns the flame, whence Hymen's torch should kin- - dle bright, to blis which



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A single staff of musical notation, likely a vocal line, featuring various notes and rests. The notation is written in a traditional style with a single staff and a key signature of one flat. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The staff is oriented vertically on the page.

its pure and radiant light...
But Ah! should

3.  Mez : voc:

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a single melodic line on a five-line staff. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and bar lines. There are several measures with complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The score is written in a traditional, somewhat ornate style typical of early 20th-century sheet music.

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Continued from Page 550.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, April 21, 1789.

BUT why should we wonder at it, for what crime has not had the mercy of a pious and religious King wasted upon it in this administration of oeconomy and mercy? has not rape? has not murder? has not forgery? Let it not be supposed, said he, that I mention these things, merely to bear hard upon the name of a Lord Lieutenant—if they are reproaches, I cannot change their nature; I mention them as uncontrovertible arguments, that no Governor without a most dangerous degree of unconstitutional influence, could pursue such a system. He then went into observations on the bill proposed—he defended the power of parliament to correct abuses in elections. Every election law was an exercise of that power—England had passed exactly such a law. But it was said, England had done so upon evidence of an offence committed. That was not the principle. To punish a body of men for the delinquency of a few would be absurd; England did not so; it was not an *ex post facto* law of punishment; it was a law of prevention! But did gentlemen look for offence?—What do they say of a cavalcade of upwards one hundred voters collecting from every corner of the nation, and taking possession of boroughs on the eve of an election? A right hon. member had stated that fact as a necessary retaliation. But the very justification, he said, admitted the fact; and what a picture, he said, many gentlemen anticipate of the marches of these revenue troops, when they shall be put in motion on the next general election? A simple man will be apt to ask, if these cart-loads of vagrants are in their way to the sea side, to be transported for their offences?—No, they are cart-loads of the raw material of members of parliament! I am sorry, continued he, to find that such a picture can excite a laugh. I cannot laugh, when I consider that it is not at Swords, or Irish-town, or Dungarvan, only that these strolling companies of constituents will be called upon to act. No, there is not a borough, nor a county in Ireland, where you will not see a temporary stage erected, in which the comedians of the *fisc* shall hold the mirror up to the constitution of the land.

But at this time, said he, it is peculiarly necessary. You have a Governor now, whose conduct towards you has been treated as it merited—the stigma you have imprinted is indelible; so is his resentment—he never will forgive what he has drawn on himself. He feels his government deserted by the body of the nobles—by the body of the people. This corrupt influence is his only resource; and you see his confidence in it. An open contempt of the reprobation of both houses—an open distrust of the proudest of your nobles and gentry, and a dismissal from their offices; and who succeed them? his countrymen, his creature. His clerks and runners are preferred to the rank, the virtue, the talents, and the responsibility of their country.

Hib. Mag. Nov. 1789.

Yes, continued he, the fairest and the tallest trees in the forest are overshadowed by the luxuriance of exotic—exotic of the worst kind, that would not grow in their native mould—hungry and barren, they drain the soil—they bear no blossom, yield no fruit—while you are stunted and shorn, to make room for the fantastic wreathings of their sterile exuberance. He did not he said make these remarks from any wish to mortify the gentlemen to whom he supposed to allude. To some of them this nation was bound by the tenderest ties of necessities on one side; and liberality on the other. He could not regard with partiality any gentleman whom he had been accustomed to see a gleaner in the field, sharing the scanty straw that fell from the binder with the birds of Heaven, though he should be put at the head of the reapers.

On the contrary, he pitied the awkwardness of his situation; for why, said he, are the sages of the law brought in in the arms of their nurses? Why do the Burleighs of the day escape from the austere labours of the toilet to unbend in the government of a great nation? It is a plan of vengeance; it is not merely the wanton desire of advancing his dependants, or making them ridiculous by promotion, it is to stigmatise you in his turn; and effectually will he succeed, if he can hold you up to the eyes of England and of Europe as submitting to such a rule. You may read your resolution, and talk of the authority of your houses; he will exhibit his runners and clerks as an answer; and it will be more than a refutation. In truth, if he shall succeed in this curious project, he will probably by next session think it a pity to have such rare talents wasted upon you; and should send to Tavistock-street for a cabinet of milliners to manage the affairs of Ireland.—After some other observations on the necessity of the bill, Mr. Curran concluded with declaring, that he should deem himself an enemy to the honour of the country and the independence of parliament, if he did not vote for the committal.

Mr. J. Toler spoke a few words against the committal of the bill.

On the Speaker putting the question, that the bill be committed, the house divided,

Ayes for the committal;	—	93
Noes against it,	—	148

Majority 55

Tellers for ayes, Mr. G. Ponsonby and Mr. Curran.

Tellers for noes, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Copping.

Mr. Mason then moved that the bill be rejected, and on the question be put, it was agreed to without any division.

Adjourned at twelve o'clock.

POLICE ESTABLISHMENT.

25.] Sir H. Cavendish brought up the report from the committee appointed to examine the accounts of the Commissioners of Police.

Which, amongst other things states, that the Police establishment has cost the citizens of Dublin since its institution, which is now two years and an half, the enormous sum of £1,000. that the annual charge for the police watch, is

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upwards of nine thousand pounds, and that the sum annually paid in salaries to Commissioners, Divisional Justices, Secretary, Clerks, &c. &c. amount to near 11,000*l.* that forty Police horse stand in 1,600*l.* the report then proceeds to state several other charges in the account, viz. 138*l.* for a looking-glass for the Commissioners house—a charge of twenty shillings a ton for coals for four hundred and seventy six tons annually—49*l.* for sealing wax—8*l.* per week to the printer of the Hue and Cry, though it clearly appeared in evidence, before the committee, that it could be done at 3*l.* 13*s.* per week; the report concluded with the following resolutions:

“Resolved, that it appears to this committee, that the Police establishment has been attended with unnecessary patronage, waste, and dissipation.

“Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that the peace and protection of the city of Dublin might be more effectually maintained by a lesser expence, and that the present system of Police establishment ought to be changed.”

On the Speaker putting the question to agree to the first resolution,

Attorney General rose to object to agreeing to the resolution—the right hon. Baronet calls upon us to agree to a report which had been founded on *ex parte* evidence, founded on partial investigation, and founded on garbled and selected evidence,

Lord Delvin and Mr. Mason totally disapproved of the proceedings of the committee.

Mr. Grattan adverted to what had fallen from a right hon. Gentleman (the Attorney General) and defended the conduct of the committee. He said, that after a laborious investigation, to charge the committee with garbling and selecting evidence, was highly improper—it was ridiculous to appoint a committee to investigate accounts, and then to refuse to agree to the conclusions of that committee; if gentlemen really wished to be satisfied on the subject, and desired time for the consideration of the report, it might be postponed for two or three days, or if they desired to have the evidence on which the report is grounded, it may be brought before the house, but it was by no means consistent to give a flat refusal without any consideration at all.

The Attorney General said, that being satisfied in his own mind of the utility of the Police establishment, he would not agree on light grounds to abolish the institution. He asked did the right hon. Gentleman recollect the years 1784 and 1785, when there were such shameful riots in this city, that no man could lie with safety in his bed; when unoffending persons were dragged by the mob to the Tenter fields, and tarred and feathered; as a proof of the utility of the Police establishment, he stated from the returns of the Clerk of the Crown, for the county and city of Dublin, that capital convictions of Commissions of Oyer and Terminer, and at the Quarter Sessions, had considerably decreased since the institution. For one he should not agree to this resolution.—He said, that abuses may exist in the management of this establishment, but if they do, let them be corrected. He was ready to admit, that there was a general outcry against the Police institution, but why was this general outcry? Be-

cause the Police institution gave a fatal blow to the mobocracy of the city of Dublin, and he was no friend to that respectable body ever raising its head again in this city; in the year 1784, a mob broke into this house, and on enquiring into the cause of that riot, the Lord Mayor declared, that the civil power was not competent to preserve the peace of the city; he said that the expence of this establishment was annually decreasing—the report goes only to shew, that the management ought to be corrected, but it by no means goes to shew, that the establishment should be abolished. He called on gentlemen who reside in counties where the Police establishment has been introduced, to bear testimony to the utility of the institution; he concluded with saying, that he never should agree to these summary resolutions, and the house should be first satisfied, that the report is founded in fact.

Mr. G. Ponsonby declared, he found himself himself somewhat at a loss in speaking on the subject; he asked, will the right hon. Gentleman resist the resolutions generally, though supported by the strongest evidence, or does he mean to oppose the resolutions because he did not examine the evidence given before the committee; conviction must be the motive, but a determination to support the Police establishment, though convicted of the grossest frauds, and most shameful enormities—it appears from the report that the Police establishment has cost the city of Dublin in two years and a half, the sum of 51,000*l.* and the old watch cost but 4 or 5000*l.* annually—the report he said, may be laid on the table, and any reasonable time given to examine into it; the right hon. Gentleman says, there were riots in 1784 and 1785, and since that time the Police was established, which has been found to be a nuisance of the highest nature—and what are his reasons for not inquiring into this nuisance? No, says he, you shall not inquire into this establishment, because there were riots in 1784 and 1785, because there were tarring and feathering in 1784 and 1785—because people were taken out of their beds in 1784 and 1785. He entered at large into the Police establishment, and he observed, that protection was not its object, but to feed a corrupt influence, and to bring the corporation of the metropolis under the power of government; he asked, why does the right hon. Gentleman shrink from the inquiry? We are willing to give them time to consider the report; he contended, that the most corroborating proofs of the facts contained in the reports, is the refusal to go into the inquiry; the report has been stigmatized, as being garbled and mutilated, and containing partial and selected evidence; and concluded with saying, that the committee dared an inquiry into their conduct.

After Mr. G. Ponsonby, the Attorney General declared, that he never objected to go into evidence, he only objected to agreeing to the resolution.

Mr. Ogilvie said the report was founded on fact, and it was impossible for any gentleman to disagree with that report; for his part he disclaimed the idea of partial evidence, and in order that gentlemen may be in full possession of the facts contained in that report, he should move for the report being printed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose for the vindication of the rules of parliament; the house, he said, is called upon to agree to the resolution, without examining into the evidence, and surely that would not be consistent with the rules or forms of parliament.

Mr. G. Ponsonby asked, if it met the idea of the right hon. Gentleman [the Attorney General] that the report be printed, and taken into consideration on Tuesday next.

The Solicitor General opposed agreeing to the resolution; he went over nearly the same ground as the Attorney General.

Mr. Kearney said, that though no man had a greater aversion than he had to all lawless, tumultuous proceedings, he could not be reconciled to any unconstitutional measures adopted to suppress them. He said, that he had always considered the Police act for this city, passed, on the spur of the occasion, as an act of this kind; an act which gave a very great and dangerous patronage to the Crown, at the same time that it totally altered, or rather subverted the constitution of this great capital. He said, that if a remedy was not soon applied, it was highly probable that the evil would not stop here, but would be extended to every town in the kingdom where government had a mind to establish an interest. He owned that he was under no apprehension of this sort, under the present administration; but administrations, he observed, were very treacherous. As to the argument that had been so strongly urged in favour of the act, it was very far from convincing him, nor did he think that it could bring conviction to the mind of any unprejudiced man living.—Is it, said he, a fair conclusion, that because there were violent outrages committed here in 1784, and that there are none now, that we must attribute this to the Police act? He reminded the house, that though the riots here were very bad, they bore no kind of similarity or proportion to that in London; yet peace and security was established in a very short time, without a Police act or any infringement on their rights. He said, that he was satisfied the defect was not at that time in our laws, but in the negligence of the Magistrates, and improper persons being appointed watchmen.—He added, that he had long considered the independency of London as contributing very considerably to the independency of Great Britain; and he observed, that the same causes must produce the like effects in both countries, that is, that the independency of the capital of either kingdom is essentially necessary to the preservation of the liberty of the entire kingdom. He said, that he took for granted the report was well founded, but at the same time he thought that it would be better to postpone coming to any resolution on it until the house was perfectly satisfied.—If the matter was to be determined immediately, he must vote in favour of the report; for if not it would be a tacit approbation of the very extraordinary and extravagant charges mentioned in it.

Sir H. Cavendish observed, that gentlemen on the other side of the house had objected to the evidence contained in the report, and now they were arguing from it; he said it was somewhat difficult to reconcile this inconsistency of conduct.

Mr. C. O'Neill said, there was a settled determination in the other side of the house never to inquire into the expence of this establishment. He observed, that gentlemen objected to the report, and he asked, how came we to be entertained with extracts from the report? The citizens of Dublin complain of the heavy expence of this establishment—and their complaints in this respect ought to be attended to by the house.

Mr. Molyneux spoke in favour of the Police establishment. He said it was an institution that preserved the quiet and peace of this city.

Mr. Brownlow said, there was no intention in the committee to destroy and abolish the Police establishment; their object was only to have a modification of it; the expence of it must be allowed to be most enormous, and highly oppressive to the citizens of Dublin; and it was the wish of the committee that a sufficient guard should be allowed for the protection of the city, supported, however, on constitutional and economical principles.

Mr. Bullie spoke against agreeing to the resolution.

Sir L. O'Brien arraigned the conduct of the committee. He said their proceedings were informal, and that their report could not be received till an order was made, that the committee be revived and enlarged.

Sir H. Cavendish. I take it for granted, the learned Gentleman, before he addressed himself to the Lord Chancellor in the Court of Chancery, on behalf of his client, first reads his brief. I wish, before he had addressed himself to you, he had read the minutes of the committee, and I am persuaded he would have argued in a very different manner, tho' possibly the same weighty reasons that make him eloquent in Chancery, have made him open his mouth wider and wider upon the present question. But a right hon. Baronet has told you there was no way of getting at those minutes; that unless the committee was opened again, and were again to go through the business, the house could not be in possession of the evidence. I will not pretend to argue upon points of order with the right hon. Baronet, who is so much better acquainted with them than I am; but, Sir, I am clearly of opinion that the house has a right to order those minutes to be laid before them whenever they think proper; and indeed, it would be strange if they could not; for in that case, evidence taken in a committee might be perverted to very bad purposes indeed.—Sir, from my knowledge of the evidence taken in the committee, and of the papers presented to the house by the Commissioners of Impress Account, I am bound to declare, that the Commissioners of Police stand convicted of irregularity and a want of economy. Sir, I should not have said this, if one of them had not been present.

It gives me pain to mention any thing that may appear personal; I do not do it with the smallest intention to offend the hon. Gentleman; but as one of the guardians of the public purse, I fear to offend millions of my fellow subjects by a neglect of duty, when such a mass of evidence urges me to the execution of that duty. The hon. Gentleman will have an opportunity of exculpating himself from the charge, and I am persuaded he will find it absolutely necessary to its

to the house what he can upon the subject. Either the Commissioners of Police, or the Commissioners of Imprest Accounts are guilty. I know too well the accuracy of the Commissioners of Imprest Accounts, who have examined into this business upon oath, to suppose they made any false report: No, Sir, the evidence in the committee has corroborated the truth of the report, founded upon the stubborn evidence of fact. — The gentlemen on the other side of the house are conscious of the guilt—they dare not look the evidence in the face; they know the more it is looked into the stronger it will appear; they therefore throw themselves in the way between the justice of the house and the Commissioners; their intention is to screen them; to stifle the enquiry, and keep the public in the dark; their attempt is vain, and in my opinion, injudicious: The public will think the Commissioners are worse than they really are, and bad as the evidence make them. Sir, this is what we call a short question, a strong measure. Mark, Sir, the situation of the house; one side are sitting with their eyes open—they have seen the evidence—they are acquainted with it—they feel the weight of it—they have traced the progress of the irregular and the extravagant conduct of the Commissioners—and they have put their seal upon that conduct, and the impression is justified by the evidence. Gentlemen on the other side of the house come hood-winked to the question; they are led blind-fold to the charge; they are going to vote they know not what; and they are so far prudent not to suffer the evidence to be laid before them, as they are conscious on the perusal of it their votes would gall them to the quick. It is better; I commend them to vote in the dark, than seeing, to go directly against the conviction of their senses. Oh! but it is an angry resolution, say the learned Gentleman, have a care of an outcry. Sir, I declare, in the face of my country, that when I find my fellow citizens have been oppressed; when I find an attempt to trample on them, by a bad law; when I find them put under the dominion of a sort of oligarchy in the city, against every principle of freedom and independency, I will provoke that outcry; I will call aloud for that outcry; it is a subject that ought to rouse the free spirit of the citizens of Dublin; they ought to speak out; they ought to take every calm, wise, legal, constitutional step, peaceably, but with firmness, and an unshaken determination to cast off the yoke and

Well has the hon. Gentleman said, that he attributes the freedom and independency of England to the freedom and independency of the city of London; and shall the city of Dublin, the first city in Ireland, celebrated for its independent spirit, be sacrificed at the altar of Court influence? Shall they set the example to every part of the kingdom of an enslaved Corporation? Shall it be a bye word in every part of Ireland, when corruption at elections is the subject, that the city of Dublin is corrupt, that she is bought with a price? — The time is coming, however, when I hope, the city will vindicate their rights; will make at least one struggle for their freedom; will chase men of independence, and spare not those who shall be set up by Court influence. Let them take the opportunity that approaches with quick steps; let them join hand in hand; let every citizen pledge himself to his neighbour, that he will never part with his independence. — If they shall neglect the approaching hour; if they shall then yield to their oppressors, perhaps they may never have another opportunity; their chains will be rivetted too fast, and they will be slaves for ever. I shall say but one word more, the resolution is grounded upon evidence undeniable. Gentlemen on the other side are going to disagree with the committee, not knowing what they do. We offer them the whole evidence, to have it printed, if they please—they reject the offer. If I were disposed to have them in a point of view, in my mind the most disgraceful, I would have them to vote without the evidence, that the world might judge of their motions by their conduct.

Mr. Eggar. I have listened with some attention, and much surprise, to the course of the debate. In my opinion, it has been too desultory and indecorous. A committee had been appointed by this house to investigate the Police accounts; the committee, respectable, diligent, and indefatigable, have returned an able and so honest report to this house; and what is the reward, the remuneration for their labour and their honesty? The first law officer of the Crown openly accuses them of partiality and corruption in their report. I say, accuses them of partiality and corruption—it is said they have garbled the evidence, that is an accusation of corruption and partiality, no man condescends to garble evidence, but the partial and corrupt man. Sir, this is parliamentary indecorum. It is the indecorum of suppancy to recriminate, and timidly to

for a sacred adherence to duty. The example of the religious man is the rebuke of the sinner. The conduct of the honest servant of the people, contrasted with the uniform practice of the slave of the Crown, aggravates his baseness, and brightens his deformity. It has been said, this report has been founded on evidence suppressed, and the author of this calumny holds the book of evidence in his hand, and cites from it garbled paragraphs to vilify the report of the committee. They cry out suppression of evidence, to libel the committee, and they instance quotation from that evidence to asperse the report. Administration pretend there is not evidence before the house to justify the condemnation of the system of Police contained in this report, and to warrant the abolition of Police, but not of protection. I say, Sir, the death of the Police in this metropolis, will be the resurrection of protection; of effectual, not inefficacious; of economical, not profuse; of constitutional, not corrupt, protection. Administration has been offered time to investigate, and evidence to establish these truths. But Administration shrink from investigation; because investigation would generate demoultration of official profligacy and extravagance. I will tell gentlemen why they shrink from the investigation of official abuse. The work of investigation may become contagious—it infection may spread from one department of office to another, till it demonstrated to the country that abuse, peculation, and profusion, are the epidemical disease of office. They feel that this spirit of investigation may propagate from office to office, and therefore they put the extinguisher upon the first spark, lest it should kindle into a flame of purification. The profuse expenditure of 4000l. to purchase a mansion for the first Commissioner of Police, may bring on an inquiry into the enormous expenditure of public money, to build a palace at the Custom-house for the King of the Revenue. The condemnation of profuse expenditure in the splendid and costly furnishing the mansion of Police, may be a precedent against the like profusion in the furnishing of the palace of the Revenue. Sir, this report has ascertained to this house, one article of shameful profusion; one hundred and sixty pounds for the purchase of pier-glasses for this mansion of Police.

It has been endeavoured to extinguish this shameful instance with a laugh; but I will say, that those glasses hold the mirror up to official peculation, to public profusion, and to unconstitutional patronage. Sir, the author of these enormities, the Commissioner of Police, ought, on return to his mansion, to shroud those glasses, lest they exhibit him to himself—lest they extort from him those blushes, which he ought to have

and what becomes of the residue? I will tell gentlemen. The savings out of the oppressive taxes of protection, are thrown into a sinking fund, and this fund is appropriated to buy in the liberties of the corporation of the capital; it is appropriated to buy in the representation of this city by the most dangerous system of patronage. A battery is raised against the liberties of the corporation of Dublin; it is filled with officers and men armed for the destruction of your rights, and you are made to pay; you are oppressed beyond your bearing, to pay the assailants of your franchise, the corruptors of your representation. Let me tell gentlemen, this is the most dangerous invention of patronage that ever grew up in this nation—it is patronage levelled against the freedom of your capital; it is exalted patronage, and its abuse and enormities consequently beyond the reach of detection, of correction. The enslaving of your metropolis is dangerous to an extreme. It may set an example of servility contagious to the nation, and destructive to the constitution and liberties of the people. I say the patronage is exalted, and therefore dangerous and unpunishable. The abuses of that patronage, which is to purchase the representation of the first city of your nation, dare not be inquired into by Administration. They must give the Commissioners of Police, and the Members for your metropolis, a carte blanche for official peculation, profuse expenditure, and irresponsible profligacy. It is said, is the city to be plunged into anarchy and dangerous sedition. It is said, we offer no substitute for Police, no system for protection. The right hon. Mover is provided with a bill to establish a system of protection in this metropolis—a bill provident of efficacious protection, economical in its purchase, and constitutional in its patronage. I must therefore give my hearty concurrence for the abolition of Police in this city, because the system is unpalatable to the nation—because its expence is oppressive to the metropolis—because its protection is inefficacious—because the purchase of that inefficacious protection is extortion, and its patronage hostile to the chartered rights of this city, destructive of the freedom of its representation, and highly dangerous in the example of corruption it exhibits to the nation.

Mr. Toler vindicated the Police institution. He contended, and laid great stress on the point, that since the establishment of the Police, the number of felonies in the district of the metropolis, which included part of the county Dublin, where he had an official knowledge of the fact, had considerably decreased.

Mr. Hartley rose to make an observation respecting what had fallen from a right hon. Gentleman (the Attorney General) who had said,

innovation, and giving an unconstitutional patronage to Administration.

Mr. Hardy said he rose to make some observations on what had fallen from the learned Serjeant (Mr. Toler) at the other side of the house; at the same time to express his entire and unaltered disapprobation of the Police establishment; a disapprobation which certainly suffered no diminution by the report then before the house.—There was one circumstance, however, in the learned Serjeant's speech, which would, he was satisfied, convey the same pleasure to every man's mind, that it did to his, whatever difference of sentiment there might be with regard to the subject matter of debate. It was stated, that the number of capital convictions in the county of Dublin had considerably decreased for this some time past, and this decrease the learned Serjeant had dwelt on with particular complacency, as resulting entirely from the Police establishment. Mr. Hardy said he would be very unwilling to derogate from whatever merits, either that, or any other institution was justly entitled to; however he had heard, and in the course of this very Session, the decrease in criminal prosecutions attributed, not to the Police, but to the beneficial operations of the bill for the better enforcement of the Green Wax Process. The Police was not at the time mentioned, at all auxiliary to this matter. But surely admitting, that it was in the fullest extent, could a stronger argument be adduced for going into the proposed inquiry of the abuses which had crept into it, than an enumeration of all those advantages which would gradually be defeated by the increase of those abuses, if they were not immediately attended to? The learned Serjeant had talked of an instant abolition of the Police, as if any such measure was then in contemplation: But though the Police was not to be abolished, it did not follow, that every abuse and wanton expenditure of the public money, were to be countenanced for the sake of institution. It might as well be said, that priest-craft was to be sup-

ported for the sake of religion. The learned Serjeant held up a dreadful picture of the riots of 1784, and then told the house, that if the Police establishment was not acquiesced in, defective as it might be, Chaos would come again, and a repetition of all the violence and disorder of that period must be expected. This was imposing a most formidable alternative on the city of Dublin: Such a one as he had never read or heard of, except that celebrated alternative which was offered to Fair Rosamond by Queen Eleanor, of dying either by a dagger or a bowl of poison, which ever was most agreeable to her.—The citizens of Dublin were addressed in language not at all dissimilar; a corrupt Police establishment, or continued anarchy were offered to their consideration, and they might suffer by either of them just as it suited their inclinations: For one of them, the learned Serjeant was resolved they should have. Gentlemen were accused of seeking popularity in this business; for his own part he could safely say, that it was a matter of indifference to him whether the Police was originally popular or not, for he was very sensible that the most useful institutions had, at their onset, encountered all the obloquy and misrepresentation that could be well conceived. But with regard to the Police, it has had a fair trial; and so far from any temporary clamour being raised against it, so far as he could perceive, the general disapprobation of the whole establishment seemed to be at that time more warm and decided, than ever it had been. Every prediction with regard to it had been fulfilled, and it appeared then what it was stated by him some years ago, and many others much wiser than him, to be a bill for subjugating the corporation of the city for the preservation of Court influence in the city; certainly, if the tranquility of Dublin was at all within the contemplation of the framers of the bill, it was at best but a secondary object. He concluded with giving his hearty assent to the motion.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

Elegy on the Death of Lady Ann Cole.

By Mr. Rice, Teacher of Education.

LET the sad Muse her sablest suit assume,
Gemm'd with the dew that fall from
sorrow's eye,
To grace the bier of beauty in its bloom;
The bier of ANNA claims no vulgar sigh!
peak, ye whose hearts now grieve, because
you've known
Her manner when she was a girl

How chang'd the scene! a lovely ruin lies
Where life had lighted up a flame divine!
Her form angelic shall no more surprize,
Her looks no more their various charms combine.

But who can paint the † Man of Ross's heart,
Torn with a parent's pangs, with sorrow wild;
In dread suspense explore the healing art,
And find it fruitless for a cherub child!

Yet Hope celestial on her placid face,
Shed sweet affiance: there Reliance

Guardians of good! why not oppose your shield,
Rescuing from madness those who bless the earth;
Whilst weeds mature infest the unsightly field,
We wait the roses nip'd in fragrant birth.

Thou matron mourner! thou supreme in woe!
Angels and Ministers of Grace, complete
Thy consolation! be it thine to know
Angels with Angels must associate.

What now avails the marbled praise of state;
Fair Truth records on his unclading throne,
That Charity her acts will long relate,
And Virtue weep o'er ANNA's sepulchral
stone.

*Advice to a Student upon his Admission into the
University.*

PENDE laborem, magnum nauci,
Your studies mind, and don't be saucy:

Superiores revere,
Of rules and statutes be not weary:

Industrius esto et frugalis,
No taverns haunt, nor lounge where ale is:

Lege libros pro natis rebus,
Then drink your coffee, tea, or negus:

Si Socius sit Cuius vulgo dicitur,
Be friendly, and in friendship strict:

Judicio meliore dede,
Follow those who know how to lead ye:

Mane prælectiones audi,
Prayer, sermons,—sports on days of gandy:

Post prandium ambo studeatis,
But eat no suppers if it late is:

Honestus sis, et semper idem,
Virtues,—ne'er mind those who deride them:

Tandem collegio relicto,
A cure and wife I hope you'll stick to:

Profanum corculum vitato,
She'll prove more curl'd than curl'd potatoe:

Sacerdos, bo, sus, atque fur,
Are coupled just like you with her:

Probaque lepida puella,
In green, or blue, pink, red, or yellow:

Certius quam nant in mari pisces,
Will fully answer your best wishes:

Uxorem duc, tunc pace vivas,
And sons and daughters multiply fast:

Mors cito pede properat,
Nor anxious be for this or that:

Unveil his sins, both great and small,
Must not conceal, but tell him all.
The priest, then with a solemn face,
Examines well this sinner's case;
Tells him, ere he can make him sweet,
He must enjoin him penance meet;
Which done, to cleanse him of pollution,
Pronounces him his absolution:
This method frees their minds of pain,
And serves them when they sin again.

A Spanish lady of this cast,
Who'd been transgressing some months past,
Before she did again begin,
Resolv'd to cleanse her mind of sin.
Anxious t' accomplish her intent,
With haste to the first chapel went.
Being arrived into the choir,
The first who met her was a friar;
Seeing him look wile and sedate,
She did her num'rous faults relate;
Told of her misdeeds ev'ry act,
From greatest sin to smallest fact;
Recounted each false step she'd done,
Where, and with whom, concealing none.

All this he heard, and never spoke,
Resolving to maintain the joke.
The lady having all confess'd,
Her absolution did request.
"Madam, 'tis what I cannot give,
I'm no priest, as I hope to live!"
"You are no priest!" in rage she cry'd,
"I'm but a friar, ma'am," he reply'd,
"And our superiors have resolv'd,
That sins by us shan't be absolv'd."
"Why then did you hear my confession?
I will complain of your transgression,
That others mayn't that freedom take,
I'll an example of you make."
"Do so, dear ma'am, but pray attend,
You'll gain but little in the end;
What you did here communicate,
Your spouse shall know before 'tis late."
"Hold, hold," cries she, "then if 'tis so,
What you have done no one shall know;
Be silent then, I'm satisfy'd,
And in my secrecy confide."
The scheme that instant did succeed,
To these conditions both agreed;
Pleas'd with the business of the day,
They parted friends, and went their way.

*Sonnet to the Earl of Mansfield, late Chief
Justice of England.*

THRICE venerable Peer! whose evening sun
Has shot such lustre as right well may
daze

Sonnet to the Memory of Dr. Sam. Johnson,

TOY MAKAPITOY.

AS when in Jury, or in Syria's soil,
From waiting temple, or time-hallow'd
cell, [well,
Each way-worn pilgrim oft, to speed him
Of some rare relique will the fabrick spoil,
Serving to cheer and to befriend his toil.
So late gaz'd we what time our Johnson fell;
So lov'd we on his parting words to dwell,
Phylact'ries in this dreary life's turmoil!
With port august and lion-like he stood,
And nobly stemm'd a vicious torrent's rage;
Profound our warring passions to assuage,
Prescribe the channel, and direct the flood:
Wise as fam'd Socrates, as Cato sage,
And canoniz'd with them by all the good!

Sonnet to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

ANtæan Edmund! whose gigantic soul
Recks not the engines of perverted sway,
But free and fearless, in the evil day,
Stretching her flight from Indus to the Pole,
Affiduous shields the liberties of all!
There are (I know) that, like the chattering
jays,
Revile the eagle towering on his way,
Whose loud career drown's Envy's silly call,
Dear as thou art to every Sister-Muse,
The Orator, Philosopher, and Sage,
Form'd to redress, and to illumine the age,
And universal harmony diffuse:
Sacred to thee bright Fame adorns her page,
And weaves a crown of amaranthine hues.

Lord Mayor's Show.

AUSPICIOUS day for city glee,
Once more thy jocund face we see;
With joyous warmth to glow;
With hearts elate we'll view again
The pompous, gaudy, stately train,
Of curious Lord Mayor's show.

Of dull November, the ninth day,
Observe the preparations pray,
See how in crouds they go:
Attracted by the fine parade,
All leave employment and their trade,
To see the Lord Mayor's show.

Cries bumpkin to his rib, "My dear,
We'll go to the *fain fest* this year,
You likes it much I know."
Away they travel then for miles,
Through turnpikes, meadows, fields, o'er stiles,

"I've lost my watch," exclaims another,
"That's all you get," cries out his brother,
"By seeing Lord Mayor's Show."

Cries Pat, "By *Jafus*, lookce, man,
Push me away now if you can;
Arrah, I'll let you know,
If you're not after being still,
I'll *brust* your cheek, in fait I will,
For all my Lord Mayor's Show."

"Bear a hand, ship-mates, clear the way,
Let's have a fight of this here play,
Don't pull my rigging so;
D—me, my boys, come on, d'ye hear?
Down with your caps, and give a cheer,
To hail my Lord Mayor's Show."

The show comes by, some wave their hats,
While others—thinking dogs and cats
In people's faces throw;
A swaddling hypocrite they shove,
"Defend me from—ye powers above,
The snares of Lord Mayor's Show."

A tall, raw Yorkshireman, amaz'd,
At the fine sight with wonder gaz'd,
(Folks call 'em biter, you know)
But here was an unlucky hit,
He lost his watch, the biter's bit
Himself, at Lord Mayor's Show.

A city pair, like moving butts,
Have fists and elbows in their guts,
One treads on madam's toe;
"Lord, how one's rudely knock'd about,
I swear I'll never more come out,
To see the Lord Mayor's Show."

Still onward moves the gaudy train,
And Westminster's great Hall to gain,
The gilded coaches go;
'Tis there the old My Lord's displac'd,
And with his robe another's grac'd,
Then back goes Lord Mayor's Show.

Homeward they take another way,
Upon the Thames in barges gay,
In stately pomp they row;
While crouds in boats, and on each shore,
Of loud huzza's send forth a roar,
To greet the Lord Mayor's Show.

Next take a peep in old Guildhall,
There sits you'll see assembled all,
To temp'rance each a foe;
With eyes o'erjoy'd behold 'em view,
Their dinner courses British true,
O glorious Lord Mayor's Show!

Each table is with plenty stor'd,
And aldermen rang'd at the board,
Rings to puff and blow—

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

Vienna, October 3, 1789.

ON Wednesday last, an officer arrived here from the combined army, under the command of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg and Gen. Suwarow, with the news of a signal victory obtained over the army of the Grand Vizier, on the 22d of September, near Martinestie, in Wallachia, when the Turkish army, consisting of between ninety and one hundred thousand men, was entirely defeated, after an obstinate engagement. The loss of the Turks amounted to five thousand killed on the spot, and two thousand in the pursuit. Very few prisoners were taken, as the enemy in general refused to surrender, and would not accept of quarter.—The combined army took possession of the Turkish camp, which was abandoned in the utmost confusion, the fugitives having passed the river Rimnik, and taken the road to Brailow. The trophies, which have fallen into the hands of the victors, consist of nearly one hundred standards, six mortars, seven pieces of cannon, sixty-four field pieces, and a prodigious quantity of ammunition, stores, and baggage of all kinds. The loss of the combined army was between four and five hundred men killed and wounded, and about one hundred horses.

The Emperor has promoted the Prince of Saxe Cobourg to the rank of Field Marshal.

On the evening of Monday last, his Imperial Majesty returned to his palace in town, for the winter. The fever has entirely left him, and he walked out yesterday on the ramparts.

An account was published here on the 4th instant, of Marshal Laudohn's having, on the 30th ultimo, made himself master, by assault, of all the suburbs of Belgrade.

General Rouvroi died of a fever at Semlin on the 30th of September.

8] An officer dispatched by Field Marshal Prince Potemkin, on the 16th of September, has brought intelligence to the Russian Ambassador here, that the vanguard of the army, commanded by lieutenant general Prince of Anhalt-Bernburgh, had attacked and totally defeated a body of Turks at Causchan, a short distance from Bender. The Turks were under the command of Hassan Pacha, who commanded as Seraskier near Rehaja-Mohila, in the last campaign. The Pacha, with several officers of distinction, and upwards of 100 men, were made prisoners, and about 700 left dead on the field. The enemy's camp and 3 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victors.

The same officer also brought a confirmation

attacked and conquered the post of Barefund, between Hungot and Perkelant, where the enemy had two batteries, which they abandoned, after a defence of an hour and a half. All the cannon, ammunition, tents, &c. &c. fell into the hands of the victors. The enemy also lost two galleys, one of which was burnt, and the other destroyed.—One of our ships of the line foundered.

Madrid, October 20. Some troubles having arisen in Catalonia relative to the Inquisition, it is hoped his Majesty will soon abolish that tribunal.

In order to prevent the consequences of the spirit of insurrection, which is spreading from kingdom to kingdom, and has already made some progress in this, our Monarch has resolved to assemble the ancient Cortes of Spain. His Majesty has accordingly announced to all the towns which have a right to send deputies, to prepare for such purpose. This solemn assembly is to be held in this capital, at the palace of del Buen Retiro, in the Great Hall of the kingdom—thus named, because it contains the armories of the seventeen kingdoms which compose this monarchy.

The Comte de Campomanes has been appointed by the King to preside at the necessary preparations, to render this place proper for the design.

The objects which they are to have for discussion still remain a secret; and we are hitherto only assured of the certainty of their time of meeting, which is to take place immediately after the King returns to the Escorial, which, according to appearance, will be about the eve of Saint Charles.—The Deputies who are already arrived here, have held two long preparatory meetings, at which the Governor of the Council and four Counsellors of Castile presided.

Copenhagen, Oct. 31. Intelligence has been received here from Carlscrona, that the whole of the Swedish fleet had returned to that port on the 23d instant.

Brussels, Nov. 10. On Friday the 6th, not far distant from Tamise, the villa of the ill-fated Crumpioen, Dahreberg's army recognized the advanced guard of the Brabantons. A variety of petty skirmishes took place between detached parties, in which, though the event was various, the fortune of the patriotic arms on the whole, prevailed. In these sanguinary and ignoble conflicts, the early part of the day was consumed.

Towards evening, a general action commenced.—The situation of the patriots was commanding and advantageous. It had been selec-

mechanical courage of these mercenaries.—They were routed with great slaughter. Of their precise loss, or that of the patriots, it is yet impossible to give any accurate account.

The Imperial army retreated in the greatest confusion across the Scheld, towards the side of Alost and Brussels. Dähleberg was not with

them. Some reports state, that he fell in the action—others that he was taken prisoner.—the second in command, is either killed or taken—the third superseded for improvidence and temerity, and Dalton remains in no very enviable predicament.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

SURRENDER of BELGRADE.

Vienna, Oct. 12 seven o'Clock in the Morning.

A COURIER has just arrived with dispatches from Marshal Laudohn, by whom we are informed, that his Excellency, on the 1st of October, had opened a parallel, running along the glacis of the fortrefs of Belgrade, towards the left of the Save, only 150 paces distant from the covered way, by means of 2000 pioneers and 300 peasants, notwithstanding three salies on the part of the enemy.

On the 5th, the ditch was nearly filled with fascines, and most of the artillery in the fortrefs dismantled, so that our troops could make their approaches nearly to the head of the covered way. All the materials for springing mines under the capital of the two bastions, and those for demolishing the raveline, were also prepared.

Oct. 6. All the batteries, whether of cannon or mortar, were ready to play upon the besieged; and at eight o'clock they began to act with prodigious effect. About twelve the enemy's fire became slack; so that their troops were chased by our men from the covered way, while the bombs and hand grenades set fire to different places of the fortifications.

At noon, the Pacha requested the armistice of fourteen days, to consult the inhabitants about the surrender of the place. This was, however, denied, and our fire continued with redoubled vigour.

7.] The Pacha having written a letter, in which he begged a suspension of hostilities for a few hours, this was accordingly agreed to, and four Turks of distinction having arrived in our camp, a Lieutenant Colonel and two Majors have been sent on our part into the fortrefs, to hear the proposals of the Governor.

12. at noon.] General K. Beck arrived here a few days since, with dispatches from Marshal Laudohn dated from the camp before Bel-

streets of Vienna, in his way to the residence of the Field Marshal Count de Hadick, President of the Council, to whom he made a report of the victory.

During the procession, the populace assembled in prodigious numbers, and shouted "Long live Laudohn, the father of his country!"

The joy that prevails at present in this capital, is inconceivable; a general illumination is to take place this evening; and a tradesman, who has the brave, old, and victorious Generalissimo for his sign, is making extraordinary preparations to celebrate the recent triumph of his hero.

The Emperor, to testify his approbation of the conduct of Marshal Laudohn, has permitted him to wear the order of Maria Theresa, let with brilliants (an honour never enjoyed before but by his Imperial Majesty), and has sent him for this purpose, the diamond cross worn by his own father, and also his cordon, richly studded with jewels.

The terms granted to the enemy are extremely favourable, considering the situation of the fortrefs.

Inspruce, Oct. 15. When I wrote you last from Aix-la Chapelle, I told you we were going to Italy, so that you will not be surprised to receive a letter from me, written at the foot of the Alps. I had read, and frequently heard of these mountains, but the utmost stretch of my imagination fell short of the reality. They are beautifully dreadful.

We arrived here the day before yesterday, and are detained on account of the inundation of the river, occasioned by a sudden melting of the snow upon the mountains. The water rose in this town, on Saturday last, more than four feet high; the mud which remains at present on the pavement is seven or eight inches deep.

Yesterday, and the day before, it was frightful to look at. We were obliged to have a plank laid into the coach to the steps of the house on

Nov. 2.] The Dutch and Flanders mails arrived yesterday morning. By the former we have the following important news from Cleves :

"That the King of Prussia has sent orders to Lieutenant General de Schliffen, Governor of Wesel, to march immediately with a considerable body of forces to appease the troubles at Liege ; they are to be joined by others belonging to the Bishop of Munster and the Duke of Juliers, in their titles as Co-Directors of the Empire."

Since receiving the above account, we learn, that six thousand Prussians are actually arrived at Liege, to put the King of Prussia's orders in force.

The embers of rebellion, which have been for some months kindling, have at last broke forth into a flame, and the whole of the Emperor's dominions in Brabant are a scene of mutiny and civil war.

The French fugitives who have taken refuge in Switzerland, are said to be in number sixty thousand. Lausanne, Vevay, Morges, Nyon, and the borders of the Lake of Geneva, are full of them ; and as houses could not be built in an instant for so great a number of people, they are most wretchedly accommodated. Many ladies, accustomed to live in splendid houses and palaces, are now obliged to content themselves with lodgings in a stable.

Paris is at present divided into six military divisions, each composed of six battalions, under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette, General and Commander in Chief of the Parisian militia.

It is with extreme regret we announce the deaths of two of the most worthy characters that the present age could boast of—namely, George Byng and George Anson, Esquires ; the former died at Bath on Wednesday last, and the latter on Tuesday, at Snugborough Manor, Staffordshire.

Mr. Anson was member of Parliament for Litchfield ; the disorder which deprived his country of this truly independent gentleman, was the gout in his stomach. He has left eleven children to deplore his loss.—His eldest son lately purchased a Lieutenancy in the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, and was on Wednesday presented to his Majesty on his recent promotion, unknowing of the decease of his honourable relative.

Mr. Byng had for some time been troubled with an intermitting fever, which at length terminated his existence, and deprived the freholders of Middlesex of their intended representative in Parliament, at the next general election.

French Nobility in London

Who have been induced to fly to this country, on account of the troubles in France

Le Duc et la Duchesse de Luxembourg.

La Duchesse de Laval.

La Duchesse de Biron.

La Comtesse de Cambise.

La Comtesse de Balbi.

La Marquise de Menard.

Le Marquis de Jaucourt.

La Comtesse de Boufflers.

La Comtesse Amelie de Boufflers.

The above personages are the most distinguish-

ed French families in London, and all of them, except the Duchesse de Biron were at M. Calonne's at Wimbledon, where they were very elegantly entertained.

The fame of this pretty spot had reached France, and every foreigner who comes to this country wishes to see it. M. de Calonne was therefore induced to give a public breakfast at his villa and the fineness of the day added not a little to the pleasure of it.

Besides these noble strangers, were the Countess of Holderness, Lady Lucan, Mrs. Howe, and several other English ladies of distinction, who did not return from Wimbledon till near five o'clock.

The herring fishery on the coast of Scotland has been, this season, very successful ; the quantity caught was greater than ever known before ; as Staxigo 1300 barrels have frequently come on shore in a morning ; and numberless quantities have been left to rot on the ground, for want of salt and casks to cure them in.

Lord Barrymore's famous horse Rockingham is purchased for 2400*l.* by Messrs. Pennywell, Grant, Davis, and Bullock.

The public statue of the late Sir George Savile, Bart. is at length finished, and erected in York Cathedral. This mark of esteem and public approbation was ordered by his constituents, and was erected at their expence, in order to perpetuate a memory so truly deserving ; and for having represented in five successive Parliaments the county of York, with that upright conduct and patriotic zeal which are worthy the imitation of all representatives.

The statue is fixed on an elegant marble pedestal, six feet high, on the frieze of which are introduced the emblems of Wisdom, Fortitude, and Eternity.—Sir George is represented leaning on a pillar, holding in his right hand a scroll, on which is written, "The Petition of the Freeholders of the County of York." The back ground is of white marble, and the whole height of the monument is sixteen feet, and is executed in so masterly a style as to do great credit to the statuary : On the front of the pedestal is the following inscription :

"To the memory of Sir George Savile, Bart. who, in five successive Parliaments, represented the county of York, the public love and esteem of his fellow citizens have decreed this monument. In private life he was benevolent and humane ; his charities were extensive and secret ; his whole heart was formed on principles of generosity, mildness, justice, and universal candour. In public the patron of every national improvement ; in the Senate, incorrupt ; in his commerce with the world, disinterested. By genius enlightened in the means of doing good, he was unwearied in doing it. His life was an ornament and a blessing to the age in which he lived ; and after death, his memory will continue to be beneficial to mankind, by holding forth an example of pure and unaffected virtue, most worthy of imitation to the latest posterity. He departed this life January the 9th, 1784, in the 58th year of his age, beloved and lamented."

We have no positive accounts of any further engagement between the Imperial troops and the patriotic army in Brabant. The loss of the

former, in the action near Turnhout, is now ascertained :—it amounts to fifty men killed on the spot, besides two officers and sixty men taken prisoners. The loss of the patriots, is only four men killed and fifty wounded.

At Brussels, all private associations are prohibited in the coffee-houses and inns of that city, under a penalty of 50 florins, and six weeks banishment, for the first offence, and an hundred florins and perpetual exile for the second.

Oxford Nov. 7] The Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford, attended by the Bachelors, waited on their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Gloucester, Prince William Henry, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, at the Star Inn, and conducted them to view the principal buildings, &c. of that University. After seeing Trinity, All Souls, Queen's College, the Theatre, Bodleian Library, &c. they proceeded to Christ Church, where they were received by the Dean and Resident Canons in the New Library. The young Noblemen of that Society were then presented to their Royal Highnesses. After viewing the Library, and the noble collection of paintings given to that Society by the late General Guise, they proceeded to the Dining-hall, Chapel, &c. After which they partook of a refreshment at the Dean's lodgings. Their Royal Highnesses left Oxford about two o'clock, highly pleased with the attention paid them by the gentlemen of the University; and went to dine with the Earl Harcourt at Newnham.

Cambridge Nov. 9] This morning was found the long lost body of the late Senior Proctor. He had been missing ever since the last commencement; and was found in an uninhabited chamber above the kitchen of his college, hanging most academically. This is the second public officer of the University of Cambridge who has made so exemplary an exit within the last three months. It seems he was betrothed to an amiable young lady, and that the marriage was from time to time postponed in expectation of a sufficient provision in the church. He had rejected a living of 400l. per annum, in hopes of a better; but the old incumbent of this better living not choosing to die, the impatient lover hung himself in a passion. The lady, it is said, is become a lunatic.

The national Assembly of France have come to two Resolutions, which must be deemed spirited. By the first resolution, all distinctions in

Angusta came of age, she was presented by the King with a pin money annuity of 2000l. per annum, payable out of the Privy Purse quarterly. The Queen on the same occasion, presented the Princess with some sets of diamonds and pearls of great value.

His Majesty has lately made a new regulation, by the advice of his Physicians, which is, not to read or open any dispatches or letters which may be sent to him at Windsor, or elsewhere, after four o'clock in the afternoon, devoting the remainder of the day to domestic retirement.

Nov. 17] According to letters from the Lower Rhine, there has been an insurrection at Treves, on the 23d and 24th of last month. The particulars that have come to our knowledge are, that the magistrates of the city having first assembled the citizens by beat of drum, and having shut the city gates, obliged the Counts Wallersdorff and Kesselstadt, Commissaries of the Chapter, to appear at the Hotel de Ville, where they laid before them many articles, some of which the Commissaries approved on the spot, and desired leave to take the others under consideration.

18] Barrington was brought up to the Court of King's Bench, at the bar of which he appeared in the character of a pickpocket.

Barrington's speech to the Court was sensible and modest, and most eloquently delivered.—The Court was much crowded, and a most respectful silence prevailed while he was speaking; every person seemed grieved to think that any man could possess so depraved a heart, with such fine intellects.

B I R T H S.

THE Lady of John Cox Hippisley, Esq. of a daughter, at Caroline Park, near Edinburgh, the seat of Sir John Stuart Bart.—The Lady of Robert Smith, Esq. of a daughter, at his house in St. James's-place.—The Lady of the Hon. Mr. Justice Wilton, of a son and heir, at their house in Lincoln's Inn-Fields.—Countess of Spencer, of a son.—Lady of Sir James Tylney Long, Bart. of a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

AT Stanton, Pembrokeshire, Captain Henry Heatley, late of the 12th or Prince of Wales's regiment of light dragoons, and now of the 102d regiment, to Miss Matilda Morgan, of Carmarthen.—At Chatham, Thomas Pucarne, Esq. Major of the 17th regiment of foot, to

work and Battersea, in Surrey. She was interred in a vault in the church by her first husband, she having had four.—At Tunbridge Wells, the most noble James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, Marquis of Carnarvon, Lord Steward of the city of Winchester, one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and LL. D. His grace was born the 27th of December, 1731, and leaving no male issue, the title is extinct.—At Steettin, Baron de Goltz, formerly Prussian Ambassador to Holland, and Lieutenant-General in the Prussian Service.—At Brunswick, the celebrated Abbe Jerusalem, aged 80.—At Englefield, J. Loring, Esq. late Commissary General of Prisoners in North America.—Edward May, Esq. of Corsham, Wilts.—Samuel Whalley, Esq. of Poothertsey, Staffordshire. This gentleman did not, it is believed, expend less than from two to three thousand pounds per annum in acts of benevolence.—At Doncaster, Mrs. Jennings, relict of

Edward Jennings, Esq. who died only a few days before her. She went to bed as well as usual on Monday night, and was taken ill early in the morning, and died before any medical assistance could be administered. What makes her death more remarkable, Mr. Jennings, a few days before his decease, advised her immediately after his death to settle her affairs, as he thought she would not long survive him; his advice she took, and made her will a few days after.—At Craigforth, John Calender, Esq. of Craigforth, Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Society of Antiquaries for Scotland.—The Lady of Capt. Luckha, of the Navy.—William Pior, Esq. of Warminster Wilts.—Henry Maites, Esq. of Corsham, Wilts.—The Earl of Huntingdon.—The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Miller, of Glenlee, Ayrsh.—James Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Westport, Oct. 25, 1789.

ON the night of the 19th instant, and since that time, there has been a great take of herrings amongst the Islands and Bay of Westport; the fish are very good, but not large; it will take between 5 and 600 of them to fill a barrel; average price 2^s. per hundred.

Rutland, Oct. 27. There have been fishing boats out for several nights past; they caught herrings of a very good quality, but not so large as in the winter season.

Killibegs, Oct. 28. The herrings have set in here tolerably promising, and the fish good; the price 20^s. per thousand.

Cork, Nov. 9. The graziers of the neighbouring counties are much discomfited at the low price of beef this season, which is a circumstance easily accounted for. There are very few commissions come to this part except a little for the East Indies and Gibraltar. The West Indians are beginning to breed their own cattle as well as the Americans, and are supplied by the latter with the remainder; as a remarkable proof of the loss of this trade, the Liverpool entries mention great quantities of hides and horns imported lately from different parts of the West Indies.

Good beef has been lately sold at Havre so low as 12^s. per barrel. The barrel contains 224lb.

Fermanagh, Nov. 12. I am certain you will be glad to hear that Laurence Peebles, of Lisnakea, in this county, against whom examinations have been lodged, as aiding and assisting his brother, John Peebles, in several robberies, and particularly in a late daring attempt to break into the house of Mr. Clarke, in the co. Cavan, was apprehended on Tuesday last.

Two of the sons of Major Brooke having taken the bounds as far as Lisnakea, a gentleman of the party, who knew Peebles, saw him at work in a potatoe-field, with a gun by his side, on which the whole party went to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, and there furnishing themselves with arms, returned to the field in full gallop with the huntsman, and hounds at their head, and coming up to Peebles, desired him to surrender, which he refused, at same time endeavouring to escape, by leaping over two large quickset ditches, over which he was directly followed by one of the Mr. Brookes's, by him overtaken, and kept at bay, until the rest of the gentlemen came round; when surrounded, he presented his gun, which fortunately missed fire; upon which he was fired on by Mr. John King, of Drumgoon, and instantly after by both the Mr. Brookes's, by which shots he was severely wounded; he was then seized by Mr. John Balfour, of Drumcrue, and being properly secured, was immediately taken to, and lodged in the

house in the very same district; and of whom seven having been since taken, it was hoped that the body was completely broken; but it now appears, that they were much more numerous than was ever imagined. The gentlemen of the county, much to their credit, are using every means to discover and apprehend those daring depredators, who are a terror to the whole country.

Carlow, Nov. 17. At the hour of six o'clock in the evening, a most audacious robbery was committed in Burrin Street, at one Eaton's, by two villains, one of whom had his face blackened, who forcing in thro' a back window, whilst no person, save the woman of the house, was within, whom they gagged with a cravat of her husband's that lay in the way, locked the door, and extinguished the fire. They then proceeded to ransack the house, when one of the ruffians proposed murdering the poor woman, but was prevented by the other, who, it seems had some sense of humanity. However, on hearing some people in the street, they made their escape, leaving in their hurry behind them several articles of wearing apparel, which they packed up, and brought only what money they found, amounting to four guineas and a half, the key of the door, two pair of silver shoe buckles, and a gold ring.—The unfortunate woman lay there for some time afterwards, incapable of crying out for help, until some gentlemen forced open the door, and found her in that lamentable situation.

DUBLIN, Oct. 30, 1789.

AT the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, a fine was imposed upon a Magistrate of the co. of Dublin, for taking bail for a person charged with committing a rape; the learned Judge also declared, that he would lay a formal complaint before the Lord Chancellor, to take from that Magistrate his Majesty's commission of the peace.

Nov. 2.] The Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor attended at so early an hour as ten o'clock, in the Court of Chancery; his Lordship proceeded to the hearing of such causes as were ready—and what had not taken place for many years past in that Court, was at this sitting accomplished, viz. the discharge of *Peremptories*—a species of rule motion and proceeding, which prevented suitors, however just their claim, from receiving redress or remedy for years together.

We are concerned to inform the public, of the death of Lieutenant Richard St. George, of the 24th regiment, who was unfortunately drowned on the 22d of August last, crossing in a chaise the river Montmorancy, near Quebec, to the great regret of his Lieutenant Colonel, and all his brother officers; by which the army is deprived of an honourable young man, and the regiment of a gallant and good officer.

5.] The Lord Mayor gave a dinner in the Mansion-house to a large company, consisting of a number of the aldermen, clergy, officers, and principal citizens. The entertainment was remarkably elegant and well appointed, and the various wines were excellent; but his Lordship's urbanity and polite attention to his guests, were

much more deserving of praise than any display of a table however splendid.

Mal-accident and misfortune are often as strongly marked in the fate of the innocent and harmless, as prosperity in that of the vicious and undeserving. The poor young man of the name of Kearney, clerk to a grocer in Capel-street, who was shot through the arm by a footpad in Hume-street, last Spring, when by the passing of a brace of balls through the limb, the bone was miserably shattered; after a tedious confinement under an eminent Surgeon, for several months, was at length almost miraculously cured, and had just returned to his employer's business, when yesterday he unfortunately fell through a trap-door in the shop floor, and fractured the same arm in the same spot, so that it is apprehended amputation must be indispensable.

Terence Smith, a badge-porter, who was found guilty at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, of stealing five pieces of linen cloth out of the Linen-hall, the property of Mr. Leslie Ogilby, was executed at the foot of the New Prison, pursuant to his sentence.

6.] A countryman passing through Fleet-lane, saw at the door of a brothel an unfortunate girl, whom he knew to be his sister, and who has been some time on the town; he seized her with fury, knocked her down, and kicked and beat her with such implacable rage, that it was with some difficulty she was rescued by the interference of some passengers, and her life saved.

7.] The New Prison was cleared of a prodigious glut of convicts, in number eighty-nine. They were conveyed in ten carts to the end of the North Wall, where they were put in boats, and shipped on board the brig Duke of Leinster, Captain Christian, who has been chartered for some time past to land them in some port of his Majesty's dominions in North America. A troop of horse and company of foot guarded the convicts to the water side.

9.] A cause of consequence, between Mrs. Price, plaintiff, and the corporation of the College of Dublin, defendants, came on to be heard before his Excellency the Lord Chancellor, on the plaintiff's petition, praying leave to traverse the findings on an inquisition in 1759, whereby certain lands in the county of Wicklow, were found to have been devised by the last will and testament of Dr. Baldwin, formerly Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to the Provost, Fellows and Scholars of said College—when after very extensive pleadings, and a speech delivered by the Chancellor, replete with sound equity and great legal knowledge, his Excellency decreed—that the plaintiff should be at liberty to traverse.

A gentleman, who is said to be an attorney, having had some words with a grenadier of the 27th regiment, at the end of Skinner-row, Castle-street, the latter drew his bayonet and stabbed the gentleman in the neck and one of his testicles, after which the villain having run up Skinner-row, the hue and cry was raised, and he was apprehended in High-street. But on being brought through Castle-street, in order to send him to prison, he was rescued by some other soldiers.

11.] Notwithstanding the severity of the day, his

his Grace the Duke of Leinster, Earls of Charlemont and Portarlington, Right Honourable Mr. Conolly, Right Hon. Mr. Grattan, &c. came to town to vote for representatives for the Guild of Merchants, in the new Common Council of this city.

Such a precedent is well worthy the imitation of all well wishers to their country, to exert themselves at the next General Election in support of men distinguished for their attachment to its real interests and liberties.

12.] Several muskets, on a new construction were brought to the Barracks, in order to undergo an examination of General Pitt and the superior officers of the garrison. The principle on which they are made is intended to obviate the delay which occurs in priming, and one of them, tried in the presence of a correspondent, manifested the ingenuity of the contrivance in three successive discharges, after simply ramming down the cartridge in the usual way. Some farther experiments were not equally successful; this, however, might have been occasioned by the accidental defect of the flint or some other cause easily remedied, as it was found that the priming introduced in the ordinary manner did not, in one or two instances, explode. Should this invention be effectual in its operation, it must prove an improvement of some importance in military affairs.

The two pieces of plate voted some time since by the parish of St. Peter to the Rev. Mr. Kirwan, and since executed in a style of most exquisite workmanship, were presented to that Rev. Gentleman, by a committee of the parish. The plate bears the following inscription:

"To perpetuate their admiration of superior talents, their gratitude for the application of them in support of their charitable institutions, their personal attachment to private worth, and their respect for public virtue, the parishioners of the parish of St. Peter's, have presented this piece of plate to the Rev. W. B. Kirwan."

A decision was made in the Court of King's Bench, in the cause of Lord Mountgarret against Anderson, which will prove of much importance to the fair traders of this kingdom. By this determination it is established, that no necessity shall exist in any litigated case of proving the hand writing of a fictitious endorser.

13.] The deputation, who some time since presented the freedom of this city to the Lord Chancellor in a gold box voted at the last Quarter Assembly, were elegantly entertained at a sumptuous banquet prepared on purpose, at his Excellency's house in Ely Place.—Lord Fitzgibbon on the occasion conducted himself with the most marked attention to his guest, about twenty in number; and our correspondent assures us that the feast for elegance, plenty, and hospitality, has not been exceeded in this kingdom for many years, and was truly worthy the upright Chancellor.

A cause of some importance to the subject was tried, at Nisi Prius, in the Court of King's Bench, before the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Clonmel, and a very respectable Jury, in which James Metcalf, attorney was plaintiff, and Abraham

Hughes, hearth-money collector, defendant. The case was this: Mr. Metcalf at Whitluntide 1788, went out of town for a week, and in his absence the defendant Hughes, with a constable, came to the plaintiff's house in Dublin, and demanded admittance to inspect the hearths; he was informed that the doors of the upper part of the house were locked, and required to wait for two or three days until Mr. Metcalf should return to town, and was tendered any hearth-money he should ask in the mean time; this he refused, and with the constable broke open several of the doors, to inspect the hearths, and compelled payment for two hearths more than the house really contained.

Mr. Metcalf, upon his return to town, brought his action at law against Hughes, when after a fair and impartial trial, in which several Counsel of eminence displayed great ability, and that the Lord Chief Justice had given a learned and impartial charge to the jury, they retired, and returned a verdict of 30*l.* damages, with costs of suit.

16.] As Capt. Dillon, of the Ardeagh Rangers, was returning from the fair of Athboy, he stopped at the Black Lion, in the county of Meath, to have his horses fed, and there received information that two suspicious looking fellows had been in the house of Mr. Doolan, publican, for some days; considering it would be difficult for him at that late hour to collect his own men, he rode off to Capt. Trotter, of Duleek, who without delay marched at the head of a party of his volunteers to the Black Lion, and in a very short time took the fellows:—On searching them, a number of counterfeit guineas and half guinea, dies, and every apparatus for coining, were found; in one of the dies were several unfinished guineas (for each die completed seven). They were immediately committed to Trim gal, and every legal step taken to ensure capital conviction. Those plunderers could give no satisfactory account of themselves, and seemed not at all affected. The inhabitants of Meath are much indebted to Mr. Trotter and Mr. Dillon, for their spirited exertions in preserving the peace of the county, and bringing villains to public justice.

19.] The Right Hon. Thomas Conolly sailed for England. The object of his departure is to assist in the management of the late George Byng's affair, that beloved character, who so long and so faithfully represented the spirited county of Middlesex in the British Parliament.

BIRTHS for November, 1789.

AT Prospect, the lady of Usher Philpot, Esq. of a daughter.—At Painsburn, the lady of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Downe and Connor, of a daughter.—The lady of Samuel Watton, of Baliyarden, Esq. of a son.—At St. Stephen's-green, the lady of the Rev. Dr. John Keane, senior fellow of Trinity College, of a son.—In Sackville-street, the lady of Richard Dawson, Esq. of a daughter.—In Dawson-street, the lady of Major Edwards, of a son.—In Frederick-street, the lady of Alex. Brennan, Esq. of a daughter.—In Great George's Street, Rutland-square, the lady of Valentine Blake, of Lahinch, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES

MARRIAGES for November, 1789.

C H A R L E S Moore Stree, Esq. Lieut. in the 11th regt. of foot, to Miss Anne Hamilton. — At Corbally, Wm. Gregory, Esq. second son to Robert Gregory, of Cool Lodge, near Cort, Esq. to Miss Trench, daughter to Wm. Power Keating Trench, Esq. one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Galway, and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Mountjoy. — Thomas Winton, of Golden Bridge, co. of Dublin, Esq. to Miss Carmichael, eldest daughter of Andrew Carmichael, of, Bride-street, Esq. — At Borris, in 'Os-fory, Thomas Woods, of Birr, in the King's County, Esq. to Miss Maria Smith, of Borris Castle. — At Sherwood Park, Thomas Elliott, of Catheroag, county of Carlow, Esq. to Miss Nailor, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Nailor, of Cork. — Walter Peyton, of Driny, county of Leitrim, Esq. to Miss Alicia Cunningham, of Port. — At Limerick, Joseph Wallplate, Esq. son of the late Rev. Joseph Wallplate, to Miss Henrietta Bridgman, daughter of Henry Bridgman, of Donal, in the county Clare, Esq. — At Drogheda, Edmund Hearne, Esq. of Hearne-Bronke, county of Galway, to Miss Mary Anne Teresa Bird. — The Rev. Richard Fisher, to Miss Barnes, eldest daughter of Caleb Barnes, of Mahonstown, county of Meath, Esq. — Lieut. Norton Charles Matili, of the 69th regiment of foot, to Miss Letitia Godfrey, second daughter to Sir William Godfrey, Bart. — At Lucan, co. of Dublin, Andrew M'Mahon, of Middle Temple, Esq. to Lady King, relict of the late Ald. Sir Anthony King. — At Carnarvon, in Wales, John Gasper Battier, Esq. late Major of the 5th regt. of foot and son of Mr. Battier, late of Stephen's-green, to Miss Fleming, daughter of the late John Fleming, of Staholmock, Esq. — William M'Kay, of Great Ship-street, Esq. an eminent Attorney, to Miss Mary Higginbotham, of Summerhill. — Charles Vereker, of Roxborough, Esq. to Mrs. Stamer, relict of William Stamer, of Carnelly, county of Clare, Esq. and daughter to Ralph Westropp, of Atyflan, county of Limerick, Esq. — The Rev. Daniel Kelly, of Dawson's grove, county of Armagh, to Miss Donaldson, of Castle Dillon, in said county. — John Auchmuty, Esq. son of the Rev. John Auchmuty, of Fetterstown, to Miss King, of Great Britain-street. — James D'Arcy, Esq. Barrister-at Law, to Mrs. Pigott, of Winchester, England. — At Stephen's-green, the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Malisiff, county of Tipperary, to Miss Beresford, daughter to the Lord Bishop of Osfory, and niece to his Excellency the Lord Chancellor, and the Marquis of Waterford. — James Leslie, of Leslie Hill, Esq. to Miss Fleming.

and half-brother to the present Lord Baron Maffey. — The Right Honourable Richard Jackson, member of parliament for the borough of Coleraine, clerk of the paper-officer, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council. — At Athy, the Rev. Dr. James Nelle. — At Ardoyne, county of Wicklow, in an advanced age, James Braddel, Esq. — In consequence of a fall from his horse, the Reverend John Quin, prebendary of Elphin, brother to Sir Richard Quin, of Adair, Bart. and brother-in-law to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ilchester. — At Clogowan, near Portlinton, Mrs. Meredith, relict of the late Joshua Meredith, Esq. — Spencer Baird, Esq. aged 19 years, only son of the Rev. John Baird, rector of Clogran. — At his lodgings in Abbey street, Edward Nass Drury, of Drury Lodge, county of Sligo, Esq.

P R O M O T I O N S.

S I R William Gleadowe Newcomen, Bart. elected a Knight of the Shire for the county of Longford, (Henry Gore, Esq. now Lord Annesly.) — Lt. Col. Richard St. George, to be Inspector General for recruiting parties for regiments serving abroad, (the Right Honourable Major Hobart, resigned.) — The Rev. Thomas Green to the prebendary and rectory of Clane-horky in the diocese of Raphoe, together with the vicarage of Glaukeen, in the diocese of Caidel. — W. C. Purdon, Esq. to be Major of the 7th dragoon guards. — John Ormsby Esq. to be a Captain of the 7th dragoon guards. — George Torriano, Esq. to be a Captain in the 43d foot. — William Cunningham, Esq. to be a Captain in the 62d foot. — The Hon. Edward Maffey, to be an Ensign in the 63d foot. — David Botwell, Esq. to be a Captain in the 64th foot. — Captain Matthew Young, to be first Lieutenant in the invalid company, of the Royal Irish Artillery. — William Wright, Esq. to be Captain; John Boucher, Esq. to be Captain Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Artillery. — Colonel Thomas Pigott, to be Director; Colonel Charles Vallancey, to be Lieutenant Colonel; Lieutenant Colonel Charles Tarrant, to be Major; Major James Ferris, to be Captain; John Brown, Esq. to be Captain Lieutenant; and Alexander Taylor, Esq. to be first Lieutenant of the Company of Royal Engineers. — Major General Henry Lawes, Earl Carhampton to be Colonel en second of the Royal Irish Artillery. — George Hardy, Esq. to be Captain in the 51st foot. — The Hon. Hugh Howard, elected a Burgess in Parliament for the Borough of St. Johnstown, in the co. of Donegal, in the room of his brother, Robert, now Lord Viscount Wicklow. — Thomas Leechmer, Esq. to be a Captain in the 27th foot. — George Duff, Esq. to be Major of the 55th foot, and

W A L K E R ' s
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For D E C E M B E R, 1789.

We present our Readers this Month with a curious Deception Print of
PRIZE AND BLANK.

*(Taken from a Drawing made at WALKER'S LOTTERY-OFFICE,
No. 79, DAME-STREET.)*

Memoirs of M. de Gribeauval.

IN the person of John Baptist Vaquette De Gribeauval, France has lost one of her most celebrated men, who from the high esteem in which he was held by all Europe, merits a distinguished place in the military annals of the eighteenth century. In her present situation, the loss of a man who united the most valuable qualities of the citizen and the soldier, is peculiarly unfortunate. Long distinguished as a model by that corps which was proud of having him at their head, the freedom with which he spoke his sentiments would have accorded well with that spirit of liberty now dawning on his native country.

M. De Gribeauval was born at Amiens the 15th of September 1715; in 1732 he entered as a volunteer into the royal regiment of artillery, and in 1735 was made *officier pointeur**. His inclination to study induced him to apply himself more particularly to the art of mining, and in 1752 he was appointed Captain of the Miners. The skill that he had by this time acquired in every part of his profession had given him such a degree of reputation, that M. D'Argenson, Minister of the War Department, made choice of him to collect information respecting the artillery of the Prussian army, into which the practice of attaching light pieces to regiments of infantry had lately been introduced. This commission M. De Gribeauval executed very satisfactorily; and,

N O T E.

* The Officer who points the artillery.

Hib. Mag. Dec. 1789.

not contented with fulfilling the object of his journey, also brought home an account of the state of the fortifications and frontier towns which he had visited.

During this journey he had frequent occasions of seeing the King of Prussia, to whom he became known. Frederick had adopted Belidor's system of mining; M. De Gribeauval preferred a system which his genius and study represented to him as superior to the sphere of compression. One day the King, unable to convince him, said, "Well, I appeal to experience, and if ever an opportunity should offer, I will make you a convert to my opinion in the field." M. De Gribeauval little imagined at that time, that he should soon be in a situation to answer this honourable challenge.

On his return to France, M. De Gribeauval continued his service in the corps of miners, and was made Lieutenant Colonel in April 1757.

The war of Seven Years being now begun in Germany, the Count De Broglie, on his departure for Vienna, obtained leave from the Court of France to take with him M. De Gribeauval. A few months after their arrival, Field Marshal Browne being killed at the battle of Prague, the Empress Queen chose General Daun to succeed him. The General, who knew what obligations he was under to M. De Gribeauval for this choice, procured him to serve in his own army. At this period then he entered into the service of the Empire, as a General, and Commander of the artillery, engineers, and miners.

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In this quality he continued in the Austrian army from 1757 to 1762, and acquired the greatest reputation. The operations at the siege of Glatz were carried on under his direction, and his judicious conduct facilitated the taking of that important place, the capital of Silesia.

Amongst the many events in which his genius and valour were displayed, the defence of Schweidnitz, attacked by the King of Prussia in person, will never be forgotten. Field Marshal Count De Guasco, the Commander of that place, had left him entirely master of all the operations for its defence. M. De Gribeauval, remembering the challenge given him by Frederick ten years before, exerted himself to support his opinion with honour. Twelve days after the commencement of the siege, General Tansien wrote to the King: "I promised to render you master of Schweidnitz, in less than twelve days, but I did not know that I should have to do with that devil De Gribeauval, and must request twelve days more." In fact, Schweidnitz, the fortifications of which were in a ruinous state, having but a weak garrison, and carried by the Austrians two years before after two days siege and an assault of four hours, seemed to promise an easy conquest. Frederick, however, took upon himself the direction of the siege, during which he played off four spheres of compression without the least success. The operations were conducted by the engineer Lefevre; but the precautions taken by M. De Gribeauval, who foresaw all his subterranean attacks, constantly rendered them abortive. The King of Prussia, astonished at a resistance he had little expected, still persisted in continuing the siege; but at length, having nearly lost all hopes of success, he was on the point of raising it, when, sixty-three days after opening the trenches, a bomb falling on a powder magazine caused such an explosion, that a whole bastion of fort Javernick was completely destroyed. This facilitated the assault, and Guasco capi-

he accepted the proposal that was made to him, and resigning the dignified rank he possessed, returned to France to assume the post of Camp Marshal.

A few months afterwards he was made Inspector-General of the artillery, and Commander in Chief of the corps of miners. The confidence which he had so justly obtained facilitated his carrying into execution those useful alterations in the Royal corps of artillery, which he had a long time meditated.

In 1764 appeared an ordinance drawn up by M. De Gribeauval, which fixed the proportion of artillery with respect to the strength of an army, and ascertained their duties. The artillery schools, hitherto much neglected, stood in need of a reform; and we are indebted to him for their being established on that excellent footing which they still retain. The manufactories of arms, smithies, foundries, and every object that came under his inspection, felt the happy effects of his superintendence; but the most important, and that in which his genius most displayed itself, was the department of the arsenals in which the great arms were constructed. Before his time every workman executed the pieces allotted him almost without any determinate rule; so that, from their various manners of working, the different pieces intended for one train of artillery were incapable of being used for another. To remedy this inconvenience, M. De Gribeauval caused the same models, and these the best in their kind, to be exactly followed in every arsenal throughout the kingdom. Companies of artificers in every branch, under the direction of experienced officers, formed similar workshops, where their work was executed with the greatest exactness.

When M. De Gribeauval returned from Prussia, in 1752, he had formed some schemes relative to the artillery employed in the field, and his own experience during the war of Seven years had enabled him to carry them to a certain degree of perfection. He

sition and misfortune with tranquility. The strongest trial to which he was ever exposed was the famous process respecting the reform of arms. The prodigious quantity of muskets condemned furnished Ignorance with a pretext for accusing him; and the motives not being sufficiently known to the public, it is not to be wondered at that his conduct was blamed by the people. A single instance, however, will perhaps shew how unjustly. When in 1771 he visited a magazine of arms at Lille, which were reported to be almost all unserviceable, he ordered several muskets to be brought him, that had been selected as good from a number of others acknowledged to be useless. Examining them before several officers, he pointed out flaws or holes in almost every barrel, nor was there a single one without some obvious defect. "See now these arms," said he, "against the condemnation of which such a violent clamour has been raised! Was it not necessary to reject them, since even the best are defective?" The Duke De Choiseul, informed of the bad state of a great number of muskets, immediately resolved to dispose of them at any price, since the army could not use them without danger; justly considering, that it was better, for the money they would fetch, to procure a less number, that might be used with safety.

This happened before the Council of War was even talked of; and had it been more publicly known, those suspicions, which afterwards arose so high, had probably never existed.

Four or five years before his decease, the health of M. De Gribeauval was considerably impaired, and the severe fits of the gout which he experienced, compelled him to a more sedentary life. Yet his zeal for the service was by no means abated, and from his closet he continued to superintend his corps with the most exact attention to the minutest points. At length his end approached, but the acutest pains were unable to subdue his courage and philosophy. He employed himself during intervals, when his disease permitted him, in regulations for the artillery, and attention to the future welfare of his nephews. "I wish but for a fortnight's health," said he, "to put into writing the plan I could wish to be pursued after my decease; but the present Minister knows and values the constitution of the Royal corps; he esteems, he loves us, and I can rely on him."

After suffering a painful malady for two months, during which a continual difficulty of breathing had not once permitted him to lie down, he died, on the 9th of May 1789, universally esteemed, and sincerely regretted by that corps of which he was truly the father.

Letter from the Younger Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when on his Death-Bed, to the Rev. Dr. W—.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Always looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to be a person of sound understanding; for however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I had always the highest veneration for both. The world and I may now shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of one another. O! doctor, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, time!—I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled, and now that the enjoyment of a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours.

How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of distress!—In what manner can he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction with reverence, whom in the tide of his prosperity he never remembered with dread?—Don't brand me with infidelity, my dear Doctor, when I tell you, I am almost ashamed to offer up my petition at the throne of grace, or of imploring that divine mercy in the next world, which I have so scandalously abused in this!—Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?—Shall an insult offered to the king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice be taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect!

The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, my dear doctor, were you to shew them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. But, whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than to my repentment.—A future state may very well strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage in deed, who does not shrink at the presence of his God.

You see, my dear doctor, the apprehension of death will soon bring the most profligate sinner to a proper use of his understanding.—To what a situation am I now reduced?—Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a Prince! or this anxiety of my mind becoming the characteristic of a Christian!—From my rank and fortune I might have expected affluence to wait upon my

life; from my religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end; instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse, despised by my country, and I fear, forsaken by my God!—There is nothing so dangerous, my dear doctor, as extraordinary abilities.—I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, more especially as I sincerely regret that I was ever blest with any at all.—My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and, fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should be displayed; hence to purchase a smile from a blockhead I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear doctor, generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings; it is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity, and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.—What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! or that any one should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that seems solicitous about his happiness in the next.—My dear doctor, I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants of my bounty; but no matter—I am not now fit to converse with the first, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not be cast off wholly, however, by the good; favour me with a visit, dear doctor, as soon as possible.—Writing to you gives me some ease, especially upon a subject I could talk of for ever. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall for-

very young, this gentleman dissipated his patrimony on women and play, till at last, his finances being reduced to the lowest ebb, necessity forced him to relieve them by fortune-hunting, a resource truly despicable!

The object fixed upon as the means of repairing his shattered fortune was lady Isabella Pawlet, daughter to the earl of Thanet. This lady possessed a very considerable fortune, with a very plain person and face, and though her character was unstained by an actual charge of incontinence, yet her conduct gave sufficient ground for supposing that chastity was not to be imputed to her as a fault, but rather as a misfortune; and though it was certainly false, there was a report that she had put it in the power of the celebrated Samuel Foote to prove that her ladyship was a woman.

The truth is, lady Isabella Pawlet had a *penchant* for the humorist, and if he had not been restrained from matrimony, by having previously entered into the indissoluble noose of Hymen, there is scarcely a doubt that he would have refused the acceptance of a considerable fortune on any terms: but this being impossible, he resolved to come in for a share, and fixed upon Delaval, with whom he had long lived on terms of intimacy, as a proper instrument.

Lady Isabella was a dupe to superstition; the old gipsy-woman at Norwood, whom she frequently visited, stood higher in her estimation than Boyle or Newton, and she put more confidence in the presages of an astrologer who resided up four pair of stairs in the Old Bailey than ever was placed in Copernicus.

Foote having informed his friend Delaval of the lady's foible, they came to an agreement by which the pander was to have an annuity of 500*l.* a year, and the principal was to enjoy the remainder of the lady's fortune. A maid servant was bribed to betray her lady, and the conspirators having received information from her of a particu-

sionally slipped in by her cunning Abigail, left no doubt on her mind of the conjurer's extraordinary and supernatural powers; and, of course, brought forward the material enquiry respecting marriage, which is generally the great end of all such applications.

The impostor now pretended to consult a planetary system that lay before him on his table. Having deliberately taken off a pair of large spectacles, and turned up his eyes towards Heaven, he muttered over the names given to the zodiac and fixed stars. He drew a number of circles and lines with white lead upon black paper; and, at last, with a grave face, described the person and features of Mr. Delaval.

Lady Isabella, delighted at the description of her intended *cara sposa*, rewarded the conjurer liberally, and would now have retired; but her well-instructed companion, pretending a tender interest in the future fortune of her mistress, urged for further information; particularly as to the time when, and the place where the lover was to be seen. The wizard answered, that he could certainly communicate such information, but must first consult his familiar spirit in an adjacent room, and immediately retired to Delaval and Foote, who sat in an adjacent room, when having waited a few minutes in consultation, he returned to the women, and found lady Isabella almost maddened with anxious expectation. He told her, that the gentleman to whom the fates had destined her hand, would be walking the next day, at twelve o'clock, by the side of the Green Park, but cautioned her not to speak first, as it would break the charm; and having received another fee for his pleasing news, lady Isabella returned home in rapture.

The description of the charming man described by the conjurer, had taken possession of this unfortunate lady's brain; she could not eat during the day, nor sleep during the night.—The morning sun, on rising, found her at her toilet culling ornaments, painting, washing, and perfuming; and she involuntarily rambled to the place of appointment, an hour before the time.—During this hour this unfortunate dupe to imposition kept her eyes rivetted on the park gate, and every time it opened trembled from head to foot with anxious expectations. Her repeater at last struck twelve, and at that instant Mr. Delaval appeared dressed in every point exactly as the conjurer described.

The sudden appearance of the gentleman extorted the ejaculation of "Oh Heavens!" from the lady, which was followed with "Lord preserve us!" from the maid; but Mr. Delaval continued to pass and repass them several times without turning his eyes

ry precaution, as he was ready to burst into a loud laughter every instant: at last looking full at lady Isabella, he bowed respectfully, and she returning the salute, he walked towards her and commenced a conversation.

The surprize of the lady having by degrees subsided, she discovered on recovering her senses, that the stranger held her hand: she reluctantly drew it from him, at the same time heaving a deep sigh which he responded with all the softness of sympathetic tenderness. Before they parted, an assignation was made for a future meeting at the same place, and the swain took leave with an affected warmth of passion and respect, that totally threw the lady off her guard, and expelled from her mind all considerations but those of romantic love.

Delaval on separating flew to inform Foote of his success, and then retired to indulge in tender dalliance with a favourite nymph in King's Place—Lady Isabella locked herself within her chamber, there to contemplate in rapture on the conquest she had made, or rather indeed on the lover, who, in her opinion, heaven in its bounty had created for her special use. The more she thought the more she became enamoured, and the second meeting totally overturned every idea that prudence suggested—Delaval

"—— could impart

The loosest wishes to the chastest heart."

And lady Isabella was now at that age when the heart is tender, though the flesh was tough: she was approaching towards that grand climacteric which brings despair to virgins, and having long regretted her situation, she was resolved not to lose the present opportunity of doing all within her power for the good of her generation, and to remove from herself that most horrid of all horrid epithets to a woman's ear, an old maid.—The marriage, therefore, was soon celebrated, and consummated much to the satisfaction of the bride; but Sir Francis felt himself rather uneasy on the occasion, which however, he attempted to put off with a laugh, and having been asked by a friend how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman, answered, "I married her for weight, and paid nothing for fashion."

Account of the Trial of Mr. Sykes for Criminal Conversation, with the Wife of Captain Parshave.

THIS action was tried in the Court of King's Bench; It was for debauching the plaintiff's wife, and the damages were laid at 10,000l.

Mr. Erskine stated the plaintiff's case in a speech of uncommon ability; he desired the most serious attention of the Jury, as they regarded their duty as men and citizens. The defendant is the son of Sir Francis Sykes.

who made an immense fortune in India; he is a Cornet in the same regiment in which the plaintiff is a Captain; they met in the character of brother officers, and an acquaintance which naturally arises from such a situation for the honour of the profession, to which in his early days he belonged.

Mr. Erskine said, he must acknowledge, that amidst the gallantry which gaiety may be supposed to inspire, such a transaction as this never lifted its head. There was a gallantry superior to that which is ordinarily so called, there was the gallantry of a soldier, and a mutual confidence, which banished such crimes as these.— Sorry was he to say, that the defendant no sooner joined his regiment, and cast his eye upon this most beautiful woman, than he tells the company, “I should like to debauch her!”—Before her beauty could have ensnared him, before appetite could provoke him, or passion hurry him beyond the bounds of reason, he is heard to say, in the cool moment of deliberation, “I should like to debauch this woman!”—This might be thought to be a folly of youth, and that it would be cruel to found any accusation upon that: the sequel but too sadly proved the deliberate purpose of his mind, the determination to gratify his lust: he continued in the regiment several months, visiting the plaintiff, and visited by him in return. Nothing passed that could alarm the suspicion of the husband.

Mrs. Parflowe being in an ill state of health, the Captain took her to France, where he watched her, not only with the affection of a husband, but with the assiduity of a nurse. When they returned to England, the regiment was removed from Ipswich to Sudbury, which being a place inconvenient for his wife, he permitted her to go to her sister, who was married to Captain Wallace, at Windsor.

At the races at Windsor, the defendant, Mr. Sykes, met them in a phaeton, a kind of carriage best calculated for viewing a race, and there requested Mrs. Parflowe would permit him to drive her round the course:—Captain Wallace asked who the gentleman was? she said he was a brother officer of her husband's:—she accompanied him in the phaeton, and in consequence of this introduction, he visited at Captain Wallace's, of which the plaintiff was totally ignorant:—Mr. Sykes lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself into her affections during this absence of the husband: upon their return to Ipswich, the defendant was received with the same familiarity as before, and treated as a friend by the plaintiff, who had not the remotest suspicion of any design: on Sunday evening the 19th of July, he called in a phaeton, and requested Captain Parflowe would permit him to take his lady an airing:

she returned no more!—Night came on, without any prospect of her arrival.

I only put it to you, Gentlemen, said Mr. Erskine, to your feelings and affections: What must have been the situation of my client? The woman of his heart! in whom he had placed his affection, and was happy by the return of her love! absent from him, without his knowing what had become of her, or whether she had perished by misfortune! The night closed, and then he began to doubt. Torn with anxiety, with grief, and conflicting passions, he was at a loss what to do! He appeared, as it were, annihilated for the succeeding day! but, on Tuesday, with the spirit of an injured husband, he resolved to pursue: he makes the attempt to recover her; but finding that vain, he now comes to the laws of his country: no adequate compensation can ever be made: but the only way in which the defendant can be punished, is by pecuniary damages, which the jury would estimate by the circumstance. What then was the case? Was it that of a husband living apart from his wife? or in a state of cold indifference? No! When the night came on, his love and affection was strong! he still thought her virtuous? but when the morn advanced, he began to doubt—and yet his love was not gone.—In the distracting situation of the man described by the most heavenly English poet—“What damn'd torments, fill the mind of him, who doubts, yet loves, and doubting, must be curst!” The next day removes all doubts, for he is informed that she was seen in a carriage with the defendant, upon the Northern road; and it will appear by the evidence, that they slept at the George Inn.—Mr. Sykes having thus triumphed over virtue, leads her into public with the pride of a victor, saying to a gentleman, whom I shall call, “I have seduced her, I have her in my possession!” What case could be more heinous than this? Without the palliating excuse of passion; without any apology from the natural infirmity of man, that sometimes leads to the commission of crimes, he says in cool deliberation, “I should like to debauch her.”—He does so—he carries on his seduction—he triumphs over her virtue—and, to make the distress of my client complete, he carries her into public! You, Gentlemen, can better feel the situation of Capt. Parflowe than I can describe it. A man of elegant manners and cultivated mind, beautiful in his person and manly in his conduct, robbed of his happiness, and blasted in his hopes. Blessed, as he thought, with a fond and endearing wife, they had the prospect of a numerous progeny, to sweeten, by their tenderness, the severities of military duty. What makes us go through the toil and drudgery of life, but

receiving the endearments of our children, and the pleasures of providing for them? The beauty who has been adored, but whose brilliant eye is gone, triumphs again in the form of her child; and the orator, who has appalled the Senate, looks proud again, at seeing his son speaking for him, and proclaiming his name. Thus it is that every thing great, magnificent, virtuous, honourable or noble, has existence in the world. I would ask my friend, Mr. Bearcroft, who is to defend this cause, if he would not curse the hour of his existence to meet such treatment as will be disclosed in this case; or that he would toil through the labours of his laborious profession, but for the sweet comfort he derives from his children, and the blessings of domestic happiness?—This must make an impression upon every man, and this the jury would consider in giving reparation for the injury. But it may be said, how is it to be paid.—I answer, is a man to violate all the duties of life, and afterwards say, I am a man of expectation only. I say, if he cannot pay in his purse, he must in his person; because if this excuse is admitted, we must lock up our wives like the Spaniards.

The witnesses were then called, and the marriage proved to have taken place in March, 1785. Captain Williams, Major Callow, Captain Watson, Colonel Gwyn, Captain Wallis, Surgeon Mattaire, and Capt. Pine, were all examined, and universally proved the happy situation of the plaintiff and his wife; his unremitting attention to her, and her tenderness for him. The friendly manner in which the defendant was received by the plaintiff, who treated him with kindness and hospitality, as indeed he did all the other officers: no levity or indiscretion was ever discovered in the conduct of Mr. Parflowe, nor any thing that could give rise to suspicion on either side. Captain Williams heard the defendant say at the mess, that he would like to debauch Mrs. Parflowe; the witness rebuked him for this: but nothing more was said, as he thought it a wild folly.

Captain Pine met the defendant and Mrs. Parflowe, on the Thetford road the evening of Sunday the 19th of July; they were in a phaeton; they looked confused, and she asked him, how far they were from Ipswich? he told her twelve miles: she then asked how far from Sir Patrick Blake's? he told her, and she then desired Mr. Sykes to turn back: he said, he would drive through the town adjoining, and then go home; but the witness finding they did not return, went to Ipswich, and told the plaintiff what he had seen.

The keeper of the George Inn proved, that Mr. Sykes brought the lady to his house on the night of the 19th of July; he told him, he had run away with her, and she was to marry him. They slept together in

the same bed: and this was further proved by the chambermaid; it was also proved that they slept together one night at Osborne's in the Adelphi, and a fortnight at a lodging-house in Bennet-street, St. James's.

The Rev. Mr. Bathel swore, that he was in the Mount Coffee house on the 22d of July, when the defendant, in a company of ten or twelve persons, "boasted of having carried off Mrs. Parflowe; that his scheme to Ipswich had succeeded; that Captain Parflowe was come to town and was ready to fight him."

Mr. Bearcroft, for the defendant, acknowledged the oppression he felt from the weight of the case, but he hoped to relieve himself considerably, by proving that the plaintiff had not treated his wife with that attention contended for, and the defendant being a wild young man, had been ensnared to the commission of this crime, which on that account did not deserve heavy damages.

A number of witnesses were then called, most of them servants of the defendant; but the utmost they proved was, that Mrs. Parflowe and the defendant often rode out together, sometimes accompanied by the plaintiff, sometimes by other officers; but they acknowledged, upon their cross examination, that Captain Parflowe was the most affectionate husband they ever saw.

Mr. Erskine, in reply said, the indignation which was rising in his breast, at the evidence produced, was such as roused him to reprobate it, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the exhausted and cripple state in which he appeared: it gave him spirits, and he should exert himself to expose it, though he should sink under his infirmity.—What was the attempt?—After destroying the happiness of his client beyond redemption, the defendant comes, and in the presence of the country attacks his honour; not satisfied with staining his marriage-bed, this artful adulterer looks round among the menial servants, to try if any of them had heard an improper expression, or had seen a negligent act in the conduct of the plaintiff! Good God! where are we!—in England! in the face of magistracy! what is to become of domestic peace, if a man is thus to be exposed? He must keep a diary of his wife, and not stir from her elbow, nor trust her a moment in the company of him whom he esteemed a confidential friend, lest he should transgress the bounds of propriety.

Is this to be endured in a land of morality, of honour, of Christianity, and religion! I am proud of these principles! I have been educated in them by parents, whose peace had never been disturbed by any violator of the marriage bed. But what is the

the situation of my client?—Is he childless!—No: there is the misfortune. He has a daughter by this lady, who must every moment stab him to the heart, by calling to his remembrance the fault of her mother: he must attend to her education, and preserve the purity of her heart, from being led astray in the manner of her mother, whose likeness being traced in the features of his child, perpetually offers to his remembrance the object of his affection, and the cause of his misery.

Lord Kenyon charged the jury; the case required their attention, from the very serious injury sustained by the plaintiff. There were two points for them to proceed upon; first, whether the fact was committed—secondly, what damages should be given: concerning the first, there was no dispute, and as to the last, it was to be estimated by the situation of the plaintiff, and the conduct of the defendant: if this was a case, where the husband and wife had been living apart, there, as the injury had been small, the damage must be proportioned; or if it was a case, where a snare had been laid by the husband to entrap the defendant, and that he assisted to debauch, as I may say, both the defendant and his wife, of which instances have appeared in Court, there no damages should be given;—but here, they were in the greatest conjugal felicity; the husband fondly attached to his wife; the returning it with mutual love, and both deriving happiness from thence, the defendant deliberately destroys their comfort and their peace. He is represented as a giddy young man; it might be esteemed a fortunate circumstance for him to meet a gentleman of the plaintiff's honour and disposition, who could protect him by his rank as an officer, and assist him by his sense as a man: received with a liberal hospitality, which eminently appears to have distinguished the plaintiff's house, always open for his brother officers, he requites this kindness, this friendship, and this protection, by basely seducing his wife, the fond object of his affections. — Does he repent of his criminality? No; he boasts of it in public company, and with a bold and hardened wickedness, says, he is ready to fight Capt. Parslowe! an expression that pretty strongly shews, he was convinced that the plaintiff had no intention of betraying his wife, since he apprehended that nothing less than his blood would satisfy the feelings of an injured husband.

If such a case could possibly admit of aggravation, this one was aggravated: they had attempted to impeach the credit and honour of the plaintiff. Their failing to completely, demanded the severer punishment, as it betrayed the iniquity of the design. In considering the quantum of dama-

ges, the jury would not run wild, as passion might justly enough hurry them in this instance; but he would tell them, that they stepped far short of justice and their duty, unless they gave very exemplary damages.

The jury, without retiring, or deliberating more than two minutes, gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages—10,000l.

Cautions respecting the Eating of Mussels.

(From Barbat's *Genera Vermium* of Linnæus.)

THE pea-crab is at certain seasons a companion and inhabitant with the mussel called by Linnæus *mytilus edulis*, and commonly sold under the name of *lord-a-lie mussels*. Its abode is under the lip, and care should be taken to lift up the lip and take the crab out, if one should be there: it is deemed poisonous, and ill consequences have often ensued from this neglect; but in order to guard against the ill consequences attending eating mussels, they should be well washed, and if laid a day or two in salt and water, far the better: when they are required to be dressed for table, let them be put into an iron or tin saucepan (by no means into a copper one) throw in with them a silver spoon; when you apprehend they are sufficiently done, take out the spoon; if it is black throw the mussels away, they then should not be eaten; if on the contrary it comes out white as when put in, the mussels may be safely eaten. It is a query with me, whether or no this obnoxious quality arises from the poisonous quality of the mud in which mussels are in general found bedded, or from the communication with the pea-crab. I rather am inclined to think it arises from the former.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * WE request of our numerous Correspondents, that they will be as correct as possible in the productions they favour us with. We do not care to reject any pieces that have a useful tendency; and we should be particularly concerned to damp the rising flame of ingenuous youth; but it is impossible for us to correct a moiety of the essays that are sent us, they are so very faulty; and to insert such, without the necessary corrections, would be an ill requital of the favours we have so long experienced from our readers.

The Excursion, a Poem, is much too long for our poetical department; and to divide it into several portions is not consistent with our plan.—As we must give variety, we request our poetical Correspondents will condense the rays of their imagination as much as possible, or it will not be in our power to oblige them.

A Description

*A Description of a Reasonable Woman.**By a Lady.*

AFTER a night spent in healthful repose, the reasonable woman rises in that happy tranquil form of mind, which results from pleasant reflections on the past day, and anticipating the temperate pleasures and important duties of the commencing one. Its first moments are devoted as due to that Being whom she regards with filial love, gratitude, and reverence; and whom she approaches, not with the lifeless prostrations of fear, but with the devout and cheerful homage of the heart. Before engaging in domestic cares, she prepares her mind for meeting with firmness, or bearing with patience, the little rubs and vexations of the day: she plans a thousand schemes of benevolence and utility; and the good she cannot perform, but generously intends, is recorded in Heaven as virtue.—The time necessarily spent at her toilette, is short; it is, however, rendered pleasing by the delightful hope of becoming, by means of its adventitious aids, more agreeable in the eyes of a husband, whom she loves too tenderly to omit a single opportunity of complying with his taste, or confirming his esteem.—Books, work, and above all, the important duty of impressing the infant minds of her children with that love of goodness which insensibly leads to the practice of it, fill up the rest of the morning.—Through the day, she checks the little sallies of her own temper, and, unobserved, steals from others, by the influence of her good humour, every disquieting care. To them her time, her taste, are often sacrificed; but conscious benevolence does more than repay her.—Her conversation, equally remote from chilling reserve and petulant loquacity, has no aim but to instruct or amuse; and, in her care to please others, she seems wholly to forget herself.—Her elegant yet frugal board, presents a striking emblem of her mind.—There plenty is seen without profusion, and neatness without ostentation. Good-taste, good-breeding, good-sense, and mild complacency, teach her guests to forget they are strangers, and to feel they are friends.—Her husband beholds her with mingled pride and pleasure; and his approbation, though silent, diffuses joy through her heart, and cheerfulness through her conversation.—The evening is spent amidst the chosen circle, with whom she knows no reserve, and where accumulated happiness becomes her own.—Conversation, if useful or agreeable, is encouraged; if dull, relieved by the aids which the fine arts supply to those who cultivate them. Music, dancing, cards are occasionally called in; and even those

amusements for which she has no relish herself, she cheerfully adopts, in the hope of contributing to the enjoyment of others.—Public diversions are sometimes visited, but always tend with the reasonable woman to increase her love of social and domestic pleasures.—When in public, she appears with propriety and modesty.—She envies not beauty;—she seeks not to engage attention; for, in the pleasing consciousness of discharging her duty in the love of her husband, and esteem of her friends, she finds complete happiness. Such is a reasonable woman!

Character of Richard Brinsley S——.

AMID the chaos of indefinite ideas with which the mind is continually perplexed, few have been so ill explained as that which we agree to distinguish by the term *genius*.

To the composition of genius, whatever others may concur, three qualities have been ever held essentially incident.

The man of genius must add, to acute feelings, a perception subtle to analyse, and bold to display them; he must enjoy a creative imagination: he must possess a chaste judgment. The possession of one of these talents, singly, has wrongfully conferred on many the palm which is due to their union alone. The man of mere imagination has blinded—the man of mere feeling has fascinated—the man of mere judgment has awed, the vulgar; who have been content to regard their admiration, their love and their reverence, as the just tribute of discernment to true genius.

The judgment which is essential to the composition of genius, is generally partial; it commonly assumes the name of *taste*, and has its office in directing the other powers of the mind in their sequestered path; seldom accompanying the possessor into the high road of life. Hence, men of genius have seldom attained to great opulence, or exalted station; nor is it probably, a rash conjecture, that Providence has thus alloyed its first gift, to preserve that equality in social life, without which the poor in mind would labour under so obvious a disadvantage.

There have existed, in different ages, certain men endowed with so uncommon a portion of genius as to blaze, like comets, among us. The talents of Richard Brinsley S——, give some plausibility to the tale of the admirable Crichton. Yet is it less, perhaps, to the possession, in a wonderful degree, of the other qualities which constitute genius, than to an unlimited extension of that judgment which is usually partial and confined, that S—— is indebted for his present situation in society. It is through this,

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probably,

probably, that his talents, at an early period of life, have made themselves confessed, admired and feared; it is this, perhaps, which has bestowed on him influence, independent on connection; homage, unbought by wealth; and rank unclaimed by birth.

We should more admire the astonishing universality of S——'s talents, were not much of our admiration attracted by his uncommon degree of skill in the management of them. Men may have possessed equal genius; has ever man possessed, with it, equal dexterity in its application?

In the contemplation of that universality, we shall arrive at this incontestible, yet wonderful truth—that in every attempt which S—— has made, he has successfully rivalled the most applauded of his predecessors. To have written verses fraught with the fire of Dryden, and the taste of Pope; and to have produced, with the same hand, a comedy which the fastidious, though witty, Congreve would not have disdained to own; ask a combination of talents, scarcely ever united. Yet even to those has S—— added a third, perhaps equally singular, certainly possessed in a degree of equal eminence.

It was left for him to boast—"I have equalled your poets in two distinct lines, excellence in both of which has been hitherto deemed all but incompatible; I will now attempt to emulate your most distinguished orators." It would be idle, at this time, to say with what success that attempt has been attended, even in an age when senatorial eloquence beams so profuse a splendor.

A short time ago, it was impossible to conjecture that, in speaking of S——, we should forget his works. But the fame of an orator is present—that of an author distant; the one is brilliant, but brief; the other acquires vigour from time; most men are content to take their choice of present or of future fame; it is given to S—— to secure both.

His oratorical abilities are too well known to demand much expatiation. In appre-

as an orator, had he not been possessed of a virtue, with which men of genius are not commonly endowed, is apparent from the following anecdote.

Those talents which have since been the object of such universal admiration, were so obscured by diffidence, unaugmented perhaps by the consciousness that he had a brilliant reputation at stake, that on the conclusion of his first speech, a friend who had observed his confused and hesitating manner, advised him seriously to stick to writing; adding, "I am convinced you will never become a speaker." To this S—— replied, "I *will* become a speaker; I will speak on every turnpike bill, till I have got rid of these fears!"

As an author, few productions have escaped the pen of S—— without a high polish. His judgment, probably, suggested to him, that this was an age rather of taste than of fancy, whose mere effusions are calculated for little more than to please in the first dawn of literature; that the polish which was impossible then, is easy now, and that therefore it is always expected.

While we thus behold in this extraordinary man, an union of talents as uncommon as brilliant; while we view him in every path he has trodden, equalling the first of those who have preceded him; while we reflect on the unlimited, yet rare, portion of judgment with which he has guided the most singular endowments of mind; we shall cease to wonder at his present situation, in the attainment to which he has left men of no common genius far behind him. But let us view him continually incumbered in his domestic arrangements, and struggling from the period, at which he entered into life, with a load under which there are few who must not have fallen; and we shall acknowledge that the station he enjoys required abilities, even great as his, to attain. Let us consider too, the private want of œconomy, (which not unfrequently promotes the degradation of genius, and occasionally leads to a vicious

bow. Why dost thou wander in deserts, like a light through a cloudy field? The young roes are panting by their secret rocks.—Return, thou daughter of kings; the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She sent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feast. Amidst the song we sat down in Conmor's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla on the trembling strings. Half heard, amidst the sound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for her own green land.—Nor absent from her soul was he: he came amidst her thoughts by night: Ton-thena looked in from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.

The sound of the shells had ceased. Amidst long rocks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke with bended eyes, and asked of our course through seas; "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave."—Not unknown, I said, at his streams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue eyed daughter of kings.—Nor only at Cona's stream is Ossian and Oscar known. Foes tremble at our voice, and thrunk in other lands.

Not unmarked, said the maid, by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high in Conmor's hall, in memory of the past; when Fingal came to Cluba in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna sent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs.—Careless went the king to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods.—He was bright, they said, in his looks, the first of mortal men.—Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. Not careless looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes.—Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant swelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale.

Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is Conmor of spears; and Lormar king of streams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam from other lands is nigh: the friend of strangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High from their misty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin; for he is far away, young dweller of their souls.—Nor harmless, white hands of Erin: is he in the

skirts of war: he rolls ten thousand before him in his distant field.

Not unseen by Ossian, I said, rushed Cathmor from his streams, when he poured his strength on I-thorno, isle of many waves. In strife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo: each from his echoing isle, stern hunters of the boar!

They met a boar at a foamy stream: each pierced it with a spear. They strove for the fame of the deed: and gloomy battle rose. From isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers in their sounding arms. Cathmor came from Bolga to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

We rushed on either side of a stream, which roared through a blasted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the stone of power; where spirits descended by night, in dark-red streams of fire.—There, mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the voice of aged men, they called the forms of night to aid them in their war.

A Meditation on a Walking-Stick. In Imitation of Dean Swift's Meditation on a Broom-stick.

A S walking is the most natural, agreeable, and healthy exercise which man can use, therefore every thing which contributeth to promote that exercise with propriety, must, and ought to merit our particular regard. I speak from my own experience, and the experience of others will allow it, that a walking stick is a very useful companion, and I may venture to say, thou art my friend. It is of thee, my faithful companion and guide, I desire to speak in praise!—O thou useful companion, it is to thy aid that my weary tottering limbs are very often supported! It is to thee I owe my expedition in my morning and evening walks! It is to thee, my dear supporter, that I am enabled to defend myself against the furious attacks of snarling curs and terrifying mastiffs! It is by thy assistance that I have often defended myself against the violence of robbers, and the sons of insolence, by applying thee in due season. Wert thou introduced more into public use, thy merits would be great and laudable indeed, when our high-spirited military men are determined to dispute a point of honour, were each of them to be provided with a good lusty strong walking stick, instead of swords and pistols, they might then *drub* each other sufficiently, without any imminent danger of putting a period to their own existence. Yes; yes, by the help of *thee*, they might

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bruise

bruise each other sorely, and impress marks of thy superior solidity, by the many durable impressions thou wouldst fix ; this probably would be a mean of preventing the blood of his majesty's subjects being so often and frequently spilt on such very *important* occasions ! His majesty's liege subjects would not so often be destroyed in an instant ; neither would parents deplore the loss of their hapless offspring, wives lament the premature death of their husbands ; nor helpless orphans bewail the rash fate of their parents. Could duels be fought in this way, they would probably not become so honourable, and consequently they would not be deemed so fashionable. — The utility of a good stick is very great — great beyond conception, could it be sanctioned by law. — Could its discipline be applied in political and moral uses, then might all our politicians and statesmen, who are influenced by the *noble* motives of peculation, private interest, and selfish views ; were they to receive a good hearty sound drubbing, with one of these instruments, it might probably prove very salutary. — Was the constable or magistrate empowered to exercise thee on thieves, common swearers, perjured persons, prostitutes, sturdy beggars, conceited coxcombs, and the almost numerous herd of gluttons and drunkards, thou wouldst, I make no doubt, have the desired effect, if persisted in, and duly applied. — Laziness would find an incitement to action and industry. — Insolence and impertinence would experience thee to be a good monitor and instructor.

If the unmerciful critic, and partial censor, were to receive a little chastisement from thee, they would certainly become more candid and charitable whenever they passed their judgment on men and manners ; then they would do it with caution, prudence, and discretion, and not censure indiscriminately without due and mature deliberation and examination. — O thou staff of my old age, and supporter of my feeble frame, to thee I would fain offer up my best thanks, and desire to esteem thee as thou really deservest, my friend, and constant companion !

Histories of the Tête-à-Tête annexed ; or, Memoirs of Mercator and Lucinda.

MERCATOR is one of those characters which, like the fungus species of plants, spring instantaneously into notice from the heat of ordure. His spirit being enterprising, though his means were scanty, he fortunately made what the gentlemen on the Royal Exchange term a *bit*, by entering into several desperate insurances. Having acquired cash and credit, he married into a family in every respect superior to his own,

kept a town and country house, and sported a handsome carriage.

Mrs. Mercator was in person neat, in countenance pretty, but she wanted animation and sensibility. Fruitful, however, she was in the extreme ; yet the increase of her children kept her continually on the fret, and she was literally, from her attention to nursery duties, little better than the upper servant in the house. She was one of those who must have a hand in every thing, and trust nothing to their domestics.

This disposition was by no means congenial with the inclinations of Mercator. He was fond of life and pleasure, the enjoyments of which being denied him at home, he sought it abroad, till an object struck his eye and attached his heart.

Lucinda was a tall stripling, just entering her teens when Mercator first saw her. It must have been her conversation that engaged his attention, for to beauty she has no claim. Nature was not favourable in her original formation, and the small pox increased the plainness of her face ; but her person was well formed. Mercator was fascinated, he laid a regular plan for the seduction of Lucinda, and he succeeded.

Being married, he was under the necessity of appearing a bachelor, and to ensure the perpetration of his plan, he took a lodging near the habitation of his mistress, where he assumed a feigned name.

The scheme of seduction commenced by his seeing Lucinda frequently on visits to his landlady ; and as he was liberal in the extreme to her, she spoke of him when absent as the most generous soul breathing, a character which never fails affecting a woman's heart.

Parties to the play and other places of public amusement were proposed and accepted. Mercator's landlady was old, and her presence protected the reputation of Lucinda. On these parties the soft nonsense of love was insinuated into the fair one's ear ; and as nothing dishonourable was even hinted at, virtue was off her guard, and the poison of flattery infused without suspicion from the suffering party.

Private assignations now commenced, till at last the unsuspecting Lucinda ventured under the protection of her subtle admirer to make a short excursion into the country.

Women are flesh and blood—are endowed with passions and appetites as well as men ; and to keep natural desire within bounds is what constitutes female virtue.

But if a girl of sixteen, confiding in a man she loves, and whom she believes loves her, ventures under his protection into a situation where importunity finds opportunity to exercise its powers ; is it consistent with nature that such a girl can have power to repel

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Lucinda



(Meritor)

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the ardour of a passion which she reciprocates?—This step may be termed imprudent, but cannot be considered licentious.

Such was the situation of Lucinda at an inn eight miles from London, where she was carried by Mercator.

At this inn they dined, and at dinner Lucinda was prevailed upon to take an extraordinary glass of wine. There needs no farther elucidation of the consequences—Mercator succeeded, and Lucinda lost her innocence.

Mercator's being married, every honourable reparation was out of his power—And what resource had the unhappy victim to his illicit passion? She had none but what she could seek for in his generosity—for she soon discovered he was married, and her friends coming to a knowledge of her offence, withdrew their protection. In short, Lucinda, young and inexperienced in the world, knew not where nor how to seek for bread, and from necessity became a regular kept mistress to her seducer.

In this situation she has lived for several years, and has by degrees acquired such influence over her keeper, that she not only governs him with sovereign authority, but he is in fact no more than her delegate in his own family; and should his wife die, there is no doubt but he would place her at the head of it, though he has daughters grown up women, and long since marriageable.

Various have been the changes of Mercator's life. An unlucky speculation last war deprived him of his whole property; but his industrious and enterprising spirit soon suggested another means of obtaining bread, and neither of his families have ever experienced indigence.

Account of Memoirs of the Countess de Valois de la Motte: containing a justification of her conduct relative to the Diamond Necklace, also the correspondence between the Queen of France and the Cardinal de Rohan. Translated from the French; written by herself.

IN details of this nature, where the writer is so nearly concerned, there is a kind of vulgar illiberality, which, be facts, concessions, and appearances, what they may, will induce the publick to withhold a general belief of what is stated. We wish always

personal favour, or other bias. We deem it necessary to make these observations, because it is become a sort of fashion to abuse the persons and principles of writers, instead of giving an impartial review of their books, especially in cases like that before us, involving personal strictures, and political disquisition.

The diamond necklace, to which, it seems, the Queen of France had taken a Lady's liking, is the principal subject of these memoirs. Her majesty, it is well known, has denied all concern in the matter. The countess, who was on terms of private friendship with her, tells another story; and, if the following passage is to have the least credit, brings this mysterious affair a little farther into day-light. The Queen, talking about the purchase and the cardinal, said to the Countess, "He is perhaps ignorant of it, but I tell it you, that I have contracted with the King a formal engagement not to set my name to any thing without first communicating it to him; the thing is therefore impracticable. See between you what can be done, or let us give up the idea of a purchase. It appears to me that the writing being only a matter of form, that those people being unacquainted with my hand-writing,—you will consider of it: but, once more, I cannot set my name to it. However, let the matter end which way it will, tell the cardinal, that the first time I see him, I will communicate the nature of those arrangements I mean to make with him."—The Countess proceeds; "To draw an inference from this conversation, that the Queen should have advised me to commit a forgery, might seem a kind of sacrilege. Possibly she did not form a more exact idea of what the nature of a forgery was, than I myself did, before I was made sensible of the consequences: It is likewise possible, that the observation she made of the jewellers being unacquainted with her hand-writing, did not mean that another might be substituted in its stead; for, upon further reflection, I found it might have quite another meaning; though the fact is, that I then affixed that meaning to those expressions."—After a variety of reflections on the matter, "hurried away in the vortex of courtly complaisance," &c. &c. "I determined, that for form's sake, something must be shown to

The jewel, worth about sixty thousand pounds, thus obtained, and in the possession of the Queen, was to undergo some alteration that it might escape the notice of the King. The following quotation contains what is further observable on the part of the Queen:—"From that period to the time when the charge was made against me, of having purloined that unfortunate jewel, there gradually arose clouds which could not fail to alarm me. The appointments between the Queen and the Cardinal became less frequent. Her Majesty appeared gloomy, her temper was visibly soured, and I had much to suffer personally from that change of disposition. I saw clearly that she sought, without wishing to appear active, to punish me for the share I had in bringing her and the Cardinal on a more intimate footing; he seeming daily to grow more insupportable to her: I have said to punish—it is no exaggeration. She no longer spoke to me of the Cardinal. It was, no doubt, to practise those petty cruelties till she could get rid of me, for I cannot question but that she had already formed that idea, when she resumed that of undoing the Cardinal. It was probably, I say, with both those views, that one day after bestowing on me some of her sweet looks, she said, presenting me with a box, "Here, it is a long while since I have given you any thing; but don't tell the Cardinal that I have made you this present, nor even that you have seen me;—do you hear? do not talk to him of me."

The Countess's enemies say that she got possession and disposed of the whole necklace. She says that this gift of the Queen was not worth more than 12,000*l.* according to the Cardinal's estimation.

Such is the outline of this extraordinary business as given by the Countess de la Motte. We make no comments on these statements. We do not, like many others, presume to know exactly how far the Queen and the Countess may excel each other in common honesty. Here is one account; let it be disproved, and then let the jurors determine, like English jurors, and not like English writers, after they had heard evidence on both sides.

The publication, on the whole, is curious, and includes much matter of that amorous and political intrigue which has hitherto distinguished the French Court.

Cathlin of Clutha. A Poem. (From Ossian.)

COME, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night? The squally winds are around thee from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred streams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice on the eddying winds in the season of night.—Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha?

Awake the voice of the string, and roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed.—Malvina, pour the song.

I hear thee from thy darkness in Selma, that thou watchest, lonely, by night! Why didst thou withhold the song from Ossian's failing soul?—As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, descending from his storm-covered hill, in a sun-beam rolls the echoing stream, he hears, and shakes his dewy locks: such is the voice of Lutha to the friend of the spirits of heroes.—My swelling bosom beats high. I look back on the days that are past.—Come, thou beam that art lonely, from the watching of night.

In the echoing bay of Carmona we saw one day the bounding ship. On high hung a broken shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth in armour, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose.

In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lanul, and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I sought thee not as a beam in a land of clouds. Thou, like that sun, art known, king of echoing Selma.

Selma's king looked round. In his presence we rose in arms. But—ho should lift the shield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode in silence, each to his hill of ghosts; the spirits might descend in our dreams to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield of the dead, and raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghosts of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams.—Trenmor came before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hosts were behind him in half distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar of Lego. He had seen his fathers.

As rushes forth the blast on the bosom of whitening waves, so careless shall my course be through ocean to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father. My beating soul is high. My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky.

Grandson of Branno, I said, not Oscar alone shall meet the foe. I rush forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son, like eagles from one rock, when they lift their broad wings against the stream of winds.—We raised our sails in Carmona. From three ships they marked my shield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Ton-thena, red traveller between the clouds.—Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-beams marked, at times, its brown-side. White leapt the foamy streams from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwelling of kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years, had settled in grassy Rath-col; for the race of heroes had sailed along the pleasant vale.—Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the seats of roes.

We came. I sent the bard with songs to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him with joy. The king's soul was like a beam of fire; a beam of fire marked with smok, rushing, varied through the bosom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, though his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood Cathlin of Clutha. I saw the changing soul of the stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass, so various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair within blocks, that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush amidst his soul with my words. I bade the song to rise.

Oscar of Lego, I said, be thine the secret hill to-night. Strike the shield, like Morven's kings. With day thou shalt lead in war. From my rock I shall see thee, Oscar, a dreadful form ascending in sight, like the appearance of ghosts amidst the storms they raise.—Why should mine eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the song had burst forth, like the sudden rising of winds?—But the years that are past are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Ton thena of beams, so let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings.

Wide in Caracha's echoing field Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves; the grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They knudled the strife around, with their red-rolling eyes.—Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda was there; a voice

in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high.—On his hill he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove. Five stones lifted near their heads. Loud roared his rushing stream. He often raised his voice to winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-cruited moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghosts was he!—They came with the sound of eagle wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But Trenmor they turned not from battle; he drew forward the troubled war; in its dark skirt was Trathal, like a rising light.—It was dark; and Loda's son poured forth his signs on night.—The feeble were not before thee, son of other lands!

Then rose the strife of kings about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer gales, shaking their light wings on a lake.—Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king was heard.—Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed in echoing Caracha. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds.

In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came forth in arms. The strife is mixed at Rath-col, like the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beside the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost; such is the meeting of meteors in a vale by night; red light is scattered round, and men foresee the storm.—Duth-carmor is low in blood. The son of Ossian overcame. Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps.

Nor in the field are the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves on winds. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched at times the stream.—Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail; his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard—"The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a rising wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cause for grief?"

Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it in high in Selma's hall; that thou mayest remember the hapless in thy distant land.

From white breasts descended the mail. It was the race of kings; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the streams of Clutha,—Duth-carmor saw her bright in the hall, he came by night to Clutha. Cathmol met him in battle, but the hero fell.

Three days dwelt the foe with the maid.
On the fourth she fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her bursting soul.

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at rushy Linnon, in a distant land. Near it were the steps of Sul malla, in the days of grief. She raised the song for the daughter of strangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

The Sacrifice to Pan, or the Offering of Filial Piety. An Idyl.

THE virtuous Celimene had languished for some time under the pains of a cruel distemper. The roses of her complexion were faded: her eyes were less brilliant; but one still beheld on her lovely countenance a sensibility, a softness inexpressibly charming. More interesting than when animated by the lustre of sparkling health, one experienced, in looking on her, the most lively emotions of grief and anxiety. Her children partook largely of the universal sadness: you saw them no longer hastening to the meadows to enjoy the pleasures of infancy: their hautboys and flutes were silent: their lambs, it is true, bounded and caressed each other as usual, but not with their wonted vivacity. The youthful Zelis, the eldest of the children of Celimene, one day said to her brothers and sisters, "My dear friends, let us go and supplicate Pan to restore health to our beloved mother."—"Yes, my dear sister," returned they, "let us go and offer up to him our vows; doubtless he will not reject them."—Then, taking each other by the hand, they walked in silence towards the temple of the God. Inclosed in the deep recesses of a wood is a sacred edifice, dedicated to the Sylvan Divinity: You arrive at it through narrow paths, bordered by the green arbutus. Pan is represented there, seated at the foot of a beech, playing on his pastoral pipe: Honey suckles, jasmines, and roses, join their odoriferous blossoms to the foliage, and form a delicious bower, which sheds in this rustic temple a secret and delightful perfume.

We have no sacrifices to present! no offerings to bring you! Some rustic instruments, flowers, and fruit, are all we possess! accept them.——Be propitious; and again suffer health to revisit our mother!—Alas! if these are not worthy your acceptance we offer up ourselves! we are useless in the world; but our dear mother is the consolation of the afflicted!" The God listened with pleased attention to their supplication, and they returned filled with confidence and hope to their mother. Imagine their joy when they found her no longer a prey to sickness, but sparkling with her accustomed health and beauty! They precipitately threw themselves into her arms; embraced and caressed her.——"Ah," cried they, transported, "behold our vows are heard!" Celimene, surprised at her sudden recovery, is still more so at these words. She desires to know the cause of them; she learns she owes her health to the affection of her children. What a delicious idea! she presses them to her bosom a thousand and a thousand times! she wishes to speak, but in vain: her soul is too much penetrated. From that moment happiness again returned to the family of Celimene. The only interruption to their felicity had been the sufferings of the most amiable of mothers; and they were no more! May this vision, caused by thinking of you, my dear mother, be realized?—Yes! let it be realized, even at the price offered to the God!—Ah! how great would the felicity of all who love you be; that is, of all who are acquainted with you!

Artifice of a Lunatic.

A Person named Child, who for a long time had obtained his livelihood by attending on insane persons of different parts of Cheshire, was called a few years since to take charge of a gentleman who lived near Nantwich, in that county. Having from long experience gained some knowledge in these unfortunate cases, the patient was left principally to the care of Child; after some time, discovering every symptom of returning reason, he was treated of course with an increased degree of indulgence. Whilst in this state, the patient one day requested that the keeper would trust him with

Letters respecting Barbary, and the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs. By the Abbé Poiret.

(Continued from Page 580.)

L E T T E R VIII.

TO DR. FORRESTIER.

I HAVE never, my dear doctor, known so well how to appreciate the advantages of living in a polished nation, as since I have resided among a barbarous people. Never has the convenience of our highways struck me so much, as when I have been obliged to travel through thick woods and deep marshes. How much would a peregrination of eight days, in the manner I have travelled for some time past, change the ideas of those delicate Europeans who are continually complaining of bad inns, and of the fatigues they endure in their journeys! In this country there are neither inns, post chaises, nor obliging and attentive landlords. One must not expect to find here broad highways, beaten and shady paths, or places for reposing and refreshing oneself; too happy, if at the end of a fatiguing journey one can meet with a small hut, or a wretched couch! But this is never to be expected.

To travel in this barbarous country, one must forget Europe, and renounce those effeminate habits contracted in infancy, which afterwards become wants almost indispensable. If difficulties discourage, and dangers affright; if one does not enjoy a robust constitution, inured to fatigue; if one cannot accommodate oneself to every thing, and, in a word, become a man of all countries, he ought never to think of quitting his own.

The only method of travelling commodiously in Barbary, is to have a tent to oneself, and to lay in a sufficiency of provisions; but sometimes this precaution is impossible. In such a case, you must be contented to put up with the tents of the Moors, dirty and disgusting as they are; but, above all, you must accustom yourself to their coarse and unpalatable food. How often must you depart in the morning, without knowing where you will arrive in the evening! How oft, losing yourself in these deserts, must you search out your way amidst thorny brakes, thick forests, steep rocks, and burning sands; sometimes stopped by a river, which you must wade through, by a lake which you must walk round, or by a marsh, which you cannot cross without danger; sometimes scorched by the sun, or drenched by the rain, and at others dying with thirst, without being able to find the smallest spring to quench it! If you carry no provisions with you, it will be impossible

Hib. Mag. Dec. 1789.

for you to take any refreshment before night. This is the only time at which the Moors make a regular repast, or can offer any food to a stranger.

But when the night arrives, that period of repose for the traveller in Europe, it is not so for the African traveller. He must then choose out a dry situation, and well sheltered, to erect his tent; he must unsaddle his horses, unload his mules, cut wood, light fires, and take every precaution that prudence dictates, to defend himself against ferocious animals and robbers. It is safest to encamp not far from the tents of the Arabs, when one can find them. They furnish many succours when they are tractable, and they are always so when they see one with a sufficient guard.

It is on the bare ground, or at most covered with a mat, that the Moors repose; and it is thus that the traveller must resolve to pass the night, unless he be provided with a matras, which, however, he must renounce when he meets with much rain. Besides, as all luggage is incommodious, it will be better to adopt at first the custom of the Moors, to which one must conform either soon or late.

With regard to the precautions necessary for my safety, I proceeded in the following manner:—Before I quitted La Calle, I began by enquiring what nations carried on the greatest trade with the company, and among whom a Christian could go with the least danger. I took with me some Arabs, on whose fidelity I could depend; and I gave them to understand that my intention in traversing that country, was to search for plants useful in medicine. This is the only motive which one can assign to men who cannot conceive how people can be induced to visit them from curiosity alone, and how they can travel merely for the sake of pleasure. They are, besides, much inclined to suspect strangers who come amongst them of some treacherous design, and that they wish to make observations. But the title of physician, to which they affix great consideration, inspires them with confidence, and renders them more tractable. As soon as I am received among any tribe, I endeavour to gain over their chief to my interests, and I almost always obtain some horsemen, who accompany me to other tribes, in friendship with them, and to whom I am recommended. These horsemen swear by their lives to bring me back safe: it, on my return, I made any complaint against them, they would be severely punished by their chief who sent them. By these means I have been able to penetrate amongst these blood-thirsty people, and by degrees to venture farther from the coast. In my following letters, I shall give

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you

you an account of my travels, and of my observations; but I cannot terminate this, without some reflections on the kind of life to which I have been subjected since I left La Calle.

There are a multitude of national prejudices, my dear doctor, which one cannot get rid of, but by such journeys as that in which I am now engaged. All civilized nations resemble one another. The characteristic marks which distinguish them are not sufficiently prominent; to observe them, one must have a delicacy and acuteness of judgment far above the common. Every nation, without doubt, has its peculiar character, customs, and manners, but they are all guided by common principles; and all, more or less enlightened by the arts and sciences, endeavour to unite around them the conveniencies and comforts of life. Amongst a polished people, genius, active and lively, is continually inventing and bringing something to perfection: it embellishes the habitation of man, and converts to his use the productions of nature; but these boasted conveniencies, these sweets of social life, are so many bonds which render a man a slave to a number of factitious wants, and make him an unhappy being, when his riches or his labour cannot supply them. Accustomed, from infancy, to enjoy these advantages, we believe them so essential to our existence, that to procure them, we forget the labour, the fatigue, and the pain which they cost us. We exhaust our strength, destroy our health, and sacrifice our most valuable moments to the acquisition of a fortune, which often escapes from us; and even on the brink of the grave we still form grand projects, in the hope of possessing a false happiness, which death in a moment snatches from us. Born amidst these prejudices, I retained them till now, and I lamented these wandering tribes, to whom our grand discoveries are unknown, and who have neither bread, beds, nor houses. It was a great deal for me to believe in their existence, but I could not imagine that such a kind of life could ever be endured by an European.

worst weather, to defend one from the injuries of the air. The inhabitants sleep in their clothes, and often amidst moisture. Would it not, therefore, appear that they must be attacked by that crowd of distempers with which medicine threatens those in Europe who should attempt to do the same thing? I confess to you, my dear doctor, that I was a little frightened when I found myself obliged, for the first time, to make use of a Moorish bed. I was oppressed with fatigue, and this was an excellent soporific. I slept well, but finding my clothes wet when I awoke, I was apprehensive for my health. Luckily, I felt no other inconvenience except that of having my sides a little sore: but this was of no consequence; they were soon accustomed to the hard earth for a bed, as well as my head to my saddle for a pillow. I can assure you, my dear doctor, that, with a little custom, one sleeps as soundly in this manner, as in a bed surrounded with curtains. Sleep, which then never exceeds the bounds prescribed by nature, diffuses the balsam of health through all the organs. Respiration becomes more lively, and one seems animated by a new existence, which one would regret to lose by too much indulgence.

Besides this, at the moment when one awakes there is another pleasure, which few can appreciate, because few know how to enjoy the beauties of Nature. In the midst of these silent deserts the morning appears, the horizon glows with its ruddy light, and its rays gild the summits of the distant mountains. By little and little the plains are illuminated, the surrounding objects appear distinctly, the flowers expand, and scent the gale with their perfume; the birds shake their plumage and salute the new day; and in a moment all nature is enlivened, and every where presents the most enchanting prospects. The goat is suspended on the projecting rocks, the ox crops his food in the verdant mead, the lamb bleats by the side of its mother, and the whole country becomes

people, who have rendered themselves independent only to be cruel with impunity; a sanguinary nation, who delight in war because it affords them more opportunities of butchering their fellow creatures; a perfidious nation, who sign treaties of peace only to surprize the unsuspecting enemy with the greater facility; and, lastly, a base and dastardly nation, who never quit their mountains but when favoured by the darkness of night, and who never attack their antagonists but by treachery, or when they know them to be without defence. The Beys of Tunis and of Constantine have in vain attempted to subdue them; the Nadis have always eluded their attacks; but they pay some trifling tribute, that they may not be too much interrupted in the commerce which they carry on with La Calle. They cultivate a few fields, and rear flocks; but when pursued they abandon the plains, and seek liberty in the hollow caverns of their inaccessible rocks. At continual war with their neighbours, they are harrassed also with intestine divisions, and never unite but to do mischief. Their lives are wretched, turbulent, and restless; they have scarce food sufficient to support them; they are dirty, subject to many cutaneous disorders, and are covered with rags. Invited by the beauty of the prospects, I had the imprudence lately to penetrate about half a league into their country; and having descended into a deep valley, covered with thick underwood, whilst I was busily employed in searching for plants, some of their women perceived me, and set fire to the bushes which hung over my head. I had only time to save myself by forcing my way through the flames.

The country situated to the west of La Calle is known by the name of Mazoule. It is very extensive, and well cultivated. The different tribes who inhabit it, the most considerable of which are the *Ouledy-Dieb*, the *Zulus*, the *Ouled-Hamet*, the *Ouled-Stiet*, the *Ben-Amel*, and the *Aghet-Chair*, are all subject to one chief. It is with these

to be hot, and the earth to be stripped of its verdure.

After traversing the plains of *Terrailanne* and *Biamarchand*, where the Christians send to cut grass necessary for the nourishment of their cattle, I penetrated into the forests and mountains by which they are terminated. I observed there most delightful retreats, and groves which are continually refreshed by the streams that meander along below their shade. The air there is perfumed by a number of odoriferous plants, and one walks in the midst of myrtles, barberry, and mezereon bushes. The sight is continually recreated by a mixture of the most beautiful flowers; by rose laurels, which rise in tufts from the middle of the bushes; by pomegranate-trees, interspersed with wild roses; and, in short, by a parterre, the splendor of which is far superior to any thing that can be produced by the symmetry of art.

During winter, these enchanting little hills, instead of presenting a dismal and uniform covering of snow, are enamelled with several beautiful species of narcissuses, with tulips, ranunculuses, and anemones. These are succeeded by the orchis, and others, varied ad infinitum. In the spring are seen the star of Bethlem, the daffodil, the flower-de-luce, and vast plains of yellow lupins, as sweet to the smell as agreeable to the sight; and in autumn the large sea-leek, and a multitude of small flowers, of all colours, several of which have never yet been described. I never saw, in any part, the kingdom of Flora so brilliant.

I at length left these delicious abodes, to traverse the banks of those large lakes which are so noxious to the inhabitants of La Calle, but which the naturalist quits with regret. They are near seven leagues in circumference, encrease considerably by the rains in winter, and in part become dry by the excessive heats of summer. They are at all times covered with immense flocks of aquatic fowls, the greater part of which are excellent eating.

The little hills are covered with woods of the cork-tree. This place is situated on the borders of the sea, and affords a very extensive view over its liquid plain. The Moors received me with friendship, at least in appearance, and offered me milk and fruits.

I shall not detain you longer, my dear doctor, with a description of all the places I have visited, as I found nature the same every where, only a little diversified. All this country has a wild romantic appearance, and the cultivated fields are at a great distance one from the other. The Moors choose for their establishments places in the neighbourhood of pastures and springs; and if water or grass happens to fail them, they remove, and seek for them somewhere else.

Before I conduct you to Ali-Bey, I shall stop at Souk, where he keeps his slaves. You must not here affix to the word slave the same idea as is generally affixed to it in Europe. Those of Ali-Bey do not differ from the other Moors, except that they labour entirely for their chief, who feeds them, and supplies them with every thing necessary. They cannot quit the country without his permission, but the rest of the Moors hold them in high estimation. Ali-Bey employs them in sowing corn, tobacco, and melons, and in taking care of a great part of his flocks. These Moors do not live in tents, but in huts covered with leaves. I am of opinion that they have substituted these huts for tents, only, because, being fixed to that spot, they have no occasion for portable habitations, like the rest of the Moors. They occupy an immense plain, surrounded by wood, where I found the best water I had met with in this part of the country. Nature here has formed, in many places, arbours of foliage impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and the streams which murmur over their channels preserve the turf in continual verdure.

At Souk I found abundance of bee hives. The Arabs collect these insects in the bark of the cork tree, in the form of a cylinder, which they beset with in the inside with ho-

beat with a nimble foot the thin turf which scarcely covers the smoky soil. The aspect of this forest is frightful and melancholy. It is composed only of cork-trees. The preceding year it had been set on fire by the Moors, and the bark of the trees, burnt on the surface, made the trunks appear quite black, while the branches were in part stripped of their leaves. In proportion as I advanced, the fine dust of the cork adhered to my body and clothes. I imagined myself descending to the abodes of the dead. My imagination, always ready to take flight, and often to indulge in chimeras, brought before my eyes the enchanted forest of Tasso, and I almost believed myself a second Roland, destined to destroy some enchantment. These vain ideas changed to my eyes this dismal prospect of nature, and I experienced a peculiar pleasure in finding myself in the midst of this horrid place. I was not, however, free from the dread of the panthers and lions, which take up their abode in such wild retreats. The traces of these savage animals imprinted on the sand, frightened my horse so much, that he retreated with terror, and started every moment, insensible to the strokes of the spur, of which I was not sparing.

To this forest succeeded a vast lake, which I may venture to compare to that of Avernus. The pestilential vapour which arose from it, was so strong, that I had scarcely rode along its banks for a quarter of an hour when I was seized with a sickness at my stomach, and a heaviness in my head, which made me apprehend that I should be obliged to quit the place, but as it abounded with a variety of beautiful plants, and aquatic fowls, I continued my researches for near three hours. The sea duck and other curious fowls, skim over the surface of the lake continually. The slime which it deposits on its banks is black, has a fetid smell, and is extremely greasy. It is mixed with a great number of vegetable substances, in a state of decomposition. This lake, being not far from the Bastion of France, occasioned that mortality there of which I have already spoken, and which it

short, and his materials are too scattered, to enable him to write a general history, with a strict attention to truth, unless aided by topographical accounts. These, when written by persons residing in, and thoroughly acquainted with the parts they describe, are the safest guides, and the most authentic testimonies for the general historian; for want of these capital helps, what errors, what mistakes, nay what falsehoods do we not see, in many books of history and geography!

The topography and natural history of this country, are subjects, which have yet been but slightly attempted, and that by foreign writers in such a manner, as rather to "cast an odium," than to give a just description of it; I therefore humbly apprehend that it would be very laudable, if some person in each parish, barony, or county, would write a description of every natural and artificial curiosity, number and great age of inhabitants, gentlemen's seats, and other improvements, &c. by which in a few years the whole kingdom might be "truly" described.

Some foreign writers have described the people of this country, as "uncivilized, rude, barbarous, delighting in butter tempered with oatmeal, and sometimes flesh without bread; but which they eat raw, and drink down large draughts of Usquebaugh, for digestion, and that they pray for the wolves, lest they should devour them." How far this description is removed from truth, I leave Irishmen to judge. If the lower ranks of the people in their habitations, their looks, dress, and food, have hardly the appearance of civilization, our unfeeling absentees are the chief cause of it, to whom Mr. Young's emphatical words are very applicable, "indeed, says he, (speaking of the absentees) there are too many possessors of great estates in Ireland who wish to know nothing more of it, than the remittance of their rents." Thus is this poor island cruelly treated, an island which were its natural advantages improved, and its revenues spent at home, would be one of the most flourishing and delightful spots in the world.

Ah! would our absent prodigals return,
And o'er their rack'd estates and tenants
mourn,
Would all like MOIRA in their mansions
dwell;
And by "improvement, serve their country
well,"
Then industry would crown Hibernia's Isle,
And make her barren rocks, and her bleak
mountains smile.

The parish of Maghadroll is bounded on the north by the parishes of Annahilt,

Drumbo, and Saintfield, on the east by the parishes of Kilmore, and Loughinstland, and on the south and west by the parish of Maghrahamlet, or Dromara.—It contains about fourteen thousand acres; 612 Protestant families; at 7 each are 4284,—251 Roman Catholic ditto 1757, which in the whole amount to 6041 inhabitants.

Ballynahinch is the only town of any note in this parish, and stands near the centre of it, on a river of the same name. It lies in the midst of the great roads leading from Newry, Donaghadee, Belfast, Lisburn, Hillsborough, and Dromore; to Downpatrick, Killileagh, Seaford, Clough, and from thence to the eastern coasts of the county. This town was founded by the right honourable Sir George Rawdon, Bart. great grand father to the Earl of Moira, in the reign of Charles the 2d. "And whereas, (as the patent recites) the said Sir George Rawdon has purchased divers towns, and lands in the territory of Kinalearty, within the said county of Down, and for that some of those lands were mountainous, and others much encumbered with rocks, underwoods, and bogs, whereby the Irish in rebellion, and thieves and Tories, did in former times frequently harbour there; and that of late those lands by his care and cost, were become well inhabited, he having built two mills there, put the parish church in repair, created a considerable town, and in the middle thereof, had set out a large market place, which was paved and made fit for markets and fairs, to be kept there; and which new built town, was situate in the very centre of the county: The King therefore created the premises into the manor of Kinalearty; with a "domain" of 100 acres, to keep courts &c. hold a Thursday market, and two fairs, at the town of Ballynahinch on February 1st, and June 29th, to continue three days each, and many other privileges." As the said Sir George Rawdon had the strongest disposition, to be as useful as possible to his country; so he had an ample fortune, which enabled him to shew it; whereby he gained the greatest respect and esteem. He died in August 1684, in the 80th year of his age, and was buried with great magnificence at Lisburn.

Within these few years, there have been about 20 elegant new houses, built in the different streets of this town; many of them three stories high. The main street is 50 feet wide. The church and elegant spire were built some years ago (by the Earl of Moira) and stand about 100 yards south of the town.—There are two dissenting meeting houses here, divided into the old presbyterian and Seceding communions; and a Roman catholic chapel; there are also

also some Methodists, or primitive christians here. It must be very pleasing to every good citizen, to observe that bigotry and religious prejudices are daily decreasing: as a proof of it in this parish, I have lately seen churchmen, dissenters and Roman catholics, worship the Supreme Being indiscriminately in Ballynahinch church.—There is a new road nearly finished, which will open a communication from Danaghadee to Newry, through this town, several miles shorter for travellers, than by Belfast, Lillburn, and Hillsborough. There are two good inns kept here by Messrs. Thomas Rutherford, and James Armstrong—Mr. Armstrong has built a very neat inn, which he is finishing very elegantly; there is one room 30 feet by 24, and 16 feet high; he also keeps good carriages. There is a neat linen hall here, and a pretty good linen and yarn market; on an average it is reckoned to the amount of 300l. weekly is laid out for cloth and yarn; the linens manufactured in this parish are of a good stout fabric, chiefly the 12 hundreds. There are about 100 houses in the town and suburbs, and reckoning seven to a family make 700 inhabitants.

Montalto one of the seats of the Earl of Moira, about half a mile S. W. of the town, is a most noble improvement; many thousand trees of various kinds, and curious shrubs, have been planted in the domain; there are good gardens, a great variety of fruit trees, and exotic plants from all parts of the world, in the green-houses or stoves. The domain is adorned with shrubberies, temples, statues, ponds, walks; the planting is laid out on each side a deep glen, through which the river runs. The house has a plain appearance on the outside, but upon entering it one is agreeably surprized, to see a most magnificent library, finished in the most elegant manner, containing thirty thousand volumes; and many good paintings, and curiosities. The great hall, a spacious room, in which are many family portraits; as also in the other rooms and parlour, the ceiling of which, and a bed-chamber adjoining to it, are ornamented with various figures, &c. in stucco.

By easy steps, I regularly rise, (skins,
Where “Ednevady’s” top salutes the
And view with pleasure all the distant fields,
The various objects which the prospect
yields,

Maradholls, walls in gloomy grandeur stand,
The lakes smooth surface, and the islands
bland,

N O T E.

* A beautiful hill on the domain at Montalto.

The rising hills clear streams and spangled
vales,

The chirping music of the tuneful dales;
The spicy product of each orient bush,
The melting concert of each chanting thrush,
The woven arbours, and the verdant fields,
The noble scenes, which fair Montalto
yields;

Where once the hawthorn bush and bramble
grew, (view,

And turf, and rocks, unpleasing to the
Now sprouting groves disclose a smiling
green, (tween;

And blushing flow’rs, intruding glance be-
Here the sublime of nature wakes surprize,
While there the gentle charms attract the
eyes,

Where sweetly interspers’d, the vales dis-
close,

The humble cots of poverty’s repose,
“Above the rich and great, divinely blest,
With calm content, (that sunshine of the
breast)”

Sweet smiling place; where e’er the eye
surveys,

’Tis struck with secret rapture and amaze;
If to the town, you turn th’ admiring eyes,
Or to “Spa-well,” imagination flies,

Or east, or west, let darkling fancy rove,
A heathy Bog, appears, or a fir grove,
Ev’n the rough rocks, with tender myrdes
bloom, (lume.

And moorland flow’rets shed a sweet per-

Hugh Hamilton, Esq. has lately built a neat house south of the town on the road to Seaford, from which there is a most delightful view of Montalto house and improvements. Near this on the same road, is the parsonage house; the present vicar is the reverend Mr. James Ford. Mr. John Barclay is building a house near the Spa well.

About two miles south of Ballynahinch, is a rich “sulphureous chalybeate spring,” which is very efficacious in some stubborn diseases, particularly in scurvy, rheumatism, &c. both by bathing in and drinking the water, of which there happened a remarkable instance lately, (among many others, that might be mentioned). A young gentleman, Mr. B——, came to the spa in the spring of 1788, then scarce able to walk; but after having drank the water, and bathed, a short time, he began to recover, and in a few months was perfectly restored to health and strength. It is a very clear and cold water, of a disagreeable taste and smell; like the water that has been used in scouring a foul gun. Last year lord Moira made considerable improvements here for the accommodation of those who may come to the well; such as new bathing houses, pumps, gravel walks, planting, &c. A little south of this Mr. Robert Mc. Calla

has lately made a bleach green, bleach mill, houses, &c. adjoining to Ballymacarn lake, on the verge of the parish. About three miles north of Ballynahinch, on the summit of a beautiful hill, is the house and improvement of Mr. John Johnston, having a large lake in front of the house, and commanding a great extent of prospect, into the country round it. This parish in general is naturally coarse; yet the face of it affords an agreeable variety; in some parts the pleasing vicissitudes of gently rising hills, and bending vales, fertile in oats, potatoes, flax, &c. in others the gloomy features of black barren moors, craggy rocks, and uncultivated heaths. Originally this parish, as was the country in general, was almost entirely over run with wood, here formerly roamed the wolf, and the wild boar, long since totally extirpated. The few inhabitants then, lived together in small villages or forts; by degrees the woods were destroyed, in order to make way for cultivation, as the inhabitants increased. The greatest part of the parish is the estate of the earl of Moira, and since his lordship began to improve here, which is not twenty-five years, the country has advanced more in civilization, agriculture, &c. than for some hundred years before. Formerly there were very few white houses, but since that period, there have been many neat farm houses built and whitened; which with the many clumps and forts, his lordship has planted, on the tops of hills, with firs and various kinds of trees, the great improvements in liming land, ditching, &c. will in a short time give the country in general, a clean, lively and beautiful appearance. The air is sharp and cold in winter, but in general it may be reckoned temperate and healthy, and (together with the industry and temperance of the people) to contribute, to the extreme old age of many of the inhabitants; of whom several are now living, from 80 to 100 years of age. Archibald Thompson of the townland of Ballykine, is now living, aged 94 years, Elenor Porter of Danmore, is 96 years old, Mary Murray of Douglon, aged 98, Mary Crawly of Ballynahinch, died in 1743, aged 112 years, Mr. W. Pharis of the same, died in 1738, aged 100, Mary Willon of the same, died in 1768, aged 104, Mary Duffield of the same, died in 1766, aged 108, James Martin of Ballylone, died in 1766, aged 118, Andrew Clokey of Ballymacarn, died in 1781, aged 106, Prudence Barnett, late of Ballynahinch, died in 1784, aged 111, Mary Mc. Donnell of Maghrampany, died in 1785, aged 116, Hugh Murray of Douglon, died in 1784, aged 99.

The Ballynahinch volunteer company, was formed October the 4th, 1779, under the command of the honourable captain John

Theophilus Rawdon; it consists at present of 82 members, including officers; may it continue to increase in number to the end of time!

The inhabitants of this parish in general are pretty well clad, at church, meeting and mass; they are regular in their attendance on the public worship of God on Sundays, and are not generally guilty of common swearing: their chief food is beef, butter, pork, milk, cheese, oat bread, potatoes, &c. &c. They are not addicted to excessive drinking; tillage and the linen manufacture keep them in constant employment, and a busy laborious life prevents many excesses. As there is firing in abundance in this country, every man lies down to a good fire at night, in security under "his own vine and his fig tree," and enjoys with comfort the fruits of his honest labours.

Ballynahinch, 6th November, 1789.

* * We return our best thanks to our ingenious Correspondent for the above Description; and request similar favours from our Correspondents in general, convinced that Topography is not only a useful and important study, but peculiarly necessary in this kingdom, where so little has been done in that line of writing.—Our Correspondent, in the beginning of his Extract, has feelingly regretted our want of the Topographical and Natural History of Ireland, and wishes for a General Account of it. It is with no small satisfaction we can assure him, that such a work has been long compiling, and will be published in the course of the ensuing winter.

On Mental Pleasures, and the Advantages of Retirement. By Mr. Zimmerman.

MEN of exalted minds have always, amidst the bustle of the gay world, and even in the brilliant career of heroism, retained a taste for mental pleasures. When engaged in the most important affairs, notwithstanding the many objects that employed their attention, they were still faithful to the Muses, and perused with delight the works of the sublimest geniuses. They were not of opinion, that a great man has no occasion for reading or knowledge; nor were they ashamed even to become writers sometimes themselves. When Philip, King of Macedonia, invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him, at Corinth, he began to ridicule the father of that Prince, because he had been both a Sovereign and a poet, and had composed odes and tragedies. "When," said Philip, "could your father find leisure to write all these trifles?"—"In those hours," replied Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and amusements."

Alexander was remarkably fond of read-

ing. Whilst he was filling the world with the fame of his victories, marking his progress by blood and slaughter, marching over smoking towns and ravaged provinces, and though hurried on by fresh ardour to new victories, he found the time hang heavy upon him in Asia, because he had no books. He therefore wrote to Harpalus to send him the works of Philistus, several of the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Eschylus, and the *Dythyrambics*, of Thalestes.

In Pompey's army, Brutus, the avenger of the liberty of Rome, spent among books all those moments which he could spare from the duties of his office. He not only read and wrote when the army was at rest, but even the night before the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, which was about to decide the empire of the universe. It happened then to be the middle of summer, the weather was exceedingly hot, and the army was encamped in a marshy plain, the servants who carried his tent were long in arriving, and as he was extremely tired, he bathed whilst he was waiting for them, and made his body be rubbed with oil, about noon. After taking a little refreshment, whilst the rest were lost in sleep, or forming conjectures concerning the event of the next day, Brutus was busy in his tent, and employed even till night in making an extract from Polybius.

No one was better acquainted with mental pleasures than Cicero, who says, in his oration for Archias, "Why should I blush on account of these pleasures, since for so many years they have never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice, and to defend virtue! Who can, or dare reproach me with consecrating to the Muses and to learning, that time which others employ in trifling amusements, shews and entertainments; which they waste in gaming and gluttony, or devote to idleness and pleasure?"

Full of the same spirit, Pliny the elder employed every moment of his life. While at his meals he made some one read to him; and when he travelled he had always a book and conveniencies for writing along with him. Of every thing that he read he made extracts; by this application he wished to double his existence, and he thought that he did not live while he slept.

Pliny the younger read wherever he could; when hunting, at table, in his walks, and whenever his affairs would permit him. He, indeed, laid it down as a rule, to prefer his duty to those occupations which were merely amusements; and it was for this reason that he was always so much inclined to solitude and repose. "Shall I never break," said he, "those chains which retain me?"

Are they indissoluble? No, I dare not hope for such an event. Every day adds new torments to the former. Scarcely is an affair finished, when a new one starts up, and my oppressive chain becomes every moment longer and heavier!"

Petrarch was always low spirited when he did not read or write, or at least when he did not indulge in poetic dreams, near limpid rills, mountains, and rocks; or in valleys enamelled with flowers. That he might not lose time when he travelled, he wrote in all the inns where he stopped. One of his friends, the Bishop of Cavaillon, fearing that the ardour with which he read and wrote, at Vaucluse, would entirely destroy his health, already greatly deranged, begged him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch consented, not knowing what he was going to do with it; but the good bishop locked up his books and his writing desk, telling him, that he forbade him to read or write for ten days. Petrarch obeyed, though with the greatest reluctance; but the first day appeared to him to be longer than a year; the second he had a head-ache from morning to night; and the third he found himself early in the morning very feverish. The good Bishop, touched with his condition, restored to him his key, and at the same time his health and his spirits.

The late Earl of Chatham, as I have been informed by his own nephew, my intimate friend, was in his youth cornet in a regiment of dragoons, which were quartered in a small town in England. While here he discharged his duty with the utmost attention, but during the rest of his time he remained alone, neither paying nor receiving visits; and employed himself in reading the most celebrated authors of antiquity, both Greek and Roman. In his manner of living he was exceedingly temperate, because he wished to eradicate an hereditary gout, by which he was attacked at a very early period of life. His feeble state of health made him, perhaps, fond of retirement; but it was certainly in solitude that he laid the foundations of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

Perhaps I shall be told, that men such as these great characters of antiquity are no longer to be found. I am, however of opinion, that there is not the least foundation for speaking or thinking in this manner. Was Chatham in greatness inferior to a Roman? Will his son, who, when yet a youth, thundered forth in the senate like Demosthenes, and like Pericles rivetted the attention of those who heard him, and who now, when little more than thirty years of age, makes himself be feared and respected as the Prime Minister of England, ever

think or act with less dignity than his father? What men have once been they may always be. Greece or Rome never had on their thrones, or at the head of their armies, a great man whose equal may not be found at present in Europe. Wherever there is a desire for it, wisdom and virtue profit, at court as well as in private life; in the palace of kings, equally as in the cottage. Wise solitude is never so respectable as in a palace; there in profound tranquillity may one weigh the most important affairs, live calmly, happily and contented, when one does, without ostentation, whatever duty requires, and when one knows how to avoid the contagion of frivolous and weak minds. One may acquire instruction every where, and at all times, and if one cannot return and begin a new career, one may at least employ properly that time which remains, unless the man who has it in his power to display the lamp of truth chooses rather to be satisfied with the feeble light of the glow worm.

Solitude, at the last, will render us superior to all the changes and miseries of life. He who cannot find happiness in riches, pleasures, and grandeur, may with a book in his hand forget all his care under the friendly shade of every tree. In solitude he enjoys a pleasure much more exquisite and varied, a pleasure always lively, and always renewed. In his closet his mind acquires fresh strength. Exercising it gives him a much more agreeable sensation of his existence, and of what he may become some day if he chooses. If his views are great, and his inclinations pure, his pleasures in solitude become still greater, and he learns more and more to dread the poison offered to him by flatterers, and more and more to despise idle and frivolous amusements.

He who shuns mankind to gain their love and esteem, he who rises with the sun, to converse with the dead, is doubtless not booted at the break of day. His horses remain in the stable, and his door is shut against the idler; but he studies men and mankind without ever losing sight of the world. Whatever he has seen or learned, is reviewed. Every observation he has made in life, either confirms a truth, or refutes a prejudice. Every thing is there unveiled, stripped of its false splendor, and exhibited in its natural state. Truth, in the ordinary commerce of the world, walks always under a veil, but here she shews herself naked. *Al! How happy is that man who has attained to a situation in which he is not under the necessity of telling lies!*

These pleasures of solitude are not incompatible with our duty to the public, for they themselves are the noblest exercises in which we can employ our faculties for the good of

mankind. Where can it be accounted culpable to honour and adore truth, and to be fond of speaking it? Would it be a crime to have the boldness sometimes to declare publicly what an ordinary man cannot do without trembling, and to prefer a generous liberty to continual slavery? Is it not by the channel of writers that truth is diffused among the people, and displayed before the eyes of the great? Do not good authors inspire mankind with the courage to think and is not liberty of thinking the cause of the progress and improvement of reason? It is precisely for this that men live in solitude: to throw aside their chains that they wore in the world; and it is for this that he who thinks in solitude, speaks boldly what in society he would not hazard but with precaution. Timidity never makes its way into solitude. He who is not afraid of retiring under his peaceful shades, is never accustomed to stoop to the pride and insolence of the great, but with boldness tears from their despotism the mask which covers it.

Solitude procures sublime pleasures which never fade, at least, if the soul does not inhabit a body entirely decayed. These pleasures give serenity in every situation of life, afford consolation in all misfortunes, are never exhausted, and become at length as necessary to our happiness, as trifling to the debauched man of the world, who is continually running from door to door in quest of contemptible joys, which he never finds. Cicero speaking of these pleasures of the mind, says, "They improve our youth, delight us in our old age, and encrease our happiness. In adversity they are our consolation and resource; they recreate us at home; are no burden to us when abroad, they shorten our nights, and accompany us in our journeys, and when we retire into the country." "The Belles Lettres," says Pliny the younger, "are my delight and comfort, I know nothing more agreeable, and there is no misfortune which they cannot alleviate. In the affliction which I feel for the sufferings of my wife, and the sickness, and sometimes death of my servants, I find no relief but in my studies. Though in my closet I am sensible of the magnitude of my evils, they, however, become more supportable."

Solitude alone is the channel through which every thing flows that men conceal in the ordinary commerce of life. There one may comfort the heart, if one can, and chooses to write. We indeed do not always write when we are alone; but we must be alone if we wish to write. He who is delirious of philosophising, or composing a poem, must have his mind free from embarrassment; he must not hear his children crying every moment at the door, nor must his ser-

vant appear twenty times in a morning before him to present him with as many cards. In short, he must be left alone. He must follow all the efforts of his imagination, and whether in the open air or in his closet, whether stretched on a sofa, or under the cool shade of a spreading tree, he must be at liberty to change his situation, when and as often as he chooses. To write with advantage he must feel in his soul an irresistible desire, and be able to indulge his taste and ardor, without impediment or constraint. If all these advantages are not united, one will be continually interrupted, and reduced to the necessity of remaining inactive, waiting for the impulse of genius. Without this impulse an author can never write well, and unless he watches for those fortunate moments, when the head is disengaged and the imagination warm. He must be revived by cheerful prospects, animated by the noblest sentiments, and by a contempt for every obstacle. His efforts will then be attended with success, and thoughts and suitable expressions will flow spontaneously from his pen.

Petrarch felt this internal impulse when he tore himself from Avignon, the most vicious and corrupted city of his time, to which the Pope had transferred the Papal chair. Though honoured with the protection of the Holy Father, of Princes, and of Cardinals, still young and full of noble ardour, he exiled himself from that brilliant court, and retired to the famous solitude of Vacluse, at the distance of six leagues, where he had only one servant to attend him, and possessed only a small house and a little garden. It was there that he finished all those works which he had before only sketched out. Petrarch wrote more at Vacluse than at all the other places where he had resided; but he there continually polished his works, and was a long time before he could resolve to publish them. Virgil calls the leisure which he enjoyed at Naples, ignoble and obscure, but it was there that he wrote his *Georgics*, the most perfect of his productions, and that which shews in almost every line that he wrote for immortality.

Every great and excellent writer has this noble view, and casts his eye with enthusiasm towards posterity. He who is inferior, requires a more moderate recompense, and sometimes obtains what he seeks for; but they must both separate from the world, haunt the cool shades of the groves, and retire, as it were within themselves. Whatever, therefore, they do or accomplish, is the effect of solitude; the love of which must engage their whole soul, if they are desirous of writing any thing to reach future ages, or that may be worthy the notice of contemporary ages. Every thing that can

be done by profound thinking, is due to solitude; one there reviews and arranges whatever in the world has made an impression upon him, and there he sharpens his weapons against old prejudices and stupid opinions. The faults of mankind strike the moral writer, and the desire of correcting them actuates his soul, as much as the desire of pleasing actuates that of others. The desire of immortality, however, is the last which a writer ought to indulge. No one needs attempt it if he has not the genius of a Bacon, if he cannot write as well as Voltaire and Rousseau, and if he is not able like them to produce master pieces worthy of being handed down to posterity. Such as these alone, can say, we find ourselves animated by the sweet and consoling thought that we shall be spoken of when mouldering into dust, and by that approbation from the mouths of our contemporaries, which makes us divine what will be said of us hereafter by mankind, to whose instruction and happiness we have devoted our labours; and whom we have loved and esteemed, though not yet in being. We feel within us those seeds of emulation, which incite us to rescue from death our better part, and which secure from oblivion the happiest moments of our existence.

By the feeble light of the lamp, as well as on the throne, or in the field of battle, the desire of glory produces actions the remembrance of which dies not with us, nor descends with us to the tomb. The meridian of life becomes then as brilliant as its morning. "The praises," says Plutarch, "bestowed upon great and exalted minds, only spurs on and arouses their emulation. Like a rapid torrent, the glory already acquired hurries them irresistibly on to every thing that is grand and noble. They never consider themselves as sufficiently rewarded. Their preceding actions are only a pledge of what may be expected from them, and they would blush not to live faithful to their glory, and to render it still more illustrious by the most splendid deeds."

He who is disgusted with blind adulation, or insipid compliments, will feel his heart warmed, when he hears with what enthusiasm Cicero says, "Why should we dissemble what it is impossible for us to conceal? Why should we not rather be proud of confessing candidly, that we all aspire at glory; that this inclination is strongest in the noblest minds? The philosophers themselves, who write on the contempt of glory, prefix their names to their works, and by this prove, that however they may inculcate such maxims, they themselves wish to be spoken of and praised. Virtue requires no other recompense for all the labours which it undertakes, and all the dangers to which it exposes itself. What would remain

to it in this short and miserable life, were it deprived of this flattering reward? Had not the soul a foretaste of futurity, did it not extend its thoughts beyond the narrow limits of this world, men would never undertake such painful labours, subject themselves to so many cares, or so often expose their lives to danger. But the most virtuous men have within them a noble and irresistible desire, which, night and day, hurries them on to glory, and prompts them not to abandon entirely to the present generation the memory of their name, but to transmit it to the latest posterity. Would we who every day expose ourselves to dangers for it, pass our whole lives without a single moment of ease, and barely believe that life puts an end to the scene? When so many great men have taken care to leave to posterity the representation of their features in marble or brass, ought we not rather to wish to leave a true picture of our hearts and minds? As for me, in every thing I have done, I believed that I was sowing for posterity, and diffusing throughout the universe the eternal remembrance of my name. Whether after death I shall be sensible of my glory, is of little importance, but I at present enjoy that flattering hope."

This is the true enthusiasm with which we ought to endeavour to inspire the children of the great. Were any one happy enough to kindle up that generous flame in their young hearts, and to accustom them to continued application, how we should then see them shun the pernicious pleasures of youth, and enter with dignity the career of heroes! What actions might we not then hope from them, what glory and what knowledge? To exalt the minds of the great, it is sufficient to inspire them with an aversion for every thing that is mean, and with a distaste for every thing that unnerves the soul and the body; to remove from them those vile and contemptible flatterers, who talk of nothing but the pleasures of sense, and who seek to acquire interest and fortune, only by leading them into crimes, by vilifying before them every thing that is great, and by rendering them suspicious of every thing that is good. The desire of enlarging one's glory by noble deeds, and of increasing one's credit by internal dignity and greatness of soul, has advantages which neither birth nor rank can bestow, and which cannot be acquired even on the throne, without virtue, and without having one's eyes continually fixed on posterity.

The Distracted Mother. A Domestic Tale.

THOUGH we too often find in this age of dissipation and divorce the most striking instances of conjugal infidelity and unhappiness, there are, doubtless, ma-

ny wedded pairs, who by the sincerest attachment to each other, arising from the purest affection, mutually and forcibly felt, do no small credit to the nuptial state.

With the most decided affection for each other, strengthened by mutual esteem, and with the most promising worldly prospects, Charles Seymour and Harriet Fenton entered into a matrimonial connection, and were justly looked upon by all who knew them as happy a couple as Hymen ever united. With an income sufficient to enable them to live in a genteel, though not in a magnificent style, they were respected for the appearance they made, as well as beloved for their behaviour, which endeared them to all with whom they were acquainted.

Thoroughly happy in themselves, the Seymours only wanted little representatives to complete, as they thought, their connubial felicity: for such a completion they wished, and not without mutual anxiety, a few years; at last, the birth of a son threw them into such transports of joy, that they immediately forgot all the uneasiness which they had endured in a state of tedious expectation.

But how little do we know what to wish for in this world!—The birth of a son produced disquietudes far superior to any which had been felt before that joyous event. Disquietudes, indeed, arising from the extreme of parental affection, in consequence of which the dread of separation too frequently gave a considerable check to the pleasure of possession. The language cannot be perfectly understood by those who were never blessed with children; but fond fathers and fond mothers will strongly enter into the meaning of it.

During the nursery part of young Charles's life, the satisfaction which his parents felt upon his progress through childhood was not interrupted by any opposition of sentiment with regard to domestic management. Harriet was the tenderest, the most assiduous of mothers; and Charles, having engagements abroad of a public nature, was contented with her operations as a nurse to his son and heir: but, when that son began to shew himself an active, bustling little fellow, with quick parts, and a docile disposition, Charles deemed it highly necessary to remove him from the tuition of his mother, who was more likely to keep his understanding down than to promote the opening of his mind, the expansion of his ideas in the schools of education. On this point—the first in which they differed—they could not agree. Charles urged the necessity of sending his son to a proper seminary of learning; Harriet as strenuously defended the superior advantages resulting from home instruction, laying a great stress on the

als of her child, which she often said with an additional warmth in her diction, would be ruined by his connections with other boys—To the danger apprehended from such connections Charles turned a deaf ear, and his son was, in consequence of his final determination—(he thought he was right to be resolute upon such an occasion, though he had the sincerest regard for his Harriet) carried by him down into the country, to be under the care of a very worthy clergyman, whose abilities were of the first class, and whose life was irreproachable.

Harriet, though she was severely pained by the determination of her husband with respect to young Charles, was, at the same time, so thoroughly convinced that he acted not merely from a spirit of opposition to her opinions, but from a firm belief that his mode of conduct was the most eligible, reasoned herself into resignation, and endeavoured to behave in such a manner as to make him not offended with her for the tears which had alarmed her imagination.—She behaved, during the journey to D—, in the properest manner, and saw her son delivered into the hands of Mr. B—, with a composure which gave her husband no small satisfaction, as he ventured to translate that composure into content. But Charles was not quite a *La Vauter*; he could not always discover the “mind’s construction in the face.”—The moment of separation was the moment of trial. Harriet could not help exhibiting evident marks of disapprobation; but Charles gave her no time to brood over her maternal anxieties: he soon hurried her away to a neighbouring place of dissipation, and availed himself of every method he could think of to make her forget the surrender of her son.—When he had made her sick enough of the foolish flutter of life, to wish for a return to her own quiet dwelling, he carried her to town, and left nothing undone to amuse her mind in a rational way, that she might not be too deeply affected by the absence of her charming boy. His efforts were truly affectionate, but they did not prove sufficient to answer the end proposed by them. From this time Harriet became gradually more and more pensive, more and more melancholy about her son, and was so much terrified one night by a dream relating to him, that she could not help expressing her desire to make a journey to D— Charles endeavoured to laugh her out of her dismal apprehensions, but all his attempts were in vain; they had made too deep an impression to be removed by all the reasoning which he employed upon the distressing occasion.

While he was thus employed, one day, a letter arrived from Mr. B—, which confirmed Harriet’s apprehensions, and gave Charles more uneasiness than he chose to

display. Mr. B— informed them that their son had been very ill of a fever, but that he was in a mending way, and hoped that, in a few days, he should be able to acquaint them with a complete recovery.

The hopes, at the conclusion of Mr. B—’s letter, were, by no means, sufficient to destroy the effect which his *certain* intelligence had produced in the mind of Harriet: she, therefore, earnestly entreated Charles to set off directly to D—, and as he did not—being himself somewhat alarmed—think this an absurd one, he readily complied with it, and they drove away from the capital without delay.

On their arrival at D—, they were received by Mr. B— with his usual politeness and respect, but with a countenance in which the traces of concern were too strong to be mistaken or overlooked. Harriet was, it may be supposed, in a violent agitation, and Charles immediately asked if his son was well.

Mr. B—, after a short pause, while the tear of sensibility started into his eye, replied “very well.”

“He’s dead, then,” exclaimed Harriet, eagerly.

“He died,” answered Mr. B—, “to the extreme surprize of us all, soon after I had dispatched my letter to inform you of his apparent recovery.”

Harriet would have fallen to the ground if Charles had not supported her. Assisted by Mr. B—, he placed her in a chair, in which she sat for some time in an abstracted state. Roused from that state by the applications made to restore her suspended faculties, she started up, and cried, “My poor boy! let me—let me see him!”

Mr. B— and Charles both joined in pointing out the impropriety of her seeing her dead son at that moment; but she insisted on being told where he was laid, with such wildness in her looks, and such vehemence in her manner of speaking, that Charles, fearful of consequences in case of an absolute refusal, told her, (agreeably to the information he had received from Mr. B—), that poor Charles was in his coffin in a room in the garden, (to which he had been removed for prudential reasons, as the weather was uncommonly hot), and offered to attend her.

“No,”—replied she, with a steady tone, but still mild,—“you will be too much shocked by the sight—I will go by myself—and conjure you not to let a living creature interrupt me in my passage.”

Having spoken these words, she darted from them to the well known apartment, and neither Charles nor Mr. B— deemed it wise at the instant to make a vigorous opposition to her will; but they placed themselves

selves in such a situation in the garden, as to observe all her movements undiscovered. With sympathetic sensations Charles saw her hanging over the coffin of his dear, departed boy, in all the agonies of maternal grief, and could hardly keep his own parental sorrow within the bounds of decorum, though powerfully supported by the religious consolations of his exemplary companion who was considerably moved himself, by the afflicting scenes before him. For a while they so far complied with the injunctions of the miserable Harriet, as to give no disturbance to her heart-piercing effusions; but when they saw her exhausted by those effusions, and, overpowered by her feelings, drop upon the floor, they rushed to the melancholy spot as fast as they could, and made haste to administer all the relief in their power. They conveyed her to the house immediately, more dead than alive, and committed her to the care of Mrs. B —. She was soon restored to a sense of her situation, but she never recovered the full use of her faculties. She *lived*, but in so wretched, so pitiable a state, that none who knew her, could wish for the continuance of her existence, — Charles felt his loss as a *father*, but bore it as a man, and as a Christian. — His sufferings as a *husband* cannot be described.

View of Great Britain, its Liberty and Privileges, General Elections, Courts of Justice, &c.

[From a Picture of England, lately published.]

(Concluded from Page 573.)

PRIVILEGE OF PUBLIC REMONSTRANCES.

IN the year 1775, the king wished that a criminal condemned to death should not suffer at Tyburn, but be executed out of town, and before the very house where he had committed the burglary. His Majesty's desire was notified accordingly by the secretary of state to the sheriffs of the county of Middlesex. In all other countries, they would have regarded with mere indifference the place where the culprit was to have been

executed so necessary in a free country. — The sheriffs accordingly persisted in their refusal, and their conduct well deserved the thanks of the whole nation.

They are deceived who imagine that the situation of a king of England is disagreeable: on the contrary, if it were ever possible that a crown could confer happiness on the wearer, a sovereign of England, if he so inclines, may enjoy this advantage in a peculiar manner. He possesses great and extraordinary privileges; indeed, the chief magistrate of no free people, either ancient or modern, ever had such extensive rights. Without appealing to remote times, let us only mention the stadtholders of Holland, the predecessors of the present king of Sweden, and the sovereigns of Poland; with these let us compare an English monarch, and we shall immediately perceive the difference.

He is empowered, without consulting his parliament, to contract alliances, to declare war, and to make peace; to receive and appoint ambassadors and ministers, and to enlist troops: he can assemble parliament when he pleases, prorogue it, appoint the place for it to meet in, and even dissolve it entirely. All new laws must have his sanction: if they have been acceded to by both the other branches of the legislature, the refusal of his consent immediately annihilates them: nor is it necessary that he should assign any reason for his conduct. He possesses the exclusive privilege of appointing the officers by sea and land; the magistrates, the ministers, the judges of the crown; the archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastics; he can ennobles; grant a pardon to criminals: found universities, colleges, hospitals, and establish fairs; he has the sole privilege of issuing proclamations: he is the guardian of all the fools in the kingdom, and he inherits the estates of intestates who die without heirs. All the wrecks of which the owners are unknown belong to him, as well as the land left by the receding of the ocean. He can enact ecclesiastical laws, establish ceremonies for the church, convoke provincial and national

Regent of France: "Let them speak as long as they allow us to act." It is asserted, that a party in opposition to the court is absolutely necessary in the English parliament: this is what made the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole affirm, "That if such a party had not been already formed, he would have raised one with the public money."

The least personal offence offered to the king, is high treason. He himself is so little bound down in the exercise of his prerogative, that, without consulting any one, he can appoint a common sailor to be lord high admiral of England, and translate a country curate to the see of Canterbury. But if the power of the sovereign is unbounded in doing good, on the other hand it is strictly limited as to evil. He dares not, without infringing the laws, command one of his positions to be chastised. Neither can he tack conditions to the favours which he grants; nor add to the quantum of punishment which he orders to be inflicted.

This line of demarcation is without doubt the ground-work of the constitution. The sovereign, having the executive power in his own hands, can apply to the management of public affairs both with celerity and dispatch, and exhibit a salutary uniformity in the exercise of the laws. When we compare with this the slowness and prolixity with which other free states manage their affairs, we shall perceive the numerous advantages resulting from such a constitution.

At no period since the revolution, have so many and such successful attempts been made in favour of the prerogative, as during the present reign. From the commencement of Lord North's administration, till his dismissal in 1782, the parliament was entirely governed by the crown, and every proposition of the minister confirmed by a decided majority. Such a constant acquiescence on the part of the Commons, and that too at a time when the people were discontented, is a circumstance unexampled in their history. The character of the sovereign was the sole cause of this. It is also probable, that it was a trait of this singular character which seldom occurs in a subject, and still less frequently on a throne, that gave to Lord Bute such an ascendancy over him.

Without being either generous or attached

annum, which belongs to the Civil list, to which may be added 300,000*l.* arising from his foreign dominions and other contingencies, one may be tempted to imagine that the king possesses immense treasures &c, notwithstanding he seems, from time to time, to be overwhelmed with debts, which the parliament is obliged to pay. Behold then that enigma explained, without which it would have been necessary to have added a commentary.

Hints for the Study of Ladies.

AN agreeable change, by constant repetition, makes an impression on, and adds a feature of durable deformity to the countenance.

A number of such like beautiful changes when combined, if not counteracted, impart beauty to the face, and many deformed changes impart deformity.

Morally, beautiful states of the mind impart beautiful impressions.

Therefore, the same changes, incessantly repeated, stamp durable impressions of beauty on the countenance.

Morally deformed states of mind have deformed expressions; consequently if incessantly repeated, they stamp durable features of deformity.

They are in proportion stronger and deeper, the oftener and the stronger the expressions peculiar to the supposed state of the mind take place.

It may happen, that one possessed of many excellent qualities, and who long has practised virtue, at length may yield to the force of passion, and in so great a degree that all the world may justly pronounce him vicious. Will it therefore be said, "Behold your vicious beauty? Where is your harmony between virtue and beauty?"

Has it not been already premised that such a person had excellent dispositions, and much good, and that he had long encouraged and established the goodness of his character?

He therefore had, and still has goodness worthy of emulation; and the more habitual it is to him, the deeper root the first virtuous impressions took, the more conspicuous and firm are the traits of beauty imprinted upon his countenance. The roots and stems still are visible, though some alien

fair, although the mind has yielded to vice ? This but affirms the truth of our proposition.

Indeed, an eye but little experienced will discover that such a countenance was still more beautiful, previous to the dominion of this passion, and that it is at present in part deformed. How much less pleasing, alas ! how much more harsh and disagreeable than formerly, though it may not have arrived at that state which Gellert describes.

His morn of youth how wondrous fair !

How beauteous was his bloom !

But ah ! he stray'd from virtue's paths,

And pangs his life consume.

His wasted form, his livid eye,

His haggard aspect pale,

Of many a hidden hideous vice

Recount a fearful tale.

A curious Charge, given by Sir EDWARD BUTLER, of Ireland. At a Sessions of the Peace, at Newtown, 21st of January, 1655.

Gentlemen, and good people,

IN obedience to this command, and in pursuance of the trust reposed in us by this commission, which you have heard, we thus publicly and openly assemble here this day: a day, which is to us calm after a tempest, a sunshine after a fog: a time of peace and tranquility after the flutter and confusion of an intestine war, and the distraction of an unsettled commonwealth. It were but loss of time and labour to descant on the present state of things, or to cast into the balance the advantages and emoluments of a peaceable and orderly government, with the spoils, rapines, and innumerable calamities of a rebellious and domestic war: you all, that are now partakers of the benefits of the one, can give a more ample and judicious account, having a more distinct remembrance, and some of you a woe-ful experience of the effects of the other. Religion, the mother of peace, and plenty the daughter, and law the guardian, how often, how long, have they been, obscured, estranged and ravished from us. And in the stead, hereby hath misguided us, famine devoured us, and the lawless arbi-

den to our comfort and refreshment, inso-much that I might well say (but that *Latin* is forbidden), there is a cornucopia among you.

The laws which the loud clamour of war had so long silenced, do now speak aloud in our ears: the courts are re-erected: and the law-book thrown open before us; and being translated into our mother tongue, we can now, without relying on the subtlety and sophisms of the lawyers, and the weak crutches of human learning pry into those secrets which were hidden from our forefathers, and speak our minds in plain *English*. A ready instance and confirmation hereof is our free and unmolested meeting here this day; where, according to their several articles empowering us to sit here, I shall briefly inform such as know not, and put in mind such as know already their duty and business in this place. Two sorts of things are here to be taken notice of, first, such things as are not properly cognizable, but only to be heard and enquired after: secondly, such things as may be heard and enquired after, and determined. Of the first sort, treasons and felonies: the several kinds whereof I shall not need particularly to enumerate and explain, they being not the proper business of this court. The other sort are venial, or fineable offences.—Some other things I shall briefly run over, and only name them, they being most frequent and epidemical vices of this country too well known among us.

You are impartially to present all such as are guilty of.

1. Prophaning the sabbath, by keeping fairs and markets, by manual labour, by plays, haunting taverns and alehouses.
2. Cursers, and common swearers.
3. Common turbulent drunkards.
4. Common adulterers.
5. Fornicators.
6. Keepers of common gaming-houses, and common gamesters.
7. Alehouse-keepers that keep disorder in their houses.
8. Ploughing by the tail.
9. Pulling the wool off living sheep:
10. Burning of corn in the straw.

ner. of making it and setting it down, will make it void.

Now, gentlemen, proceed to your business: and let your skill and better judgment supply in your presentment whatsoever defects you have discovered in the charge, and in me the deliverer of it, whom my brethren have desired to perform this task.

The Trial of Mr. John Walter, in the Court of King's Bench, for a Libel against his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

MR. Erskine prayed the judgment of the court against John Walter, printer of a daily paper, called *The Times*, for a libel on his royal highness the duke of York—the libel appeared on the 21st of February, in the present year.

Lord Kenyon read the report of the trial, on which the jury had found the defendant guilty, as also the observations which had been then made respecting the fact of the publication of the libel, and the application of the innuendos.

The following is a copy of the paragraph, viz.

“The royal dukes, and the leaders of opposition in general, affect to join with the friends of our amiable sovereign, in rejoicing, on account of his majesty's recovery: but the insincerity of their joy is visible. Their late unfeeling conduct will for ever tell against them, and contradict the artful professions they may think prudent to make.”

Another charged the Duke of York with endeavouring to rush into the presence of the king, at an improper time, &c.

Mr. Erskine produced other papers bought at the defendant's shop on the 29th and 30th of May, and on the 16th of June last, all tending to shew that the defendant had persevered uniformly, since the period of his conviction, in the same disposition to calumniate.

Mr. Dallas, on behalf of the defendant, confessed that the defendant had been clearly convicted of publishing the paragraphs in question; but he humbly submitted, that, as it appeared upon the face of the indictment, that the defendant was charged only with publishing the paragraph, he was not to be considered as equally guilty with the person who wrote it. There appeared to him, to be an essential difference between the publisher and the author of a libel in point of moral guilt, although in contemplation of law they are held equal. Therefore, as the judgment to be given was the result of the discretion of the court, it was fair to state the distinction between the rigid rules of law and the mild construction which is applicable to moral duties.

That as he should not have an opportunity of answering the arguments of Mr. Erskine, he might be allowed to obviate, as well as he could, their effect, by anticipation. The first paragraph contained no specific fact, or particular charge against the duke of York; it was only a loose accusation in general terms, arising from party influence; it did not relate to the noble duke as son of the sovereign, but merely in the character of one of the leaders of a party—a party, which he could not say were against the sovereign, but against his ministry. He conceived this to be essentially different from a pointed accusation; for it did not state in its general view a certain fact; only in general terms it appeared expressive of the opinion of the person by whom it was written; and this only upon the political conduct of the noble duke to whom it alludes.

Candour required also, that some allowance should be made for the time in which it appeared; it was at a moment of intemperance and political zeal, and not the effect of private malevolence. The second paragraph he was willing to admit seemed more particularly to relate to the noble duke; but even when that was fairly considered, it would appear to be entitled to the same apology, as only containing the opinion of the person who wrote it; and that upon the public political character of the noble duke; it only stated that his royal highness had attempted to enter into the king's apartment at a moment that was improper. Upon this different parties might put different constructions, but it was not of such a nature as to be open to any dangerous tendency; it was not that sort of assertion, that all those who believe the fact must necessarily make one and the same conclusion; on the contrary, here every person was at liberty to judge for himself. In short, this was nothing more than a mistaken notion of patriotism and public zeal—it arose from a misguided party-attachment of the defendant, as a public individual and publisher of a paper.

The circumstance of the defendant having published the indictment, together with comments upon the intention to prosecute him, could not be attended with bad consequences; on the contrary, it was holding out terror to others against the publishing of libels. The court must clearly see, that men may err upon party political opinions, and may be misled by false zeal, particularly at the great event upon which these paragraphs were written; for perhaps party zeal never extended to so great a length, as upon that occasion: it was a season of intemperate heat; and although political prejudices could certainly not be justified, yet the offences arising from them were of all offences

most

most fit objects for mitigation. The learned gentleman concluded with observing that he was fully convinced, that whatever sentence the court should pronounce upon his client, it would be the pure result of public justice.

Mr. Walter then entered upon his defence, which was written. He confessed himself to have been guilty, in the eye of the law, and as such, submitted to the sentence which should be pronounced against him. He entered at large into the difficulties with which a newspaper is every day to be made up, and its liability to the taste of the times. It was an erroneous opinion, that newspapers alter the temper of the times; it was the temper of the times that formed newspapers. He mentioned the hurry and confusion of the press, the necessity he was under of employing others to assist him, and the impossibility of controuling every thing that was done: he also represented the absolute necessity of his relying often on the conduct of his assistants. He alluded to the time in which these paragraphs appeared; it was a time of dreadful tumult and confusion; it was a period in which moderation was considered as a contemptible virtue: he mentioned also, that a majority of the public were of his way of thinking. He thought the ministers deserving of confidence; and as some person had daringly insulted the character of the queen, he thought it fit to contend with similar weapons against that party. Loyalty to the king had also actuated him upon that occasion. He also noticed the length of time that was suffered to elapse between the time of the appearance of the paragraphs in question, and the commencement of the prosecution. He confessed himself one of those who joined in the joy occasioned by the restored prosperity of an exulting people. He alluded to his character in private life, in which there was nothing to reproach him. He observed, that he was neither the author nor the printer of this paper, nor had he any reward whatever for giving insertion to such paragraphs; they were such as the temper of the day required; and if papers contained nothing of such a nature; that they would be read by none but the printer; the trade would therefore become useless. If this conduct was, in the opinion of the court, criminal, he hoped that the circumstances he had stated would operate in mitigation.

Mr. Erskine replied, that he was in a state of extreme astonishment and wonder: that he had hardly his recollection; it was enough to confound the reason of man to reflect on what had just been delivered by the defendant; he expressed great respect for his learned friend Mr. Dallas, but the

cause which he had to defend was more than human nature could grapple with.

It was necessary to divide this subject: first into the view of the libel itself, and then the conduct of the defendant since the publication of it; and in both these, the defendant's cause fell from under him. It was not now to be contended, that it was not the province of the jury to find the inuendoes on the facts; the jury had done so, and therefore they had fixed their meaning; of the paragraphs it was now too late to say a word, with a view to change their meaning; here Mr. Erskine read the paragraphs—and then proceeded; he should pass by all that daring attack upon the leaders of opposition in general, and also upon the other royal dukes; because, atrocious as the guilt was against them, the offence against his Royal highness the duke of York buried them in the shade; for had these paragraphs been true, the duke of York must have been the most base and profligate of all human beings; if he could at that moment of general joy at the restoration of his father's health have been indifferent and morose, he must have been more obdurate than a savage inhabiting a desert. He would have deserved to be ranked below the character of a brute. What then did that man deserve, who could thus falsely attribute to him all this unfeeling apathy, this more than savage, this brutal moroseness!

The defendant stated that he was misled—Why does he not swear it? Why had he not availed himself of the lenity shewn to him on the part of the prosecution, when he had been permitted to depart after he had heard the trial of another person on Saturday? Why did he not swear to this defence? Because he dare not! If he had sworn that he was misled to insert this unprincipled and infamous calumny, the court must have sent him to Bedlam instead of a prison. And then to take upon himself the hackneyed mode of defence, the loyalty he owed to the king—What! loyalty to the father by calumniating the son! Was this the way to sooth the parent of his people in the hour of affliction?

Mr. Erskine then took notice of the youth of the duke of York; in this point of view the libel was still more ungenerous; it was prejudicing his character; it was charging him with the vices of the blackest hue, and that by anticipation; it was blasting the tree even in the bud. This was such conduct he would have a right to call upon the court to censure, if instead of being the son of the sovereign, he had been destined by fortune to sweep the passage to the hall. Mr. Erskine alluded then to the possible, though not probable event of his royal highness be-

ing called to the throne; what might have been the effect of these scandalous paragraphs in that case? Mankind are not now governed by force; recent instances have taught us that kings must now owe their seats on the throne to the love and affection of those they govern. He intreated the court to consider the danger of these libels; the public might lament them, but they could do nothing but lament. The court had the power—power! they were clothed with the duty of checking such unprincipled licentiousness; nor should the defendant be suffered to ride that stalking horse about the king's sickness and recovery. Under this excuse the greatest of enormities were committed. All the infamous abuse with which the most illustrious characters in this country have been loaded, has always been accompanied with the hypocrisy and affectation of loyalty to the king. It was the province of the court to check this unprincipled calumny, for it seemed now, that such unlimited abuse was a tax which every man was obliged to pay if he held a situation of condition in this country.

Mr. Justice Ashurst then proceeded. The defendant had been tried, and found guilty of a very scandalous and malicious libel, tending to promote dissension between the sovereign and his family.—His royal highness the duke of York had been falsely represented as being disaffected to the king. He had also been charged with a desire of making an intrusion into the presence of the king, to retard his recovery.

These paragraphs were great slander to the civilization of this country; they would have been unjustifiable, had they been published against the meanest subject: they became more so, in consequence of the high rank of the person who was slandered.—These things contributed to undermine the liberty of the press. The law therefore directed against persons so offending a whole some severity. The time in which this slander appeared made it the more atrocious, for it contributed to throw a cloud over the general joy at the happy event of the recovery of his Majesty. Had the author possessed that affection which he pretended for the sovereign, he would not have written this paragraph; or had the defendant himself possessed such affection, he would never

attempted to justify his conduct upon the principle of the necessity of the times; there never could exist any necessity for such calumny; nor could courts of justice ever admit of the defendant's conduct, and allow him to pick up a destructive weapon, and use a libel by way of set-off to the offence of others; nor could the defendant be allowed to write libels upon those whom he thinks wrong in their political opinions, and whom he chuses to call the other party. That court could hear nothing of parties, but must punish those who write scandalous and defamatory libels.

The sentence of the court therefore was, That John Walter do pay a fine of 50 pounds.

That he be imprisoned in Newgate one year.

That he do stand in and upon the pillory at Charing cross, for one hour, between twelve and three o'clock in the day time.

That he do give security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in five hundred pounds, and two securities in one hundred pounds each.

Mr. Walter was then conducted to Newgate.

Anecdotes of the Rev. V—K—, Author of Essays Moral and Literary.

N O sooner has a man made a fool of himself in print, than curiosity is on the wide gape of enquiry, to learn the exact proportion of his nose, the colour of his eyes, whether his speech be voluble or slow; and there are not a few who pride themselves on guessing from the taste and complexion of his writing, at the taste and complexion of the author. Authors themselves are too apt to gratify the idle inclinations of the public—and I had almost said of *themselves*—in expatiating with wonderful gravity on their own nothingness. The French are particularly addicted to this *labor ineptiarum*: one of their best writers has protested (what must be of the highest importance to mankind in general) that he, though attached to all sorts of wines, gave the preference to white. So much, by way of proemium, to a life which will afford very little matter for speculation, and less for instruction.

To begin *ab ovo*—since thieves and authors give the world, by privilege, the birth, parentage, and education, of the

versity, he formed a close connection with a neighbouring greenstall, where he could warm his ale over embers at free cost; and—to be brief—the heiress of this vast inheritance so deeply engaged his affections by her liberality, that he at length took her for his wife. Yet, though a parson's lady, her air and conversation ever discovered her origin as effectually as if the oyster knife had still hung to her apron-string. This marriage and the birth of our present hero, (which we are competent to declare—notwithstanding the doubts of many learned gentlemen—was actually subsequent to it) were not discovered till the expiration of eight years. If any one there be who cannot develope the reason why a marriage between two such illustrious personages should be so long concealed, let him apply to any fellow of a college (who is not married himself) and he will quickly unveil the mystery. Under such parents, Mr. K. passed the first twelve reclusive years of his life, at which æra he was initiated into Merchant Taylor's school, where his father (such is the caprice of fate) had now become master, in preference to merit, wit, or learning—for it was generally remarked, that he himself never said, did, or applauded a good thing in his life.

Our author's attention to books was wonderful; but it would have been more wonderful had it been otherwise, for he never attended to any thing else, and the human mind must be directed to something. If he opened his lips, it was deemed a miracle; and, indeed, he seldom vouchsafed to open them, but when particularly questioned; at which time his answers displayed an insulting superiority, disguised by such a contemptuous affectation of complacency, as obtained him the hatred of all his contemporaries. His exercises were coldly correct; sometimes nervous indeed, but never shining: he could translate with accuracy; and though he could seldom explain with spirit, yet was he never known to be ignorant of his author.

At college, his companions might be easily enumerated by that very useful ally in figures, which arithmeticians denominate *a nought*. The world may, perhaps, find itself interested in the knowledge that his wine was always kept in pint bottles, which were carefully preserved in an excellent flowage; but alas! we must here own ourselves inadequate to inform the curious, whether his favourite beverage was white or red; for, after the most painful investigation, we find it impossible to solve this knotty point, as no one had ever been admitted to see whether he drank either; and his own taciturnity has been so remarkable, as well on this as on every other point

which could tend to elucidate the most important passages of his life, that we have not been able to learn whether he ever deigned to sacrifice at the altar of Bacchus.

As a detail of the personal accomplishments of a man has ever been deemed essential by the most learned biographers, and as the knowledge it conveys has acquired additional consequence since physiognomy has become a science, we must remark that the person of our hero is not distinguished by that kind of beauty which would captivate the heart of a delicate lady, though it would not disgrace *the chair* of an aged dowager, even were a true-born Irishman his partner in the burden. His locks are jetty as those of the Eastern savages; his eyes, too, are of a sable hue, but neither bespeak penetration nor vivacity;—his nose—but the description of that important feature (witness it, Lavater!) from the hidden beauties and mystical talents it implies—I must leave to the delineation of some abler pencil. To complete the gloomy assemblage; his complexion bears a strong resemblance to that of the ancient satyrs. Yet, with these various indications of an amorous disposition, it is firmly believed, in the college, that he never knew what a kiss was, unless, as a philosopher, by *definition*, viz. That the action and re-action of pressure on the lips which produces a smack, is called by the libidinous, kissing—*unde* kiss!

In one accomplishment, however, Mr. K. may be deemed a man after *Chesterfield's* own heart, for he has never once condescended to laugh in the whole course of his life; a smile has been sometimes seen to discompose the settled arrangement of his features—not a smile indeed, but a grin—yet it was not an absolute grin, but rather a strange contortion of the muscles which could not be called either, but was a most unaccountable mixture of both.

The walks in which he most delighted were those which were most unfrequented, and where briars and brambles obstructed the passage of the traveller, as if it were a pleasure to him to toil in his corporeal as well as mental labours. The country people in the neighbourhood of Oxford shook their heads in pity, whenever they met “The poor Gentleman!” and charitably wished him in a proper place of confinement. In one of his peregrinations, a man of more than common benevolence, having understood that a lunatic of Christ Church had escaped from his keepers; and perceiving our hero in his grounds, called all the women from his house (the men being employed in the harvest) to lay violent hands on him. We can now figure to ourselves the extreme

consternation of his visage, the awkward resistance, the hesitating rhetoric, he employed when thus formidably attacked; for the farmer, who is no fool, paints the scene with wonderful humour. But the worst part of the misfortune, and what must have given the deepest wound to his feelings, if he had been possessed of any, was the obligation imposed on him to verify, by witnesses from the college, that he was not a *madman*, but a *scholar*.

Our fair readers will have much subject for conjecture—man much food for laughter—when they are told that this heterogeneous being flew off, from the university, in a tangent, and the line of flight terminated on the circle of matrimony. Yes, downright, common matrimony—aye, and with a woman too; one who proved herself such, within one hundred and eighty days after the parson had said grace; but whether it was grace *after meat*, or grace *before meat*, is a secret I shall not disclose; though the hints I have offered, may, perhaps enable the young student of Cocker to solve this important mystery, with as much ease, as the laborious disciple of Newton or Moivre.

The damsel who thus honoured him with her hand, was the daughter of a bookseller at T—ge; a fit mate for an old book-worm! She is as jealous “as a Barbary cock;” her husband cannot bury a neighbour but she must join, with the clerk and the sexton, in the funeral train; fearful lest some buxom widow, who was burying her husband, should wish to revive her joys in the arms of the parson. For although he would disdain to tempt the frail with honeyed attention or sugared professions, yet she knows—aye, and from the conviction of experience too—that should a lady ask a favour of him, of what colour soever it might be, he is endued with too much kindness and compassion to wound her feelings by a refusal. Then would diffidence be succeeded by pity, and pity be invigorated into boldness;—but the several degrees of comparison (in such transactions) up to the superlative, must be left, for description, to her whom more frequent practice renders more adequate to the task.

Mr. K. is now settled in a school at T—ge, (to which his father had the good fortune to be appointed before him) and employs his hours in pacifying his wife, composing moral *dozes* for old women to *doze* over, and in the important occupation of bumbrushing.

The *Essays* which first introduced him to the knowledge of the world, form a motley mixture, equally destitute of grace, order and energy; his style, though a professed imitator of the sublime Addison, is grossly and shamefully incorrect; he has

mistaken barren plainness for decorated simplicity, and affected quaintness for sterling wit. To shew that he has not forgotten his classics, quotations from the dead languages are injudiciously given, without the smallest regard to fitness of time or propriety of application—introducing *Greek* in advice to *chambermaids*, and *Latin* to guide gadding *mechanics*, on a Sunday, from the tea gardens to their families.

A builder having once raised a magnificent mansion, at a common estimate in hopes of considerable profit, remarked, that being too good for common use, he had *gained a loss* by it. In his next foundation, he was determined to repair the error by falling into the opposite extreme, and accordingly erected a cottage so inconvenient and irregular that no tenant could occupy it with comfort. A wag observed, if he had *gained a loss* by the first, he had lost again by the second.

This has been the case with our hero.—The early productions of his life (which still remain unpublished) were censured as pedantic and unintelligible fustian; his later works are little read, and less approved, from their uncultured barrenness. Upon the whole, he seems to know better *what* good writing is, than *how* to write well; and his productions rather display the profound critic, than the amusing author.

The Lover and the Husband: Or, the Grand Deception.

(With a Humorous Print annexed.)

THE fondest lover often makes the most tyrannical husband. This is unhappily experienced by numbers of the fair sex, who see with surprise a metamorphosis, they think stranger than any related by Ovid; but which, if they would seriously reflect, is not in the least extraordinary; since that person who for mere selfish ends will launch out into extravagant encomiums and hyperboles on the woman he pays his addresses to, and seeks for a wife, will, when his selfish ends are once answered, entirely change his behaviour. As he began, carried on and completed his work by insincerity and falsehood, it is no wonder that he should not think it worth his while to carry on the deception with the wife he had practised with the mistress, but stand confessed in all his native deformity.

Think of this, ye Hibernian fair, and be on your guard against the artful insinuations and flattery of your admirers:

“When a man speaks of love, with caution hear him;
“But if he swears, he’ll certainly deceive.”

In other words, when you are addressed on

on the subject of love, do not be led astray by the suggestions of passion, but listen to the cool dictates of reason. Hear your lover with diffidence, and believe not the effusions he may pour out in the fulness of his folly, or the ardour of his fancy, to be the real sentiments of his heart. Regard his character, and pay no greater credit to his words than wisdom will tell you they deserve. If he protests much, he is the more likely to be a deceiver: but if he swears too, you may be assured he will play you false.

I must repeat then, that you should ever be on your guard against the arts and wiles of "deceitful man," who courts to ruin, and sighs to betray; who assumes the character of the fond Lover, that he may be enabled to play the Tyrant Husband.

Humorous Origin of Names.

THE origin of Names is a subject which seems to have been, hitherto, rather superficially treated; and there is not wanting reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal description are probably much older than those from trades or professions, these not having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization; for before that period every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c. and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But from the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities, or places of residence. For John, the son of John, or William, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a handy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavysides, Messieurs Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinfides, Anguishes, and Hedaeres, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless sinners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the places where

they were exposed. Among these are Towniend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. Highwayman, but that of Mr. Gentleman, would probably do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents, thus: Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jenison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers names, those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson and Goodison, were visibly the produce of the faux-pas of Miss, and of Goody; whereas, Jeni-son, Nel-son, Bettison, &c. were the slips of dairy and milk-maids, or of other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose fathers were known. Master-son, and Stewardson, shew the children of the master and steward; while Jackson, Thomson, and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry, was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad, and that of Perkin, to one of a like description, born in one of the cyder countries, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones. Such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, i. e. an orchard, and the latter signifying in the same tongue (Ickenbaum), an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, John-Ostler! Betty-Chambermaid! Jenny-Cook! Will-Drawer! and Sam-Boots!

The Notable Woman, or Managing Housewife; a Character.

MRS. Hatchpenny is that sort of woman, which the kindness, or sarcasm of the world (I am at a loss to say which) calls a managing housewife. Being rather limited in her ideas of human capacity, she considers it as the sum total of every virtue to make things go as far as they can, and the perfection of accomplishments to keep her house clean. Her refinements in economy are the general topics of

her conversation, and the triumphs in defying her neighbours to say they ever saw a speck of dirt upon her hearth, or a chair out of its proper place.

Not long ago I heard her informing a company that she never hired a man-servant unless he could whistle. When her audience were staring at each other with looks of eager enquiry, she added, 'when he goes to draw the beer, I constantly attend him to the top of the cellar-stairs, and insist upon his whistling all the time he remains below:' concluding naturally enough, that the same mouth cannot whistle and drink at the same time.

My aunt makes her Solomon and me scrape our feet twenty times a day; and every Saturday night we are compelled to go up stairs without our shoes, because the house has been washed, and Molly has something else to do, beside scrubbing after us for ever.

Notwithstanding her attention to economy, she is fond of fine clothes, or, as she calls it looking like other people; to accomplish which, being now about eleven years past her meridian, and weighing about twenty-three stone avoirdupoise, she dresses herself in white, with a pink sash, and a proper assortment of pink ribbons. If you have been so fortunate, gentle reader, as to catch an *Aurora borealis* in the *via lactea*, you cannot be at a loss for a simile to which you may liken the heroine of my history.

The conversation of my aunt, particularly when she looks like other people, has something in it not perhaps very peculiar, yet not altogether unworthy of notice. She is what I have heard in the Borough called, a fine spoken gentlewoman. By which I am led to conceive their fine speaking consists in volubility of utterance, and a readiness in the vulgar tongue. Her speeches, however, are full of animated matter, and rhetorical figure, and delivered in a tone of voice much like that of Caius Gracchus with his pitch-pipe.—She talks of giving the hydra-head or fashion a rap on the knuckles; and when she wants a simile, generally has recourse to a sugar-loaf, a roll of pig-tail, or the monument; sometimes, however, observing that the coaches rattle by her door like any thing.

Thus her style is ornamented with the best flowers of rhetoric, similes, and metaphors; similes which, by a peculiar felicity, convey no ideas of similitude; and metaphors which illustrate nothing but their own confusion.

My aunt has many amiable qualities. Her fidelity to Solomon is unimpeached, and invincible. She is constant in her attendance at church, unless perchance she has received information, that Mrs. deputy

Peppercorn will wait on Mrs. Hatchpenny to dinner on Monday. In this case she prudently stays at home, whips up five syllabubs when there will be only four at dinner, returns her card of compliments, and waits with impatience to see Mrs. Peppercorn. The good lady has a just claim to the title of compassionate. She cannot bear those vile people who drive oxen through the streets of London, and *cut the poor cretters about the legs till they look enough to make one sick*. But compassion, which consists only in words, does not content her. She gives in charity to a poor boy every week a penny, contriving within the seven days to send him at least on fourteen errands. My aunt contents herself with the idea that no one can say she is uncharitable. I have somewhere heard of an ingenious philosopher, who turned his shirt, and observed with the same spirit of contentment and satisfaction, *What a comfort there is in clean linen!*

Mrs. Hatchpenny was so kind as to take me with her to a tea-drinking party at Brompton, to which my uncle Solomon was invited: but the wind being in the east, and stocks low, he fancied he had a cold, and stayed at home. As we went by appointment *early*, we had discussed some weighty points before the tea entered. We had already learnt, that Miss Primrose gave fifteen shillings a yard for her apron, and that she bought it from the shop at the corner of Juniper-street. Captain Makeweight had bruised his side by a fall in the Artillery ground, his sword getting between his legs, and thereby laying him sprawling. Mr. Titus Oats, a country cousin, had lost his turnips by the fly—Miss Tallboy had sprained her ankle, by climbing an apple tree—Mrs. Posslet had been at the Hackney assembly; and to be sure Miss Cardamum was the belle of the place, till she began dancing, and then she moved for all the world like a raw militia-man to the quick march—Or, said the lady of the house, with a good-humoured smile, like an elephant upon hot bricks—Or, (added my aunt) like St. Paul's upon four wheels. The tea now arrived, and between the rattling of the cups, we had only time to fling in an observation or two like the chorus of a Greek play, when the persons of the dialogue are taking breath. We passed a few strictures upon the widow Scramble's fourth marriage; and after the removal of the tea table, and a short review of our absent neighbour's conduct, a general conversation took place, each addressing the person who sat nearest the chair. My aunt in the mean time could not help glancing first at the apron which had created a former conversation, and then at her own, being conscious that she had given two and twenty

shillings a yard for *every inch* of her's— Unfortunately, no one asked the price of it, and she found herself under the disagreeable necessity of informing the company, unsolicited, that she bought it at the same time when Mr. Hatchpenny fined for sheriff;— which is now seven years, come next lord-mayor's-day. My aunt then took occasion to descant upon the convenient situation of their shop in the Borough; to do the business of which, she observed with some emphasis, *they were obliged to keep four journeymen, peck and perch all the year round, one day with another.* Happily I was at hand to explain to the company, which I did with great pleasure, that the words *peck* and *perch* (a favourite metaphor with my aunt) were an allusion to the inhabitants of a bird-cage, and meant nothing more than board and lodging.

'How, do you like your neighbours the Hatchpennys?' said miss Primrose, in a whisper to the lady of the house.—'They are monstrously entertaining,' said the other.—A dialogue of a curious nature then commenced, in which it was remarkable, that the one regularly began a sentence, and the other as regularly finished it. 'As for him, (said the first) he's a churlish old fool, with all the qualities of a bear'—'except his dancing,' returned the other.—'She's a great economist, I hear'—'Yes, in every thing but her speech.'—'She's the envy of her neighbourhood, for her great prudence,'—'and her green pickles.'—'Her reputation, and her gown, are ever without spot'—'The one because she's so unreasonably ugly, and the other because she takes such excellent care of it.' 'She's very nimble at cards'—'and, never having been detected in cheating, may be said to have had a perpetual run of good luck.'—How far this dialogue proceeded, I know not, for our candle and lantern now called us to the peaceful abode of my uncle, whom, upon our return, we found, contrary to all the rules of domestic felicity, sitting with one foot upon the hearth and a bottle by his side, which I strongly suspect to have contained some of the right Herefordshire. Upon our entrance, the position of the foot was quickly altered, and the bottle placed in the cupboard. My aunt withdrew, in order to divest herself of her splendour, before the supper came, remarking pointedly enough, that the wear and tear of clothes in carving was amazing and prodigious.—The incidents of the next two hours were few, and may be easily told.—Stocks had from the accounts of that evening, risen one and a half, and my uncle's cold was better.—At length, after a short dissertation upon the folly of mankind, and the extravagant demands of the Chelsea bun-makers, we recollected that it was Satur-

day night, pulled off our shoes, and retired to rest.

*An affecting Instance of the Effects of Love.
In a Letter to the Editor.*

I SET out in the spring on a tour into the West of England, and having passed the summer in the delightful and hospitable counties of Somerset and Devon, I am safely returned to my winter-quarters again near Charing-cross. This piece of intelligence, you may possibly say, is of small, or rather of no consequence to you or to the public; but though I am an old man, and of course inclined both to garrulity and egotism, I should not trouble you with it, if I had not another more interesting to counterbalance the insignificance of this.

Well then, sir, I have in my late travels seen a phoenix! or something almost as rare; a being as often mentioned by the poets as the Arabian bird, and almost as seldom to be found among the haunts of men! I have seen a youth who died for love!—If you admit this fact, which I aver from my own personal knowledge, I think you will not be at a loss in what rank of life to place this rara avis. His plumage was not of the scarlet dye, no gorget glittered on his gentle breast, nor golden epaulet adorned his shoulders—of course he was not of the military race. The peacock's gaudy tints were none of his; no spangled vest or gay embroidered coat had marked him of the anomalous bred yeilded macaronies.

The linnet's russet brown was all the colour that ever decked his form; yet manly grace and natural elegance appeared in every motion of his limbs; his sun-burnt cheek gave lustre to his dark blue eyes, while they spoke all the language of his heart, and beamed forth sensibility. Such was the figure of our farmer's son, the gentle Richard Willon.

In a cottage, separated only by a few fields from his father's house, there dwelt a maid of a still lower rank than even the humble hero of my tale; her mother was a widow, left with three children, and without support, but what she could procure from her own industry. Richard's humanity at first attached him to this helpless family; he used to till their little garden, and furnish them with every small assistance which his not-affluent means afforded. But as the elder daughter of this lowly hut, the fair Eliza, grew towards woman-hood, her opening charms made deep impressions upon Richard's heart, and quickly taught him that

"Pity is allied to Love."

Nature and fortune often are at strife,
and rarely do we find their gift united in a
fair

single object. Their quarrel now seemed risen to the height; Eliza was the subject of contention; and while deprived by one of every good within her power to give, the other lavishly poured forth her store to deck the blooming maid.

I think it is hardly necessary to say, that Eliza's heart soon became sensible of Richard's worth, and that their love was mutual. The day, the hour was fixed to make them one; their names had twice been called together in the church, no envious tongue forbidding, when, O sad state of sublunary bliss! Eliza felt the pangs of sickness seize on all her frame, and the most fatal symptoms of the small pox, that tyrant to beauty, soon appeared. Though he had never had this foul disorder himself, no power could force her faithful Richard from the bed-side, where changed, disfigured, his Eliza lay. She felt the king of terrors' near approach, and grasping Richard's hand in her's, implored that he would cease to grieve for her, but live to be a comfort to her aged mother. "She shall be mine, my mother," (he replied) "but I must follow you."

Eliza's spotless soul was fled, ere Richard's speech was ended. — I saw him lead her drooping mother to Eliza's grave, and all the village youths and damsels mourn her loss, and her cold clay laid decent in the earth.

Each morn and eve was Richard found near his Eliza's grave; nor could time's lenient power abate his grief; his cheek grew wan, his eyes were dimmed with tears, and he scarce seemed the shadow of himself.

Compassion prompted me to seek the youth, and try to reason down his fruitless grief. — I told him if he persisted in indulging it, it would destroy his life, and frustrate the promise he had made to her he loved. He calmly answered in the following words:

"You are mistaken, Sir, I will not die till I have fulfilled my promise; but when that happy hour shall come, no power on earth shall force me to linger here. — I thank you for your kindness, but my fate is fixed."

I did not comprehend the meaning of these words; but thought his mind disturbed by constant grief, which I, however, had no doubt but time would conquer. — This happened in the latter end of June, and some days after I went into Devonshire.

On my return to Somersetshire last August, I enquired what was become of Richard. My friend, at whose house I then was, told

me, that he had pursued exactly the same course of daily visiting Eliza's grave till he was become quite emaciated with grief and fasting.

On the second of August Richard became of age, and went that day dressed in his best attire to the next town, where he, in all due form, bequeathed his worldly wealth, his father being dead, to Eliza's mother; he then returned to the sad spot where all his treasure lay, bedewed it with his tears, and within a few days after expired.

If I had a talent for poetry, I should think these lovers, particularly the young man, as proper a subject for an elegant epitaph, as those less unhappy ones, whom Mr. Gay has immortalised from their being killed together by lightning; but as I am not blessed with such talents as his, I shall content myself with sincerely regretting the hapless fate of this amiable pair, and hasten to subscribe myself,

Sir, your most humble servant,
PETER TARDY.

The Animal Parliament.

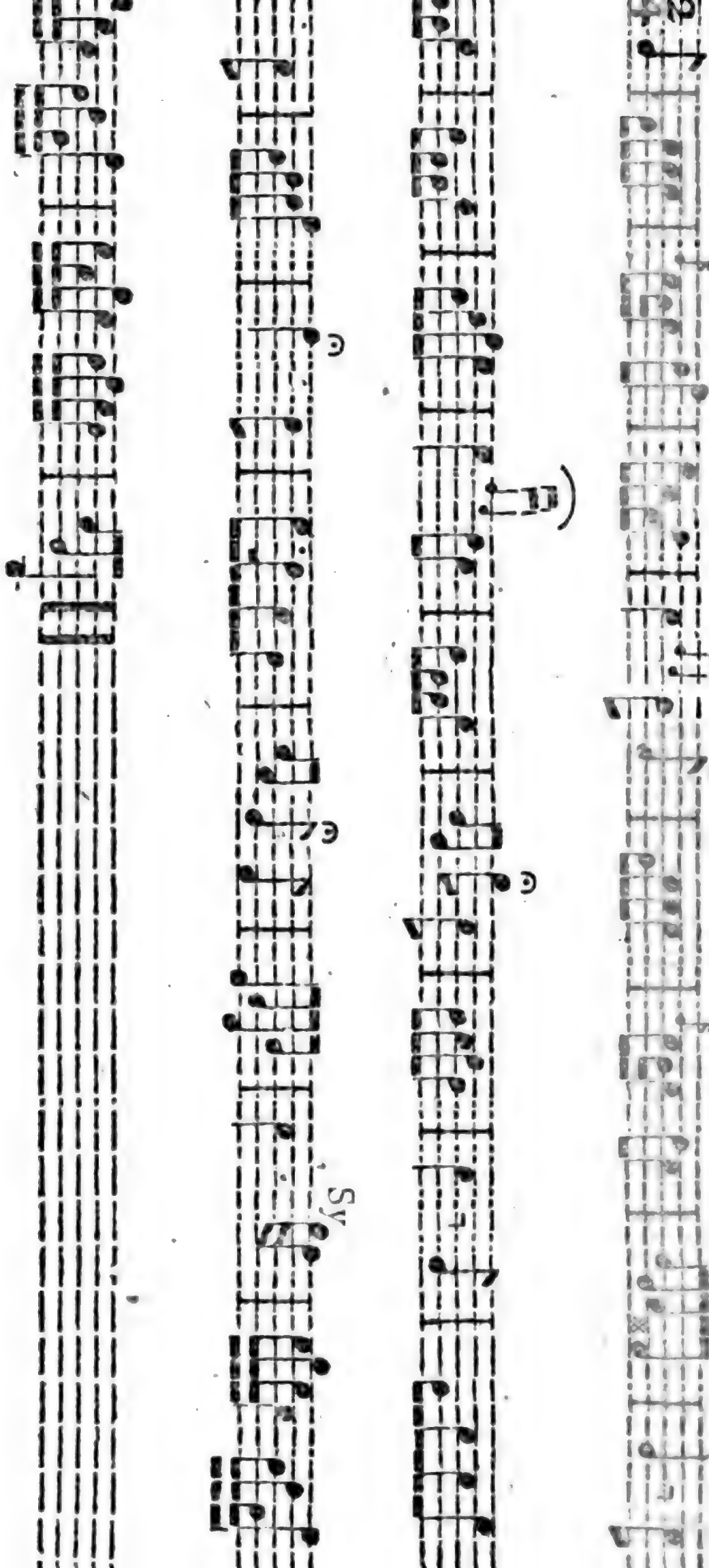
THE soul called a parliament in the animal kingdom, which parliament consisteth of three parts, the soul, the body, and the thoughts; which are *will*, *imagination*, and *passions*. The soul is the king, the nobility are the spirits; the commonalty are the humours and appetites. The head is the upper house of parliament, where, at the upper end of the said house sits the soul as king, in a kernel of the brain, like to a chair of state, by himself alone, and his nobility round about him. The two archbishops are admiration and adoration; the rest are apprehension, resentment, and astonishment. The judges are the *five senses*, and the *wool sacks* they sit on, are sight, sound, sense, taste, and touch. The master of the black rod is ignorance; understanding the lord keeper, is always speaker, the clerk that writes down all is *memory*.

The lower house of parliament is the *heart*. The knight and the burgesses are passions and affections. The speaker is love; the clerk that writes down all is fear; the serjeant is *dislike*. The several writs that are sent out by *this parliament*, are sent by the nerves into every part of this *animal kingdom*; and the *muscles* execute the power and authority of these writs, upon the members of the common wealth. The lower house presents their grievances, or their desires to the upper house the brain, by the arteries.

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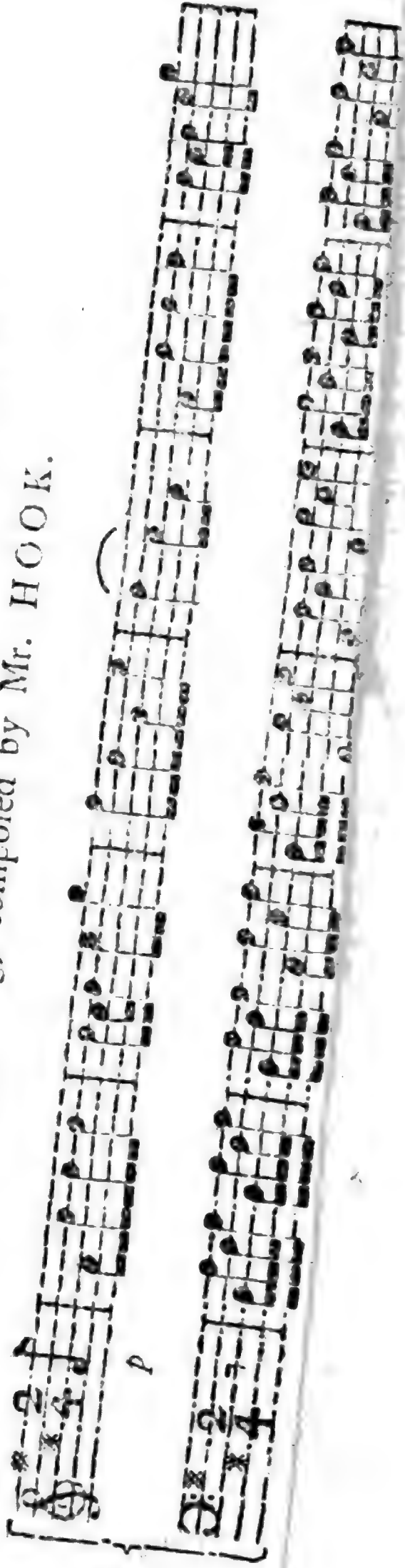
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The Lass of Richmond Hill.

A favourite Song, composed by Mr. HOOK.



Allegretto.

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Concluded from Page 606.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Saturday, April 25, 1789

MR. CURRAN supported the resolution.—He stated the history of the Police at large. Advantages had been taken, he said, of some disturbances in 1784, to enslave the capital by a Police. A Watch of old men, at 4*l.* per night, was naturally ineffectual; they had not youth, nor strength, nor pay; their imperfection would have been removed by choosing proper persons, and paying them reasonably. The present system does more: it pays them too much. It appears by the report, that for actual protection we pay 9,500*l.* per annum; but added to that you pay 10,500*l.* for patronage, that is, for corruption. Instead of 10,500*l.* which the old Watch would have cost in two years and an half, the present plan has stood the city in 51,000*l.* Let any man lay his hand on his heart, and when he considers how this sum is produced, that it is extracted from the little means of comfortable support that are left to the labourer and the tradesman, let him say, if such an exaction is not a grievous exaction upon this city. But it is not merely the expence that the city complains of: you have had your floor covered last session with petitions from the citizens of the most reputable descriptions; you heard their case, you heard it moved at your bar; often heard uncontroverted evidence, that instead of protection, they had derived only insolence and exaction from this system: And then what did you do? When the enormity and the shameful-ness of this petty system of tyranny and oppression stared you in the face, what did you do? You turned your faces another way, and you did nothing: Still, however, the rankness of the measure has forced itself again upon you. You ordered a committee—and when was that committee ordered? When the Viceroy was in his humiliation—at the time that he was canonized on the records of both Houses. As he declined, economy began to appear; as he recovers, economy declines. But what kind of measure is it that he is now forcing us to support? It is an act for enslaving the Corporation: It is not like the carnal profusion that arises from a general wastefulness of Administration; it is not the *real* that is thrown to those who are paid for calling 'question;' nor to those whose talents are shown in observing in what corner of the House a gasping orator may want the critical aid of an 'hear him!'—those Ventriloquists of the Treasury Bench. 'Tis not the pay that allures a mechanic from his shop, and stations him in our gallery to make speeches for one side, and suppress them for another—to extol his feeders, and vilify the characters who feel for, and speak for the rights of their country. No, Sir, this bill enacts a permanent system, on a principle that makes it immortal; it enacts a grievance into a battery—and gives the command of it to some unhappy wretch who must defend the post or starve. Let me ask, is there a man in this House that does not know, that by the Police Board,

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with a very little aid from another of the same description, a certain majority of the aldermen are gagged? Let me ask, said he, would the city of London bear to have a system imposed upon them, by which every pulsation of public virtue was to be extinguished in the heart of the nation? No, Sir, there is not a mechanic, there is not a porter, in whom the Minister would not fear, and find a libel if he hazarded such an attempt: He would not care to exhibit the representation of London as a miserable senatorial mummy, preserved in the poison of public corruption. Sir, said he, 'tis those wrongs that are now forced upon your attention—they stare you in the face once again—read the report of your committee—is there an item that would not rouse the indignation of any man that hears it—150*l.* for looking glasses for these midnight Adonis's to admire themselves—Wilton carpets for these delicate gentlemen to walk upon—hundreds of pounds for gilt paper and sealing wax—a library of spelling books, of geography, of morality, of tactics. They would not have ventured on such barefaced, insolent dissipation of the money of the city, if they did not expect as barefaced a protection in another place. Whether they are right or wrong in the honourable opinion they conceived of us must be this night decided—we cannot evade it—you cannot blink it; as to the objections, I am sorry they have been made by gentlemen at the other side—they would act a part of more spirit by saying boldly, this is a job of Government, we do not wish to have the city of Dublin unbound or ungagged, than by offering unfounded objections that require only to be stated to appear ridiculous. One gentleman says, the report is garbled. On what evidence does he say so? None:—the only answer such an observation deserves, that it is unjust as it is illiberal. But, says another right hon. Member (the Attorney General) we have not the evidence on which the report was founded. And how does he prove this charge? Why, by producing the minutes in his hand.—Sir, said he, give me leave to say, that we are not treating that committee in a decent or parliamentary way: they are not to be talked to as a gang of invaders making an attack on a fortress of corruption, that we are resolved to defend;—they acted under our order—they are yet subject to our authority: If you want a special report, send them back—they will make it—if you want their minutes call for them; but do not hope, if you are determined to screen an odious set of delinquents—if you are determined to stifle the complaints of the city, don't expect that such arguments can impose upon their understandings: The charge has been proved upon them—if you acquit them, you must do it in defiance of truth; in the face of the fact, and of your own conviction; your resolution in their favour will be a ridiculous outrage upon demonstration, not unlike the verdict of a Welch Jury, that said to the Judge,—'My Lord, we find the man, that stole the mare, not guilty.' Mr. Curran then took notice of a new ground that had been, he feared, rather indiscreetly taken by a learned Gentleman. (Mr. Serjeant Toler.) It was not safe to come to any harsh resolution against the Police. He desired to know, if the hon. Gentlemen spoke the sentiments

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ments of Administration, when he sought to intimidate the House from doing their duty to the public? The learned Gentleman would have us silent, not because they are innocent, but because they are formidable. Does the learned Member perceive that he is unluckily putting the conduct of Administration on the most odious ground he could possibly find; he would agree with the hon. Member that his argument was as tenable as those of others, but was scarcely so discreet. He asked, did gentlemen seriously wish to let their conduct stand on so despicable a defence. But if they did, they hope to have it believed by the people that they acted under the influence of a panic equally mean and incredible, rather than of an unpardonable connivance at unconstitutional patronage, and an abandoned rapacity, of which the nation has had so many examples. But, said he, why do I fatigue you or myself with this subject? Is it to tire the public eye with a miserable and disgusting picture? Is it with the hope of making proselytes to my opinion? No, Sir; the desertion of public duty, or the trampling on public rights.—I recoil from it with that indignation and abhorrence that you ought to feel: and as to converting gentlemen, I am not so vain. With nothing to rely upon but truth and justice, I feel the imbecility of my allies. I may refute their arguments, I may expose their positions; but I cannot hope to weaken their motives. The motives of giving countenance to rapacity and extortion; the motives that can induce us to deliver up the metropolis to be enslaved by an unfeeling Administration, or plundered by a legalized banditti, are impregnable to exposure or refutation. They may be counterpoised; but I am too poor to balance the weight of arguments that depend, not upon reason, but arithmetic. I speak at least to redeem myself from the imputation of concurring in principles that I detest; and that however they may triumph for a season, cannot fail at length of meeting the reprobation they deserve.

Alderman Warren entered into a vindication of himself from the charges brought against him in the report.

Mr. Grattan, in a speech of great length, followed Mr. Curran, and shewed that the Police had been attended with unnecessary patronage, waste and dissipation. He fully proved these particulars, and concluded with observing, that he had a bill capable of being digested into a truly useful plan of protection, some heads of which he stated to the House.

Mr. W. Ponsonby spoke for agreeing to the resolution.

Mr. Dunn concluded the debate by observing, that the conduct of Administration on the present question, afforded the fullest proof of the mischiefs of the Police system. The patronage was not denied, the peculation and abuses were admitted, yet all redress was refused, and the petition of the most respectable citizens treated with ignominy and contempt. While the old system prevailed, all complaints against it were entertained, all imperfections and errors magnified into crimes. But as soon as Government had got possession of the city, the most flagrant abuses changed their nature, to attack the system was to attack Government, and all redress was denied, because

the reform of abuses must be ruinous to their unconstitutional influence. These evils, he said, were the necessary consequence of the corrupt and despotic system which had been forced upon the metropolis. It shewed the danger of arbitrary innovation, and should warn the House against lightly departing from every suggestion of danger from the free principles of the old constitution.

On the question being put to agree with the committee in this resolution, the House divided.

Ayes, 78 }
Noes, 132 } Major. 54

Tellers for ayes, Sir H. Cavendish and Mr. Hartley.

Tellers for noes, Lord Delvin and Mr. Toler.

Attorney General then moved, that the report be rejected. This, he said, he did for the sake of precedent, as the committee had deviated from the order of references.

Mr. Conolly rose, and in terms of marked indignation, said, the gentlemen were perfectly consistent in supporting a ruinous and expensive system of patronage that they themselves had instituted; and that they were also consistent in now endeavouring to stigmatise the men who had brought their dark, corrupt system to light; men, who, for honour, probity, and integrity, could not be excelled in his Majesty's dominion! But he desired gentlemen not to exult—their exultation would be but of a short duration, as the law now complained of must, from its enormity, ere long, fall to the ground.

On the question being put on the Attorney General's motion, the report was rejected without a division.

At half after eleven o'clock the House adjourned.

27.] Read a second time the bill for disqualifying occasional freeholders from voting at elections.

Solicitor General then moved that said bill be committed to-morrow.

Sir E. Crofton said, he never knew a measure fraught with more injustice and oppression, as the bill went directly to disfranchise above one-fourth of the freeholders of Ireland, in disqualifying all persons from voting whose freeholds did not amount to 10l. a year. He said there were many gentlemen of considerable property and character in the county where he lived that would by the measure be disfranchised, though they at present held freeholds in neighbouring counties. Many other gentlemen in different parts of the kingdom were in the same predicament; the obligation of residing twelve months in the co. he considered still more oppressive, as in compliance with the rule many gentlemen must be obliged to residence on barren mountains in order to qualify themselves for voting from their freehold.

Mr. Curran said, the bill not only went to disqualify all men whose freeholds were under 10l. but even men who held votes in 3 different counties from voting in more than one of them. It prevented men from voting out of freeholds, without staying for a year previously to rot upon the spot they voted from, in order that they may not vote for any candidate whose name is not branded on their backs.—He asked if this was the constitutional doctrine of the House of Com-

mon- of Ireland, or if the constitutional election of the country were to be disfranchised; or if in the contemplation of a speedy election, an herd of Tartars were to be brought down to oppose another, and when one horde of insurgents were more numerous than another, the representative was to be chosen for a county on totting up the difference? He was persuaded the bill would be injurious to the Protestant interest, and tend to throw a general imputation, that its object was temporary, and calculated to serve an occasional purpose; and he was convinced, if the right hon. Gentleman, of whose magnanimity he expressed the highest sense, felt the matter in its just force, he would withdraw the bill.

Sir F. Flood opposed the bill as brought forward at too late a period of the session, and as tending to disfranchise all freeholders under ten pounds a year who did not actually reside upon or till, or stock their farm. He said that as a friend to the Protestant interest, and to the freeholders of Ireland, he never would consent to abridge their privileges, which, if abused, there were laws in being sufficient to correct them—and that this bill was a dangerous experiment, and unmerited by the great body of the freeholders of Ireland; for that it was no reason that innocent Protestants should suffer because they could not reside in many places at the same time, and because abuses were said to have been committed in a certain Munster county, which was the occasion of this general bill.

The principle of the bill was defended by Solicitor General, Attorney General, Sir Thomas Osborne, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Lucius O'Brien; and opposed by Mr. Egan, and Sir H. Cavendish—but on the question being put, it was carried in the affirmative without a division.

29.] Mr. Conolly rose to mention the subject of hearth money. He desired to know the number of houses exempted from the payment of that tax.

Mr. Bushe answered, that the number of persons so exempted had not yet been extracted from all the books; but that such a progress had been made in it, that he could give a pretty good guess upon the subject.—That out of 347,000 houses, it appeared that 54,156 had been exempted—now as the whole number of houses returned in the kingdom was 614,457, and as that number was certainly short of the truth, and as some of the poorest parts of the kingdom were those in which the number of widows and paupers had not yet been calculated, he was of opinion, that the whole number of houses exempted from the payment of the tax was near 100,000—whereas those returned in 1786, as not paying the tax were but 23,072.

Mr. Conolly rose again to express his wish that the clause in the act of Charles II. which exempted the poor should be restored, and hoped that Government would on a future day, when it had more leisure, turn its thoughts to that subject. The officers spared the rich and oppressed the poor—let the rich be forced to pay, and let Government be no loser; but let the wretched creatures whose doors, and whose pots were distrained, be exempted.

Mr. Bushe. I rose before only to state a fact;

I now rise to deliver an opinion. The measure which the right hon. Member seemed to have in contemplation last year was impracticable. He wished to exempt all houses not worth 30s. per ann. There are very few houses with a single hearth worth 30s. Persons who pay 50l. a year rent, live in houses of a less value than 30s. But the act of Charles II. did no more than exempt persons whose houses and all their holdings taken together, were worth 8s. per annum.—This clause was afterwards repealed—because the revenue was found to be unproductive; but on reading the laws under which the revenue was then collected, I am clearly of opinion, that it could not be collected even tolerably, and that the failure of the revenue was not owing to this humane clause, but to the insufficiency of the mode of collection—8s. in the reign of Charles II. were worth about as much as 10s. at this day; and I will venture to say, that if all persons whose houses and holdings are worth no more than 30s. were to be exempted, that the loss could easily be compensated, and that such a measure is practicable—but if ever the House should adopt it, they should take care to prevent frauds; for probably it was owing to the frauds committed that the clause was repealed before. After stating that near 100,000 houses are now exempted, I might draw an inference that so great a number was sufficient, and that rational humanity would have nothing left to do. But the truth is, that it would be better to have some known rule for exempting all proper objects, than to leave it to the discretion of the officer, which is the case at present. In some places their lenity; in others their severity must be capricious; and some of the persons who are returned as poor, have been forced to pay notwithstanding, for which some of the officers have been dismissed.—In other places I hear they have taken petty bribes, to exempt persons from payment, who ought to have been exempted from compassion. There are several other matters which might be amended in the hearth-money laws. In my opinion they ought all to be brought into one act. There are several clauses in them, which, if enforced, would be severe on the poor—houses that have no fixed hearth may be made to pay for two hearths—persons may be made liable to a penalty for not giving a true account in writing, though there are 40,000 householders in the kingdom who cannot write—there is a temptation to distrain a poor man on the first call of the officer; for if he has not the money to pay, the officer may charge sixpence for distraining him. Upon the whole it is my opinion, that relieving such of the poor as I have described, is a very practicable measure, and that the loss would be such as could easily be compensated; but it is a measure which Government must weigh and consider well before they can agree to taking any step upon the subject.

Mr. Grattan said it was the duty of Government, that something should be done in the business.

Mr. Conolly was exceedingly glad to find that a measure which he had so very much at heart was allowed to be very practicable; and he was glad to find the disposition of Government on that head; he was certain the hon. Gentleman

would take every possible pains in this business, and he might rely on his support in concurring with any measure for the better collection of the revenue arising from this tax. He was ready to admit that nothing could be done this session, but he trusted that effectual relief would be given in the next session of Parliament.

Friday, May 1.] Mr. Browne (College) observed, that one of the orders of the day was for the second reading of the bill for the improvement of barren land; he begged leave to inform the House, that he had in his hand a letter from the agent appointed by the Clergy who had petitioned the House against the bill, acquainting him, that the two counsel he had employed to speak at the bar in support of the petition, found it totally impossible to attend this day, as they were engaged to attend at the bar at the House of Lords; he should therefore move, that the second reading of the bill be postponed to Monday.

Mr. Grattan objected to delaying the bill, as he would not be responsible for the loss of the bill owing to any delay; at the same time he would wish to accommodate the hon. Gentleman as much as possibly he could.

Attorney General declared for his part, he by no means considered the bill as injurious to the rights of the Clergy—at the same time he said, that every man in the kingdom, who thinks himself aggrieved, has a right to be attended to by this House.—He also said, that applications had been made to him from several of the Clergy stating their apprehensions from the operation of the bill, introduced by the right hon. Gentleman, and he had not been able to remove these apprehensions; he professed himself a warm friend to the rights of the clergy of the Church of Ireland, and he wished to impress this idea, that the State and Church are intimately connected. If the Clergy think themselves aggrieved, let them come to the bar and state their grievances—he therefore wished the right hon. Gentleman would give sufficient time to the Clergy to hear them on the subject of their petition against the bill.

Sir Thomas Osborne said, that the arguments of Counsel would be suggested by the Clergy—the principle of the bill has been already admitted by them—in a vein of pleantry he said, the best compliment that the House could pay the Clergy, would be to reject their petition, for, says he, they are so taken up in spiritual pursuits, that they cannot be competent to determine on the benefits arising from the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures.

After some further debate, the bill was committed for the 1st of June; as was also the bill for ascertaining the tythe of hemp.

Mr. Grattan moved for leave to bring in a bill to appoint Commissioners to enquire into the state of tythes in this kingdom, and to report their opinion thereon, together with a plan for ascertaining a modus to the House.—He said he would wish to have a committee appointed, with all necessary power, composed of some members of that House, other gentlemen, not members, and some clerical men, in order to sit during the summer, and to agree upon a digest, which might equally benefit the Clergy and farmer.—Leave given.

8.] Right Hon. Mr. Grattan presented a bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the state of tythes throughout this kingdom.

The bill was read a first time.

Mr. Grattan moved, that it be printed.

Ordered accordingly.

He then moved, that it be read a second time on the 13th of May. His object, in these two last motions, was to take away every possible ground for any complaint of surprise, or want of information. He said, he could not dismiss the subject by a question, without trespassing a little upon the House. He saw, indeed, it was thin, and but little disposed to debate. He was aware that he might be thought tiresome; but if gentlemen would excuse that in him, he would excuse a little inattention in them.

The object of the bill was enquiry into the states of the tythes, for this purpose Commissioners were to be appointed, consisting of members of both Houses, and a Clergyman.—Those Commissioners went to form a plan for the future regulation of tythes; and fortunately it had happened that they were not altogether without means of directing their enquiries; for in the paper war that had raged since the last session, it had appeared that a great proportion of the tythes had been ascertained by acreable rates, for a number of years; and even in the parishes where acreable rates had not been established, much light might be had by comparing them with the neighbouring parishes where they were established. In the enquiry they would find, that where acreable rates are not established, the people are most oppressed, and the Clergy meet with the greatest resistance in the collection of tythes.

Having mentioned the paper war which had raged for the last 13 months, he thought it necessary to be somewhat more explicit on the subject. He himself had been the principal object of the attack; the assailants, under mixed chiefs, had advanced to the assault with a good deal of ardour; the pretence for hostility were two speeches said to be spoken by him, and published by different printers, which said speeches bore no manner of resemblance to any thing he had ever advanced, nor to each other in any one point, but in totally differing from him; however, upon these speeches he had been attacked, and against them a defence of the Clergy had been set up. This defence states an average tythe of potatoes, (not stating particulars) and asserts that it never exceeded 12s.—yet he had in his pocket affidavits directly contradicting that statement. But granting the Clergy were right in their average, admitting the affidavits false—granting the Clergy that triumph over their flock, and the fruits of their own cate—less he said he, examine other proofs; it appears on record, that at Tralee, in the co. of Kerry, was tried a cause of tythe, upon the compensation act, where for one acre and a half of potatoe ground, 21. 16. was demanded.

Mr. Grattan then went into a long statement of the tythe exacted in Munster, from which it appeared, that 16s. potatoe—16s. wheat—12s. 9d. barley—6s. 4d. oats—and 6s. 4d. meadow, were not unusual charges. He mentioned,

ed, that the ratage has considerably increased in the last thirty years, particularly in the diocese of Cloyne, where there is a very brisk export occasioned by the bounty, and where there are a number of mills;—but those very mills, and the briskness of exportation, had served to increase the ratage of tythe—the bounty granted by Parliament for the encouragement of agriculture, had been tythed !

It had been stated by the clergy, that one-third of the tythes were in the hands of lay-impropriators, yet they had asserted that no abuse had been committed. Could they answer for more than two thirds? Or did they think that there were no wolves to devour the flock, but the shepherds themselves? The average stated by the clergy, or rather by their advocates, of whom he wished all along to be considered as speaking—the average stated by the advocates for the clergy, was founded upon unjust and partial grounds; for if some of these claimed from 16 to 27s. an acre tythe, how many must be very low, indeed, in order to produce an average of 12s. as admitted by themselves? It was unfair to some, while it was but too favourable to other *PATRIOT* clergymen, who by certain attentions to their bishop, make atonement for every exaction. He observed, that it sometimes happens that an indiscreet zeal lays open the weak side of a cause, which it means to defend: the champion who published, that the property of tythe was anterior to all other property, had not intended to shew, that that property was in the poor, and that only the trust was in the clergy. How do they discharge that trust? Do they repair the churches, as by common law they are bound? Do they maintain parochial and diocesan schools, as by statute law they are bound? Do they reside? What portion of the tythe do they allot to the maintenance of the poor; who can answer? We all know they take from the most wretched description of men, a very large portion of their most wretched sustenance.

Some heads of the church have declared, that the clergy are not to be put to any expence for maintenance of the poor; but scripture surely is against them—the example of the Apostles and of the Martyrs is against them—the example of that glorious constitution of men, that beamed forth the light of the Gospel, is against them. Let the Pagan priests of Jove, and sensual followers of Mahomet maintain such a doctrine. No men, blessed with the Gospel of Christ, ever till the present day, ventured to support it—the Pope, with all his errors on his head, has declared the duty of charity, and that it is consistent with the practice of the ancient bishops and martyrs.—Let me suppose, at the last day, one of those mitred advocates of uncharitableness, when it shall be said to him, “I was hungry and you gave me no meat—I was thirsty and you gave me no drink—Naked and ye clothed me not,” will he answer his God, those charges are all true, but the clergy have nothing to do with such things? but I will not, said he, press this subject; I trust that he who made the indiscreet assertion, has repented of it; to maintain it, would be to say, that while the Catholic church does much for the poor, the Protestant church should do nothing at all for their benefit.

He next entered into an examination of a manifesto published by seven bishops and the parochial clergy of Munster, assembled in convocation—for what purpose? for promoting education, by establishing diocesan and parochial schools? no!—for promoting morality and religion amongst the people, by pastoral instructions? no! for opposing irreligion and Deism, by displaying the lights of the Gospel? no!—for reformatory the abominable abuses in charter schools? no!—for none of those purposes, but to discuss tythes; there they display all their talents; there the priests teem with their writings. I cannot, said he, find their works in support of religion against the Deistic crew. I cannot find their works in support of liberty against oppressors; no, for religion, the people in too many instances are left to themselves; and when liberty was to be maintained, it owed nothing to the clergy! a Molyneux came forth, without the aid of a priest, and saved the fatal fire of the constitution.

Mr. Grattan took notice of the difference between English and Irish living, said to be much to the advantage of the former. He asked then, why so many Englishmen were anxious to come amongst us? Some of them, indeed, he had great pleasure in declaring, were men of truly Evangelic minds—but they were far from joining in the outcry raised against the regulation of tythes; on the contrary, some of the very best men in the church earnestly wished it—and he was convinced it must take place at last.

Mr. M. Beresford opposed the bill.

Mr. G. Ponsonby said, that gentlemen must have entirely misconceived the nature and tendency of the bill—the bill by no means goes to alarm or affect the rights of the clergy—it only goes to the appointing of Commissioners, to enquire into the state of tythes in this kingdom, and to report a plan for ascertaining the same—surely it cannot be said, that this goes to alarm or affect the rights of the clergy—it was no such thing. He observed, that the subject of tythes was highly deserving the interference and consideration of Parliament, and it was a subject of the greatest national consequence.

Mr. C. O’Neil said, he could plainly perceive what the fate of this bill would be—the time was too early or too late—or whether the people were quiet or committing acts of violence, there was nothing to be done to alleviate the distresses of the peasantry in the South in respect to tythes. They cannot come to the bar of this House and state their complaints; for them, he feared there would be but few advocates, and from motives he should be delicate to mention; but he apprehended that there were not a few lay improprators in this House. The clergy need not be afraid of enquiring into the state of tythes, and this bill is only laying a foundation for that enquiry. For these reasons he should vote for the second reading of the bill.

Sir H. Cavendish said, he should give his opposition to the bill, and to every bill of the kind—till the vote of assent shall be rescinded from the Journals.

On the Speaker putting the question, that the bill be read a second time on Monday the 26th of May inst. it was negatived without a division.

P O E T R Y.

ON SUSPENSE.

NOW roves the thought on Fancy's wing,
Ideal raptures now arise,
While dark suspense with clouded wings,
Blasts hope, and mimic round us flings
A livid image of unreal joys.

Tormentor of the human breast,
Reign in haste thy tyrant reign;
Nor longer dare to thus invest
The peace of each poor captive's breast,
Who feels the binding of thy galling chain.

In gloomy drest methinks and slow,
The hours by thee are dragg'd along,
As harbingers of anxious woe,
To meet the wretch with solemn glow
Or cheating smiles his mis'ries to prolong.

Vain's each endeavour thee to please,
For proud of thy imperial sway,
Thou seem'st alone ordain'd to seize,
Nor wilt the heart's oblation seize,
But mark'st the suppliant as thy victim'd prey.

Dark horrors uncreated rise,
And by thee foster'd great appear;
Weak unavailing are those sighs
Whose fume to magic love arise,
'Tis then sublimely thou implantest fear.

The devious train that round thee wait,
In gloom and darkness shroud from sight
Thy hidden throne, 'till time elate
With solemn pace of ancient state,
Reveals thee springing from the shades of night.

R. Y.

Celbridge, Nov. 1789.

A SIMILE.

FEARFUL at first the feather'd warblers try,
To spread their pinions in th' aerial space,
But soon around they unconcerned fly,
And the cerulean with fond rapture trace.

So some fond lover views his fair one sit,
With bright'ning charms, but awe his words
curtail,

'Till the strong passion every fear denies,
Then bold he ventures to disclose his tale.

R. Y.

Celbridge, Nov. 1789.

A FABLE.

A HORSE drest in pomp of stern battle's

"So friend," the ass to him then scoffingly
cry'd,
"I always thought pain was attendant on
pride."

R. Y.

Celbridge, Nov. 1789.

A New SONG.

THE ship's unmoor'd, she wears to sea,
The winds are calm and fair,
Young Jemmy chaunts his fav'rite glee,
And sorrow waits to air;
For glory calls his active mind,
He scorns at home to stay,
Nor can his Anna's charms combin'd,
Make him on shore delay.

He braves all dangers of the deep,
Rocks, seas to him are vain,
Hope cheers his soul though surges sweep
In billows o'er the main:
These fright him not; fair Honour calls,
Her mandate he obey,
And tho' fierce tempest on him falls,
His mind it not dismay.

While Anna from the stately heights,
That front Hibernia's shore,
With fancy hears the dreadful fights
That o'er the ocean roar;
"And is my Jemmy safe?" she cries,
"O! all my soul holds dear,
"Come, come again, cheer Anna's eyes,
"And she can know no fear."

Soon o'er the main the vessel plies,
With laurels ample crown'd,
Young Jemmy views his native skies,
Where raptures still abound;
For in his Anna's fond embrace
He finds that heart-felt joy,
Which hoary age cannot efface,
Nor Time himself destroy.

R. Y.

Celbridge, Nov. 1789.

Phæbe's Absence, a Song.

MY pastures with beauty are clad,
Yet silent the birds on the spray,
My flocks all appear to be sad,
My lambskins no longer can play.

Each shepherd and shepherdess mourns,
Yes—Sadness in Arcady reigns
Until lovely Phæbe returns
To give again joy to our plains.

Yet, why alas! do I complain!
 My *Phæbe*, I know, is sincere;
 Few moons may restore her again,
 When joy all around will appear!

A Thought on Virtue.

By one of the People called Methodists.

WHEN this world's gay scenes can afford no
 delight, [the sight,
 When sceptres and crowns can no more charm
 When all human grandeur's reduc'd to a grain,
 Ah! then say what friend with poor man will
 remain?

'Tis *Virtue* his comforter—friend most sincere!
 When once she's retain'd, she'll not leave him to
 fear,
 She'll plead and will surely obtain him his cause,
 Secure him the treasure in spite of his foes.

Let wealth crown the miser, and tease him till
 dead;

Let titles abound on the nobleman's head;
 Let honours descend to ambition's vow'd slave;
 Yet these, without *Virtue*, their suitors can't
 save.

Earth's fleeting delights may amuse us a-while,
 Its fund of enjoyments our senses beguile;
 When stars shine no more, and when Sol shuns
 the day,

Our *Virtue* remains, nor will e'er fade away.
Kildare, Nov. 1789.

ACROSTICK.

MUSES celestial, lend me your kind aid,
 A wake my lyre, to sing a beauteous
 maid;

R ecite the wondrous merits of her youth,
 G rowing with years in wisdom and in truth.
 A round her all the Loves and Graces play,
 R efine each thought, and every charm display,
 E ndow her with each gift of head and heart,
 T o sooth the sense, and captivate the heart.

C ompare her bosom to the lilly fair,
 O r view the beauties of her auburn hair;
 N oble those ringlets that in careless flow
 R esemble traces on the new-fall'n snow.
 O bserve th' initials in these lines express'd,
 Y ou'll then discover who can make me blest'd.

To Miss —, of Limerick.

SPRIGHTLY Fanny, wou'd you know
 What lends your charms that heighten'd
 glow;

'Tis not that snowy tint of skin,
 'Tis not that form that gods might win,
 'Tis not that with sweet graceful ease
 You skim along the dancing maze,
 'Tis not that pulpy pout of lips,
 Where Jove his balmy odours sips,
 'Tis not those eyes, which sparkling sweet,
 Shoot forth the very soul of wit,
 But that those charms, and thousands more,
 By poet never sung before,
 To nature not to art you owe,
 Nor deem the dangerous truth to know.

Ode to Learning.

FLEETING joys, of short-liv'd pleasure,
 Riches, honour, wealth, or power,
 All I wave for learning's treasure,
 Bounteous goddess, yield thy store.

Bless'd with thy sublime sensation,
 Round the world my fancy roves;
 Thought expands through ev'ry nation,
 Learns how every planet moves.

Kings and mighty monarchs greet thee
 With their patronage and power;
 All with eager steps to meet thee,
 To enjoy a pleasing hour.

Teach my soul, O heav'n-born learning,
 Knit, O knit my heart to thee;
 Give me wisdom true discerning,
 Lasting joys that never flee.

Trinity College, Nov. 1789.

*Epilogue to Mrs. Anne Yearsley's Tragedy of Earl
 Godwin. Written by Mr. Meyler. Spoken
 by Mrs. Smith, at the Theatre at Bath.*

PRIESTCRAFT avaunt! avaunt rebellion
 too, [you;
 We've done thank heav'n, at present, Sir, with
 And by permission of the good folk here,
 Thalia's smile shall chase her sister's tear.

What a weak head this pious Edward had—
 A monarch made by priests and friars mad;
 What! let his aged mother shoeless trot,
 And try her virtues over ploughshares hot!
 Hoodwink'd! no friendly hand to lead the way,
 Expos'd to crowds amidst the buzz of day!

Ladies, I'm sure were we poor modern wives
 To prove our chastity o'er burning knives,
 'Tis ten to one but many a dame discreet
 Would have most woeful blisters on her feet.

But thank my stars, that Superstition's train
 O'er all the globe is in a rapid wane.
*Lo! the poor Frenchman, long our nation's jester,
 Feels a new passion throbbing in his breast;
 From slavish, tyrant, priestly fetters free,
 For—Vive le Roi, cries, Vive la Liberté!
 And daring now to act as well as feel,
 Crushes the Convent, and the dread Bastille*

But from the play awhile we turn our eye,
 To where the humble, trembling author lies;
 Ye wits! whose best diversion is to tear
 Writers—and actors, when they first appear;
 Shall I anticipate the cruel sport,
 Which you'll enjoy this evening o'er your port?

"I've been," says Jack, "to Orchard-street
 to-night,
 To learn what play this milky dame could write;"
 Well, and how is it? "Oh! but so—so fluff,
 Yet for a milk-maid, 'faith, 'twas well enough."
 "Her tragic cows," cries old Sir Peevish Post,
 Give milk that curdles vilely in the breast!"
 Whilst B. liy Simper call the play a *quæst*!
 And swears 'tis merely—*milk and water—pass!*
 Then Cantab with Sientorian effort roars,
 "How *be* historic tragedy adores;

"That

"That for the play she chose a glorious theme,
"Had skim'd the milk, but thrown away the cream!"

To you, ye worthy friends, whose noble minds

No rigour sways, no prepossession blinds,
Who now with kind attention heard her lays,
And gave the frequent tribute of your praise,
Her thanks are due. Your candour she implor'd,
As she no learning deep had early stor'd;
No rule she knew by Grecian critic taught,
Nor skill could boast but was from nature caught;
Doom'd, while she wrote, to rear an infant brood,
Attend their cries, and labour for their food.
Thro' tedious day no leisure she possess'd,
The Muses snatch'd the moments thro' from rest;
She fear'd this aim had prov'd above her flight—
But your applause turns tremor to delight;
Secure of that, no frowns can now avail,
Nor wanton critic—overturn her toil!

[The six lines printed in *italics*, were omitted in the recital, by command of the Lord Chamberlain.]

Song. Inscribed to a young Lady.

WHERE Liffey's stream meand'ring flows
By yonder secret grove,
In Daphne's ear I breath'd my woes,
And sigh'd my tale of love.

Pale Cynthia, torrid queen of night,
Diffus'd a cheering ray,
And round the spangled heav'n of light
Had held her clouded way.

As midnight silent o'er the scene,
Save, where a wisp'rous breeze
Flew lightly o'er the verdant green,
And kiss'd the quivering trees;—

Save, where the Liffey's silvery strand
The pebbly ways among,
Save, where the wa'blers of the glade
Had rais'd their evening song.

Beneath yon beech's branching boughs,
I clasp'd the charming fair;
And gave her all a lover's vows,
And all a lover's care.

A smile of love her face be-spread,
A smile might heav'n adorn!
Ye Gods!—on me the drop'd her head,
And blush'd the blush of morn!

Flow, silver Liffey, smoothly flow,
And wave, thou beechen tree,
Thy shade, where gentlest zephyrus blow,
Shall still be lov'd by me.

Liffey, I'll visit oft thy stream,
And joy the beech to see,
And o'er the flow'ry margin dream,
Sweet maid, of love and thee.

Leixlip, Nov. 1789.

R O N D E A U.

YOURS, Jenny, yours in every thought,
At length this fickle heart is caught:
My heart that broke kind Kitty's chain;
And 'studious to prevent my pain,

What you deny, she gave unsought.
And, if to my embrace were brought
She, for whom Greece and Ilion fought,
Ev'n her for you would I disdain,
Yours, Jenny, yours!

Then meet my passion, as you ought;
Nor aim, in vain coquetry taught,
By coy caprice to fix your reign,
If I whole months must sue, to gain
What can in every street be bought;
Yours, Jenny, yours!

A Tenement to be let *.

O YEZ! This is, that all may learn,
Whom it may happen to concern,
To any lady, not a wife,
Upon a lease, to last for life,
By auction will be let this day,
And enter'd on some time in May,
A vacant heart; not ornamented
On plan by Chesterfield invented,
A plain, old-fashion'd habitation,
Substantial without decoration,
Large, and with room for friends to spare;
Well situate, and in good repair.

Also the furniture; as sighs,
Hopes, tears, oaths, pray'rs, and some few—
Odes, sonnets, elegies, and songs,
With all that to th' above belongs.

Also,—what some might have been glad
Tho' in a separate lot to have had,—
A good rich soil of hopeful nature,
Six measur'd acres (feet) of stature.

Likewise another lot—an heap
Of tatter'd modesty, quite cheap.
This with the rest would have been sold:
But that by several we were told,
If put up with the heart, the price
Of that it much might prejudice.

Note well; th' estate, if manag'd ably,
May be improv'd considerably.
Love is our money, to be paid
Whenever entry shall be made;
And therefore have we fix'd the day
For entering, in the month of May.
But if the buyer of the above
Can on the spot pay ready love,
Hereby the owner makes profession,
She instantly shall have possession,
The highest bidder be the buyer.
You may know further of THE CRYER.

An Epitaph on a Man whose Name was Time.

TIME was before Time saw the sun,
Time was when Time his race began:
Time ran the race all mortal must,
Was beat by Time, and laid in dust.
Now Time within this pit is pen'd,
Till Time itself shall have an end.
Reader, reflect, thou'rt but a breath,
E'en Time himself submits to Death,
Improve thy Time, make no delay,
For thou, like Time, shalt turn to clay.

N O T E.

* These verses, with many similar advertisements in prose, were spoken at a private market, in the character of a Town-cryer.

FOREIGN

F O R E I G N T R A N S A C T I O N S.

America, Pittsburgh, Sept. 2, 1789.

THE Indians have killed six soldiers at the mouth of Little Sandy Creek, below the Great Kanawa, where the New Englanders were forming a settlement.

Danville, Kentucky. About three weeks ago, Mr. Richard Chenoweth had six or eight men allowed him, by the officer of the garrison at the Falls, to guard his exposed plantation, in Bear-Crab Settlement below the Falls.

In the evening of their arrival, before they had taken their station as a guard, a number of Indians rushed into Mr. Chenoweth's house, killed two of the soldiers, and three of Mr. Chenoweth's children, and tomahawked and scalped his wife, leaving her on the floor for dead. Mr. Chenoweth (who had his arm broke by the savages), with the rest of the men, made their escape.

There was one of Mr. Chenoweth's children sick, in a chamber, and it is reported, she never heard any thing of the dreadful massacre; but, next morning, crawling down stairs, she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent almost breathless.

Mr. Chenoweth returned next day to his house, and carried his wife to a neighbouring plantation, where they are both likely to recover, and, what is remarkable, she wants to return to her own house. The savages have been very troublesome in this neighbourhood. A small company are gone to White River, to extirpate eighty or ninety Indians, who, as spies, have upwards of 300 horses, &c. at that place.

Vienna, November 4. Things remain quiet on the frontiers of Croatia, the Bannat, and Transylvania. All the defiles of the last are possessed by Prince Kohenlor. Marshal Laudohn ordered a detachment of 30,000 men to besiege Orsova, under the command of Archduke Francis, and on the 28th of October he summoned the Governor to surrender, who demanded twenty-four hours to deliberate.

The conditions offered him were those granted to Belgrade; to which he returned for answer, that he did not as yet find himself under the same necessity as the Governor of Belgrade, which makes us imagine he only waits to be pressed further, that he may surrender with more honour—of this perhaps he may repent when too late.

The Hospodar of Wallachia has thrown off all subjection to the Ottoman Porte, and put himself under the protection of the two Imperial Courts.

On the 29th of September the Russians opened the trenches before Bender.

On the 1st instant, a courier arrived here from Marshall Laudohn, informing us that he had ordered the corps of Lieutenant Colonel Michaliosfitch to attack the Serraskier Abdi Pacha near Jagodin, who upon the approach of this body of troops, abandoned his camp, leaving behind him all his baggage, together with 11 pieces of cannon.

For this gallant behaviour of Lieut. Colonel Michaliosfitch, he has been raised by the Emperor to the rank of Colonel.

The Turkish garrison which surrendered at Dec. 1789.

Belgrade arrived on the 24th of October at Orsova; and four days after their arrival, as we have already mentioned, they, together with the rest of the garrison of Orsova, were summoned to surrender to his Royal Highness.

Marshal Laudohn is not yet recovered of the contusion which he received from a horse, but is in other respects in good health.

18.] A detachment of Marshal Laudohn's army has taken possession of Czernitz, in Wallachia; and General Pabry has made himself master of Cladova, in Servia.—The last letter from the army before Orsova mentioned, that the bombardment of that place was vigorously continued, but that the Governor shewed no disposition to surrender.

Escurial, Nov. 9. His Catholic Majesty went on Thursday last to Madrid to dismiss the Cortes, according to the usual forms.

16.] His Catholic Majesty was pleased to declare on the 12th instant, the Civil Promotions made on the occasion of his Coronation, the publication of which was deferred till the Cortes had finished their deliberations. Each of the Members of that Assembly, which consisted of seventy-four persons, had received a mark of the Catholic King's favour according to his rank. Among other numerous promotions are, the creation of eight Grandees of Spain, nine Honorary Grandees, five Knights of the Golden Pleece, one of whom is M. de Noronha, the Portuguese Ambassador here, ten Knights of the Great Cross of Charles III. two Counsellors, and four Honorary Counsellors of State, and twenty-two Chamberlains.

An order has just been issued by this government to allow the importation, but solely for the purpose of re-exportation to Spanish America, of foreign thread, thread tape, white and coloured, and carrie thread stockings, provided that the shippers export to America an equal quantity of the same articles of the manufacture of this country.

Cologne, Nov. 17. A mandate from the ministers directorial of the Circle of Westphalia has been published here by the sound of trumpet; it is addressed to the magistrates of the city, and its purport is to warn the citizens against all kinds of seditious movements, or to be wanting in respect and obedience to the magistracy, under pain of being proceeded against by the Princes the directors of the circle even to corporal punishment and to death according to the case. This mandate has been sent also to the other cities of the circle.

Cleves, Nov. 18. The troops destined for Liege are at present all assembled at Wezel, and its environs, where they only wait for orders to march.

Corsica, Nov. 19. We are all in consternation here—the populace after several skirmishes in the street, have shut up the French garrison in the fortress, and made a regular attack on the Castle. Being joined by some French engineers who lately deserted, they have undermined the out works and blown them up. A considerable number of the French garrison was cut to pieces. The Marquis of Morboens defended the fortification

tion with astonishing intrepidity, but his head was shot off before the blowing of the works. The populace behaved with all the courage and resolution of regular troops, keeping up a heavy and formidable fire from a battery of their own erecting; what part of the French garrison escaped, made its retreat to the little fortification at Porto Ferragion, where it is impossible that they can hold out long. Corte is in the same situation; we who are too old to fight, are afraid to stir out of our doors. A body of mountaineers has just come down to Corte, headed by Passionelli and Virulli.

What a pity that good old Theodore is not alive!—The popular cry is—we will have a King of our own fashioning and forming!

Rome, Nov. 24. The late heavy rains having continued with little intermission, the Tyber began to overflow its banks. The inundation continued to increase till yesterday afternoon, by which time the water had risen to a height of which there has not been an example since the year 1698. A number of the streets are under water, particularly Il Corso, La Ripetta, the Strada Lungara, and the Ghetto, or quarter inhabited by the Jews. The ground floors are full of water, and the communication in several of the streets is kept up by means of boats. Bread is conveyed by the Pope's order to the persons who are confined to their houses by the water. If

the site of the town was as low as it was in the time of the ancient Romans, one-half of it would be a sharer in the disaster, as appears from the Pantheon's (now called the Rotunda) being full of water, as well as the Square in the front of it. An Abbe, an inhabitant of Rome, is said to have been drowned. But the mischief the inundation does in the town, is trifling in comparison of what it occasions in the environs. The water having diffused itself over much of the circumjacent country, particularly of the Campagna of Rome, seven dead bodies have already been taken out of the stream, which is become a torrent, together with about three hundred sheep, eleven horses, four oxen, a coach and a chaise; the fate of the travellers, to whom the carriage belonged is not known. A bridge and a mill a few miles north east of Rome, have been also washed away;—consequently all communication with the country in that quarter is stopped, as it is on the other side by the overflowing of the Garigliano, a river about 100 miles from hence, that crosses the road to Naples. The rain having ceased for about thirty hours before, yesterday evening the water began to recede, and is now in some small degree decreased; but as the rain has returned to-day, and the sky seems to threaten much more, it is not impossible but the inundation may become more serious.

B R I T I S H I N T E L L I G E N C E.

Covent Garden, Nov. 18, 1789.

SINCE the day when their Majesties first visited the drama, after the coronation, is numerous an assembly, we believe, has not resorted to a theatre.—Every door was attacked by a force that would have carried Belgrade! And the overflow could have demolished the Bastile, in the duration of a two act piece.

Ladies of every description, suffered in the tumult that attended the opening of the doors:—Caps, shoes, petticoats, aprons, handkerchiefs,—all were carried away in the wreck; and beauties were visible, that had nothing to do with the promise of the play-bill!

His Majesty on his entry was received with the loudest acclamations we ever heard within a theatre:—the Queen experienced testimonies of regard, not much inferior:—and the Princesses were welcomed by similar proofs of affection.

As soon as the King appeared, the band played "God Save Great George!" &c. and the stage being filled by the vocal performers, every person in the pit and galleries united in a chorus.

His Majesty was dressed in a brown and gold; the Queen was in pale pink and silver. The Princesses wore bouquets and feathers; and more than the usual portion of diamonds in their head dresser. The Princess Royal appeared like a Divinity. The august party retired when the curtain fell—about eleven.

Poor Miss Jeffries, whose loss of a brilliant pin, about three winters back, excited unusual care in the ladies of the court, experienced, last night, a like depredation; previous to her en-

trance into the theatre, she put her diamond earrings in her pocket for security, and intended to restore them to their proper situation when the audience were a little composed. Her caution proved ineffectual, for upon feeling for them, she discovered they were gone, and her purse, containing, two or three guineas, with them.

These ornamental jewels, are estimated at the value of five hundred guineas!

A duel was fought lately by Captain Thomas Baker and Jacob Brown, Esq. of Camden, South Carolina: they fired together, at the distance of ten yards, and both fell; Capt. Barker was shot through the body, and expired in the field, in about twelve minutes. Mr. Brown was shot in the lower part of his belly, and the ball was cut out of his left side, but he died twenty hours after. When these gentlemen had fallen, they conversed calmly together, and exchanged forgiveness.

The young man who shot himself the other day in an India ship off Dover, was the son of Mr. Holcroft, the translator. A misunderstanding between him and his father, occasioned him to take a passage secretly, in hopes of getting to the East Indies;—Mr. Holcroft hearing of his embarkation, pursued him, and went on board with a friend, in order to bring him back. The young man being informed that two persons on deck wished to speak to him, asked their appearance, adding "if 'tis any stranger come to take me, I'll shoot him;—if my father, I'll shoot myself."—He no sooner was informed it was his father, than he took a pistol from his pocket, put it in his mouth and fired it, and expired in an instant!

The Protestant Dissenters of Britain entertain

language

sanguine expectations that in the ensuing session of parliament they may succeed in obtaining a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. There is some ground to flatter themselves on this head, from the small majority against the measure in a late effort. On the 14th instant, a numerous meeting of Delegates from various Congregations in the county of Cornwall, assembled at Truro, and entered into several resolutions, in order to unite their efforts with those of the Committee of London and other parts of the kingdom, in obtaining the object of their assemblage.—Among other resolutions of a less particular nature, are the following :

Resolved unanimously, That we cannot but consider those laws as very partial and oppressive, as well as impolitic, which debar so very considerable a part of his Majesty's subjects, as are the Protestant Dissenters of this kingdom, from serving their King and country in places of civil trust, honour, or emolument, merely on account of religious sentiments.

That the Protestant Dissenters maintain no sentiments, nor have they done any act as a body, by which they might have forfeited the public confidence, or be deemed as enemies either to church or state. But, on the contrary, have proved themselves zealous supporters of the Royal House of Brunswick, and as well attached to his present Majesty's person and government as any in his dominions.

That as the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is solely a religious institution, and therefore never could have been intended by its Divine Author to be blended with politics, we cannot but consider its being applied as a qualification for civil offices, as a gross profanation ; and must own our surprise that our brethren of the establishment, who entertain a just veneration for our holy religion, are not equally shocked with us at such an abuse of a sacred ordinance, and as solicitous as ourselves for a removal of the evil.

That as men, more especially as Protestants, and loyal subjects of a free constitution, we have a right to address the legislature for a repeal of those acts, which so disgracefully shackle and abridge our civil and religious liberties.

24.] Was effected the greatest object of internal navigation in this kingdom. The Severn was united to the Thames by an intermediate canal, ascending by Stroud, through the Vale of Chalford, to the height of 343 feet, by 40 locks ; there entering a funnel through the hill of Sapertra, for the length of two miles and three furlongs, and descending by 22 locks, it joined the Thames near Letchdale.

A boat, with an union flag on her mast head, passed laden for the first time to John's-bridge, below Letchdale, in the presence of great numbers of people who assembled on the occasion ; and who answered a salute of 12 pieces of cannon from Bulcott Park by loud huzzas.

A dinner was given at five of the principal inns at Letchdale, and the day ended with ringing of bells, a bonfire, and a ball. With respect to the internal commerce of the kingdom, and the security of the communication in time of war, this junction of the Thames and Severn must be attended with the most beneficial consequences, as even stores from the Baltic, and provisions

from Ireland, may reach the capital, and the ports at the mouth of the Thames, in safety. And all the heavy articles from the mines and founderies in the heart of Wales, and the counties contiguous to the Severn, may find a secure and certain conveyance to the capital.

In short, this undertaking is worthy of a great commercial nation, and does great credit to the exertions of the individuals, who have promoted and completed a work of such magnitude, at an expence of near 200,000*l*.

The arched funnel carried through the bowels of a mountain near two miles and a half long, and 25 feet wide, at a level of 259 below its summit is a work worthy admiration ; and the locks ascending from Stroud are executed in a manner deserving commendation.

Mr. George Booth Maxwell, a young gentleman of Jamaica, was tried on the 31st of August last, before the Supreme Court of Judicature at Kingston, on a charge of a novel nature, burglary with an intent to ravish. It appeared in evidence, that the lady of an eminent Barrister at Spanish Town, young, beautiful, and of strict virtue, had made an impression on the heart of the unhappy youth ; the propriety of the lady's conduct gave him no room to hope that he should succeed in seducing her from her husband ; in his absence therefore, he secreted himself in the house, and broke into Mrs. —'s chamber, after she had retired to rest. Awakened and alarmed by the intrusion, the lady demanded who he was, and screamed for help ; he replied, Maxwell ! and behaved in a manner the most insulting and outrageous, but from her reiterated cries, he thought it prudent to desist, and make his escape. The indictment was laid capitally, and he was found guilty, but recommended to mercy by the jury.

By the Dutch mail we learn, that the Patriots have been every where successful, even beyond their most sanguine hopes. Almost all the important garrisons in Flanders are in their possession ; and in proportion, as they are victorious, the Emperor's troops desert the royal standard.—In short, almost the whole country has declared for them.

Both Ghent and Bruges are in the possession of the Brabantine Patriots. The former was taken on the 13th inst. in the evening, the latter place on the 17th ; near 1700 soldiers were killed in the capture of Ghent, on the one side and the other, though the loss of the Imperialists was far the greatest. The Patriots have 10,000 armed men in Bruges, from which the public may judge of their strength. They are commanded by Count Vaux.

By the last advices from Flanders, we learn, that Ostend has followed the fate of Ghent and Bruges, and is now in the hands of the Brabantine insurgents, who met with no sort of opposition in taking possession of the town. As soon as affairs were a little settled in Bruges, the Magistracy there sent a deputation to Ostend, on Tuesday last, demanding the surrender of the town to the patriotic army, which was accepted unconditionally and freely, and on Friday was given over to their protection.—The Bruges deputation stated, that it was not their wish to molest the garrison belonging to the Emperor, provided

provided it did not oppose them; on the contrary, they only wished it would march peaceably out of the town previous to the approach of the patriotic army, that no bloodshed or scuffle between the troops might ensue; the garrison instantly complied, and took the road to Courtray, a great many of the soldiers, however, deserted on the march; they arrived here very shortly; but the late Commander of Ostend is missing, whether by flight or assassination is not as yet known, which causes the greater uneasiness, as he was a gentleman universally esteemed.

Extract of a letter from Gand.

There are now in the Austrian Netherlands upwards of 17,000 Imperial troops from Luxembourg to Ostend. The great body of Flanders Patriots are now returned to St. Nicholas, the magazine of their arms. That of Brabant is at Turnhout.

The soldiers of the two patriotic armies are, each of them equipped with a good English double barrelled musket, a brace of pistols, and a sabre; they are well disciplined, and regularly paid.—The Brabant army have penetrated into Flanders by the Vore's country, after having crossed the Scheldt at Kieldrech.

On the 11th November, news was brought to Gand, that on the preceding day, an important action was fought between the Imperialists and the Patriots at Stechem, a considerable village, a league from Dier, two from Darchot, and 4 from Louvain. The Imperial army consisted of 4000 men. The Patriots fought with uncommon bravery, and with surprising order.

The Imperialists lost 700 men, and about 300 peasants they had forced to join them. The Patriots remained entire masters of the field, and hourly receive into their camp deserters from the enemy, completely armed.

The Patriot volunteers are all persons of distinction; among them the Prince de Ligne.—Their artillery consists of 24 pieces of cannon, and they are in hopes to receive some more from Holland. One thousand Imperialists have been added to the Gand garrison, which consisted only of 400.

The gates are shut up; any body may enter, but none are permitted to go out without a special order from the Commandant. All letters are intercepted, &c. &c.

B I R T H S.

LADY G. A. Cavendish, of a son, at his Lordship's house, Saville-row.—The lady

net, both of Dover.—At Brampton, Huntingdonshire, Henry Speed, Esq. to Miss Montague, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.—At Hackney, Alex. Forbes, Esq. of America-square, to Mrs. Ann Fountain, of Threadneedle-street.—Benedick Meyers, Esq. of Gray's-inn, to Miss Franks.—At Salisbury, Mr. Caldecot, son of John Caldecot, Esq. banker, of Chichester, to Miss Goddard, of Salisbury.—Walter Pater Hodges, Esq. to Miss Michel, daughter of David Robert Michel, Esq. of Dulub, near Bussford.

D E A T H S.

AT his seat, near Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, T. Stillingfleet, Esq. Gentleman of his Majesty's wine-cellar.—Capt. George Green, of Newcastle, in the Russian service. He led the van of the Russian fleet, in the attack of that of Sweden, on the 17th of August last, and was killed before the enemy was defeated. He was one of those persons that survived the wreck of the Sterling Castle man of war, in the West Indies, in 1779, after undergoing incredible hardships. He served on board the Formidable, as an inferior officer, in his engagement with De Grasse, when his cool intrepidity and resolution recommended him to the notice of Sir Charles Douglas and Admiral Rodney, who got him promoted to a Lieutenantancy in the navy. At the conclusion of the war, he entered into the Russian service, where his abilities soon recommended him to Admiral Greig, who made him a Captain.—At his seat at Upton-hall, near Northampton, Sir Wenman Samwell, Bart.—At Fredericksberg, in Virginia, aged 82, Mrs. Washington, mother of G. Washington, Esq. President of the United States.—The Duke of Grimaldi, formerly Prime Minister in Spain, and afterwards Ambassador from thence to the Holy See, aged 80.—Henry Dodd, Esq. son of the late John Dodd, Esq. who for many years represented the borough of Reading in Parliament.—James Fielding, Esq. aged 80, many years in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex and Surrey.—Mrs. Middleton, aunt of Sir Thomas Heron, Bart. by whose death he becomes possessed of the Offerton estate, &c.—At Dunelm, Captain Adam Mitchell, late a Commander in that trade.—At Paris, aged fourteen, Miss Harriet Dering, youngest daughter of Sir Edward Dering, Bart.—Baron Newman, of Duke-street, Bart. He put an end to his life by hanging himself. Distress of circumstances is supposed to

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Galway, Nov. 26, 1789.

AT the last adjournment of the October Quarter Sessions of this town, the Magistrates taking into consideration the high price of provisions, and the appearance of a hard season, raised the labour of journeymen carpenters, masons, slaters, tailors, smiths, and all other handicraftsmen, to two pence per day over and above the wages formerly allowed, and have advanced two pence extraordinary a pair upon all shoes, and sixpence a pair to the journeymen shoemakers upon boots; one shilling and fourpence for every ton of coals within the town; to labouring men ten pence per day without victuals, being twopence a day advance; all wages and labour to be paid in money—all those prices to be continued until next April Quarter Sessions.

Limerick, Nov. 26. We have great pleasure in informing the public, that there is now a certainty of that very great and interesting work the Canal from Rhebogue to the deep water above Killaloe, being entirely completed in a few years. The sum of 16,600*l.* which is to be paid into the National Bank, on the 25th of December next, by new subscribers, is nearly completed, at which time the Company is entitled to receive from Government in addition to their fund 8,300*l.*

D U B L I N, 1789.

ON Friday, Nov. 13, about four o'clock in the morning, the brig Dublin, Samuel Tripe, master, bound from Dublin to Bristol, struck on Cefo Sand, in Carmarthen Bay, near Kidwelly, but by the seasonable advice of a pilot who got on board the vessel in her distress, the lives of the Captain and crew were happily preserved, for they had determined not to quit the vessel, hoping that the succeeding tide would take her off. The pilot however being better acquainted with their danger, assured them of their inevitable destruction, if they continued on board, and prevailed on them to retreat to a brig at a little distance. The next tide the vessel was very soon beat to pieces, and her cargo, consisting chiefly of fish linens, became an object of plunder—men and women from the neighbouring country came down to divide the spoil; and no less than six of these barbarians became victims to their own villainy; for in their eagerness they did not attend to the flowing tide, which presently surrounded, and at length carried them to their de-

15.] Two large wherries belonging to Droghda, sailed for the herring fishery, which is become very abundant on the West coast of Scotland. They were followed on Monday by several more, from Rush, Skerries, Howth and Malahide; all stout boats, victualled for a month, and containing not less than from twenty to thirty tons. They are now adventurers in such an undertaking, in which, it is hoped, they will be imitated by many more, the next and following seasons.

17.] A duel was fought in a field near Donnybrook, between a patriotic noble Peer and a gentleman of the law, in which his Lordship was slightly wounded. The dispute is said to have arisen on account of a suit lately determined in the Court of King's Bench.

23.] About the hour of eight o'clock, in the morning a fellow, whose name is Francis Hunt, perceiving the door of Mr. Rea's house, in Exchange Street, open, entered a lower apartment, and took from thence a considerable quantity of wearing apparel belonging to Mr. Rea and his wife, together with the livery clothes of a servant, whose master lodged in the house. Fortunately, while the villain proceeded with his bundle, a neighbour, who thought unfavourably of the fellow (knowing him to be of an indolent character) took particular notice of the livery, which he recognized, and in consequence seized the robber, who attempted to effect his escape by knocking him down; being however aided by persons in the street, the villain was secured and committed to Newgate.

30.] Commenced, the course of Lectures on the science of Surgery, under the direction of the College of Surgeons, at their theatre in Mercer-street.

The course was opened by Surgeon Dease, with the first of three introductory Lectures (the second was delivered yesterday)—on the history, theory, and practice of Surgery—over which branches of the Science, Mr. Dease particularly presides in this institution.

On these occasions this learned and experienced professor displayed a copious and elaborate fund of knowledge and experience, a judicious selection and arrangement of matter, and an obvious and concurring force of argument and demonstration, highly honourable to the department. Mr. Dease has chosen in an establishment evidently pregnant with the highest utility to the healing art, and consequently to the interests of human health and existence.

establishment, and lays an early foundation for scientific knowledge and finished accomplishment in the students of the art, grounded on the broad basis of Philosophy, and extensive practical experience.

A house now building by Mr. Saunders on Summer-hill, was stripped of a quantity of lead by some villains unknown, with which they got off undiscovered.—It is remarkable that the Police guard-house is nearly at the rear of the building.

A publican in Church-street was convicted before the Paving Board for embezzling and stealing globes belonging to the board, in league with a lamp-lighter employed by the contractors for lighting the city. Although various convictions and constant punishment have attended this species of felony, it is grown so enormous, that lately, soon after the globes in Denmark-street and that neighbourhood were lighted, a great many of them were extinguished, and actually stolen; but measures are taken that will prevent this villainy—which 'tis a shame to acknowledge, many people able to pay the fine, and save themselves from Bridewell, have been concerned in: but we understand the names and residence of the parties henceforward will be made public.

The gangs of coiners and their agents, are at present busy in all parts of the town, passing counterfeit shillings and half crowns. The dusk of the evening is their principal time, and shops where women only attend are their chief scenes of action. The timidity of the shopkeepers in not calling assistance to seize on and search these delinquents immediately, acts as an encouragement to their audacity.

Lord Mazarine, who was so long a series of years confined in the Bastile, is now at Belfast, and so much incommoded in his visits and public excursions by the pressing curiosity of the populace, that he is obliged on these occasions, to draw up the blinds of his carriage windows.

His lordship's arrival in Ireland is rather an unwelcome visit to certain of his kindred, and quondam confidential connexions, whose total inattention and neglect to him during the dreary period of his solitary imprisonment, has given his lordship such just displeasure.

December 3.] A most daring robbery was committed in Pool-street, in the Earl of Meath's liberty, by a man and woman;—A countryman returning from Mr. Waters's forge (where he had been to buy a pair of clothier's shears) was stopped in the passage or entry-way leading to the street by a woman, who held his hands while her accomplice took from his pocket a purse with eight guineas; the countryman held the robber and called for assistance, but being old and weak was obliged to let him go; Mr. Waters hearing his outcry immediately came to his assistance and pursued the robber, whilst the countryman pursued the woman, who had gone a contrary way; they were both taken before they had left the view of the man, and are lodged in Newgate. The fellow goes by the name of Martin, and the woman by that of M'Dermot. Some associated gentlemen in the above neighbourhood, (by whose vigilance they were first secured) called the Friendly Union, traced those villains to the Ulster hotel, corner of Bolton-street, where they

had a pair of horses.—There was a third associate, the husband of a woman who escaped; it is thought they are two of Peeble's gang in the county Fermanagh, which has been lately broke. There was a counterfeit guinea and half guinea, a silver tea spoon, and two pair of knee buckles, found on the woman.

4.] A rule for an attachment was granted in the Court of King's Bench, against Oliver M'Causland, and John Rea, Esqrs. Justices of the peace for the county of Donegal, on an affidavit, which stated the wreck of a sloop called *Favourite*, on the coast of Fannet in the said county, in the year 1788, and also that John Culbert was charged on several informations before a late gentleman, who was a justice of the Peace of the above county, or who acted as such for several years, with having feloniously plundered the said sloop of several articles, value five pounds and upwards, under which charge he was committed to goal, until released by one of the above gentlemen: but the other magistrate issued his fiat, or warrant, for an assault in apprehending the above felon, against clergymen and many others; all of whom were obliged to take their trial at the then next sessions held for said county.

One Thomas Kennedy was stopped by the patrol guard of Harold-cross, with a sheep on his back, which he after-ward confessed belonged to Wingfield Burton, Esq; and which he stole from off the lands of Annaribby, in the county of Wicklow. He was committed to Kilmaghnam gaol by Mr. Verschoyle, and escorted thereto by said patrol and some of the inhabitants of Harold's-cross, who deserve much credit for their spirited endeavours in bringing offenders to justice.

7.] The town market of Dunlavin, was opened toll and custom free, by the generous contribution of Lady Tynne, combined with the humane, public spirited activity of M. Saunders and Richard Bookey, Esqrs. A great quantity of corn, provisions, poultry, and wares of all kinds were brought from all parts of the country, the whole were sold, and every one seemed well pleased with the prices.

The Scots fleet, of about forty sail, from Campbeltown, Rothsay, &c. are all lying in the Killeries, waiting the setting in of the herrings, which is every day expected on the coast. One of the fleet, the *George*, a brig, M'Kinnon, master, was on the 18th day of November driven ashore about a league eastward of the Stag, and bulged. The country people, as usual on such distressing occasions, flocked towards the wreck in very great numbers, so that the Captain and crew despaired of saving any of the articles on board, or even their clothes; but the matter having conveyed intelligence of his distressed situation to Captain M'Kie, of the Inspector sloop of war, at Broadhaven, he immediately set out on foot, with an officer and sixteen marines. On his arrival the mob dispersed, and three boats were loaded with the most valuable materials.—The master and crew were most hospitably entertained on board the Inspector until they disposed of themselves among the rest of the fleet, or set off for Campbeltown, &c. Too many encomiums cannot be bestowed on Captain M'Kie on this as well as on many other occasions.

on, for preserving the peace, which might otherwise be broken, where the Irish and Scotch vessels meet on fishing ground.

Accounts from the north-west coast are very favourable to the prospect of the herring fishery, which had been rather indifferent in that quarter for three years last past. Several salt-works are erected in the new town of Rutland, and smoking-houses, built in the manner of those of Yarmouth, for making red herrings. It is now allowed, that if the take of fish continues abundant, the preparations made at Rutland will turn out as one of the first national and commercial advantages in this country.

14.] At the monthly flannel market at Rathdrum, in the county of Wicklow, there was a greater quantity of flannels at market, than has been known for this considerable time past, and so great was the demand, that not a single piece remained unsold.

Commissions have arrived from Spain, for a considerable quantity of durags, corduroys, and other mixed goods, to be ready against the middle of January, but with strict injunctions, that they may be manufactured with the best materials, of the proper breadth, and finished in the most elegant manner; as otherwise they will be either sold by auction for what they can bring, as damaged wares, or re-shipped for Ireland, with considerable loss to the exporters.

It may be useful to acquaint our manufacturers in general, that the Spaniards are peculiarly nice with respect to their bargains, and that there are sworn brokers in every port called *Veedores*, or inspectors, in whose presence the parcels are opened, and if not found worth the price limited in the commission, defective in measure or ill finished, a report is drawn up and attested by a public notary, certifying such faults or damages, after which the importers may either send back the goods, or dispose of them by ring of bell, and inch of candle.

This regulation equally wise and just, should animate our artisans to exert themselves, not only to ensure so gainful a trade, but to avoid the shame and loss of having their goods returned, without a possibility of recovering the confidence of that knowing spirited people.

The body of the Rev. Mr. Fowkes, a gentleman who was lost in Dublin Bay on the 17th of September, was cast on shore at Kirk Ocean, in the Isle of Man, the 21st of October last, in a very putrid state, and interred in the church-yard of that place until the arrival of two of the servants from Wales on the 22d, who identified their master, after which the remains were enclosed in lead, and the whole afterwards put into an oak coffin, decorated with escutcheons, and conveyed to the family burial ground.

The above unfortunate gentleman was a native of Rydland, in North Wales, unmarried, and possessed a handsome paternal estate. His visit to this city was an excursion of pleasure, and returning on board a Holyhead packet, his curiosity led him to quit the cabin, on the night of the fatal accident, in order to survey the Skerries Lights, when unfortunately, during one of the tacks made by the vessel, he was knocked overboard by the boom, and perished.

16.] Mr. Wheatley, collector of forfeited

recognizances, was fined for arresting a woman on a green-wax process, against whom no suit had been instituted. It appeared that he had mistaken her for Ann Molyneux, whose recognizances were estreated, for declining to prosecute Mary Neale, in the well known affair of Mrs. Lewellyn. After Wheatley and his assistants had been found guilty, Lord Carnarvon, who made some just observations on the high regard the law pays to personal liberty, estimating it as the most valuable of possessions; advised one party to offer, and the other to accept compensation; in consequence of which thirty guineas were given to the woman as a recompence for her confinement, which was only *one night* in a police-house.

A late duel between a noble Peer and a member of the Law, has excited much conversation. The letter from the former in which the business originated, was written in very strong terms of warmth, under a sense of some professional treatment which his Lordship conceived to be unwarrantable; and was concluded by a postscript in effect—"That his Lordship knew the Lawyer's ancestors to be gentlemen, and that if any terms in the letter roused any of their spirit in his veins, that the rank of Peerage should not stand as an impediment to any explanation he might think proper to require," adding, "that a person waited at his Lordship's house to receive such message, if intended."

A friend of Mr. B. went immediately to his Lordship's house with the message, and the business was decided without loss of time.

His Lordship was not wounded in the body as erroneously reported, but slightly grazed on the under part of the right arm. His antagonist was unhurt.

Each discharged a case of pistols; and after the second fire, M. B. demanded an apology, which was refused, but on the interposition of the seconds, the matter was honourably terminated.

17.] Came on to be agitated before the Common Council of this city, the petition of a Freeman of the Corporation of Bricklayers and Plasterers, praying to be substituted as Common Councilman for said Guild, in the room of Mr. Samuel Sproule, of Fleet-street, returned on the last election, on the 2d ult. which return the said petition declared to be unjust.

The principal objection on which the petitioner grounded his charge was the circumstance of the numbers of the ballot being equal, and that Mr. Sproule, as Master for the Corporation, and consequently returning officer, had, according to his privilege of freeman, given his ballot in the election, and afterwards his casting voice as master and returning officer on behalf of his own election.

The case was very ably argued before the Assembly, by Mr. Egan and Mr. C. M. Walker, as counsel for the petitioner; and Mr. R. Sheridan and Mr. Whitestone, as counsel for Mr. Sproule.

After which, a desultory debate took place—but, on the question being put, the question was negatived, and Mr. Sproule duly declared sitting member for the said corporation.

19.] This day, the Recorder held an adjournment

journalment of the Quarter Sessions at the Tholsel, where several prisoners were tried and acquitted.

It is somewhat remarkable, that at the above adjournment two Counsellors were tried, one for assaulting and ill-treating a decent woman in the street, and was acquitted—the other for beating his landlady, was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of five pounds, and to be imprisoned a fortnight.

The unhappy act of *suicide*, committed on Friday last, by Mr. C——, a master silk-weaver in the Liberty, and who was in general esteemed as a very industrious, honest, and amiable young man, affords cause, by every account, to call forth the commiseration, instead of the censure of the public.—His derangement of mind was undoubtedly occasioned by a series of losses he sustained in trade, for some time past, not by his own inattention to business, or extravagance of conduct, but by the failure of several persons, who were his debtors, to a considerable amount, or goods sold them. The shock to a young man of indefatigable industry, who saw in the bloom of life his labours frustrated, and his prospects clouded by the failure of some, and by the knavery perhaps of others, must have been great. And though it is much to be lamented, that he had not fortitude sufficient to withstand so early a stroke of adversity, yet the weight of such a rapid succession of unmerited misfortunes, might have proved too powerful, even for men of more advanced life and boasted strength of reason.

It is a mistake, as stated in some of the papers, that the wife of the above unfortunate young man, was in a different room, at the time of the fatal accident. She was present, and the melancholy witness of the horrible catastrophe of a much loved husband. She had not the least suspicion of so dreadful an act, as Mr. C——'s conversation immediately prior to putting the pistol to his head, is said to have been on an indifferent subject, and seemingly collected.—The reflection of such a scene in the presence of a most deserving and affectionate wife, must wring the heart of sensibility in every humane breast.

BIRTHS for Dec. 1789.

AT Vicar Lodge, county of Dublin, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Carleton, of a son.—At Sion Hill, near Drumcondra, co. of Dublin, the lady of Daniel Mannfell, Esq. of a son.—At Park, near Stradbally, the lady of Thomas Fairfax Eames, Esq. of a daughter.—In Kildare street, the lady of Sir Matthew Blackiston, Barr. of a son.—At Aix la Chapelle, in Germany, the lady of the Hon. Henry Pomeroy, eldest son of Lord Harbington, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES for Dec. 1789.

FRANCIS Warnford, of Wiltshire, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Flower, eldest daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Viscount Ashbrooke.—At Carlow, Arthur Read, Esq. to Miss Flood, eldest daughter of the late Captain Flood.—At Tuam, Robert French, of Beagh, Esq. to Miss Catharine Knib, of Tuam.—Abraham Bolton, of Crow-street, Esq. an eminent Surgeon, to Miss Abbey Tighe, youngest daughter of the late Sterne Tighe, of Summer Hill, co. of Dublin,

Esq.—Thomas Segerfon, of Ballinskellix, Co. of Kerry, Esq. to Miss Charlotta Lator, of Chinnamaoge, co. of Tipperary.—Richard Wogan Talbot, of Malahide, county of Dublin, Esq. to Miss Malpas, only daughter of John Malpas, of Rochestown, in said co. Esq.—William Baker, jun. of Ballydavid, Esq. to Miss Griffith, daughter of Edward Griffith, of Rahcen, county of Tipperary, Esq.—At Butteyan, co. of Cork, Thomas Coppinger, of Charleville, Esq. to Miss Catharine Harrington, of said place.

DEATHS for December, 1789.

AT Rathmines, county of Dublin, in a very advanced age, Mr. Eleanor Forth, relict of Sam. Forth, Esq.—Mrs. Fuller, Lady of John Fuller, of Lodge, co. of Cork, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir John Osborne, Barr.—At Mag. co. of Limerick, Mrs. Lacy, relict of Patrick Lacy, of Miltown, Esq.—In Earl-street, Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Johnston, sister to Nicholas Johnston, of Woodpark, co. of Armagh, Esq.—At Ballaly, co. of Dublin, Mrs. Thunder, Lady of Patrick Thunder, Esq.—In Henry-street, the Rev. Mr. Craig.—The 29th of Nov. in a very advanced age at his house in Frederick-street, Sir Fielding Ould, Knight, M. D. licentiate in physick, and a practitioner in midwifery, and a governor of the Lying-in-Hospital.—In Stafford-street, the Rev. Moses Magill, many years one of the curates of St. Mary's Parish.—At his house in William street, of a putrid fever, which it is supposed he contracted from attending a dissection, Sir Thomas Bell, knight, M. D. and a practitioner in midwifery, in which he was one of the most eminent in that line.—In Augier-street, John Rawlins, Esq. an eminent attorney, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the co. of Dublin.—In Eccles-street, George Long, Esq. a very eminent linen-merchant.—In Lower Abbey street, Abraham Skeys, Esq. an eminent merchant.—At Clonmel, Mrs. Gordon, Lady of Thomas Gordon, Esq. and daughter of John Mariden, of Vervale, co. of Wicklow, Esq.—At Leeds in Yorkshire, (England) Mrs. Bishop, daughter to George Vincent, of Parteen, in the co. of Limerick, Esq.—At Waterford, Mrs. Alcock, relict of the Rev. Alexander Alcock, A chdeacon of Lismore.

PROMOTIONS.

WILLIAM St. Leger, Esq. to be Major of the 6th dragoon guard.—Richard Rich Wounded, Esq. to be Lt. Col. of the 8th dragons.—The Hon. John Hope, to be Captain of the 17th dragoons.—The Rt. Hon. Lord Blayney, to be an Ensign in the 32d foot.—Lt. Gen. George Ward, to be Lt. Gen. on the Staff, in the room of the Earl of Ross.—The Rt. Hon. Armar Lowry, Lord Belmore, to be Viscount Belmore, of the county of Fermanagh.—The Rt. Hon. Francis Pierpoint, Lord Conyngham, to be Viscount Conyngham, of Slane, in the county of Meath.—The Rt. Hon. Charles, Lord Loftus, to be Viscount Loftus, of Ely.—James Chatterton, Esq. to be Clerk of the Paper Office, (the Rt. Hon. Richard Jackson deceased).—Dominick Trant, Esq. to be his Majesty's advocate of the High Court of Admiralty.—The Hon. Lord Ardee, eldest son of the Earl of Meath, elected representative in parliament for the co. of Dublin, (the Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner, created Lord Mountjoy)

A P P E N D I X

T O

W A L K E R ' s

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

O R,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For the YEAR 1789.

*The Life and Pontificate of Gregory I.**[From Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.]*

THE chair of St. Peter was filled under the reign of Maurice by the first and greatest of the name of Gregory. His grandfather Felix had himself been Pope, and as the bishops were already bound by the law of celibacy, his consecration must have been preceded by the death of his wife. The parents of Gregory, Sylvia, and Gordian, were the noblest of the senate, and the most pious of the church of Rome; his female relations were numbered among the saints and virgins: and his own figure with those of his father and mother were represented near three hundred years in a family portrait, which he offered to the monastery of St. Andrew. The design and colouring of this picture afforded an honourable testimony, that the art of painting was cultivated by the Italians of the sixth century; but the most abject ideas must be entertained of their taste and learning, since the epistles of Gregory, his sermons, and his dialogues, are the works of a man who was second in erudition to none of his contemporaries: his birth and abilities had raised him to the office of prefect of the city, and he enjoyed the merit of

and useful to the church; and implicit obedience has been always inculcated as the first duty of a monk. As soon as he had received the character of deacon, Gregory was sent to reside at the Byzantine court, the nuncio or minister of the apostolic see; and he boldly assumed, in the name of St. Peter, a throne of independent dignity, which would have been criminal and dangerous in the most illustrious layman of the empire. He returned to Rome with a just increase of reputation, and after a short exercise of the monastic virtues, he was dragged from the cloisters to the papal throne, by the unanimous voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people. He alone resisted, or seemed to resist, his own elevation; and his humble petition, that Maurice would be pleased to reject the choice of the Romans, could only serve to exalt his character in the eyes of the emperor and the public. When the fatal mandate was proclaimed, Gregory solicited the aid of some friendly merchants to convey him in a basket beyond the gates of Rome, and modestly concealed himself some days among the woods and mountains, till his retreat was discovered, as is said, by a celestial light.

The pontificate of Gregory the Great, which lasted thirteen years six months and ten days, is one of the most edifying periods

fined to the triple character of bishop of Rome, primate of Italy, and apostle of the West. He frequently ascended the pulpit, and kindled, by his rude though pathetic eloquence, the congenial passions of his audience; the language of the Jewish prophets was interpreted and applied, and the minds of the people, depressed by their present calamities, were directed to the hopes and fears of the invisible world. His precepts and example defined the model of the Roman liturgy; the distribution of the parishes, the calendar of festivals, the order of processions, the service of the priests and deacons, the variety and change of sacerdotal garments. Till the last days of his life, he officiated in the canon of the mass, which continued above three hours: the Gregorian chant has preserved the vocal and instrumental music of the theatre, and the rough voices of the barbarians attempted to imitate the melody of the Roman school. Experience had shewn them the efficacy of these solemn and pompous rites, to soothe the distress, to confirm the faith, to mitigate the fierceness, and to dispel the dark enthusiasm of the vulgar, and he readily forgave their tendency to promote the reign of priesthood and superstition. The bishops of Italy and the adjacent islands acknowledged the Roman pontiff as their special metropolitan. Even the existence, the union, or the translation of episcopal seats, was decided by his absolute discretion: and his successful inroads into the provinces of Greece, of Spain, and of Gaul, might countenance the more lofty pretensions of succeeding Popes. He interposed to prevent the abuses of popular elections; his jealous care maintained the purity of faith and discipline, and the apostolic shepherd assiduously watched over the faith and discipline of the subordinate pastors. Under his reign, the Arians of Italy and Spain were reconciled to the Catholic Church, and the conquest of Britain reflects less glory on the name of Cæsar than on that of Gregory I. Instead of six legions, forty monks were embarked for that distant island, and the pontiff lamented the austere duties which forbade him to partake the perils of their spiritual warfare. In less than two years he could announce to the archbishop of Alexandria, that they had baptised the king of Kent with ten thousand of his Anglo-Saxons, and that the Roman missionaries, like those of the primitive church, were armed only with spiritual and supernatural powers. The credulity or the prudence of Gregory was always disposed to confirm the truths of religion by the evidence of phoss, miracles, and resurrections; and posterity has paid to his memory the same tribute, which he freely granted to the virtue of his own or the preceding generation. The ecclesiastical honours have been libe-

rally bestowed by the authority of the popes, but Gregory is the last of their own order whom they have presumed to inscribe in the calendar of saints.

Their temporal power insensibly arose from the calamities of the times: and the Roman bishops who have deluged Europe and Asia with blood, were compelled to reign as the ministers of charity and peace. I. The church of Rome, as it has been formerly observed, was endowed with ample possessions in Italy, Sicily, and the more distant provinces; and her agents, who were commonly subdeacons, had acquired a civil, and even criminal, jurisdiction over their tenants and husbandmen. The successor of St. Peter administered his patrimony with the temper of a vigilant and moderate landlord; and the epistles of Gregory are filled with salutary instructions to abstain from doubtful or vexatious lawsuits; to preserve the integrity of weights and measures; to grant every reasonable delay, and to reduce the capitation of the slaves of the glebe, who purchased the right of marriage by the payment of an arbitrary fine. The rent or the produce of these estates was transported to the mouth of the Tyber, at the risk and expence of the Pope: in the use of wealth, he acted like a faithful steward of the church and the poor, and liberally applied to their wants the inexhaustible resources of abstinence and order. The voluminous account of his receipts and disbursements was kept above three hundred years in the Lateran, as the model of Christian economy. On the four great festivals, he divided the quarterly allowance to the clergy, to his domestics, to the monasteries, the churches, the places of burial, the alms-houses, and the hospitals of Rome, and the rest of the diocese. On the first day of every month, he distributed to the poor, according to the season, their stated portion of corn, wine, cheese, vegetables, oil, fish, fresh provisions, clothes, and money; and his treasures were continually summoned to satisfy, in his name, the extraordinary demands of indigence and merit. The instant distress of the sick and helpless, of strangers and pilgrims, was relieved by the bounty of each day, and of every hour; nor would the pontiff indulge himself in a frugal repast, till he had sent the dishes from his own table to some objects deserving of his compassion. The misery of the times had reduced the nobles and matrons of Rome to accept, without a blush, the benevolence of the church: three thousand virgins received their food and raiment from the hand of their benefactor; and many bishops of Italy escaped from the barbarians to the hospitable threshold of the Vatican.

Gregory might justly be styled the father of his country; and such was the extreme sensibility

bility of his conscience, that, for the death of a beggar who had perished in the streets, he interdicted himself during several days from the exercise of the sacerdotal functions. II. The misfortunes of Rome involved the apostolical pastor in the business of peace and war; and it might be doubtful to himself, whether piety or ambition prompted him to supply the place of his absent sovereign. Gregory awakened the Emperor from a long slumber, exposed the guilt or incapacity of the exarch and his inferior ministers, complained that the veterans were withdrawn from Rome for the defence of Spoleto, encouraged the Italians to guard their cities and altars; and condescended, in the crisis of danger, to name the tribunes, and to direct the operations of the provincial troops. But the martial spirit of the Pope was checked by the scruples of humanity and religion: the imposition of tribute, though it was employed in the Italian war, he freely condemned as odious and oppressive; whilst he protected against the imperial edicts, the pious cowardice of the soldiers who deserted a military for a monastic life. If we may credit his own declarations, it would have been easy for Gregory to exterminate the Lombards by their domestic factions, without leaving a king a duke, or a count, to save that unfortunate nation from the vengeance of their foes. As a Christian Bishop, he preferred the salutary offices of peace; his meditation appeased the tumult of arms; but he was too conscious of the arts of the Greeks, and the passions of the Lombards, to engage his sacred promise for the observance of the truce. Disappointed in the hope of a general and lasting treaty, he presumed to save his country without the consent of the Emperor or the exarch. The sword of the enemy was suspended over Rome; it was averted by the mild eloquence and seasonable gifts of the pontiff, who commanded the respect of heretics and barbarians. The merits of Gregory were treated by the Byzantine court with reproach and insult; but in the attachment of a grateful people, he found the purest reward of a citizen, and the best right of a sovereign.

A Singular Instance of Bodily Strength.

WHILE Louis XIV. was in Flanders, his coach, in crossing a very bad part of the road, sunk so deep in the mud, that all the horses and oxen that could be yoked to it were not able to extricate it, as the nave of one of the wheels was entirely hid. One of the King's guards named Barabas, impatient at being an idle spectator of this scene, immediately dismounted from his horse, lifted up the wheel, and giving a signal to the coachman to whip his horses,

soon disengaged the carriage. For this piece of service Louis XIV. gave him a pension, and he soon became major of Valenciennes. After he had risen to this rank, a Gascon, who quarrelled with him, offered to fight him. "I agree," said Barabas, holding out his hand; "touch that." — Upon which the Gascon stretched out his, but the major squeezed it so hard, that he broke some of his fingers, and rendered him entirely incapable of fighting. Another Gascon, on a like occasion, took advantage of this example; and, instead of complying, when Barabas desired him to hold out his hand, ran him through the body with his sword, saying, "thus I defend myself against the treachery of a man like you!" The wound, however, did not prove mortal. The major, one day, in a certain village, went to a farrier's shop; and, having asked for some horse-shoes, broke all those that were presented to him, telling the blacksmith, that they were too brittle. The farrier then wished to make others; but Barabas took up his anvil, and concealed it under his cloak, so that, when the farrier had heated his iron, he was much surprised not to find his anvil, and his astonishment was greatly increased, when he perceived it under the major's cloak. Imagining, therefore, that he had to deal with the devil, he immediately betook himself to flight, and could not be prevailed on to return, until he was assured that the supposed demon was gone. Barabas had a sister equally strong as himself; but he did not know her, because he had quitted his father's house when very young, to seek his fortune in the army; and she had been born during his absence. Having met with her in Flanders, where she dealt in ropes, he purchased some of the largest she had, which he snapped in pieces; telling her, that they were worth nothing. "I will give you some stronger," said she; "but, if you please, lay down the money for them." — "I will give you whatever you ask," replied Barabas, pulling out a handful of crowns. His sister then took the crowns, and breaking them all into two or three pieces, told him, that his crowns were no better than her ropes, and desired him to give her some others. The major, surprised, desired to know her name; and having learned to what family she belonged, soon discovered that she was his sister. The Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. being desirous to see some proofs of this man's prodigious strength, he put himself below his horse, raised him up, carried him upon his shoulders more than fifty paces; and, afterwards stooping, placed him on the ground, with as much ease as if he had weighed only twenty pounds.

Sketch of the Theatrical Life of Mr. Thomas Ryder, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

IN December 1757, Mr. Ryder began his theatrical career at the theatre in Smock Alley, Dublin, then under the government of Mr. Sheridan, with whom he remained till the year 1759, when Mr. Brown took the reins, and retained Mr. Ryder at a considerable salary. In the course of that season he played the first parts with Mrs. Abington to full houses. In 1761, Mr. Mossop became director of the state, and kept his situation till death deprived him of it in 1771. Mr. Ryder then commenced manager; which office he filled with more credit than profit till 1782, encountering, during that period, those vicissitudes which have ever attended Irish managements. In 1786, Mr. Ryder came to London, and engaged with Mr. Harris, the spirited proprietor of Covent-Garden Theatre. Sir John Brute was his first character; and it appeared to be the sense of as respectable a pit as ever assembled, that his performance on that evening approached very near to the excellence of the departed Garrick. The curiosity of some of our readers may be gratified on reading the following list of performers who played at Smock Alley Theatre during Mr. Ryder's management:

For a Share of the Profits.

Mr. Barry,	Mr. Foote,
Mrs. Barry,	Mr. Henderson.
Mr. Sheridan,	

Mrs. Abington had 500l. for twelve night; and,

Miss Catley forty guineas a night.

Miss Pope,	Mrs. Hartley,
Mr. Dodd,	Mr. Lewis,
Mr. Smith,	Mr. T. Aiken, &c.
Mr. J. Palmer,	

On Mr. Ryder's leaving Ireland, Mr. Mossop, the Pingo of that kingdom, executed a die, from which was struck a sufficient quantity of medals of gold, silver, and copper, to supply a numerous list of subscribers. This mark of respect was the more flattering, as the artist was applied to, in the first instance, by many of the first rank and fashion, who patronized the undertaking. After the subscribers were supplied, the die was destroyed.

Genuine Account of the piratical Seizure of Mr. Dupleix.

MR. Dupleix, a young gentleman, returning in October 1787, from Margate, took a boat on the Thames, nearly opposite the Tower, to carry him to London.

He put his trunk into the boat, which was

soon after boarded by several persons, who said they were revenue officers. They conducted the boat along side a sloop which lay at anchor, hoisted the trunk on board, under pretence of searching it, and carried it down to the cabin.

Mr. D. having no suspicion of robbery, followed his trunk without interruption from the men, and saw it searched. Feeling the vessel in motion, he went on deck, where to his astonishment, he saw she was under way, and nearly opposite Greenwich college.

He was then ordered into the cabin, and directed to make himself contented, for he could not be put ashore; and for three months he remained on board the sloop. During the whole of this time no attempt was made to search his pockets, in which he had five guineas, nor was the least offence offered to his person. His shirts, however, were taken from his trunk, and worn in common by the crew.

During his stay on board, the sloop frequently lay at anchor, and he could hear part of the crew departing from the vessel. When they returned, they always brought on board parcels, boxes, hampers, &c.

Their food was constantly common ship-beef, their drink grog. They often drank to intoxication, never quarrelled seriously, and there did not appear to be any degree of subordination among them.

At the end of three months he was permitted one morning to go on deck. The sloop then lay in Beaumauris bay, on the coast of North Wales. The man at the helm told him he might go off; and a fisherman coming along side, agreed to put him on board a Welch sloop then under way, and bound to Dublin.

On his return from Dublin to London he found that the Thames had been twice dragged for his body, and that a reward had been offered for discovering him, dead or alive.

Mr. D. is now in London, and this statement is from a friend who often heard him relate the particulars of this extraordinary adventure.

Brief Remarks on English Poetry.

POETRY admits of two distinctions, namely, blank verse and rhyme. The first of these, by being freed from the restriction of rhyme, enables the poet to throw into it greater expression, and more grandeur of sentiment, which may be fully demonstrated in the reading of Shakspeare's works, where will be found blank verse never to be equalled, for exalted ideas, and bold animated phrases, "not meanly tied down to the rules of art." With him is the storehouse of energetic and forcible senti-

ees, where each line is tinted with that spirit, firing the mind, and conveying, in the perusal of his works, unbounded satisfaction, and the extremest delight. Blank verse is invariably written in verses of ten feet, and generally adapted to heroic poems and dramatic performances, for which last purpose, in my opinion, it is infinitely preferable to rhyme, being admirably calculated to strike the imagination, and work on the senses surprisingly, which power it acquires, as I mentioned before, by not being subject to the rules of rhyme, and thereby empowering the poet to add amazing strength to the expression, being confined solely to that and the measure.

Rhyming poetry is the next distinction, and is, without doubt, more generally made use of than blank verse, particularly in our present age; many writings of this kind convey admirable impression, which Pope's works will plainly evince. This Bard confined himself to rhyme in all his poems, and succeeded surprisingly. It may probably be advanced, that some of his performances tend to too much licentiousness, and to the destruction of youthful morals. To that I will agree, and declare, that were those works any ways obliterated, the poet's fame would in the first place suffer not the least diminution, but, on the contrary, acquire an increased lustre from the merit of his approved performances beaming their beauties around, uninterrupted by the reflections thrown out against the disapproved part of his works; and in the second place, the morals of our youth would escape being tainted by them: though, to the utter confusion and shame of others, who have given to the public pieces infinitely more immoral than Pope's, the younger part of the present generation, if not by experienced and discerning directors conducted into life, must inevitably fall into the snare. While I am touching on the subject, it may not be improper to observe to what a shameful excess the prostitution of that estimable art of poetry is arrived at, being applied to purposes of the most obscene and libidinous nature, tending, as I said before, to the entire overthrow and demolition of all the seeds of morality in both sexes; an effect produced by another cause in the profligate age, I mean by engravings of the same pernicious kind, many of them the works of eminent masters of the art, who, shameless and unconcerned, publicly expose them, to be productive in the end of the most alarming consequences. I am confident many will join me in expressing a desire that such banes to society might be removed, and their authors receive a just and legal punishment. Now an address to poets.

He, who wishes to enter the service of

the nine maids, and give his name to posterity, must first strictly examine his genius, and endeavour to discover to what walk in poetry it mostly tends, whether to the humorous and satirical, or to the exalted and sublime. Having found out to which his mind naturally inclines, let him carefully cultivate that inclination; and though he may sometimes deviate, and tread the other path, he must be mindful of his attachment to the one he inclines to, else by frequently touching on a strange ground, he will neglect his favourite study, in which of course he will not improve; and meddling with that in which his genius will not permit his improvement, he will attain to perfection in neither.

Solitude is, unquestionably, most properly adapted for the poet to compose in; no thought must at that time occupy the mind but the subject he is to work upon; all care must be then banished far distant, and nothing engross his attention, but the giving to his lines a striking poetical turn, attending to the measure of the verse, and (if not blank verse) making good rhyme. The body all this time, is not absolutely required to remain in a state of inactivity and stationary as the mind: a man may walk about, employ his hands at any thing, with which the mind is unconnected, while composing a poem. This custom will be particularly favourable to the poet, if he is given to absence of thought; for the motion his limbs are in, though not connected with the mind, diverts his absence, and brings the subject full before him, enabling him to work, with infinitely more ease, than were he sitting in a room alone, totally inactive, with his eyes fixed, and arms crossed; in which position, a man of the above description might remain for an hour or more, without producing a single line, owing to that absence of mind, in which the person's thoughts are so totally absorbed or bewildered, as not to give them room to fix upon any one object.

I have an intimate friend, who has for some time past turned his genius to poetry, and is very happy in his compositions, many of which are in public. His ordinary method of going to work, when he has a poetical piece in hand, is this: Being provided with a small book and a pencil, he goes out, and as he walks, (the absence to which he is prone is diverted by the accustomed noise of streets, and the fear of breaking his neck by falling down some cellar) his mind being totally attached to his poem, he composes; and taking the opportunity of the first private alley or passage, steps aside, and writes down what then started in his brain; then pocketing book and pencil, sallies forth again to renew his meditations. But it has frequently happened

to him, that not meeting with a convenient place to stop and note his thoughts, he has been obliged to repeat them to himself for the space of three or four streets; and after all, a wench with oysters or sprats extending her lungs close to his ears, has so deranged his thoughts, as intirely to throw out of his head a beautiful verse he had retained in his memory for near half an hour. He was once kicked out of the road to fame, by the vociferation of two ballad-singers, whose noise had such an effect on his studying brains, as totally to overthrow in his memory some striking couplets he had been for an hour arranging, and which, no doubt, would have consigned his name to faturity. A beautiful rhetorical figure in a like manner slipped him one day, as he passed near two fish-women, who were dealing abuse to each other in Fleet-market. But of late he has confined his perambulation to such streets as are not subject to racket, and less populous, than those in which he has experienced such disasters.

A Highland Story: which gives a curious Picture of the Ferocity of the Highlanders some Ages ago, to which the Manners of the present Time form a pleasing Contrast.

Origin of the name of BENIN GORON, in Mull, a mountain with Basaltes Pillars, 200 feet in height; discovered by Mr. Raspe in the year 1789: and far superior to Stassa, the Giants' Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known.

THE name of this unequalled natural phenomenon arises from a story of a nature so peculiarly tragical, that it merits to be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following seems to be the most authentic.

A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds, and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates.

He was particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was Gorod, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and, failing of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain, and because his only son, who was reared, according to the custom of those times, in

the family of a vassal, was then in his custody.

Gorod, however, contrary to the expectations of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands; and the chieftain had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate, by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.

Impelled by lust and disappointment, he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by seducing his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle.

Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance: and having contrived, in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftain and his son, Gorod and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mountain, he seized the youth, and, standing on the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed "This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer."

The chieftain, trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to the stroke, reluctantly obeyed.

Gorod then cried out "I am revenged; but that tyrant must be punished."—Then, springing with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were dashed in pieces in an instant.

The place has ever since been known by the name of *Benin Gorod*, or the *Hill of Gorod*: and the prospect from its summit, particularly when the spectator revolves in idea the scene that was there exhibited, excites a degree of horror which it is impossible to describe.

Effectual Remedy against the Bite of a Mad Dog.

IT is universally allowed by Physicians that the spittle of a mad animal infused into a wound is the *only* cause hitherto known that can communicate canine madness to the human body. This poison does no immediate mischief, but is slowly absorbed into the blood, and sufficient opportunity is given to remove it before any danger can arise.—Whenever any person is bitten, the plain and obvious means of preventing any future injury is, first, to wipe off the spittle with a dry cloth, and then to wash the wound with cold water; not slightly and superficially, but abundantly, and with the most persevering attention; in bad cases for several

ral hours. After a plentiful effusion of cold water, but not sooner, warm water may be applied with safety and advantage; a continued stream of it, poured from the spout of a tea-pot or tea-kettle, held up at a considerable distance, is peculiarly well adapted to the purpose. If the canine poison infused into a wound were of a peculiar colour, as black like ink, we should all be aware that plenty of water and patient diligence would effectually wash out the dark die! but this could not be expected by a slight and superficial ablution. After a bite has been carefully washed, colour it with saliva, tinged by ink, &c.—when some hours have elapsed, wash out the stain. A visible proof may thus be obtained how soon and perfectly water can cleanse a wound from saliva. As a proof that slight washing of the wound is not sufficient to cleanse it effectually from the poison, we may mention that in some cases after inoculation from the small pox, the poisonous matter has been attempted to be washed out of the wound by persons who wished to prevent its effects: yet the inoculated small pox appeared at its proper period. These unsuccessful attempts were performed secretly, hastily, and timidly, by a female hand. But in a case where the inoculated incisions were probably washed with greater care, infection was prevented. Such facts teach us the importance of patient perseverance in washing away the poison; but they need not abate our confidence that such perseverance will certainly be successful.

The ablution should be accomplished with great diligence and without delay, and may be performed by the patient, or any assistant. However, as the apprehension of this dreadful disorder always excites the greatest anxiety, a surgeon's advice and assistance ought to be obtained as soon as possible in all cases where the skin is injured. He will execute these directions most dexterously and completely. In a bad wound, the poison may be conveyed deep into the flesh, by long teeth or lacerations. In such circumstances he should open and wash every suspicious place; and whenever any painful uncertainty can remain, he should cup and syringe. If the bite has been neglected till the inflammation begins, he should, after shaving off the inflamed surface, cup, syringe, and wash with double diligence. By this method of purification it cannot be doubted that every particle of poison, and consequently that every cause of danger, may be effectually removed.

Sul-Malla of Lumon. A Poem.

From Ossian.

(Concluded from our last.)

HEEDELESS I stood, with my people,
where roll the foamy stream from the

rocks. The moon moved red from the mountain. My song, at times, arose. Dark, on the other side, young Cathmor heard my voice; for he lay beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms.—Morning came; we rushed to fight: from wing to wing is the rolling of strife. They fell, like the thistle's head beneath autumnal winds.

In armour came a stately form: I mixed my strokes with the king. By turns our shields are pierced: loud rung our steely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightness shone the foe. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled between his wandering locks.—I knew the king of Atha, and threw my spear on earth.—Dark, we turned, and silent passed to mix with other foes.

Not so passed the striving kings. They mixed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghosts, in the dark wing of winds. Through either breast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes on earth. A rock received their fall; and half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; and grimly seemed to roll his eyes. The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood.

The battle ceased in I-thorno. The strangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of streams, and Ossian king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our steps were by Runa's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun in Stromlo's rolling sinoak. It was the daughter of Surandronlo, wild in brightened looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst disordered locks. Forward is her white arm with the spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, white as foamy waves that rise by turns amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, and mariners call the winds.

Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, pale in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that stridest in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive from his daughter's spear the foes of Suran-dronlo.

No shadow at his roaring streams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wings; for blood was poured around the steps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo.

He lighted me, no harmless beam, to glitter on his streams. Like meteors I was bright, but I blasted the foes of Suran-dronlo—

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla the praise of Cathmor of shields. He was within her soul, like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad. Amidst the song removed

removed the daughter of kings, like the soft sound of a summer breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and streams.

By night came a dream to Ossian; without form stood the shadow of Trenmor. He seemed to strike the dim shield on Selma's streamy rock. I rose in my rattling steel; I knew that war was near. Before the winds our sails were spread; when Lumon shewed its streams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

Observations on Panegyrical Writings.

PANEGYRIC is the species of writing, of all others, wherein fewest have been observed to excel. Some imagine that this proceeds from a deficiency of matter, the number of those who truly deserve praise among men having been in all ages very inconsiderable: and where praise is not just, it is impossible it should ever be graceful. Others again ascribe it to a certain stinginess of mankind in bestowing upon others what all are so fond of themselves, by which means our praises seem rather extorted from us than conferred, nor are there wanting some who are positive, that it is the effect of a prevailing ignorance of true worth, and the want of a just standard whereby to judge of the intrinsic goodness of those qualities or actions for which men are usually praised.

It would be rather curious than useful to enquire how far any, or every of these circumstances concurred in making it so great a difficulty to give praise with decency and propriety. I shall only observe that none of the three causes assigned do any great honour to mankind, or make it much for the interest of virtue, that they should be believed to have so great an influence. For as the love of praise is one of the most powerful incentives to the exercise of virtue, it must need slacken our endeavours in the pursuit of it, if we reflect on all praise as either falsely, insincerely, or ignorantly given; one or other of which must be the effect of laying down any of these observations as a general principle. It is, therefore, much the safer way to look out for more particular reasons of a thing which may be so well accounted for without fastening upon maxims derogatory to the honour of human nature, and

Thus in the early ages of the world the sons of the oppression and violence, who had an insatiable lust after power and dominion, made it their business to encourage most of these qualities in men, which were fittest to support it, and implied ability rather than virtue. Men of small thoughts and reflections, such as we may suppose the subjects of the first tyrants to have been, and such as men are generally found to this day in all countries where slavery is in fashion, observing how rewards were usually dispensed, began to conceive the highest esteem for those qualities and actions which entitled the owners to the most liberal recompences, and to imagine merit wherever they saw favour. Hence it comes to pass, that valour and even bodily strength commenced reputable qualities, and were reckoned the principal ingredients in the composition of a hero. A great part of the history of mankind is nothing else but a recital of the exertion of these two qualities, and of the terrible exploits performed by one villain after another, under the names of heroes and conquerors; and there be nothing else to commend in them. Their victories and barbarous triumphs become the only topics of praise. This continued a long time; and both poets and orators are so full of it, that they have given mankind a surfeit, and made it and themselves contemptible, by insisting so long and so often, on qualities which do not differ enough in the several possessors of them to make that distinction of character among them which is the life and soul of *panegyric*. And besides, as those qualities have done much more hurt than good among mankind, it is no wonder that, in celebrating of them, authors have failed of raising the admiration and attention of their readers to the height they intended, and rendered praise itself suspicious, which for so many ages had been prostituted to such unworthy purposes.

This single instance is more than sufficient to shew, that false praise may be given in compliance with custom, contrary to the dictates of nature and reason, and consequently that mankind in general ought not to be charged with a fault which had its rise from a perverted sense of things, and which instead of being an argument that we neither can nor or will not praise justly, is a direct proof that we naturally scorn and detest all kind

which are truly laudable: and in these the pre-eminence of one man over another is, generally speaking, so very little that the superiority is not always visible enough to exalt the mind of a reader beyond himself in the encomiums on the wisdom or goodness of another man. Every one is apt to imagine himself sufficiently wise, and whatever share of goodness he has he is perfectly assured of: and so upon hearing the virtue or understanding of others cried up at an extraordinary rate, is ready to ask within himself, what is there in all this, which I or any man else is not capable of? Or why should any man be celebrated for qualities I am as much master of as he, unless there be me it in the having of greater opportunities to exert them? This is a very frequent and natural reflection in the minds of most men of ordinary understanding and common honesty, they feel within themselves the same dispositions they hear so highly commended in others; and are consequently surprised to find them looked on as uncommon and extraordinary, which is the light that panegyric usually endeavours to set them in. In short, it is the business of panegyric to make every thing appear admirable; and the most that a wise and virtuous man can do, is to approve in others what he is conscious of, and well pleased within himself.

But whatever may be the cause why men dislike panegyric, there are many reasons why the greater parts of panegyric have proved displeasing. Men are not so apt to take offence at the pleasing of others, as those who have done it have been to give it, by the wrong methods they have fallen upon in setting out the merits of those whom they endeavoured to commend; to animadvert on a few of which shall be the business of the remaining part of this paper.

The first error in praising is doing it in an undistinguishing manner, and in the lump; as when we celebrate a man for qualities which multitudes possess in common with him, without describing the particular manner in which those qualities sit upon him. Praise of this sort is commonly childish, and means nothing, being the picture not of a person, but of a species. It is not enough to call a man wise, good, and virtuous, unless at the same time we give such marks of his wisdom, goodness, and virtue, as to discover the difference betwixt him and all other men of the same character. To do this requires a great genius, improved and heightened by much knowledge of the world, and frequent and accurate observations on mankind. And as the great nicety of the art lies in hitting those peculiar graces, and nameless excellencies in a character, which are apt to escape the observations of an ordinary eye, unless a man be very sure of his

own abilities this way, he had much better be silent, than attempt to praise any man; since instead of paying him a compliment he does him a real injury.

A second error in praise is the excess of it. There is great danger that we shall not keep to characters justly, when we endeavour to raise them high; and the greater they are shewn, the disproportions, where there are any, as they are few or no characters in life but what have some, will become the more visible. Besides, by praising a man much, we put him in the state of a debtor to his reputation, and expose him to perpetual demands on the credit of it; which may create a kind of uneasiness in him, and make him bear his qualities with less grace than he did formerly, if it does not some time or other throw him into the condition of a bankrupt.—For this reason wish all find that discreet friends are always extremely cautious in their commendations of each other, and talk on that subject with much the same diffidence and modesty as when they speak of themselves. And, indeed, there is nothing more amiable and graceful in conversation, than to hear one speak of the man he is known to love with temper, and without that emotion which I have known some people in, upon such occasions, who have afterwards lived in a state of perfect indifference and estrangement with the persons they used formerly to praise to a degree of extravagance and wantonness.

The last, and perhaps the greatest defect of panegyric is, that it has been too often bestowed upon persons during their own life time who have lived to contradict by their after-actions the encomiums of their admirers. This is what has given a strong prejudice against all praises offered to men above ground, and who have not the seal of a tomb-stone affixed to their character; while a man is alive he is in a possibility of degenerating from wisdom and virtue, and others of retracting their good opinion of him. And this is what has happened so often, that we have great reason to be jealous of its doing so again. As no man can be reckoned happy or miserable, so neither can he be pronounced virtuous or vicious till we see what becomes of him in the end. In short, human life is a drama, we cannot judge of the performance, till death has finished the catastrophe, closed the scene, and let down the curtain.

In my opinion, there is no praise just or true which is not the effect of gratitude for benefits done either to mankind, or ourselves. And the more particularly we specify those benefits, so much the better; the best way of painting men being to describe their actions, and leave others to judge of their qualities from whence they had their rise. On this

account among the many compliments I receive from my readers, I am always best pleased with those which import particular thanks for some good my papers either have, or they imagine them to have done them; and prefer them much to general encomiums on my abilities, which can only flatter my vanity and conceit.

Oina Morul. A Poem.

From Ossian.

AS flies the unconstant sun over Larmon's grassy hill; to pass the tales of old along my soul by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings.—Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp.—Light of the shadowy thoughts that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin, on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Malorchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Malorchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He fought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes.—He came with battle to Fuarfed; my people are rolled away.—Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I said, to look like a boy on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves the warrior descended on the woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fall.—Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but

they all have forgot Mal orchol. I have looked towards all the winds; but no white sails were seen.—But steel resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells.—Come to my dwelling, race of heroes: dark skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs from the maid of Fuarfed wild.

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles. Her eyes were like two stars looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle to Tormul's resounding stream; the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met the chief of Sar-dronlo. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed.—Ton-thormod turned his face away from Oina morul of isles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze that whirls at first the thistle's beard; then flies dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild; she raised the nightly song; for she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed at pleasant sounds.

Who looks, she said, from his rock, on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breast is heaving over his burking soul. Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!

Soft voice of the streamy isle, why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul.—Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless in their hour of woe.—Retire, soft singer, by night; Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock.

With morning I looked the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words in the midst of his echoing halls.—
"King of Fuarfed wild, why should Ton-thormod

thorndown mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian while yet his locks were young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles.—We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

The Unfortunate Fugitive.

ELIZABETH was left an orphan at the age of fourteen years, her father and mother dying within a few weeks of each other. She was entitled to a considerable fortune, and her beauty from her birth had been an object of admiration. The mental qualifications of this young lady were not less pleasing or less attracting than her personal charms. She was witty, yet modest, good-natured, free from affectation, and never out of temper.

Elizabeth was born in Gloucestershire, where her family lived in high respect. An aunt, who was married, and resided in London, as soon as she heard of her misfortune fled to her assistance, and removed her from the scene of sorrow that surrounded her, and brought her to the capital.

It was many months before the grief which had impressed the heart of this amiable girl experienced any material abatement, but youth and time at last rendered it susceptible to amusement.—Her aunt, who lived in fashionable life, introduced the young mourner to variety of company, and prevailed on her to attend at places of public entertainment, where she was universally admired.

Grief is often the source of sensibility, a quality which however Elizabeth had imbibed from nature, and which had been increased by education. It was the precept of her father that to render others happy was the first duty of mankind, and productive of the greatest blessing the human mind could be acquainted with in this world, and he continually practised what he taught.

Elizabeth's aunt was a widow, when she came under her tutelage. She had two sons, one at the university of Oxford, another, who had just commenced his studies for the profession of the law, and was a student of Lincoln's Inn.—This youth was the youngest, and resided at the house of his mother. Having hourly opportunities to view the beauties of his cousin, it would be strange indeed, if he had not admired them, and having admired them, it would be still as extraordinary if his admiration had not grown into love. He became the con-

fidant of her sorrows, which he daily studied to palliate, and he at length succeeded in removing the sufferings of her heart, by making it his own.—It surrendered involuntarily, and he was long in possession of the inestimable jewel before he knew it.

Elizabeth had been above a year in the house of her aunt before Ferdinand her elder cousin paid him a visit. He had made a truant trip to the continent, and returned with a considerable share of self-importance and vanity. Ferdinand was proud of his fortune, of his learning, and personal accomplishments. The success which a command of money had given him among the frail part of the tender sex, had created an opinion, that no virtue could withstand his addresses, and no sooner had the irresistible influence of Elizabeth's beauty caught his attention than the flattering idea of attaching her affections inflated his vanity.

But he soon experienced a mortifying disappointment. The frivolity of his manners contrasted with the cautious respect of his brother Frank produced a comparison strongly disadvantageous—he was a foil to his brother, and he soon discovered innumerable impediments to the conquest he had believed certain, but jealousy now stimulated him to the pursuit, for he had discovered that his brother was a favoured lover.

To ensure to his ungenerous purposes success, Ferdinand became an hypocrite in his conduct to Elizabeth; a traitor to his brother. A total alteration in manners was assumed, virtuous love was the constant topic of his conversation at home, while abroad he did every thing in his power to debauch the morals of Frank, by introducing him as if accidentally into dissipated company, and procuring friends to rally him on his change of disposition in the presence of his mistress.

Having thus prepared the mind of Elizabeth to receive impressions to the prejudice of her lover, he contrived a scheme for the purpose of totally ruining him in her opinion.

A party was made for the play on a night when it was impossible for Frank to attend, and Ferdinand contrived that two women of the town should be placed behind Elizabeth, where from previous instruction they entered into conversation on the absent youth. Elizabeth was accompanied by two ladies, a frigid old maid and her niece, the latter of whom had a *penchant* for Ferdinand, the former a hatred to all mankind for the neglect they had shewn to her.

The prostitutes in their conversation described poor Frank as a most profligate character. A hypocritical debauchee, holding private revels at his chambers, while in public he assumed a sanctified appearance, and one of them producing a miniature pic-

ture, declared he had given it to her within a few days.

Miss Rancour, the antiquated virgin, attended to this conversation with the utmost satisfaction; every pain that tortured Elizabeth pleased the old lady's malign heart—and with a face at once sweet and sour, she turned to the courtesan, and begged to look at the picture.

This was more than the conspirators against Frank had reason to expect—it was a breach of decorum—but what is it that malignity will not attempt to satisfy its villainous passions?

The picture was handed to miss Rancour, and she produced it to Elizabeth, who instantly fainted.

Ferdinand, who sat in a back row, watching the progress of his scheme, now flew to the ladies, and conducted them home.

It was impossible for miss Rancour to conceal this event. It was impossible for Elizabeth to disguise the anguish of her heart, and she resolved immediately on quitting the house, and retiring to a friend's near Bath, entrusting the secret only to a maid servant—who communicated it immediately to Ferdinand.

Elizabeth's aunt had a villa near London, where she had gone the day before the adventure of the play, and here Elizabeth went the day after, under the pretence of seeing her. It was from this place she resolved to take flight, and the waiting-maid was entrusted to procure a chaise.

Ferdinand being acquainted with the scheme, resolved upon intercepting the fair fugitive, and to carry her off to France; he waited in a park through which she was to pass, attended by a party who seized her, when at such a distance from the house that her cries could not be heard.

She was in the arms of the ravishers when a voice desired them to desist, and the instant her lover appeared with a drawn sword—a scuffle ensued—she was released—her assailants fled, but her protector was wounded.

With much difficulty they gained the house, the wound which Frank received being in the thigh, and a violent fever was the consequence.

The resentment of Elizabeth fled, the instant she was sensible of her lover's danger. She attended him as often as delicacy would admit, and he soon found means to clear away the calumny of the courtesans. The miniature had been done from a large portrait which Ferdinand had privately shewn to the painter. His coming to the Villa, was owing to Elizabeth's absence from town—he heard there of her illness, and flew on the wings of love to see her.

A marriage with the woman of his heart would have been the consequence of Frank's recovery.—But, alas! it produced a mortification, and in a few weeks his noble spirit ascended into Heaven.—Ferdinand went to France, where he remains a voluntary exile, in continual repentance, and without hope of pardon.—Elizabeth, after suffering a series of illness, soon became lost to the world and to herself, and she is now a melancholy maniac.

Original Letter from R. Watkins, Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, to the Rev. John Bowle, Editor of Don Quixote.

S I R,

MR. Douglas, a Master of Arts, of Baliol College, (a Gentleman of my acquaintance) has lately been amusing himself in following Lauder through the several unfair quotations which he has made in his book against Milton. As he mentioned some of these to his friends, the report reached Lord Chesterfield, who desired that he would digest the whole into a pamphlet, and expose this ungenerous critic to the world. He accordingly has drawn up an answer of a shilling size, which has been inspected by Dr. Newton, and Mr. Thyer of Manchester, who communicated several notes to Dr. Newton, for his late edition of Milton. The author has also the consent of Lord Bath to inscribe this pamphlet to him, as he has been the patron of Dr. Newton's performance. Such a progress was made in this work, that it was sent to the press, and the publication of it advertised, before I was aware of the design. Upon notice of it, I wrote to Mr. Douglas, to acquaint him that you (without mentioning your name) had done me the honour some time since to shew me an answer to Lauder, entirely upon that plan, and that as you were the original discoverer of his forgeries, (at least in this place) I thought you ought to be consulted upon this occasion, whether you would please to publish your Collections, or would give Mr. Douglas leave to mention your name as the first detector of Lauder, before this pamphlet came out.* Upon my letter,

N O T E.

* This was done. Mr. Douglas, speaking of his stock of materials having been enlarged, mentions it to have been done by Mr. Bowle, M. A. of Oriel College, Oxford, “who, though I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, has been so kind as to communicate to me, by the hands of a friend, what he knows relative to Lauder's forgeries; and nobody knows so much as this Gentleman, who, long before I examined the Bodleian Library, had collected materials for an answer to Lauder, and has the justice

Mr. Douglas has put a stop to the press, to give me an opportunity of writing to you, —at his desire, therefore, I beg leave to ask you, whether you would please to have your name mentioned at all by Mr. Douglas in his pamphlet upon this occasion; or whether you would be so kind as to assist him with any materials for his performance. Your immediate answer to both those questions will be considered as a particular favour, as the press is only suspended to wait your determination. —Mr. Douglas has also desired me to communicate a sketch of his plan to you, which is as follows.

After an introduction, he has taken notice that Lauder has charged Milton with having borrowed from several authors, not only *particular sentiments*, but the plan of his work; allowing which charge, Mr. Douglas shews that Lauder had no reason for drawing the conclusion he does, that Milton was a *plagiary*, and that his *Paradise Lost* loses all its merit. After this, Mr. Douglas vindicates Milton from the accusation of having industriously concealed his helps, and of having deceived the world into a belief that he was more of an original writer than he really is; which charge Lauder grounds upon the Poet's having said he sung

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Mr. Douglas observes, That although Milton did borrow from others, yet he could make the boast of the preceding line without any dissimulity. Mr. Douglas then proceeds to observe with how little reason Lauder asserts, that the *infinite tribute of veneration* paid to the *Paradise Lost* for so many years, has been owing to the world's being ignorant that Milton was indebted to other writers for the composition of that poem. After these reflections, Mr. Douglas enters upon Lauder's forgeries, and shews that he has interpolated lines in Staphorlin's *Taubmannus*, and falsified Heywood's title-page to his *Hierarchy of Angels*. Then he infers that these frauds are sufficient to overturn the authority of Grotius and Masenius, which Mr. Douglas could not get a sight of; but he says it is reasonable to suspect that Lauder has played the same trick with them; as a confirmation of which he quotes eight lines on the War of the Beasts, as from Masenius, which are to be found in Hogeens,

resemblance which Lauder pretends. — This is the chief of the plan. — Mr. Douglas intends to make you a present of one of his pamphlets when published, when you will judge whether all the material frauds are taken notice of or not: in the mean time, if you will please to favour me with an immediate answer by the next post, whether you would please to have any notice taken of you in this pamphlet, or whether you would favour Mr. Douglas with any assistance, you would much oblige him. The press only waits for your letter.

It is a pleasure to me to have an opportunity of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. WATKINS.

St. Mary Hall,

Nov. 1st, 1750.

Account of a Pamphlet, entitled, Secret Influence; or Bute and Pitt Administrations virtually the same; with a distinct and comprehensive View of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Prince and Patriot.

THIS pamphlet—extraordinary as it may seem in this pamphleteering age—has two recommendations—that of style, and that of matter: it actually contains *something new*. Besides being well written, it is dispassionate, though severe. It has been said, but never before attempted to be proved, that the same *secret influence* which was known to pervade the Bute administration, reigns now; and that Mr. Pitt is only the *tool* of that influence. The writer before us, disdaining the common-place jargon of party, tells us how this may be the case: —“Wherefore,” he says, “should we believe that Caledonian influence and Caledonian politics do not prevail so much in Mr. Pitt's ministry, as when his glorious fire immortalized himself by opposing and reprehending them?—and wherefore imagine that *Stuartite* tenets are not as potently administered through the active medium and extensive suffrages of *Susan Stuart, Marchioness of Stafford*, as they were felt to direct the British helm in the sub-reign of *John Stewart, Earl of Rute?*”

“To illustrate this,” proceeds the author, “we shall take a brief view of the Marchioness in her political character. We first find Lady Susan Stuart in the Court and

which combines the Court, Gower, and Stuart powers in that coalescing band—the given faith of reciprocal services and common interest.

“That the Marchioness is admirably adapted to her important situation we acknowledge: for, to the ablest policy she adds the *every directions*: and if her Ladyship is ever foiled in *finesse*, or frustrated in design, she may owe her defeat to the contingency of accident, but can never receive it from the force of superior cunning.—Whether actuated by native genius, or forming her conduct upon a higher model, Lady Stafford sapiently contents herself with ruling behind the curtain: obeyed by her husband, animating party, and *not known by the people*, she would have the world believe her a cypher on the canvas of politicks, when she is, in reality, the *Columbine of State*.”—The *Pantalone* and *Harlequin*, the author tells us, are the Earl of Galloway and the Hon. Keith Stewart.

To shew that the *old secret influence* yet exists, the author says, “To pass over innumerable circumstances that might be adduced, we shall here only ask, whether the interest and exertion of Lord Bute’s son-in-law, Sir James Lowther, did not largely contribute towards making Mr. Pitt Premier?—Has not Mr. Pitt acknowledged this obligation by the palpable fact of having in return procured Sir James Lowther his Earldom of Lonsdale?—Was not Charles Jenkinson, the absolute creature and acting agent of Lord Bute, the confidential passport of private intelligence between the closet and the Throne?—Has not this Charles Jenkinson been essentially instrumental, first in recommending, and since in supporting Mr. Pitt’s ministry?—Has not Charles Jenkinson, in consequence, been created a Peer of the Realm?—And is he not, by the united interest of Bute and Pitt—the latter only accomplishing what the former began—Chancellor of the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancaster, and Clerk of the Pelis in Ireland? Is not the Gower party the confidential friends and ministerial coadjutors of Mr. Pitt, with whom he sits in the cabinet, and confers in the closet?—And has not this Gower party, and also Lords Lonsdale and Hawkesbury been invariably *Butes*, instruments of Government, and large participators of its spoils?”

Such, in part, are the arguments of the author to prove the present existence of the secret influence so much reprobated by the late Lord Chatham, and the country at large.

There is something whimsical, and yet so well written, in the character of the Prince of Wales, that we cannot resist an impulse to transcribe it.—“Frank, noble, splen-

did, and debonair, he has no propensity for German rapacity, nor any predilection for Bishop Prettyman’s *Petticoat*, or Madam Schwellenbergen’s *cop of knowledge*, in which she studies the arts of absolute government as practised in the Royal Academy of *Charlottenburg*. Indeed we cannot deny his Royal Highness’s recreancy against crooked prudence, and that he is extremely addicted to the liberal discretions: yet, what this disposition may want of recommendation to the lordid, might, we conceive, be excused to their envy, were it only to convince the world that they possess some feeling, although they have proved themselves insensible to shame.

Accessible to merit, and disdaining to simulate, the Prince acts agreeably to the impromptus of an elevated mind and ingenious temper. With an excellent understanding, informed by elegant knowledge, and fertilized by refined taste, his judgment is at once solid and embellished. His sensibilities are exquisite, and his passions consequently fervid; but being the fervour of an enlightened and generous nature, gives ample promise of resolving itself into perfections which ennoble the man, and constitute the great and virtuous Sovereign.

“Indeed, we can hardly be too sanguine in the expectations we may form of a Prince who has already given the most indubitable testimony of his natural love of justice, and lively sense of right, by relinquishing, even “in the hey-day of the blood,” the necessary splendour and proper enjoyments of his rank and age, for the discharge of debts contracted by that generous disposition whose very errors are virtues: a conduct which, though it could not insure him the support of the minister, nor preserve him against the attacks of Plebeian insolence, has endeared him to the judicious, and given to foreign powers a proof in what veneration he may be expected to hold the rights of nations, who pays so distinguished a regard and voluntary obedience to the laws of his own country: a conduct which threw his Royal Highness into a situation that, however honourable to himself, was disgraceful to the kingdom which suffered it; a situation which, contrasted with the assuming greatness of Mr. Pitt, forcibly reminded us of one of those occurrences in the vicissitudes of life which had attracted the attention, and called forth the censure of Solomon: *I have seen servants upon horses, and princes, as servants, walking on the earth.*”

The character given of the Lord Chancellor is severely strong, and we cannot deny it to be just.

On the whole, though we by no means think so highly of the author’s favourites, we must allow this to be the ablest, the most

most dispassionate, and the most elegant defence of the Opposition we have met with, and that it throws *new lights* on the subject of its disquisition; and as such, we recommend it to the attention of both parties.

Character of Somebody. In a Letter from him to the Editor.

S I R,

ALTHOUGH, on taking a retrospective view of life, we find the characters it exhibits as various as are our faces, yet a dispassionate observer will perceive, that, as variegated as they are, all our desires concentrate in happiness. The difficulty of attaining this inestimable blessing, I am led to imagine, arises principally from the unquenchable thirst the mind has for novelty. No sooner has the attainment of a darling object rendered it familiar to, than it diminishes in, the idea; and we grow weary of being confined to the contemplation of that, which is destitute of the novelty requisite to amuse the mind. Our curiosity is again raised by something we are as yet unacquainted with, the acquisition of which we pursue with equal avidity and impatience; and, in its possession, experience equal mortification and disappointment. Thus there is such a continual resuscitation of desires in man, either through curiosity or emulation, that contentment is, in a manner, denied him; which convinces me that the benefits of life are not at all adequate to its miseries, and that death, so far from being feared, ought to be expected with cheerfulness, as an extrication from a state where the pleasures we enjoy cannot compensate for the pains we suffer.

To discriminate between good and evil, and to render life the most agreeable, requires that perspicuity of penetration which few can boast of; and, accordingly, we see some admitting disease by idleness; some solicitous about what will prove their own destruction; some wasting their strength and health in riot, in the intoxication of gaiety, and debauchery; while others, through a vain ostentation, are adorning themselves in those adscititious qualities they wish to be in possession of; which, instead of answering their expectations, render them unpitied and despicable, and add to the pressure of misfortune the pain of contempt.

Yet, in mankind, I cannot discover that turpitude of mind, which not a few have disclaimed about, and a near inspection convinces me that few, very few, have an innate badness of disposition: for in the most depraved minds may be discovered those latent sparks of goodness, which break out at intervals, and shed a lustre on human nature. All are drawn away by the torrent of example,

and every rising virtue repelled by the fear of sarcasm and singularity; and when once we are bound by the shackles of vice, it requires the greatest resolution, the most vigorous exertion, to burst them.

I am one of those, Sir, whose character can be comprehended by nobody, and, which is no wonder, cannot sufficiently comprehend it myself. I have a great veneration for that ancient saying, *know yourself*; but I find that the more I endeavour to dive into myself, the more I recede from myself, and that every attempt to accelerate such a discovery only removes me the farther from it. Despairing, for these reasons, ever to attain, of myself, this wished-for satisfaction, in the midst of my solicitude I trouble you with this, hoping that you might assist me in the enquiry.

I am of a temper that cannot see any one awkwardly embarrassed by a little mistake of their own, without being convulsed with irresistible laughter; and I can assert for myself, that no one is more ready to forgive the merriment others may indulge, when I am in a similar situation. I am sometimes all silence and dejection, at others, pleasant and entertaining; sometimes unable to accommodate myself to the stream of conversation, and at others, have that easy facetiousness and flowing hilarity which render company agreeable; but there is always such a carelessness and negligence to please about me, that nothing can account for but a knowledge of my character; and though I am thus liable to give an unintended affront, yet there is none more impatient of one than myself; and, when I consider how easily I am affronted, often wonder how any can endure such disagreeable company; for, when flattered, I am gloomy and suspicious, while neglect makes me impatient and malignant; and yet I can bear with a greater share of tranquillity, than I can discover in those around me, the whips of misfortune, and the perplexities of life; for this reason I have often been compared to a duck amid a shower of rain.

Nothing adds more to my native awkwardness and inelegance, than my untractableness of disposition, and my inability to display sensations or affect passions I do not immediately feel: it is this which, to the mortification of some, makes me hear without astonishment a story thought wonderful, introduced by a more wonderful preface; or, with the most steady features, one full of idle mirth or designing obloquy; and, which is worse than all, can never prevail on myself to commiserate with the distressed. I alleviate misfortunes if I can do it effectually; but can never yield that temporary relief of condolence I should expect from others; for, whenever a tale of distress is told me, I always disgust with some dry proverb or philosophical

lophilical remark, which, instead of abating, aggravates grief.

I am always backward in forming new connections, and when they are formed, in danger of losing them, by neglecting to cultivate their friendship through a false fear of being too troublesome, which is always construed into disrespect or disregard. Yet, notwithstanding this, I have the felicity of enjoying uninterrupted, a few friends, who good-naturedly laugh at my singularities, and, I am well convinced, place me in the most agreeable light. Among these I am allowed to have a turn for poetry, (perhaps I may give you a specimen of my abilities in that way), and I really believe myself to be in possession of a poet's peculiar concomitant—self-conceit; and, of course, am frequently elated by fantastical dreams of grandeur, though at other times depressed by despondency; indeed these vicissitudes of the mind are common to all; for elation and despondency, hope and disappointment, triumph and other's heels, and the greatest circumspection is necessary to prevent the extremes of both, which are equally dangerous.

I have been do any thing repugnant to the dictates of humanity, the precepts of philosophy, or the injunctions of religion; yet, when irritated and exasperated by injury, too often give way to the prompting influence of revenge, although its unhappy vigilance makes me soon repent my temerity. This unextinguishable passion, which is so predominant, and raises such an incessant reciprocation of hatred and mischief among mankind, I have always found of more injury to myself than to the object it was levelled at, when I added the perturbing corruptions of resentment to the regret and repentance which ensued a satisfaction never permanent.

I have been thus protulic on myself, as intending, if this is inserted, (and to encourage you, this is not the first time I have appeared in print) to commence an occasional correspondent, and as hoping that you or some of your correspondents might discover, or enable me to discover, my real character, for all I pretend to know at present is, that

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant, and
SOMEBODY.

Stephen's Green, }
Nov. 3, 1789. }

Anecdote of Lord Audley, a celebrated Warrior in the fourteenth Century.

THIS heroic nobleman was present in the year 1356, at the famous battle of Poitiers, where on account of a vow he had made, he requested, and obtain-

ed leave, to charge in the front. Accordingly, with four esquires who attended him, he performed such extraordinary feats of arms as distinguished him from all the gallant noblemen who that day engaged. At length, however, he was so grievously wounded, that his esquires were constrained to bear him out of the field of battle, to lay him under a hedge, and there take off his armour, and bind up his wounds. As soon as the French were beaten, the prince enquired for Lord Audley, and being informed that he was grievously wounded, and lay in a litter hard by, 'By my faith,' said he, 'of his hurts I am right sorry, go and ask if he may be brought hither, otherwise I will go to him where he is.' Then two of his knights went to Lord Audley, and said, 'Sir, the prince desireth greatly to see you.'—'Ah sirs,' answered he, 'I thank the prince, that he is pleased to think of so poor a knight as I am.'—Then he directed his servants to carry him in his litter to the prince, into whose presence when he came, his highness embraced him with great tenderness, and after many compliments, said, 'Sir James, I, and all here present, acknowledge you to have distinguished yourself from us all, in the bloody business of this day; wherefore I retain you for ever to be my knight, with five hundred marks of yearly revenue, which I shall assign you of my heritage in England.'—'Sir,' said Lord Audley, 'God grant me to deserve the great goodness you have shewn me,' and so he took his leave, being very feeble. The annuity Lord Audley bestowed upon his two faithful esquires, which coming to the prince's ears, he sending for him, said, 'My Lord we thank you for doing what we ought to have done, and we give you besides, a pension of six hundred marks by the year.' This account we have from Froissard, and it appears to have been exactly true from the records, wherein we find an annuity of four hundred pounds to the Lord Audley, charged on the coinage of the Stanneries in Cornwall, during the life of the Lord Audley, and a year afterward.

Anecdote of Fontenelle.

FONTENELLE lived to upwards of one hundred years of age, and, even at the last, had a turn of wit for almost every suitable occasion. A lady, of nearly equal years, addressed him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, I have a notion death has forgot us!" "Speak as low as you can, Madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us: the proverb says, 'The sleeping lion must not be roused'."

Letters

Letters respecting Barbary, and the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs.
By the Abbé Poiret.

(Continued from Page 636 of our Magazine for December.)

L E T T E R . X.

TO DR. FORRESTIER.

IT is not, my dear Doctor, among the petty sovereigns of Africa that we must look for the magnificence and luxury of the potentates of Europe. The chief of a horde of shepherds cannot display the ostentation of riches, and even if he could, the policy of the country requires that the wealthy should conceal their treasures under the veil of poverty.

When I arrived at Ali Bey's habitation, after having rendered my journey thrice as tedious as it might have been, by passing through a number of by-roads, I found him seated on the ground at the entrance of his tent. A bundle of straw served him for a throne, and nothing distinguished him from his subjects, who appeared before him bare-footed, but his dress, which was a little finer, and that he wore shoes. When informed who I was, he advanced to meet me, stretched out his hand, as a token of friendship, and received me with much affability. I informed him, by means of my interpreter, that having heard a very favourable character of him, I had come to solicit his protection, and permission to traverse his dominions, begging him to grant me every necessary security for that purpose. The prince made a very polite answer to my compliment and request, assuring me that the "Christians were his good friends," that they might always command every thing in his power, and that he was extremely sorry that the plague prevented them from visiting him so often as he wished. He then conducted me to a tent near his own, where he conversed some time on his connection with la Calle, the desire which he had of promoting its commerce, and upon various other topics, that engaged his attention. He accompanied me into the different tents of that Douare which I wished to see, and a report being spread that I was the *Papas* of la Calle, I received the compliments of all the *Moorish Papas*, who treated me as one of their brethren.

In the evening, Ali Bey sent me some courcouon, and after I had supped, he came and passed an hour in my tent, and very obligingly asked me if I stood in need of any thing. Our conversation happening to turn upon the Spaniards, who were expected to come and bombard the city of *Bonne*, I entertained him with an account of the settle-

ments of the Europeans in the new world, of the manner in which they were conquered, and of the immense riches possessed there by the Spaniards. He appeared to be very much interested in my relation; and he asked me a thousand questions, which announced his admiration and surprize at what he had heard. More than an hundred Moors, seated in a circle around us, listened to us with attention, and we did not separate till towards midnight. The Moors sup and retire to rest at a very late hour. Ali Bey ordered a little clean straw to be brought me, upon which I stretched my wearied limbs, but the excessive heat prevented me from enjoying rest. Besides this, the continual barking of dogs, the lowing of herds, the neighing of horses, and the songs of the Moors, which are far from being agreeable to the ear, drove sleep from my eyelids during the whole night.

We started very early in the morning, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of Moors, who stretched out their arms that we might feel their pulse, and requested that we would bleed them. It is a kind of madness among these people to imagine themselves sick, when they know that one is a physician: as they have the greatest confidence in letting blood, we were obliged to gratify some of them; we therefore went through all the tents with the lancet in our hand, and the crowd became so great, that I apprehended I should be forced to perform that operation, the surgeon having told them in joke that I was as skilful as he. I had like to have experienced the fate of Sganarelle; but Ali Bey, to whom I had recourse, delivered me from the importunities of these hypochondriacs. The women shewed the same desire as the men. We found them squatting in a corner of their tents, employed in the management of their family affairs; and by signs, which are readily understood in any country, it appeared to me that they were as fond of us as of their husbands; but we were far from entertaining the sentiments with which they wished to inspire us. I never beheld more disgusting figures: they were almost all infected with the itch: they had a noxious smell, and their ragged clothes were entirely covered with filth.

Ali Bey's authority over his subjects is unlimited. His will is a law; whatever he commands is executed, and he may gratify his cruelty, his injustice, and his inhumanity, without fear of punishment. The victim whom he sacrifices expires without an avenger; and those who are most bound to protect him, are the first to kill, in the most abject manner, the bloody hands of their despot. I however found Ali Bey less ferocious than the rest of the Arabs.

His reign, which has been only a year, has not yet been sullied by any crime. He is not so dissolute in his manners as his brother El Bey, who was on the throne before him. He is firmly attached to the Mahometan religion, the precepts of which he faithfully observes, and he punishes with the utmost severity whoever dares to transgress the law of the Prophet. He is grave in his deportment; his figure is genteel, his gait is slow and formal, and his countenance is noble, and marked with dignity. He has good natural parts, and appears to be very shrewd when his interest is concerned. Being a pretty good politician, and full of ambition, he would be capable of undertaking great enterprizes, did not the Bey of Constantine, to whom he is subordinate continually harass him, and watch his motions with the utmost vigilance. His authority is not yet sufficiently established to make any great attempt. I was surprised, my dear doctor, to find a public school in the Douare of Ali Bey; and still more so to find it under the direction of a person who was blind. This Arab assembled in his tent about a dozen of children of both sexes, whom he taught to read and write. I observed, that their countenances bore no marks of weariness or dislike, which are too common in our schools in Europe: labour, on the contrary, appeared to them like amusement. They had only one book, the *Coran*, which the master knew by heart, and on that account he was able to follow his scholars, and to correct them when they went wrong. They chanted their lessons, each with good humour, and in a different tone; and though this music was not very engaging, I with pleasure saw that, among these savage hordes, the infancy of man is not abandoned to cruel and merciless tyrants, who often blast the rising flowers of genius at an early period of life. The farthest advanced taught the younger part to write, under the direction of the master. Instead of paper, they had pieces of board covered over with a white kind of varnish; a bit of reed, cut in a very rude manner, supplied the place of a pen; and yet with this coarse apparatus they wrote well, and with great expedition. When they had thoroughly learned the task prescribed to them, they washed their tablets, upon which another was written, always taken from the *Coran*. As soon as the time of their remaining in school was expired, each child embraced the master, who treated them with great mildness and affability, and returned him thanks for his attention. How much I wished at that moment to have had before me one of those surly pedagogues, who know no other plan but that of inspiring children with sentiments

of fear and disgust! Since I am on the subject of children, permit me, my dear doctor, to delineate a portrait of them, such as I have found them here. I am of opinion that they are not unworthy the attention of the traveller; and that it is of the highest importance to observe, in all countries, the expansion of reason, the progress of ideas, and what constitutes, even at the tenderest age, the original character of man; a character which education, interest, policy, and the passions almost entirely deface at the more advanced periods of life. In the greater part of what are called civilized nations, children scarcely come into the world, when they are dressed out like puppets. They are made to join their hands, and to repeat by rote a few Latin words: they are taught, above all, to behave with politeness, that is to say, to dissemble and lie; and they are afterwards whipped for these faults, when their parents themselves are the first victims of their own folly. Among the Moors the case is quite different: children there are entirely abandoned to nature: they are seldom caressed, and never beaten. Left to themselves, they are employed only in exercises suited to their age: they run, sport, quarrel, and become friends; the most ardent heat does not intimidate them; dampness and cold never hurt them; they throw themselves into the water when covered with sweat, and never sit down until they have quenched their thirst. They can scarcely walk when they accompany their fathers to watch their flocks; mount on the back of the fiercest bull, and learn, without bridle and without spurs, to manage the most untractable courser. Familiar with every animal, they caress the sheep, play with the goat, and in close pursuit follow the ox which escapes. By these exercises, in which they delight, and to which they are never compelled, they become nimble, vigorous, and robust; and are enured to that kind of life for which they are destined. They are accustomed early to bear hunger, thirst, and the most laborious journeys, without complaining. Their parents do not spoil them by sedulous and minute attention. An over-tender mother never runs to wipe the sweat from the dusty forehead of her son; if he complains, he is not heard; and if he cries, she is insensible to his tears, which are never the means of obtaining what he desires. He is never prevented from doing what he chooses, but his parents never humour his caprice. If he wishes for any thing, he must procure it himself; if he cannot, he must give it up and remain contented. He never asks for any thing: he searches for it, and by this he accustoms himself to suit his desires to his situation. But this want of complaisance

ance on the part of the parents, and this kind of independence in the children, do not establish between father and son those gentle bonds and that tender relation which, to feeling hearts, are the highest enjoyments of life. As soon as children can support themselves without the help of those to whom they owe their existence, they often abandon them, and they become afterwards strangers to one another. Their common fate gives them little concern, unless they are united by reciprocal interest: affection for parents is, therefore, a sentiment almost unknown to the heart of an Arab; a brother is often an enemy to a brother, and the ties of blood, which are thought to be so strong among mankind, are here of little force. Rousseau, who saw only by the light of his own genius what few can see by experience, judged well, that in the man of nature the ties of blood must be unknown, and that the reciprocal tenderness of relations is only the effects of mutual care, and services given and received.

With regard to the real character of children, it is the same in Barbary as elsewhere; I have seen them, as among us, lively, eager, full of spirits and petulance; but an observation which struck me, and which will no doubt surprise you also is, that their reason, though never cultivated, is much forwarder than that of our children, whose minds are harrassed in the tenderest age. Amongst us, a boy of twelve or thirteen, stuffed with the pedantical notions of our public schools, scarcely knows how to speak before people older than himself. He is timid, bashful and dull, and he constantly imagines that he sees before him his preceptor, armed with his formidable ferula.

On the other hand, the young Arab wandering in the open plains, surrounded by tents, herds and flocks, and enjoying in full liberty all the pleasures of youth, and the bounties of nature, encreases his ideas even with the objects of his delight. As he is restrained by no dread, nor checked by any sense of decency, he speaks his sentiments in a firm and manly tone, without being in the least abashed. If he wishes to be heard, he is under the necessity of attracting the attention of those to whom he addresses himself, otherwise he receives no reply. If he asks questions, none of them are answered but as they deserve it; but at the same time, if what he says appears to be just, he is heard with attention, and treated as a man, and this mark of distinction inspires him with a desire of acting like one. Thus, without much trouble, without masters, and without tutors, the young Arab formed by nature, early acquires those ideas which relate to his occupation, as well as that vigour and noble carriage which announce the dignity of man. Their gestures are not stiff, but natural, and

their pace is neither too quick nor too slow. It is firm and manly; but it is only during infancy that the Arabs can follow the dictates of nature. Their mild and simple manners, gradually destroyed by brutal prejudices, by the sanguinary dispositions of their fathers, corrupted by the shameful irregularities to which they abandon themselves, totally disappear, and the blood-thirsty savage is substituted in the room of the man of nature.

One of the first prejudices instilled into a child, is an implacable hatred against all Christians; and this idea becomes so strengthened by age, that there is not a single Arab who does not consider it as a meritorious action to deprive one of life. I have been often greatly harrassed by these children, who flocked around me as I approached the tents, and I was even under the necessity of tamely putting up with the grossest insults, which I received from them. They spat in my face, threw stones at me, and loaded me with abuse. Had I attempted to correct any of them for their insolence, their fathers would not have failed to take their part, and to revenge at my expence, an injury done by a *dog** to a servant of Mahomet. I have many times seen some of the women, who had never met a Christian, shudder when I appeared, and fly from me as if I had been a monster. However, by means of some little present, I always rendered them more tractable, and when I had familiarised them so far that they ventured to look at me, they appeared astonished, when they found me like another man. Several of them could not be persuaded that I was a Christian; they particularly examined my gloves, which I was obliged to wear on account of the excessive heat, and which were green, taking that to be the colour of my skin, but when I pulled them off they were in the utmost amazement. Every attempt that I made to explain their utility was in vain; for as these people are acquainted with only what is necessary, they laugh at all superfluities. They think themselves superior to us, because they have fewer wants; and indeed it must be owned, that they are in the right. How often by their raillery have they given me useful lessons! I was accustomed, for example, to use a spoon when I ate of their *courcoucen*, instead of forming it into balls with my fingers like them. They laughed much at this superfluous piece of furniture, which self-love made me renounce, and I perceived, that notwithstanding my awkwardness in using my fingers, they esteemed me more, when they saw me abandon my own custom, and adopt theirs. Thus, my dear Doctor,

N O T E.

* The mildest expression they bestow on a Christian.

are all those commodities so much boasted of in Europe, treated in the desert. In the eyes of an Arab mountaineer, luxury is contemptible, and the strongest proof to him of our meanness, is our effeminacy. I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I studied with you, my dear Doctor, the elements of natural history, you was so often a witness to my pleasures, that it is just you should now be a partaker in them. I have lately made some very long excursions. On one side, I have been as far as the bottom of the celebrated Mount Atlas, and on the other, almost to the borders of the great desert, called the desert of Saara. What rich and magnificent views have I beheld! How striking and sublime is the aspect of simple nature! A thousand times have I admired in Europe the numberless productions of our globe, those exotic plants collected at a great expence in our hot houses, and those furious animals which we keep captives; but my admiration never made a lasting impression. All these objects magnificently displayed, and ranged according to systems, which were never those of nature, exhibited rather to gratify the eye than to speak to the heart, appeared to me to be more the work of man than of nature. I fatigued myself to no purpose in transporting each object to its proper place; I formed a chimerical world, and became the dupe of my own errors. The most fertile genius, and the most exalted imagination, can never rise to the sublime beauties of the universe, or relish them, whilst they have before their eyes only the labours of men.

What delightful enjoyments have I experienced for some months past, in traversing these wild and uncultivated regions! Every thing here is as it ought to be, and notwithstanding the apparent disorder, every object is in its proper place. The bramble grows by the side of the laurel; the myrtle is entwined with the thorn, and the olive and the

rocks, barren and scorching sands, gloomy, and often impenetrable forests, with marshes and immense lakes; such is the general aspect of Numidia. The rivers and streams do not impetuously roll their waters in narrow regular channels: their progress is slow, they appear to be almost in a state of stagnation, continually branching out into different arms, and in their wandering course they sometimes form beautiful cascades over the rocks and stones: sometimes glide gently along over a bed of sand, white as snow, through groves from which they issue, cool and limpid, and uniting a little farther, form in the bosom of the mountains extensive lakes, abounding in water fowl, which hover night and day over their surfaces, find in their reeds and bull-rushes a safe and commodious asylum.

The forests have a venerable aspect, which carries back the imagination to the remotest antiquity. In traversing these vast solitudes, through which an awful silence reigns, one every moment expects to meet with some of the primæval men. If they are no longer to be found, their works, however, prove that they once existed. I cannot, my dear Doctor, convey by words any idea of what I experience, when I contemplate the ancient ruins which every now and then start up to view in these wild and uncultivated regions. Walls half destroyed, columns extended on the ground, the remains of highways, and inscriptions almost defaced, are objects which excite in my mind a tender and pleasing melancholy. I combine the past and the present, compare ages, and when alone, I imagine myself to be surrounded by the shades of those over whose ashes I tread. The Getulians, the Numidians, the Carthaginians and the Romans, if I may say so, rise from their tombs; the names of the unfortunate Dido, the virtuous Regulus, and the great Cato, present themselves to give me emphatical and affecting lessons on the shortness of life, and the fleeting glory of the proud empires. I behold then only broken temples, reversed thrones, and nations vanished for ever. I seek for the rich Carthage, the

of a forest which I penetrate, the noise of birds of prey, the cries of the timid animal they are devouring, the roaring of savage beasts, are all objects which in my imagination form so many different pictures. Sometimes my ideas assume the sublime strain of the works of the Creator; sometimes my heart is melted when I reflect on the bloody wars which the more ferocious beasts carry on against the weaker; and at others I shudder with dismay on hearing the tremendous howlings of the king of animals.

These emotions form so many enjoyments to which one must always be a stranger in a cultivated country. The grand and sublime beauties of Nature often disappear under the hand of man. He unites all that can please the eye, contribute to his happiness, or add to his convenience; but he destroys the magnificent painting of the universe, and in its stead exhibits to the philosophic observer confusion, monstrous absurdity, and constraint. Cultivated Nature will never have the same effect upon the imagination as Nature in a state of rudeness. The former is neat, agreeable, and commodious; it recreates and amuses; but the latter is beautiful amidst its awful horrors; it is majestic and striking: it is the retreat of the man of genius; for, in the midst of deserts and hideous rocks, the most lively imaginations acquired that fire and strength which will make their works be admired till the end of time. It is thither always that the poets transport us when they are desirous of elevating the soul by grand and magnificent scenery. With what respect does old Thermosyris, the Priest of Apollo, inspire us, when composing hymns in honour of that deity in an aged forest? Who is not filled with veneration on a recital of the mysterious worship of the Druids amidst their sacred groves? In short, my dear doctor, I have a thousand times experienced that a view of rude Nature cherishes those noble passions which are so nearly allied to sentiment. It is there that a disconsolate husband raises a tomb to the wife whom he adored; and there, amidst the silence of Nature, and at a distance from the haunts of men, he bedews with the tears of affection the dear ashes of his faithful companion. Every object around him flatters his grief; every thing gratifies his pleasing melancholy. Would we, on the contrary, paint sportive gambols, gentle smiles, Love and the Graces, we must follow the brilliant imaginations of the poets, to roscate bowers, on the flowery banks of some crystal fountain, and to places embellished by cultivation and art.

Let the light and frivolous mind, therefore, go and warm its ideas; and let the

tender and feeling heart cherish its sensibility in those rural retreats, where the occupations and the pleasures of innocent rusticks, and the smiles of cultivated Nature, melt the soul, and present scenes equally varied as agreeable; but let the man of genius never give birth to his sublime productions, but at a distance from the habitations of men; and let him behold nothing in the universe but the works of the Almighty; but let him behold them such as they were when they came from his hands; for whatever man attempts to bring to perfection he degrades, like those painters who bedaub with new coloring the magnificent pictures of Michael Angelo: in attempting to revive, they disfigure them, and the masterly touches of the Florentine disappear under the false glare of their pencils. Let us leave also those virtuosi, who in their cabinets collect poultry specimens, disposed with much order under the finest glasses. It is not there that the observer of Nature will go to study; he will view the stone in its quarry, the mineral in its vein, and the exotic plant in its native soil. It is not sufficient for us to contemplate one superb column; we must see the whole edifice, and admire the harmony that reigns in the distribution of each piece. Such are the reflections which have often occupied my thoughts during my travels. At every step I compared what I had seen with what I actually saw; and I could not comprehend how man, in his folly, can have the presumption sometimes to imagine that he can excel Nature. I have the honour to be, &c.

Curious Particulars in the Natural History of the Cancer, or Lobster, Crab, and Shrimp Kind.

THE Cancer is a genus of insects belonging to the order of insecta aptera. The generic characters are these: they have eight legs, (seldom ten or six,) beside the two large claws which answer the purpose of hands. They have two eyes at a considerable distance from each other, and for the most part supported by a kind of pedunculi or footstalks; the eyes are likewise elongated and moveable; they have two clawed palpi, and the tail is jointed. The genus includes the lobster, shrimp, &c. There are no less than 87 species of cancer, distinguished principally by the length of their tails and the margins of their breasts. The following are the most remarkable.

The gammarus, or common lobster, with a smooth thorax, short serrated snout; very long antennæ; and between them two shorter ones, bifid; claws and fangs large, the greater tuberculated, the lesser serrated on the inner edge; four pair of legs; six joints in the tail; tail-fins rounded. It in-

habits all the rocky shores of our island, but chiefly where there is a depth of water. In Llyn in Caernarvonshire a certain small lobster, nothing different except in size, burrows in the sand. They are brought in vast quantities from the Orkney isles, and many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, to the London markets. Sixty or seventy thousand are annually brought from the neighbourhood of Montrose alone. The lobster was well known to the ancients, and is well described by Aristotle under the name of *α-σα-ρ*. It is found as far as the Hellespont; and is called at Constantinople *liczuda* and *liepuda*.

Lobsters fear thunder, and are apt to cast their claws on a great clap: it is said that they will do the same on the firing of a great gun; and that, when men of war meet a lobster boat, a jocular threat is used, that, if the master does not sell them good lobsters, they will salute him.

The habitation of this species is in the clearest water, at the foot of rocks that impend over the sea. This has given opportunity of examining more closely into the natural history of the animal, than of many others which live in an element that prohibits most of the human researches, and limits the inquiries of the most inquisitive. Some lobsters are taken by hand; but the greater quantity in pots, a sort of trap formed of twigs, and baited with garbage; they are formed like a wire mouse-trap, so that when the lobster gets in, there is no return. These are fastened to a cord sunk in the sea, and their place marked by a buoy.—They begin to breed in the spring, and continue breeding most part of the summer. They propagate *more humano*, and are extremely prolific. Dr. Baister says he counted 12,444 eggs under the tail, beside those that remained in the sand, where they are soon hatched.

Lobsters change their crust annually. Previous to their putting off their old one, they appear sick, languid, and restless. They totally acquire a new coat in a few days; but during the time that they remain defenceless, they seek some very lonely place, for fear of being devoured by such of their brethren as are not in the same situation. It is also remarkable, that lobsters and

knobbed or numb claw, as the fishermen call it, is sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left side indifferently. It is more dangerous to be seized by them with the cutting claw than the other; but, in either case, the quickest way to get disengaged from the creature is to pull off its claw. The female or hen lobster does not cast her shell the same year that she deposits her ova, or, in the common phrase, is in berry. When the ova first appear under her tail, they are small, and extremely black; but they become in succession almost as large as ripe elder berries before they are deposited, and turn of a dark brown colour, especially toward the end of the time of her depositing them. They continue full, and depositing the ova in constant succession, as long as any of that black substance can be found in their body, which, when boiled, turns of a beautiful red colour, and is called their coral. Hen-lobsters are found in berry at all times of the year, but chiefly in winter. It is a common mistake, that a berried hen is always in perfection for the table. When her berries appear large and brownish, she will always be found exhausted, watery and poor. Though the ova be cast at all times of the year, they seem only to come to life during the warm summer months of July and August. Great numbers of them may then be found, under the appearance of tadpoles, swimming about the little pools left by the tides among the rocks, and many also under their proper form from half an inch to four inches in length. In casting their shells, it is hard to conceive how the lobster is able to draw the fish of their large claws out, leaving the shells entire and attached to the shell of their body, in which state they are constantly found. The fishermen say, the lobster pines before casting, till the fish of its large claw, is no thicker than the quill of a goose, which enables it to draw its part through the joints and narrow passage near the trunk. The new shell is quite membranaceous at first, but hardens by degrees. Lobsters only grow in size while their shells are in their soft state. They are chosen for the table, by their being heavy in proportion to their size; and by the hardness of their shells on their sides, which when in perfecti-

summer, the lobsters are found near the shore, and thence to about six fathoms water; in winter, they are seldom taken in less than twelve or fifteen fathoms. Like other insects, they are much more active and alert in warm weather than in cold. In the water, they can run nimbly upon their legs or small claws; and, if alarmed, can spring, tail foremost, to a surprising distance, as swift as a bird can fly. The fishermen can see them pass about 30 feet; and, by the swiftness of their motion, suppose they may go much further. Athenæus remarks this circumstance, and says, that 'the incurvated lobsters will spring with the activity of dolphins.' Their eyes are raised upon moveable bases, which enables them to see readily every way. When frightened, they will spring from a considerable distance to their hold in the rock, and, what is not less surprising than true, will throw themselves into their hold in that manner through an entrance barely sufficient for their bodies to pass.

The strigosus, or plated lobster, with a pyramidal spiny snout; thorax elegantly plated, each plate marked near its junction with short striae; claws much longer than the body, thick, echinated, and tuberculated; the upper fang trifid; only three legs spiny on their sides; tail broad. The largest of this species is about six inches long. It inhabits the coasts of Anglesea, under stones and fuci. It is very active; and, if taken, flaps its tail against the body with much violence and noise.

The astacus, or craw-fish, with a projecting snout slightly serrated on the sides; a smooth thorax; back smooth, with two small spines on each side; claws large, beset with small tubercles; two first pair of legs clawed, the two next subulated; tail consisting of five joints; the caudal fins rounded. It inhabits many of the rivers in England, lodged in holes which they form in the clayey banks. Carden says, that this species indicates the goodness of water; for in the best water they are boiled into the reddest colour.

Some Strictures on the State of Literature, and the Art of Printing.

To the Observer.

Dublin, Nov. 1, 1789.

Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Rossit diruere, aut innumerabilis.
Annorum series, & fuga temporum. HOR.

S I R,

I HAVE often taken notice that we in this country, however sensible of the hardships we endure, do not exert ourselves sufficiently, nor take the proper methods to get free of them. We are so fond of laying the blame of them on others, that

we neglect the remedies which lie in our own power. Our negligence in this point appears no where more visible than in the little care we take for the advancement of learning among us. For, however fond we may be of satisfying our own private curiosity, and improving our minds, yet those of us who are given to reading and study, seem little solicitous to improve literature into a national advantage, which it certainly is capable of being made, as well as a private amusement and personal accomplishment.

It would be a very needless thing to go about to prove that the encouragement of learning in a state is both useful and politic, or that all wise nations, and well-constituted governments have always made a practice of so doing. The rewards which in ancient times were so liberally bestowed upon the inventors and improvers of any useful art, are a proof of the last, as the consequent greatness and power of those states where learning has flourished, is a demonstration of the former.

If we regard the influence which useful, or even curious knowledge has upon the minds and manners of men, no society can have a greater interest in any thing to encourage and cultivate it. It is this which raises man above the world, and the common maxims pursued by people of small genius and contracted minds. From hence, we draw generous principles, and just and honourable rules of living; and are more quickly touched with a sense of fame and honour than we otherwise should be; which is certainly a much more powerful, as well as noble motive to action, than any of those by which the bulk of mankind are commonly animated. The exertion of all the great and noble qualities of man, either intellectual or moral, has been in a great measure owing to it. The enthusiasm of poets, the speculations and discoveries of philosophers, the institutions of wise and good lawgivers, and the glorious actions of public-spirited heroes, the destroyers of tyrants, and deliverers of nations have been all either inspired by it, or received great assistances from it. And thus, as the sense of honour frequently inspires man with the love of learning, and excites them to the pursuit of it; learning returns the benefit by strengthening in us the sense of honour, and pointing out to us the paths wherein true honour is likeliest to be found, and both together form a capacity in men of the most extensive usefulness either to their country or mankind.

From this account of the advantages of learning to society, my countrymen would have just reason to take it ill of me, if I charged them with the entire neglect of so noble and useful an accomplishment. I am convinced that such a censure would be very untrue

untrue: and that on the contrary, there are many noble and excellent spirits among us, who, next to the service they immediately owe the public by acting for its interest, make it the chief business and pleasure of their lives to store their minds with useful knowledge, and employ their leisure hours with thinking over the beautiful sentiments, or perusing the illustrious actions of the wise and good among mankind in all ages. In all this, I believe that in proportion to our numbers we do not come short of most of our neighbours. But there are some of the advantages of learning, which are absolutely necessary to the culture and propagation of it, about which, it must be owned, we have not been so careful as we ought, at least to improve them so as to give ourselves an equal share in the external benefits with them as the rest of mankind. Some of our neighbours, the Hollanders in particular, have made learning not only the cause, but the matter of great national advantages to them by making it a branch of the commerce, as well as of the improvement of their subjects. Vast sums of money are yearly drawn into their provinces, not for the purchase of their own learning only, but by mere manufacturing that of their neighbours. And it is certain that we in this nation might render learning the same way, though not equally beneficial to our country, did we consider it in the light of an article in trade, and a means of increasing the riches of a nation, and not merely as an improvement for gentlemen and scholars, and what has a tendency to promote the public good by enlarging the understanding, and bettering the minds of its members; which last though indeed the principal use of learning, ought not however so entirely to take up our thoughts as to exclude whatever advantages we may occasionally receive from it otherwise.

As things have been managed among us, we seem to have been blind to all considerations of this sort, till very lately. The useful art of printing, which is now become the principal handmaid of learning, and about which most of the neighbouring nations have been in a constant emulation, has been so little encouraged by us, that it is only within these few years our ambition in that matter has extended beyond half a sheet. The Muses could scarce get clean linen among us; and in a literal sense, wanted rags to cover their nakedness. The productions of many a young poet have been stifled in the birth, out of a modest fear lest they should appear in the equipage of a baliad. And most part of them when they come abroad into the world, have perished in their infancy, and found a winding sheet in their swaddling cloaths.

Our negligence about this useful art is an

evidence both of our want of taste, and of a due regard to the interest of our country; nothing can be a stronger proof of barbarity than to be indifferent in a matter of such great consequence in giving so quick a progress to literature, and making learning and good sense a much easier and more universal attainment than in former ages. Since the invention of printing, the writings and monuments of every age are much more safe against the injuries of time, than when they were only committed to a few manuscripts. The destruction of a single library in those days was a loss to be lamented by the whole world, to the end of time; whereas such an accident now would be little more than a misfortune to the owner. In short, the learning, the wit, and the politeness both of ancient and modern times are by this means much better secured from perishing than by monumental tables and inscriptions; and men may promise themselves immortality on account of their laudable actions with much greater certainty than from statues and triumphal arches.

The argument in point of interest is no less evident, as it is an art, which consumes a great quantity of our own manufactures, employs considerable numbers of necessitous persons, both in a liberal and mechanical capacity, and saves among a people vast sums of money, which otherwise must be expended abroad in purchasing what no nation ought to want, and no wise nation will want.— And, besides what may be saved this way by re-printing the writings of foreigners, the productions of the natives become clear gains to the public on the balance of trade, as by the other method they are only a loss to it.

I am glad I can felicitate my country on the progress this art of late years has made among us, by the skill and industry of those employed in it. We have fallen into the way of reprinting several valuable books, which we formerly used to pay great rates for from abroad, and have given some editions of some of the classics, which deserve great commendation. I have just now in my hands a pocket edition of the author, from whence I have taken the motto of this paper, done here a few years ago, which in my opinion, is preferable to any of the kind we have since the days of Elzevir, either as to beauty or correctness. But, it is not sufficient that we have good artists, unless we give them suitable encouragement. For though it is a long time since that edition came out, and though the impression was not very large, I have reason to believe the sale was very slow, to the shame of a city that boasts a celebrated university, besides several public schools. And I am well informed, that even our boldest undertakers will

will not venture on an edition of a book of any expence, however valuable, without first securing themselves against loss, by doing it in the way of subscription.

We have an instance, of this just now in the proposals given out for reprinting Mr. Townsend's Translation of De Solis's History, of the Conquest of Mexico, a book, which one would think, might turn to account without any such precaution. However, since that is found necessary, I hope the undertakers will not be disappointed in their own way, especially since it is a work so very entertaining and useful. For, besides one of the most amazing revolutions that is perhaps to be met with in all history, the destruction of a rude and barbarous people, both under a state of tyranny and liberty, is of great use to let us see what human nature is, divested of all those arts and policies which are the effects of natural and moral science. Neither is it unprofitable to observe upon the conduct of the Spaniards, who made themselves masters of that unhappy people; how men out of a blind enthusiastic zeal for the honour of God, and the propagation of religion, may be drawn in to commit the most horrible acts of injustice and violence; to become the most execrable villains, in order to promote righteousness; to lay waste God's creation, under the notion of enlarging his empire. And at the same time how must it raise the indignation of every virtuous and honest mind, to see an ungodly corporation of priests sanctifying their insatiable avarice, and unbridled lust of power, with the pure and peaceable name of Christianity, and perverting God's commandments, to inspire men with the temper of the devil? All this, together with the surprising turns and incidents of the story, render it a work well worth the perusal of every man who proposes to himself either pleasure or profit by his reading.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

AS I have observed several erroneous or imperfect accounts given of this rising town of Belfast, in newspapers, and other publications; I request you to let the following description thereof fill a corner of your useful collection. A five and thirty years residence in the town I look upon as a good qualification to give such account.

Belfast is situated at the bottom of a spacious bay, 80 miles N. E. of Dublin, in the county of Antrim, being separated from the county of Down by the mouth of the river Lagan, over which is a stone bridge of 21 arches.

The streets are spacious, well built of
App. 1789.

brick and generally regular; in 1780 an exact enumeration of the houses were made by the high constable, when they were found to exceed 2000; in 1789 they may amount to 2,300, which at 8 to an house contain 18,400 inhabitants; this I believe to be a pretty exact calculation: the editor of Guthrie's Geography quite exaggerates the number of inhabitants, when he estimates them at 30,000. In Ferrar's history of Limerick we find the following quotation: "Boate, who wrote about an hundred years since, arranges the cities of Ireland in the following order, Dublin, Galway, Waterford, Cork, Londonderry. But how greatly must this order be now deranged, when it is believed that the third town in trade and consequence is Belfast. In extent also it comes next to Cork, for it has 5,295 houses, Limerick but 3,859, and Waterford 2,628."

To this he subjoins the following note: "Since the publication of the Philosophic Survey, Limerick has increased to above four thousand houses. The flourishing state of the linen manufacture has enlarged Belfast very much, but it is not more populous than Limerick."

What led these writers astray is the account in Watson's Almanack, mentioning the number of houses in Belfast as above; but in that account is included the whole barony as well as the town of Belfast. Limerick is a vastly more populous town; nor is the increase of Belfast entirely owing to the linen business. Watson's account of the population of the different towns in Ireland is very erroneous, as might easily be proved. Dublin certainly contains much more than 17,151 houses.

This great town containing 18,000 inhabitants, together with a surrounding district of a very populous country, extending several miles, form but one parish. For several years before 1780, the town increased but very imperceptibly; since that time its increase has been rapid. The new linen hall for the sale of white linen was then built. It forms a square of 375 feet, and contains near 400 rooms. From the front of this building a new street has since been built; extending to the centre of the town. It is eighty feet wide, well paved and flagged at the sides. The buildings are very neat and quite uniform: Parapet walls to the houses would have rendered it elegant; other streets of less note have been built within this period, and some are now building.

The new church (the only one in this great town) is a superb structure, built almost entirely at the expence of the landlord, who, though non resident, gives good encouragement to the town. The steeple is

T I I I

peculiarly

peculiarly striking, and the elegant neatness of the inside work has a very pleasing effect. The pews are of mahogany, it has a fine organ; but no bells.

Of the four Dissenters meeting houses, one has lately been rebuilt in a very elegant manner, and another is now rebuilding.

There is likewise a Methodist meeting house, and a Romish chapel in the town. Thus in this great parish, containing in town and country near 25,000 souls, are only 7 places of worship. In Limerick there are 14, not reckoning the new unfinished church.

The Exchange is a good building, erected at the expence of 6000*l.* by lord Donegall, our landlord. Over it is a superb ball-room 60 feet by 30, with suitable drawing rooms, &c. and below a coffee house; as an Exchange little or no use is made of this edifice.

The market house is an ancient building, very much out of repair; a new one is much wanting, as well as a good flesh market place, at present the meat being exposed to sale in the open street.

The poor-house is well situated on a rising ground opposite the end of one of the principal streets; this is a neat building of brick, adorned with a spire of white stone. The œconomy of this house is admirable, a considerable number of aged people are maintained in the house, as well as children of both sexes, who are brought up in useful industry. The extern poor of the town and parish amounting to several hundreds, receive a weekly allowance. All this is supported at as small an expence as possible, without any injustice to the objects of charity. Good management, for which this institution is famed, makes a small sum of money go a great way. Annual subscriptions, charity sermons in the church and meeting houses, as well as the profits of balls held at the Exchange, raise a very considerable sum for the support of this house.

The trade of Belfast is very considerable, and in this respect the town increases much more rapidly than in extent and population. The exports consist of beef, pork, butter, hides and linen cloth; yet its principal trade is in importing foreign luxuries. The customs of the port for many years have exceeded one hundred thousand pounds annually.

Manufactories of cotton have of late years been established here, as also iron founderies and glass houses; the linen manufactory is considerable, tho' not so extensive as in some other parts of the province. However, of late years, our markets of brown linen have considerably encreased.

We have several booksellers shops, a cir-

culating library; and an excellent newspaper is printed here.

Some years ago, a prodigious sum was laid out in rendering the river Lagan navigable to Lisburn, and from thence to continue a Canal to Loughneagh; but, like other public money, it proved of little service. But of late years lord Donegall set forward an entire new work of this kind at his own expence, which, when completed, will be of great advantage to the trade of this town, opening an easy communication by water, with five of the most populous counties in the kingdom. The only obstruction this work can possibly meet with is, the fear that the landlord of a very considerable adjoining estate (an absentee nobleman) will object to its passing through his estate. — We trust, however, that all private interest will give way to the public good, when he seriously deliberates on this important matter.

Among other late undertakings that do honour to this rising town, I must not omit the Academy founded a few years ago. Several of the inhabitants of Belfast, regretting the want of a proper seminary for the instruction of children in an academical course of literature, resolved to raise a subscription for the establishment of an Academy, upon a liberal plan. Subscriptions flowed in immediately, and within six months from the time of the first motion, ninety boys were at the different schools. Without any assistance from government, and altho' the amount of the annual subscriptions altogether falls far short of the income of many of the numerous schools in this nation, which are erroneously called free-schools, this academy has been established on a far more liberal and extensive plan than any seminary supported by public foundation in this province. Masters in every department of ancient and modern literature are provided; and the whole superintended by the Rev. Dr. Crombie, head master.

The English department is particularly attended to, and that preference which it deserves, given to the study of the mother tongue. When we have a few books compiled from our best English writers, by persons of skill to make a judicious selection, and published in single volumes, the inhabitants of Belfast will be under no temptation to send their children to England for education. I think the want of such school books worth the attention of persons of leisure and judgment.

The government of the town is by a sovereign and twelve burghesses, and these alone of all the inhabitants of this great and opulent town, have the privilege of voting for the two members, said to represent them in parliament. Were the inhabitants possessed

of the right of election, I am persuaded they would properly exert it; for in no town in Ireland is there a greater number of men (the gross number of inhabitants considered) of more truly independent principles. How light is the weight of the trading interest in the legislature of this nation, when compared to that of the landed interest, which is mostly in the power of foreigners, who, tho' drawing their support from Ireland, from mistaken prejudice, or for temporary interest, have generally shewn themselves inimical to her rights! Perhaps the day is not far distant when these abuses shall be rectified. Irishmen have done a great deal; but a great deal remains to be done. Patriotic virtue may again shine forth, and tho' clouded at her rise, those clouds may disperse, and she shine forth in meridian lustre. May that noon shortly arrive, is the prayer of every true Irishman.

However the freeholders of Belfast form a strong party of independent electors in the county of Antrim.

I cannot dismiss this account of my native town, without observing that a very excellent police is kept up. The sovereigns are generally men of abilities, of virtue, and very executive in their office. These, assisted by voluntary associations of the inhabitants, maintain much better order in the town, and that with very little expence, than you have in the Metropolis, notwithstanding the heavy taxes you pay to support an armed body, who constantly keep the sword at your throats. Our markets are well regulated; robberies are seldom heard of; petty thefts not often. Yet in some towns, not far distant, every crime is committed with impunity.

Belfast, Dec. 1789.

G. K.

Account of a Critical History of Theatres, both ancient and modern. By Pietro Napoli Signorelli. Vol. II.

WE have already given an account of the first volume of this work, (See Mag. for November, p. 580.) which undoubtedly does honour not only to the author, but to his country. As the former volume contained every thing that could be collected from ancient authors, respecting the Grecian theatre, Mr. Signorelli traces in this the origin and progress of the Roman theatre; and illustrates the whole with learned and judicious observations.

The Romans having become the most considerable people in the neighbourhood of the Etruscans, they successively borrowed from them their laws, religious ceremonies, arts, learning, and public spectacles. The author, in a cursory manner, touches upon the history of that ancient nation, whose language is entirely lost. Some ruins of

theatres and fortifications, pretty considerable, a small number, if we except the Acherontics, of stones with inscriptions, and a still smaller of bronzes, five or six statues, and about as many vases, it is believed, are almost all the monuments that remain of a people whose dominion extended from the extremity of Lucania, to the confines of Rezia, and who were in possession of all the islands of the Adriatic. The number of theatres at Populonia, Volterra, and Roselle, sufficiently prove, that the dramatic art flourished among the ancient Tuscans; we know also that the women acted in their public shews, and in the Etruscan tragedies; and we are informed by Livy, that the word *bistris* was of Etruscan origin, and signified a stage-player. Varro assures us besides, that a Roman, named Volturnus, wrote tragedies in the Etruscan language. It was natural also, that the Romans should adopt the theatre of the Etruscan Campanians, and of the Tuscans or Osci. We find indeed, that about the year of Rome 391, the Romans sent for a celebrated Tuscan actor, who was much caressed, but the drama then was extremely rude and irregular, under the denomination of *Fescenninus* and *Saturnus*.—Some time after the Attelane were introduced. These pieces were recited in the language of the Osci, by comedians called Attelans, to whom the government granted certain privileges. They were not confounded with the ordinary class of the *bistriones*, or players, but enjoyed the full rights of citizens, and were above all highly respected by the spectators. Their *attelane*, or representations, which at first were decent and humorous, though full of satire, degenerated at last into licentious farces.

When the Romans, by extending their conquests, had subjected the greater part of Italy beyond the Tyber, the arts and public amusements of the people who inhabited these parts, were established among the conquerors. About the end of its fifth century, Rome had already rendered herself mistress of Campania, and of Greece, where philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts, had for a long time flourished. The first tragic and comic poet seen at Rome, was Livius Andronicus, an Italo-Grecian by birth, and the freed man of M. L. Salinator: he began to make himself conspicuous about the year of the city 514. The portico of the temple of Pallas was assigned him as a theatre, where he chanted his tragedies according to the custom of that period. One day having become hoarse by catching cold, he substituted a servant in his own place, accompanying him with his gestures; and this novelty gave so much entertainment to the people, that it subsisted in

full vigour a long time after. Nothing remains but a few fragments of this poet's works, which must have been extremely rude, and the titles of fourteen tragedies, the subjects of which were borrowed from the Greeks.

Five years after Andronicus began to exhibit, a Campanian, named Cneius Nevius, became his competitor. Of this poet we have only the titles of a few tragedies which were imitated from the Greek; but he wrote also some pieces, the subjects of which were Roman, and among these we know there was one entitled *Alimonia Remi et Romuli*. He attempted in his comedies to imitate the liberty of the Greeks, but having delineated the characters of some of the principal citizens, he was immediately committed to jail. Nevius was also an epic poet, and wrote a poem on the first Punic war, which Cicero thinks much superior in some respects to that of Ennius, who availed himself of it in writing his. Ennius, born at Rudia, in Japigia, embraced at first the profession of arms; but Cato having found him in Sardinia, conducted him to Rome, where he abandoned his first pursuit, and began to teach the belles lettres: he was acquainted with the Greek, the Latin, and Tuscan languages, and on this account he used to say, that he had three hearts. It had already been customary in his time, after tragedies to give attalan farces, under the name of *exaudi*, a custom revived many centuries after; and these pieces were called interludes, and in France petites pieces. Ennius thought that these compositions might please without the theatre, and he was the first poet who wrote in hexameter verse, for his predecessor Nevius had written in irregular feet. Ennius composed comedies, but Volentius Sedigitus scarcely allows him the tenth place amongst comic writers. Of twenty-two tragedies which Ennius translated from the Greek, or wrote upon Grecian subjects, nothing has reached us but the titles; he is also the author of *Scipio*,

was a very elegant writer of Latin. Mr. Napoli Signorelli gives excellent extracts from each of these pieces, and displays their principal beauties, without, however, concealing the little blemishes found in them; which seem to have been owing rather to the force of habit, than to want of reflection, or of acuteness in the author.

Many of the comedies of Plautus are only translations, or free imitations of the Greeks. He chose Demophilus, Dephilus, Philemon, and other celebrated authors, for his originals; but the translator excelled as well as they in comedy, and their plays, instead of losing in his hands, as often happens when works of this kind pass from one language to another, seem rather to have acquired new beauties. His *Pseudolus* and his *Perfa* are the best conducted, and perhaps originals. Those people who are not able to relish the comic beauties of this author in Latin, will here find a great number of extracts and passages, which our author exhibits as specimens, and which he has translated successfully into Italian verse.

Pacuvius, born at Brundisium, was contemporary with Ennius and Plautus, but nothing remains of this author, except a few scraps, and the titles of his tragedies. The honourable testimonies, however, which Varro, Cato, and Quintilian, render in his favour, make us more sensible of this loss. This poet wrote tragedies also, and cultivated painting. He retired to Tarentum, and died there in an advanced age, being near ninety. While there he was visited by Lucius Aelius, another tragic poet, much younger than himself, whom he received in a very friendly manner. The good old man, after fifty years reputation and experience, was desirous to hear his competitor read his *Atrius*, a piece which he declared to be sublime. Aelius surpassed all his contemporaries, but he had not the modesty of Pacuvius. There are some who prefer him to Euripides; but time, which has not spared his works, has saved us the trouble of com-

extracts from him, and different passages of the translation of Forteguerra: those who are familiarised with the style of this ancient poet, will no doubt read them with pleasure. It is very true, that the humble Terence contented himself with being translator, and that Cæsar, an excellent judge in matters of taste, called him a *demi-Ménanier*: we however cannot refuse him a very distinguished merit.

Such a number of poets, who are held in great estimation, could not leave comedy and tragedy in a contemptible state; they indeed soon gained the esteem and support of the first men in the republick. “The state displayed all that luxury, pomp, and magnificence, which were suited to a people enriched with the spoils of so many nations. Clodius Puleus embellished it with a variety of colouring; Caius Antonius covered it with silver, Petreius with gold, Catulus with ivory; the Luculli introduced changes in the decorations. Pompey, who is said to have established the first regular theatre erected at Rome, there moderated the heats of summer, by the streams which were made to meander through it; and Marcus Scaurus introduced great magnificence in the scenery and dresses, and caused a superb theatre to be erected, embellished with marble and chrysal, ornamented with three hundred and sixty pillars, and capable of containing eighty thousand spectators.” A tribunal of censors was established to pass judgment on theatrical pieces, before they were publicly acted, and to confine poets within their duty.

The period when dramatic poetry was at its greatest height, was towards the end of the republick, and under the first emperors. The greatest men of that period did not disdain to employ themselves in this kind of writing. Sylla, who to a natural turn for satire, joined genius cultivated by letters, wrote several satyrical comedies: Julius Cæsar wrote *Oedipus*, and various other tragedies, which Augustus prevented from being published. Augustus himself published a play, called *Ajax*. Mæcenas, besides other poetical compositions, wrote two pieces, called *Prometheus* and *Octavia*. Ovid wrote one called *Medea*. A piece called *Thyestes*, composed at that time, was attributed by some to Virgil, by others to Varius, and by some to Cassius Severus. Pollio, a great general, and an able politician, was also a tragic poet, and employed his talents on Roman subjects. Germanicus, whose name was as dear to the Romans as his son Caligula was afterwards detested, composed different comedies in Greek. Mamertus Scaurus was the victim of one single tragedy, which he wrote under the reign of Tiberius, and the emperor Clau-

dus competed for the prize at Naples, where he made a Greek comedy of his own composition, to be recited. But nothing of these productions remains; they all perished like those of Currentius Maternus, Pomponius Secundus, and those less ancient of Statius and Rubrinus Lappa, whose name has been preserved to us by Juvenal. Of the silver age there remain only ten tragedies, the whole of which are attributed to Seneca, though if we may judge from the diversity of their style, they belong to four different authors at least. These tragedies are far removed from the sublimity and perfection of the Grecian models. In these neither the language nor the plot deserves praise, but they contain beauties, and on the revival of letters, the writers of tragedy in all countries availed themselves of them. In giving extracts from these pieces, our author has rendered a real service to people of delicate taste, but the bounds which we have prescribed to ourselves will not allow us to select any of them.

The author, who wishes to enter thoroughly into his subject, gives an account of the different kinds of theatrical pieces exhibited on the Roman stage, and of the rank of the actors; some of whom were declared infamous, and others held in the highest estimation. The *mimi* and the *panto-mimi* made as much noise in the flourishing times of Rome as comedies and tragedies, and perhaps more, by the parties which they excited. They had not, however, so much influence as Mr. Castillon thinks, who pretends that the violent parties which arose respecting pantomimes gave birth to the factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibelins, who kindled up the flames of war in Italy for more than one thousand two hundred years.

Of the Roman playhouses we have only very imperfect accounts, though some vestiges of buildings destined for theatrical purposes still remain. We can form no idea, therefore, of that which Scaurus erected; which, on account of the prodigious number of its marble pillars, and of its decorations of wooden work, intermixed with three thousand statues of bronze, and valuable paintings, must have cost immense sums of money. We know, only, that the decorations of this theatre were transported to Tivolum, to ornament a country-house; and that being burnt, the loss was valued at an hundred millions of sesterces, which amount to above three millions of Venetian ducats. All the theatres undoubtedly were not decorated in the same expensive manner: but if a plain *Ædile* could go such a length, what must extravagant and arbitrary Emperors have done? The salaries of the players and stage dancers became at length so extravagant, that Tiberius was under the

necessity of setting bounds to them. Augustus was extremely fond of the pantomime batillus; Caligula publicly embraced the tragedian Lepidus Mneſterus; Vitellius governed the empire by the advice of a player; and Heliogabalus gave the principal employments in the state, and the government of provinces, to people of that description. The populace were then fond of mimes, and of the pantomimes above all others, because they were licentious and indecent. However under the reign of Trajan and Antoninus the dramatic art resumed its former vigour. The circuses subsisted, and new ones were raised, after the decline of the empire, but only ballets and mimical representations were exhibited in them. It is known that Justinian gave the half of his throne to an actress, that Theodoric caused the theatres to be re-established, and that Athalaric expended immense sums in public amuse-

ments; but we know nothing certain respecting the pieces which were then acted.

The coarse representations of the clerks of the seventh, and until the tenth century, in which there was a scandalous mixture of Paganism and Christian rites, scarcely deserve to be mentioned. It is however worthy of remark, that, in the tenth century, a German nun wrote six dialogues, which she called comedies. At a time when the bishops could neither read nor write, Roswita de Gandershem was acquainted with the ancients, and translated Terence. Had this nun chose the subjects of her pieces with more freedom, she would have perhaps deserved the first rank, at least in the order of time, among the restorers of the dramatic art; but how could she write any thing agreeable to reason, when she took her subjects from the most absurd legends, and personified virtues and vices in a barbarous age?

A correct List (in Numerical Order) of all the 201. Prizes and upwards, drawn in the Irish State Lottery for the Year 1789.

(Taken from Walker's Numerical Book, No. 79. Dame-street.)

No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.
880 as 1st. dr.		10325	£. 20	17303	£. 500	15199	£. 20	31619	£. 20
16th day	£. 500	708	20	415	20	247	20	831	20
2270	2000	888	20	848	500	310	100	32144	100
313	20	987	500	as last drawn.		430	100	542	100
603 as 1st. dr.		11104	20	18522	20	432	20	885	500
10th day	500	544	100	712	10,000	808	100	53669	20
938	20	640	20	762	100	809	20	34505	20
3661	20	664	20	770	20	26024	20	507	10
4108	20	963	20	19100	100	40	100	and as 1st dr. 2nd	
129	100	12233	20,000	291	10,000	619	20	day	500
201	500	359	100	655	20,000	776	1000	613	100
477	20	537	20	959	20	936	20	952	20
917	20	910	20	20002	20	27682	100	35017	20
5322	20	13448	2000	63	20	804	20	99	20
497	100	927	1000	170	500	889	100	437	1000
555	20	964	20	273	100	927	500	519	20
562	200	11001	20	527	20	as 1st drawn		552	20

On Intemperance. (From Andrews's Anecdotes.)

THE merry sin of drunkenness has met with so many, not only apologists, but even panegyrists, that every thing which can now be brought forward on the subject, must have been long anticipated. That poets should have ranged themselves under the banner of Bacchus, cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and easy manners suit well with those of his worshippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartiest friends to the cause, after describing the elevation of spirit which his wine had blessed him with —

I kick the world before me,
proceeds to make a very simple excuse for losing his senses by too much liquor—

Say, is't not better far, dead drunk to fall
Than to expire, and not revive at all?

Horace, who did every thing with grace, makes a most elegant eulogium on wine in the 21st ode of his 3d book, and in his epistles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all possibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muses themselves had no objection to the flowing bowl.

Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camœnæ.†

Many philosophers have taken the tipplers part. Seneca even carries his complacency so far, as to advise men of high-strained minds to get drunk now and then—

Non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat.‡

DE TRANQUILLITATE ANIMÆ.

He adds, soon afterwards, "Do you call Cato's excess in wine, a vice? Much sooner may you be able to prove drunkenness to be a virtue, than Cato to be vicious."

The grave Lucretius must have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have so perfectly described its effects.

N O T E S.

† It appear'd, by the favor exhal'd from
their lips,
That each Muse, in the morning, had taken
her tips.

— Cum vini vis penetravit,
Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpedi-
untur

Crura vacillanti, tardescit lingua, madet
mens,

Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt §
LUCRET. L. 3.

The humorous French philosopher, Montaigne, adduces a thousand arguments in favour of wine, although he professes himself not to be attached to it. "Lucius Pilo," he remarks, from Seneca, "and Cornelius Cossus, were successively entrusted with secrets of the utmost importance; the first by Augustus, the other by Tiberius. These they were never known to betray, although each was noticed for such excess in wine, as to have been carried from the senate-house, repeatedly, in a state, which we should call, dead-drunk."

*Hesternò inflatum venas, de more Lyæo.**

VIRGIL.

The Germans always loved the pleasures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinsius, as Menage † tells us, or Petrus Paganus, Poetical Professor, at Marpourg, in Hesse, according to Duchat, that was the author of a well-known comic distich, which attempts to stutter and stagger like its author.

"Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Sta pes! Ne la-
bere, mi pes!

"Ni steteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint."

Thus attempted in English—

"How you totter, good feet! Have a care
of my bones!

"If you fail me, I pass all the night on these
stones."

One might presume that the Zaporavian Cossacks were truly addicted to the pleasures of the table, since their chief magistrate, chosen by themselves, is not (as Bell informs us) called their Prince, or Duke, or General, but Cassa-var, which literally signifies Chief-cook‡.

N O T E S.

* "Their veins still swell'd with wine of
yesterday.

† The facetious Frenchman, however,
carries his satire as an apologist too far.

Were our honest countryman, Howel's remedy against the love of drinking effectual, it might be of service to the world to repeat it. But although its success be doubtful, its oddity way entertain. "The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put owls eggs into a cup of rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine, while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor, and have an antipathy to wine, all their lives after."

The following passage is quoted from Hollinghead, "As for drink, it is not usually set on the table in pots or cruets, but each one calleth for a cup of such as he liketh to have, or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivereth his cup again to some one of the standers by, who making it clean, restoreth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same. By this occasion much idle tippling is cut off."

It is singular that the same custom should still continue to distinguish the meals of the English from those of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with the effect mentioned in the last sentence.

It is true of late it has become the fashion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the custom is very far from being general.

The elegant, polished females bred in the court of Louis XIV. were far less scrupulous in point of temperance than we should readily believe, had we not so indisputable an evidence as the Duchess of Orleans (Charlotte Elizabeth) in a letter dated May 21, 1716. "The Duchess of Bourbon (daughter of Madame de Montespan) can drink a vast deal without having her senses disordered. Her daughters wish to follow her example, but they have not heads strong enough to bear so much liquor." The editor of these letters remark, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the best education and highest rank.

Some Account of the Man with the Iron Mask, confined in the Bastille.

THE person distinguished by the title of the Man with the Iron Mask, was an unknown prisoner, sent in the greatest secrecy to the isle of St. Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, near Provence, and afterwards removed to the Bastille. The following circumstances respecting this prisoner, while confined at the former place, is related by the Abbé Papon, in his *Tour through Provence*.

"On the 2d of February, 1778, I had the curiosity to enter the apartment in which

this unfortunate prisoner had been confined. It receives no light but from a window to the north, which is constructed in a very thick wall, and secured by three iron bars, placed at equal distances. This window looks towards the sea. In the citadel I found an old officer, seventy-nine years of age, belonging to the *Compagnie Française*, who told me that he had often heard his father, who belonged to the same corps, relate, that a barber perceiving one day, under the prisoner's window, something white floating on the water, took it up, and carried it to Mr. Saint Mars, the governor. It happened to be a very fine shirt, carelessly folded up, upon which the prisoner had written from one end to the other. Mr. Saint Mars, after having unfolded it, and read the lines, asked the barber, with seeming disorder, if he had not had the curiosity to read what it contained. The latter assured him that he had not; but a few days after he was found dead in his bed. The fact the officer heard both his father and the almoner of the fort repeatedly relate, and he considered it to be incontestable. The following also appears to me to be equally authentic, after every testimony I could collect on the spot, and in the monastery of Lerins, where the tradition is preserved. Search having been made for a female to attend upon the prisoner, a woman of the village of Mongins came to offer herself, persuaded that it would be the sure means of making the fortune of her children; but when she was told that it would be necessary for her to give up all thoughts of seeing them again, and even to renounce all connection with the rest of mankind, she refused to shut herself up with a prisoner, whose acquaintance would cost her such a sacrifice. I should observe, that a sentinel was placed at each extremity of the fort, who had orders to fire upon any boat that approached within a certain distance. The woman who served the prisoner, died in the island of St. Marguerite. The officer's father, of whom I have spoken, and who in certain things was the confidant of Mr. Saint Mars, often told his son, that he went at midnight to carry the body from the prison, and that he conveyed it on his shoulder to the place where it was interred. He imagined it to be the body of the prisoner himself, who had died, but it was only that of his servant: and it was upon this occasion that another female was sought for to replace her."

It was likewise said, that during the time that this prisoner was detained here, the governor was accustomed to bring him his food, and then to retire after he had shut the door of his apartment. One day this man wrote some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it out at the window, towards a boat.

boat which happened to be near the shore, and almost at the bottom of the tower. A fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, took up the plate, and carried it to the governor, who appeared to be greatly astonished. "Have you read what is written upon that plate," said he, "or has any one seen it in your hands?" "I cannot read," replied the fisherman; "I have just found it, and no person has seen it." The fisherman, however, was detained until the governor was well assured that he had spoken truth; after which he dismissed him, saying, "It is very happy for you that you cannot read." La Grange Chancel relates, in a letter addressed to the editor of the "*Année Littéraire*," that when Saint Mars went to conduct the man with the iron mask to the Bastille, he said to his conductor, "Does the king intend to take away my life?" "No, my prince," replied Saint Mars, "your life is in perfect safety; only make no resistance." "I knew," added he, "a person named Dubuillon, cashier to the famous Samuel Bernard, who, after being some years in the Bastille, was removed to the Isle of St Marguerite, and, with some other prisoners, confined in an apartment directly over that which was occupied by this unknown prisoner. This man told me, that by means of the funnel of the chimney, they could discourse, and communicate their thoughts to one another; but that having one day asked him why he concealed his name, and the reason of his being shut up there, he replied, that this confession would cost him his life, and occasion the destruction of all those to whom he might reveal the secret."

The following extract, respecting this prisoner, is taken from the Journal of Mr. Jonca, who was lieutenant governor of the Bastille at the time when he arrived there.

"On Thursday, the 18th of September, 1698, at three in the afternoon, Mr. Saint Mars, governor of the Bastille, arrived, for the first time, from the isle of St. Marguerite, having brought with him, in his litter, a prisoner who had been confined at Pignerol. This person's name was not mentioned, and he was kept always masked. He was at first put into the tower, called La Basiniere, until night should arrive, at which time I conducted him myself, about nine, to the third apartment in the tower, called La Bertaudiere, which I had taken care to furnish completely for him before his arrival. In conducting him to the said chamber, I was attended by Mr. Rosarges, who had accompanied Mr. Saint Mars, and who was appointed to serve and to take care of the prisoner.

"Monday, November the 19th, 1703, the unknown prisoner, still concealed by a

mask of black velvet, which Mr. Saint Mars had brought with him from the isle of St. Margaret, found himself yesterday a little worse as he was coming from mass, and died this day, at ten in the evening, without much apparent illness.

"Tuesday, November 20, 1703, the same prisoner was interred, at four in the afternoon, in the church-yard of St. Paul, and the expences of his funeral cost forty livres."

This is almost all that is, with certainty, known respecting this strange personage, except what is contained in an extract from the register of burials, in the parish church of St. Paul, at Paris, which is as follows.

"On the 19th of November, 1703, Marchialy, aged forty-five, or thereabouts, died in the Bastille, and his body was interred in the burying ground of the church of St. Paul, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of Mr. de Rosarges, major, and Mr. Reilh, surgeon-major of the Bastille, who have signed, &c.

It is also certain, that the trunk of the body only was interred, and that the head, which had been cut off, and then divided into small portions to disfigure it, was interred in different places; that after the prisoner's death, an order was given to burn every thing that he had used, such as linen, clothes, mattresses, and coverlets; that the plaster of the apartment in which he had been confined, was carefully scraped, and the walls new white-washed; and that the Ministry carried their precautions so far, that all the panes of glass were destroyed, lest he should have left some mark on them which might discover who he was. His mask was not of iron, as is commonly supposed, but of pieces of whalebone, covered with black velvet, and fixed behind with a padlock, sealed. It was made in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to put it aside, or to pull it off himself; but he could eat and drink without being greatly incommoded.

Those who attended him had orders to kill him if he discovered himself; but he was refused nothing that he asked for. His greatest taste was for linen of an extraordinary fineness. He played upon the guitar; his table was plentifully supplied, and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician, belonging to the Bastille, who had often attended this singular man when sick, declared that he never saw his face, though he often examined his tongue, and other parts of his body. He was of a fine stature; his limbs were exceedingly well made, and his skin was somewhat brownish. He had something engaging in the sound of his voice; never complained of his situation, and suffered nothing to escape from him that could give the least intimation of his rank or quality.

When this prisoner was sent to the castle of Pignerol, the place where he was first confined, no man of any note disappeared in Europe. Mr. de Chamillard was the last minister who was acquainted with this strange secret. When on his death-bed, his son-in-law, Marshal de la Feuillade, conjured him to inform him who that stranger was who had been known by the title of "the man with the iron mask;" but Mr. de Chamillard replied, that it was a state secret, and that he had taken an oath never to reveal it.

A prisoner removed with so much caution, who was compelled to be always masked, and to whom even the governor testified great respect, must undoubtedly have been a person of considerable rank; and, on this account, several historians have endeavoured, but in vain, to discover who he was.

Some have supposed this prisoner to be the Duke of Beaufort, son of the Duke of Vendôme, who was born at Paris in 1616. He was accused of having attempted the life of Cardinal Mazarin, and was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, in 1643; but made his escape, after having been confined five years. This opinion is founded on the part he took in all the commotions at Paris, during the civil war, under the minority of Louis XIV. but there seem to be pretty substantial proofs that his death took place before Candia, when besieged by the Turks, and that his head was carried in triumph on a spear through the streets of Constantinople. Besides, the man with the iron mask was always represented as young, and fond of neatness and elegance of dress; the Duke of Beaufort must have been old at the period spoken of, and was also a sloven.

Count de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. by Madame de la Vallière, is next mentioned as being this prisoner, in consequence of having struck the dauphin a box on the ear. But the proofs of his having died of a malignant fever, surrounded by several attendants, seem to controvert the assertion with much apparent reasonableness. He was also as much too young to answer the description of the prisoner's person, as the Duke of Beaufort was too old.

A third opinion is, that this prisoner was the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. king of England, by Lucy Walters. The great affection which the people of England entertained for this nobleman, and an idea he had conceived that they only wanted a leader to drive James II. from the throne, engaged him to undertake an enterprise which might have perhaps succeeded, had it been conducted with more prudence. Having landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, with scarcely an hundred followers, he soon saw his little army increased to the number

of six thousand men. Several towns declared for him; and, encouraged by the favourable reception which he had met with, he assumed the title of king, maintained his legitimacy, and declared that he had proofs of the marriage of Charles II. with his mother. James, alarmed at his progress, sent a considerable body of men to oppose him: a battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Bridgewater, in which Monmouth's party were at first superior; but being basely deserted by Lord Gray, who commanded the cavalry, they soon began to give way, and after a short conflict, were entirely defeated. The unhappy Monmouth, in attempting to effect his escape, was taken prisoner; and being conveyed to London, was beheaded on the 15th of July, 1685. This execution was attended with all the usual formalities; but Mr. Hume tells us, that his partisans flattered themselves, and not without some foundation, that the person put to death was not the Duke of Monmouth, but one of his most faithful adherents, who resembled that nobleman, and who being caught, had the courage to die in his stead, and to give him that proof of his zeal and attachment.

It is certain that a report prevailed in London, that an officer of his army had suffered for him; and on this report, a lady of great quality having, by the force of money, prevailed upon those who had it in their power to open the coffin, and having examined the right arm of the body, instantly exclaimed, "Ah! it is not he!"

But without dwelling upon popular reports, the timorous character of James II. and the political circumstances of the times, seem to correspond very well with this opinion. With regard to another person substituting himself in the place of the Duke of Monmouth, there is nothing impossible in this, when it is considered how much he was beloved and adored by his friends.

History of Dress.

WE should take up this important business at its origin, did delicacy permit us to mention the state in which our beautiful first parent stood on her wedding day; but the bare recollection, we trust, is sufficient to plead our excuse for the omission. Nor do we perceive any necessity to carry the retrospect further than to our Saxon ancestors, although the Romans probably were the first that gave dignity to dress, as well as civilization to society.

THE SAXON LADIES

wore a *limp flay, jump or bodice*, a kind of mantle thrown over the head and shoulders, and a *light petticoat*, reaching somewhat lower down than the calf of the leg. The furniture of the ankles and feet were composed

posed of dressed skin, open before, and crossed with a kind of lacing, somewhat in imitation of the Roman buskin.—These latter were worn indifferently by both sexes. There was nothing very attractive on the garments of those days, nor do we find any traces of elegance, until

KING ALFRED,

in the ninth century, having restored peace, gave birth to commerce, which soon extended arts and science, and opened a communication for England with the rest of the world. Men began to grow rich and ingenious, and there was always some novelty presenting itself to the public, for the decoration of beauty. The ladies now began to study what would best become their persons; and uniformity of dress lost its practice. Richness of apparel distinguished the great from the little, and a kind of contention for elegance, as well as splendor, was carried on to

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

and from that time, down to the commencement of the seventeenth century, with little variation in the system of contending who should look best. *SHAPE* was studied with peculiar attention, and distinctly shewn at the waist and arms, to which the gowns were fitted with most peculiar exactness—something in the manner of the riding-dresses worn at this day. A ruff ornamented the neck, leaving very little of the bosom exposed, to heighten those charms it seemed to hide. A solitaire pearl necklace hung pendant under the ruff, and was visible on the breast. The head was ornamented with a black coiff; the hair combed up full before, and a *STEEPLE HAT* finished the pyramid.—This dress, with very little alteration, was handed from mother to daughter, until

THE RESTORATION,

notwithstanding both Reubens and Vandyke have given other kind of dresses to their portraits.—But we should rather suppose those inimitable artists endeavoured to represent the ladies more in what they ought to wear, than in what was the actual fashion of the day. And this we have reason to think was the case, because we find that cotemporary painters have represented women of fashion in that age, in the dress we have just described.

TO VANDYKE'S DRAPERY,

much encomium is due. There is a certain grace and propriety in what he drew, and his omission of the ruff round the throat in his pictures, certainly afforded an opportunity to display that beautiful part to great advantage.—And here we must take the li-

berty of hinting to our fair readers, that the handkerchief worn at present, and the neck-cloth in imitation of men, hides many a fine neck, and buries, under a heap of cambrick, that *Nitor splendens Pario marmore purior*, which ought always to make its way to the sight, except when it wishes to avoid cold.

This idea of Vandyke struck the ladies at the Restoration in a forcible manner, and each beautiful female made that painter's dress her model, by imitating all that was elegant in his drapery. Had they stood there, it would been well; but there is a kind of mutability in the nature of ladies, in every part of the habitable world; that *varium et mutabile*, described by Virgil, which made our Restoration females add a kind of libertinism to Vandyke, which at length degenerated to palpable indecency; and it held as long as that turn of thinking was admired by the men. But one extreme always begets another; and so from a dress that almost exposed the whole bosom, they became so close, that nothing was to be seen. Indecency occasioned their losing sight of Vandyke, and then shame made them forget what was due to propriety. Here followed a kind of commonwealth in dress; and Vandyke being out of fashion, and no model to go by, every lady dressed as she pleased, until

THE REVOLUTION,

when the war with France, not happening much to our advantage, the Parisian ladies took it into their heads to bully the English ladies in their dress, as much as the French army did our troops in the field; and in doing this, they went great lengths indeed; for they not only elevated their heads to a most exalted magnitude, but they stepped into shoes, the heels of which raised them, at least, six inches from the natural position of the foot. Thus, with the stilts *below*, and the castles *above*, they grew, all on a sudden, from four feet eight, to the highest grenadier altitude of six feet six! Advice of this coming to London, by way of Holland, the *British ladies* sounded to arms, and in a few months, became more than a match for the Gauls. In this state of hostility, they continued raising castles on their heads, till peace put an end to the contest; when, by mutual consent, they shrunk on both sides, into their natural stature.

The ladies of France and the ladies of England having reduced themselves, as we have already related, to a natural size after the war which commenced at the Revolution was over, there was no contest about fashion until the war broke out under queen Anne.

The sprightly Gauls then set their little wits to work, and, with infinite art, invented that wonderful machine called

A HOOP PETTICOAT.

And in this scheme they had more than one view; for having compared their own warm climate, and still warmer constitution, with that of Great Britain and its ladies, and finding how much nearer to the sun they were than their neighbours, they naturally enough concluded that this hoop, which would only be pleasingly cool to them, must certainly give the English ladies the rheumatism, and of course, if it once got them off *their legs*, the French ladies must have them at a considerable advantage; and added to this, they had been informed, but with no degree of truth, that the British ladies had not good legs, and therefore that their clumsiness would be exposed.

It will scarcely at this day be credited, that this enormous hoop measured seven yards in circumference. This they sent over by a smuggler to Sussex, with an intent to have it seized, that the pattern might become general, and it happened accordingly.

THE FRENCH LADIES,

however, did not gain their point in this plan; for the British ladies soon became accustomed to this machine, and though a few colds were at first caught, yet in process of time their legs, &c. could bear the weather as well as those of their enemies. Nay, they improved upon the invention, and added two yards more to the seven, so that the hoop was now nine yards in rotundity. This, with the Duke of Marlborough's victory over the French, so disheartened the Gallic beauties, that they dropped all contest about the hoop, and left our English fair in complete possession of the largest machine, who wore it in triumph until it outlasted the colours in Westminster Hall, and nearly outlived that general's glory; nay, on court-days, there are still to be seen the reliques of this fashion stuffed up against the windows of the state-chair in the streets, and sweeping the drawing-room at St.

the leeches of quality, on a sudden began to look a little out of shape, and therefore to avoid the shame that so prominently betrayed what had passed within, they invented a *robe de chambre*, which afterwards in England was called

A SACK.

A pattern of this was sent to England, and at the same time a present of a very fine one to a certain lady, who appeared in it at court, and at the same time put on a new French head-dress, which almost enveloped the face, and totally obscuring the neat plain dress then in fashion, made the British ladies in a few months, as ridiculous as those in France.

The French friars now began to exclaim against those whims and fancies, and they exposed the true cause of the sack; upon which a conference was held, which ended in the ladies consenting to the external appearance of some holy order: and to the particular order of a certain degree of friars was worn under the application of

A CAPUCHIN,

which is worn to this day in both countries, although it has changed its name within the last twenty years to that of cloak.

This whim was found very convenient in England, when intriguing was more secretly carried on than it is at present, as the hood hanging behind served as a receptacle for *billet doux*, and other love applications, which being put in behind, saved the lady a blush in receiving, and the gentleman a rebuke for presenting.

The next fashion which we adopted from France, was an invention to hide crooked backs and bad hips. This was called

A NEGLIGEE,

and was universally worn in England, and the practice of swathing of children like Egyptian mummies, and tight-lacing their tender bodies was banished, and the human shape permitted to grow as Nature

of the lace, which were a staple commodity in France, and what they knew on this account would be smuggled in large quantities to England. These however, are now no more; and the arm, untrammelled from its cumbersome appendage, was sported to advantage. During the

REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND,

and to the present day, variety seems to be the grand object both in France and England; the advancement of literature having enabled men of wit and humour to ridicule the absurdity of dress, and write down all that was inelegant in the female apparel, until arrived to its present state of perfection—part of which, we no doubt owe to France, and part to the fertility of our own invention.

CONCLUSION.

One bad habit only remains, and that is the custom of daubing the face with paint, which, though it may hide some defects, yet certainly gives the men an idea that those defects are much worse than they really would appear, if exposed nakedly to the eye.

That the abolition of this French vice may, like many other bad examples they gave to this country, soon take place, is “A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED” by all who admire the NATIVE PERFECTIONS OF BRITISH AND IRISH BEAUTY.

The true Exercise of Benevolence.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

S I R,

THAT sincere wish to do well to all about us is certainly the characteristic of a benevolent mind, a mind ready to confer every kindness in its power, on every one in distress, a mind naturally given to feel for others, when they suffer. The bad use made of this virtue, is owing to many taking it in a wrong sense. Let every one

then, by committing an act of relief to *every one* we meet with in distress, we may justly be nominated charitable people. Our compassion should extend to *our enemies* as well as our *friends*; and we should be as ready to relieve a distressed *foreigner*, as we should our brother. Benevolence is of an extensive nature; it is not confined to our next-door neighbour, or to those that beg alms at our doors; but it is that *innate* wish to do all the good in our power. It cannot be called benevolence to give to every one that begs of us. There are many ill disposed people, who, rather than gain a good subsistence for them and their offspring, beg from door to door, soliciting alms from every one they meet, and then go and spend that little allowance in the common ale-house at night. If people would but consider what they are doing, when they give to these creatures; if they would but reflect that they are throwing away *that money* upon worthless vagrants, which poor worthy *housekeepers* and *orphans* are pining for in secret at home, wishing for relief, yet ashamed to ask it—consider, my worthy friends, the many objects that lie out of the reach of your liberality—consider the *lonely cottage*, where, perhaps, a well-disposed family is pining away in *unobserved solitude*, nay, consider the common slave in your own house, who works hard to earn that *little* she gets, to keep, perhaps, a mother or father, who are *now* past labour, and then reflect where can better objects be found, so proper to confer your benevolence upon, as the forementioned. I am sure if people would but call to mind the many objects of benevolence that exist in the world, they would never throw away that *little comfort* from them upon idle and worthless vagabonds. They would rather strive to comfort the distressed, and, if they could not “stop the *falling tear*, to *soothe* at least, the *grieving heart*.”

B. C.

On the Life of an Unhappy Woman.

IN a late newspaper I observed a paragraph

very worst character, to one who frequently had the means and opportunity of retiring from a life of dissipation, which she neglected. It occurred to me, however, that a faithful account of the lives of such women, separated from all those descriptions that are offensive to delicacy and make us love the crime as well as excuse the criminal, would be a very useful performance.

The progress of vice in such women is generally rapid, and generally ends in destruction. Once raised to wealth they become giddy; they become attached to the very vices which have raised them; and they encourage that degree of self-confidence which prevents their foreseeing the evil day, or providing for the age in which their charms have lost their effect.

The most awful period of a woman's life is that in which she has been seduced, seduced from the paths of virtue, and consequently separated from the rank she held in the world, the respect to which as a woman of character she was entitled, and the consolations which virtuous reflection must yield. Such rank, such respect, such consolations, she must expect no more. The most candid bestow their pity only; while the less feeling and the more censorious part of the world strive to represent her crime and her character in its worst light. I will suppose, however, that she has fallen into the snares of some artful seducer, that she has been betrayed by arts which would have, in similar circumstances, deceived the best of her sex; but, on the other hand, I will suppose that she has chosen what perhaps at that time was the only alternative, to live with her seducer. He, pleased with her submission, loads her with presents, furnishes her with money, and denies her nothing, but that which he cannot procure, the countenance of the virtuous part of the world. She, having nothing to wish or want, is soon reconciled to her way of life. Excluded from the best of the sex, she nevertheless associates with those who are in her own situation, and a companionship in dissipation prevents all reflection and banishes all care.—But her keeper deserts her—and from affluence she finds she is reduced to beggary—what captivated him, however, may captivate others; and by associating with other women of her own description, she acquires a perfect knowledge of those meretricious arts by which the attachment of the young and unthinking may be acquired.—Another keeper appears, perhaps a man of rank.—We now see her again in pomp and splendour, greater, indeed, than ever. She appears at all public places *in style*—has a box at the opera—numerous servants attending her—hires poor mercenaries to address poems to her—her name frequently appears in the papers—the fashionable world talks

loudly of her beauty, her spirit, her wit, her lively sallies;—her house is furnished in a splendid manner—men of quality are proud to be in favour even for a smile; and if she is known to be at a theatre, a horse-race, or review, hundreds flock around to see and admire. Her leaving town is mentioned in the papers as a cause of mourning; her return is celebrated as an æra of festivity; her picture, by some engraver of eminence, adorns the printshops—and she is now the CELEBRATED *Miss* ———!

Such is the triumph *she* enjoys, roused from obscurity by her beauty, which, while it distinguished her, marked her out for ruin.—Such is the superiority to which she is now raised over all that is virtuous and good, humble and meek among her sex. But is her triumph complete? No; for she is obliged to banish reflection by being in a constant round of dissipation, and her pride supports her where conscience has deserted her. The tenth part of the wealth she now enjoys would be sufficient to support her in a retired, humble life, where contrition would recall her to herself—but she scorns to deviate from the sphere in which she proudly moves.—Flattered by men of rank and title, she solaces herself that the low and the vulgar must be content, while they pity or blame her, to trudge on foot, and admire her equipage.—

But no life is so precarious as a life of folly and vice. She meets with one of those unfortunate turns of luck which reduces her to poverty; her keepers desert her; in her dissipation she has contracted debts, and is thrown into a jail, or thrust into the streets; her name is no longer heard in the circles of fashion; those who thought they discovered something more than mortal in her—something that, in spite of a knowledge of her way of life, commanded respect and admiration, discover now nothing more than a common prostitute wandering about the streets to rob the heedless passenger or drunken apprentice.—Reflection, that never had opportunity before, now returns upon her with redoubled force, repeats to her how many opportunities she once had of relinquishing her life of folly, and perhaps suggests to her that those opportunities are for ever gone.

I shall conclude this paper with a description on this subject written some years ago—It follows *directly* what has been already said.

“Character is now no more. The severity of virtue admits of no intercourse, holds out no means to save the sinking soul. The world shut their doors against her who earns the bread of infamy. Continual indulgence unhumanizes every feature of the soul. The natural softness of the female mind is succeeded by an unfeeling ferocity.

Unlimited

Unlimited wickedness is pursued as a means of existence, and every sense of its vileness taken off by frequent intoxication. Insensibility to all the rational and refined enjoyments of life, is united to habitual sensuality and daring impiety. Disease at length invades, and death makes its approach. With disease poverty comes armed with every horror. Perhaps a temporary recovery protracts the final catastrophe; but nature, already exhausted of her vital powers, prepares to close the scene. Penury again invades; some enormity against society brings the miserable wretch to an untimely end; or else, by violent hands, she rids the world of a forlorn and abandoned woman.

“Perhaps impressed in some degree by the fear of futurity, she yields up the burthen of life as it may please nature to take it off. The most wretched house rejects her for a tenant; her misery is hourly aggravated by a retrospect of her past life. She curses herself, her undoer, and the whole world. Her feeble limbs can no longer carry her from door to door. She seeks some dark-some lane, where she may die unobserved and undisturbed. There, with no pillow but the hard stones, no canopy but that of heaven, to which she is afraid to look, and with no mourning attendants to cheer her last moments, the pain of her body and mind soon end in agonies that are unspeakable. The awfulness of her situation convulses her whole frame. Her eyes that have long forgot to weep, close on the scene of life; and the last efforts of nature being baffled, she goes to receive that mercy from heaven which man has not in store for her on earth.”

Exhibition of Portraits.

In a Series of Letters from a young Lady in Town to her Correspondent in the Country.

DEAR ELIZA,

WHEN we parted, you obtained from me a promise to communicate from time to time my observations on the man-

I find many acquaintances, Eliza, in this place, but few friends; yet the society I have fallen into is none of the worst—but I don't know how it is, people are more anxious to be known generally than to attach particularly. Were I to prescribe a cure for a love-sick female, or, I should rather say, for one so susceptible as to be in danger of a hopeless passion, I would send her to London, and enroll her as member of some fashionable family. Your country solitudes, your gardens, your fields, your grottos, your jessamine bowers, and your purling streams are the food of love—but the little god Cupid is squeezed to death in crowded streets, assemblies, and theatres. We have no leisure to listen to him, and he goes a begging from door to door like a poor relation—or like one of those importunate creditors to whom we are conscious we owe something, but put him off from day to day.

So much, my dear, for preface.—Now you are to know that at my leisure hours, for I have contrived to steal some leisure hours, I have diligently applied to my pencil, and have drawn the portraits of many of my acquaintance; and as I know your taste for painting of *this kind*, I propose now and then to send you one at least, if a full-length—if not, two or three etchings—for you are to know that there are some faces more difficult to draw than others, there are likewise some characters much less easy to be caught than others. Of some I have been able to acquire merely the outlines, not, however, without the hope of one day or other being able to finish; of others I have mere scratchings, a feature here and a feature there, where I could hit the happy moment of taking the resemblance.—In my portraits you will perceive, before you have received many of them, that I am no flattering artist, and this, Eliza, is the very reason why the originals are the last persons in the world to whom I would not wish to shew them.

Now for an attempt at the first lady who attracted my notice, and called forth my pen.

Lady L. ——— is in her thirty-fourth

pronouncing her a *pretty* woman.—Keep these distinctions in mind, Eliza, for they are indispensable to conversation, although perhaps not to be found in books.—

Lady ——— received that kind of education which she has not disgraced.—Infinite pains were taken with her dancing—and she dances with perfect grace—much of her early youth was devoted to cards—and she is now a complete gamester.—She was advised not to read much, lest it should spoil her eyes—and she detests the sight of any book but “The Book of Songs of the new Opera.” She had mistresses to direct her taste in dress, and she now sets the fashions. The mercer will sell her silks though he knows he will never be paid, because the pattern lady L. ——— has chosen, all the world runs after.

She was early courted by a man of merit, fortune, and family—but he was too serious, too grave, too domestic—and she married Lord L. ——— because he was gay, lively, spirited, loved cards and late hours, and promised to let her have her own way. Her own way she has accordingly had—and no married couple ever bid fairer to be *fashionably happy*.—They never loved one another well enough to feel that sort of anxiety which often ends in a quarrel—or if they did, they are so seldom together as to have no opportunity of quarrelling if they chose it.—She is Lady Townly—but there the comparison ends—for he is not Lord Townly—rather, I think, approaching to Mr. Beverly, in your favourite play, the Gamester.

But now, Eliza, for a *trait* of fashion beyond your conception.—You have heard of public gaming houses, against which there are so many laws—But what do you think of a Pharo-table established in a private house? Is not that something you do not meet with in the country?—Nothing is more certain, however—and lady L. ——— appears in the two-fold character of Lady of Quality, and principal partner of a Pharo-Bank. What sort of bank this is I can scarcely tell you—I never saw it but once, and propose never to see it again. I was obliged to play, and I lost all my money—my brother generously replaced it—but, good God! can a rational creature bear the thought of wasting money in this way, while there is one object of distress in the world, one family in poverty, one individual deserving and wanting bread?

The common games at cards have been found too slow to win money, or to lose it, and therefore this bank is invented, which, indeed, is wonderfully quick in collecting the cash of those who come within its magic circle. But there is nothing certain in this world—Banks may be broken—

and lady L. ——— was lately completely and entirely stripped of her's, and she is now compelled, like Lady Townly “to piddle at whist at poor two guineas a corner.”—Nor is her spouse much more fortunate; but as companions in distress become closer friends, I must in justice say, they assist each other when they can.

Such are the outlines of Lady L. ———; to fill up these, I must add, that her disposition by frequent losses, and disappointments, by repeated vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, has become sour and peevish. Her servants dread to approach her after a run of bad luck, and even inanimate objects are not safe in her presence—china, glasses, every thing brittle being sacrificed to the ghosts of her departed guineas. The busy world, too, will be talking—for who affords so fair a pretext as a female gamester? Oh! Eliza, is this life a happy one? View lady L. ——— in her retired moments, and behold her struggling with reflection—yet pride, *spirit*, company, ingrafted habits, all forbid the thoughts of relinquishing this course of life. Such is lady L. ———; her portrait is instructive; if not drawn with the hand of a master, it conveys the lessons of a Mentor, and while we view in her the decay of a fine mind, the wreck of a cheerful disposition, let us, Eliza, avoid the rock on which she has split, and regard the culture of the mind as the only real pleasure, and the only solid comfort.

My next portrait, a full length, drawn from the life, will form a charming contrast to the present. But I must now conclude—of news I have but little—the great world are not at present in London, but foreigners never were more plenty, they make one fifth part of those one meets in the streets, and three fifths of our play-house audiences.—Around us we hear of nothing but horrid murders and frequent instances of suicide—and in the country, you hear nothing but election promises, flattery, and kisses.—One thing I must not forget, but it is no news; how much

I am dear Eliza,
your's affectionately,

HENRIETTA.

On Quarrelling.

To the Editor of the *Hibernian Magazine*.

S I R,

I AM surprised that among the many useful and entertaining subjects which have enriched your Magazine, we do not find *quarrelling* discussed *pro* and *con*. Two good essays, I think, might be written on the subject, the one laying down rules and directions for quarrelling; the other more

seriously

seriously telling us how to act in all possible cases of quarrelling. This subject is of universal importance. It concerns all mankind, for what man or woman is there alive who has not once at least been involved in a quarrel? And how often do we see the sweetest tempers soured by quarrels? Individuals, married couples, tradesmen, gentlemen, ladies, noblemen, ministers of state as well as of the gospel, all quarrel, all have their disputes and wranglings. Whenever a man is displeased he quarrels with some person or thing, although perhaps neither the person or thing which has given the offence. I know a man who when displeased abroad, is sure to quarrel at home; and another, who, when offended by a person to whom he cannot resent, always vents his quarrel on his servant, his dog or his horse, as either may happen to be in the way. It was but the other day he was seen galloping his horse at a violent rate, whipping and spurring the poor animal most unmercifully. I knew the cause; he had just quarrelled with his landlord about a small piece of ground, which the former would not part with on a long lease.

Quarrels are of various kinds. There is the *Tiff*, the smallest degree of quarrelling; this is very common between married couples, and generally arises from some trifling circumstance scarcely worth mentioning, and which both are ashamed afterwards to think of; such as, a coat mislaid, too much butter on a toast, misplacing a corkerew, differing about the size of a joint of meat, not enough of tea in the pot, or some other equally weighty cause of dispute. These produce the *tiff*, or as some call it the *miff*; the tiff does not always produce an open quarrel, because the good sense of one or other party generally interposes; but where this happened not to be the case, I have often known the tiff produce a downright, open quarrel. On such occasions I take my hat and walk off, knowing that to interpose between man and wife is always a useless attempt, and not unfrequently dangerous. I have also to observe, that although one tiff may not rise to a quarrel, yet two or more, particularly if they occur in the same day, or even in the same week, almost always produce a quarrel.

Next to a tiff which belongs to married pairs, is "*having some words*." This is peculiar to friends, whether real ones or only acquaintances. Whenever they begin "to have words," one with another, a quarrel is not a great way off, and indeed the farther off it is, so much the worse; for when two friends have had words, and part without coming to an explanation, they are apt to recollect and dwell upon them in secret, magnify little heats into violent fevers, the

cold fit of which returns on their meeting; they look black upon one another, and, if some neutral person does not interpose his good offices, an irreparable quarrel is the consequence. Friends are apt to think themselves on a perfect level, and it is therefore very seldom that either will yield, or give way.

When acquaintances happen to be "men of honour," that is, rash young men who think that fighting a duel adds to their reputation, their quarrels are soon decided. They first meet as friends; the bottle circulates; they talk of their amours, amours perhaps which never had an existence; some words pass between them, which, had they been sober, would have passed without notice; but the wine being potent, their courage is great, and their honour remarkably delicate; they exchange cards: a challenge is sent next morning, seconds chosen; they meet, look very tragically one upon the other, discharge their pistols in the air, the seconds interpose, and assure them they have both behaved like "men of honour:" they kiss hands, and are better friends than ever, unless they should happen afterwards to "have words."

"Having words," among the ladies, generally produces a quarrel, for they cannot decide by the sword; and, having no weapon but the tongue, they part without coming to a friendly explanation. Dr. Hawke-worth gives us an excellently painted scene of this kind in the thirty third number of the *Adventurer*; two sisters tiffed in company; they had "had words," and, in the progress of the dispute, they went from "Sister," to "miss Fanny," and from miss Fanny to "Madam."—The doctor's observation here will bear a quotation. "As soon as the affectionate name of sister was dropped, and the ceremony of miss supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness; but the word madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner those young ladies pass most of their hours together."

There are some people in the world who delight in tiffing and quarrelling. The most remarkable instance of this kind came to my knowledge lately. An old gentleman who had for many years been confined to his room by the gout and other infirmities, advertised for a servant to attend him. A likely young man, of sober character and good morals, strongly recommended by his former masters, applied for this place. The

old gentleman received him; and the servant, to be the more able to please his master, enquired of the house-keeper, &c. what kind of attendance his master required, and having got the necessary information, thought himself very happy in so good a place. Next morning when the old gentleman rose, he found his breakfast furniture ready laid, his shoes ready, his wig, &c. and every thing he could possibly want, all in perfect order and at hand. Immediately on this he called his new servant, and told him "he would not do for him." Alarmed at this, the poor fellow "begged to know if he had offended him, and hoped any little mistake on his first day would be excused"——"No," answered the old gentleman, "I have no fault to find with you, but you will not do for me. I have been confined for some years to this room; I dress and undress as if I could go out; and all the satisfaction I have long had, has been in ringing my bell repeatedly and quarrelling with my servants for one blunder or other. You have brought every thing I want, and therefore I should lose my constant occupation."

Men like these must be allowed to enjoy their humour. But I believe the general opinion of mankind is rather in favour of peace and harmony; and, if I might be permitted to close this letter with a few advices on the subject, I should suggest the following.

There are in this world, really and truly, very few things worth quarrelling about; and a quarrel once begun, however trifling the original cause, is so apt to be carried to unwarrantable and even criminal lengths, that every person ought to be cautious, and keep a watch over his tongue and actions. Tiffs may appear trifling, but the more violently people quarrel about trifles, the more they expose the weakness of their understanding, and consequently sink in each other's esteem. Friendship is a plant of rare growth; it must be tenderly cultivated, for there is perhaps no root so deep as not to be struck at by repeated efforts. The romantic, unreinforceable friendship of poetry is not to be met with in this world. It is not calculated for the common soil, and all that the best can expect is to be beloved while they appear amiable.

As it is observed that we are most apt to quarrel when most out of temper, we ought to aim at an equanimity of temper, a temper not easily ruffled, and above all, a temper superior to little things. If we cultivate benevolence to mankind, if we feel the infirmity of human nature in ourselves, we shall be apt to pity it in others. The man or woman of peevish temper may be morally and intellectually good in other respects——

and none can tell whence an irritable temper may proceed. Disease, adversity, large intercourse with mankind, and many other circumstances give a bias to the temper which it would be unjust to censure, since who can tell but it might be his own case in like circumstances? Meekness, and humility, in all disputes will prevail. It is not he who contests a matter vigorously that is the superior—He who yields up what is of no consequence to keep in order to end a quarrel, is the superior mind; and cool reflection will make even his antagonist acknowledge as much.—But what I have farther to offer on this subject must remain until a future opportunity.

MESOPHILUS

Method employed by the Indians to make Indigo. By Mr. Brunel, Honorary Member of the Supreme Council of the Isles of France and of Bourbon, of the Academy of Sciences of Batavia, &c. &c.

IN order to make indigo, the Indians first dry the plants in the sun, and having spread them out on a platform, beat them with sticks to separate the stalks from the leaves, which they winnow. They then carefully collect the leaves, and put them into large earthen jars, which are closely stopp'd, to prevent the air from insinuating itself into them. After this process the leaves are again exposed to the sun, and reduced to powder, by pounding them in a mortar; and this powder is preserved very carefully in vessels, properly shut. According to these people, the attention bestowed to separate the stalks, the branches, and even the fibres from the leaves, contributes greatly to give indigo its proper quality.

When they are desirous of making it, they put this powder into a vessel filled with water: three hours after the liquor appears green on the surface, and the powder of a reddish copper colour. Having shaken the whole, they pour the liquor into a jar covered with a cloth, which suffers the water to filter through, but retains the sediment, which they collect, and add to that remaining in the first vessel. They then add some fresh water to it, shake it for two hours, and filter the liquor a second time through the cloth which covers the jar. This operation is renewed a third time, after which they throw away the sediment, as of no use. They then shake the extract contained in the jar evening and morning, for two hours, and continue this operation for three days.

To know the precise time when it is necessary to give over shaking it, the Indians pour a glassfull of the extract into a dissolution of a certain viscous earth, peculiar to their country, made in water. If the

the mixture is green, they again begin to make it; but if it is black or bluish, they consider this part of the operation as not farther necessary.

The dissolution of this earth they pour into the extract: three or four hours after they empty the jar of water, and spread out the dregs, which it has precipitated while it rested, upon a cloth well stretched. When the indigo detaches itself easily from the cloth, they put it into pans of earthen ware not glazed, in which it is kneaded: it is then spread out upon a sheet laid over a platform made of earth, and covered with a thin layer of fine sifted ashes. These ashes are employed to absorb the moisture of the paste, which is afterwards formed into balls, and dried until they no longer adhere to the hands. As soon as they are dry, a bluish substance appears upon the surface; they are then exposed in the shade for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and afterwards to the evening and morning sun, until they are thoroughly dry and hard. The Indians pretend that the salts of the ashes contribute to render the colour of the indigo much livelier. When they are desirous of giving cloth a violet tinge, they add to it a little of the tincture of Brazil wood.

With regard to the culture of the indigo plant, I shall only mention what may be most essential to be known. For cultivating they choose the lightest and poorest soil. When the seeds are sown, they are suffered to spring up in the same spot, and are never watered: the culture of this plant therefore, is attended with much less labour than that of rice, which is transplanted in small bunches, and frequently watered. The ground destined for the cultivation of indigo, is ploughed three or four times; they then drive a flock of sheep upon it, for the space of eight days at least, because they consider the urine of these animals as an essential manure for this plant. The sediment produced in manufacturing it, as well as the stalks and branches of the plant, serve to enrich the soil. The Indians cut three tops yearly, after the plant has ceased to grow, and when the lower leaves begin to turn yellow. The plants are cut at the distance of two inches from the ground, and are carried away from break of day till

at the theatre-royal in Drury Lane, the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented:

Lord William,
Baron of Oakland,
Hugo,
Lewis,
De Courcy,
Robert,
Martin,
Charles,
Edward,

Lady Elinor,
Cicely,
Maud,
Adela,

Mr. Kelly.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Moody.
Mr. Suett.
Mr. Whitfield.
Mr. Dignum.
Mr. Williames.
Mr. Sedgewick.
Mr. Bannister, Jun.

Mrs. Crouch.
Miss Romanzini.
Mrs. Booth,
Signora Storace.

Chorus of Peasants, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c.

This opera is the production of Mr. Cobb, author of the *Humorist*, the *First Floor*, the *Strangers at Home*, the *Doctor and Apothecary*, &c. &c. It was much applauded throughout, by a crowded and brilliant audience; and when given out for repetition, was honoured with loud tokens of approbation.

The outline of the story is as follows:

The baron of Oakland is banished by William the Conqueror on suspicion of treason. The king afterwards is convinced of his innocence, and endeavours to discover his retreat, but without effect. The injured baron retires to France with his son, and dies there. Lord William, his son, travels to Normandy, where, under the name of Sir Palamede, he becomes an attendant on the powerful baron de Courcy, whose daughter lady Elinor he loves, and is beloved by her.

The king of England, desirous of repairing the wrong done to the baron of Oakland's family, confers the dignity and estates on a distant relation of the family, who has followed the plough; and the more to grace him, commands a marriage, between the new baron of Oakland's son, and the lady Elinor de Courcy.

Lord Edward, the new baron's son, is attached to Adela, a peasant girl, whom he contrives to pass on his father for lady Elinor de Courcy.

The real lady Elinor arrives, and is persuaded by her lover to personate one of the

search of the armour of his father, he enters the Tower which is reported to be haunted by the apparition of the old baron. This story has been raised by the servants, who, by that means, frighten the family from the room, where they hold their evening carousals. The baron seeing one of them come at midnight out of the wine-cellar, under the room reputed to be haunted, and leave the door open, enters it unperceived, and is locked in. While there, hearing the merriment of his servants, who have returned through the cellar, and are drinking and singing in the apartment above, he ascends through a trap-door, and having heard one of them declare, that he had contrived the story for the purpose of keeping the room to themselves, upbraids them with their knavery, and is loud in menaces, when he is alarmed with hearing the last line of a catch they had just chaunted, echoed through the vaulted roofs of the Tower. His alarm is considerably augmented on the curfew tolling, and seeing a figure in the complete suit of armour, (which he recognizes to have been worn by the deceased lord William,) stalk across the apartment, and go forth. The tolling of the curfew was the signal for attacking the castle, by lord William and his vassals. The castle falls an easy conquest to the troops of lord William, assisted by the young baron de Courcy, who discovers in sir Palamede, the man whom the king had meant for the husband of lady Elinor, and the opera concludes with the double union of lord William and lady Elinor, Edward and Adela.

In the composition of modern comic operas, custom has so far sanctioned a slight, irregular, and unconnected fable, that we seldom look for more plot than will just serve to introduce the characters and the songs. In the piece before us, the drama is a mere sketch, and not to be examined with that rigour and strictness of critical investigation, that we hold it our duty to exercise when a comedy calls for our opinion. Mr. Cobb, however, has sprinkled the *Haunted Tower* with his good things; and though some of them are very old acquaintances, we occasionally meet with sterling strokes of wit and pleasantry. The characters of baron Oakland and his son Edward (the one, though naturally a good natured man, assuming an air of uniform rudeness and severity, from an idea that harsh treatment of inferiors is a necessary characteristic of greatness, and the other wearing his natural humour without disguise) are not ill conceived, and are tolerably well sustained. Adela is an entertaining, but by no means a new character. Among the others, the author does not appear to have aimed at originality. We rather wonder that he did not make the

prevalent opinion that the old Tower was haunted, a source of greater merriment, and especially in the earlier part of the piece. It ought to have been rendered more instrumental in working the plot of the opera during its progress. As it is now managed, it creates a good deal of laughter it is true; but it only serves as a secondary means of hastening the catastrophe.

The music of this opera, on which the author evidently placed his chief dependence for success is partly the composition of Mr. Storace, and partly selected from the works of Linley, Purcel, Sarti, Paisiello, Martini, Pleyel, &c. &c. Much of it is excellent, but some are hacknied tunes. With such voices as those of Kelly, Storace, Crouch, Romanzini, Sedgewick, and Dignum, the whole of it cannot fail to captivate.

The opera was sustained with spirit by most of the performers; Bannister, Jun. and Storace played admirably. Baddeley, though generally a very chaste actor, rendered the humour of the baron rather too farcical. The manner in which he appeared, in the last act, with his armour only half on, was too close a copy of Snip the taylor's mode of wearing his coat of mail, cuirasse, and helm in "Harlequin's Invasion." Kelly, Crouch, Romanzini, and Dignum, sung with their usual powers of pleasing, and several of their songs were encored. The audience seemed to be enraptured with Storace, and gave her distinguished proofs of their satisfaction.

The merry dancing duet between Storace and Bannister was uncommonly lively and laughable. Sedgewick sung his last air most admirably. Whitfield made the most of de Courcy.

The dresses were new and neat; and such of the scenery as had not been before exhibited, by no means disgraced Mr. Greenwood's fame.

Account of the Comedy called The Force of Fashion, written by a Scotch Gentleman, and performed at Covent Garden, Dec. 5.

IT has been often remarked, and with some degree of surprize, that eminent as the Scotch writers have been in every species of literature, they have never produced a *Comedy*! Inferences have been drawn from this circumstance more favourable to the solid genius and literary industry of the nation, than to their wit.—Some have endeavoured to account for the defect of dramatic genius in Scotland, by assigning reasons as various as perhaps they are unjust. Without examining these, however, we may in brief state, that no Scotchman has ever written a comic drama yet—if attempts have been made,

made, they have not been submitted to public examination.

The Scotch maintain, that there is no real defect of wit in their national character—and to this every one must agree, who remembers the names of Arbuthnot and Smollett—yet Smollett an humourist of exquisite fancy and unbounded wit, never could write a comedy. He attempted, indeed, a farce, the name of which we have forgot, but it is devoid of dramatic construction, and absolutely unfit for the stage. Fielding, an Englishman, the very Shakspeare of novel-writings, has, it is true, written many plays, but with merit so far inferior to his novels, that there is scarcely one of them now in possession of the stage: they have infinite merit as satirical dialogues (for who as a satirist can be compared to Fielding?) yet they are deficient in dramatic construction, and now never attempted on the stage—The instances, then, of Smollett and Fielding, shew, that there is something more requisite than wit and humour to compose a comedy—and the play in question affords another instance in point.

The fable of the piece is tolerably regular, but the incidents are anticipated by the conversation of the characters, and produce no effect; the story, by being told early in the play, has no interest; the dialogue is well written, but abounds in sentiment, without fancy, liveliness, or retort. The audience heard the whole to the end, with candour and patience, expressing their disapprobation only when the play was given out for a second performance. The moral, we acknowledge, is excellent. The principal character is an amiable youth, who thinks it necessary to assume the appearance of vices which he detests, that he may demonstrate the Force of Fashion over the best hearts. This is surely an idea that might have produced the best comic effect—but that effect was wanting. It should have embarrassed him every way; it should have brought him into a thousand scrapes, and at last have endangered the loss of his mistress—But in the play, there is a total defect of execution even of that conception the author appears to have formed.

Having given our opinion thus in general terms, we hope to be acquitted of any intentional severity, and shall therefore avoid descending into minute notices of the several scenes—This is the less necessary, as in all probability the play was withdrawn. The author, however, has no reason to be discouraged—He has failed where few comparatively have succeeded—and he has a fame in the world which will not be injured by the recollection that he once made an attempt, which even success does not always

justify and in which a failure entails no disgrace.

The characters in the *Force of Fashion* were represented by the following performers:

Sedley,	Mr. Lewis.
William,	Mr. Ryder.
Sir Charles Dormer,	Mr. Farren.
Lord Lapwing,	Mr. Bernard.
James,	Mr. Macready.
Colonel Montford,	Mr. Harley.
Julia Montford,	Mrs. Achmet.
Maid,	Miss Stewart.
—	Mrs. Powell.
Miss Diana Danby,	Mrs. Bernard.
Lady Dormer,	Mrs. Pope.

The performers supported their characters with zeal and spirit—The Prologue, but an indifferent one, was well delivered by Mr. Bernard. The Epilogue, we need not add, lost nothing by Mrs. Pope's delivery of it—there were some happy hits in it, which she gave with admirable humour, and an allusion to the revolution in France, was loudly applauded.

That our account may be the more complete, we shall subjoin a sketch of the fable:

Julia Montford, whose father is supposed to have been killed in India, is left under the guardianship of Sedley, who had been the ward and pupil of her father. This young gentleman, with the best principles and propensities, is led astray by the common-place railery, and still more by the fashionable example of his friend Sir Charles Dormer. His private conduct is marked by rectitude of generosity, his public demeanour by frivolity and dissipation. He is a White Hypocrite—the original title of the piece—who uses simulation to conceal his virtues.

Montford, returning from India, takes the name of Wilkins, and is, without being known, the observer of the drama. He finds Sedley led astray by example, and his daughter in love, and sinking under her wounded sensibility. He discovers lady Dormer, who entertains a most fashionable disregard for her husband, listening to the addresses of Sedley, whom she has been at some pains to seduce.

The *Force of Fashion* is infectious, and therefore Sir Charles Dormer is discovered to meditate designs on Miss Montford, whom he proposes to seduce, through the aid of his agent, Miss Danby, and they for that purpose foment a disagreement between Sedley and the supposed Wilkins, who is left the joint-guardian of Miss Montford;—a dishonourable offer is made by Miss Danby, as from Sedley to Wilkins, to in-

cline

cline the latter to relinquish his trust, and is of course rejected with indignation.

A double assignation is made between lady Dormer and Sedley, and between Sir Charles and Miss Montford, but without the consciousness of the latter, at the house of Miss Danby. Sir Charles arrives unexpectedly, and his lady receives him in a mask, and they are broken in upon by Montford, in search of his daughter. Lady Dormer is by this means discovered, and the circumstance gives birth to some pleasant recrimination. Sedley entering, is on the eve of quarrelling with the supposed Wilkins, when William an old servant, discovers to the former, that the latter is no other than Montford, his guardian, his protector, and his friend. The remaining part of the scene is directed to general explanation; and the piece concludes with the union of Sedley and Miss Montford.

Anecdotes of Arthur Phillip, Esq. Governor of New South Wales.

ARTHUR Phillip is one of those officers, who, like Drake, Dampier, and Cook, has raised himself, by his merit and his services, to distinction and command. His father was Jacob Phillip, a native of Frankfort in Germany, who, having settled in England maintained his family, and educated his son, by teaching the languages. His mother was Elizabeth Breach, who married for her first husband captain Herbert of the navy, a kinsman of lord Pembroke. Of her marriage with Jacob Phillip, was her son Arthur, born in the parish of Allhallows, Bread-street, within the city of London, on the 11th of October 1738.

Being designed for a seafaring life, he was very properly sent to the school of Greenwich, where he received an education suitable to his early propensities. At the age of sixteen, he began his maritime career, under the deceased captain Michael Everet of the navy, at the commencement of hostilities in 1755: and at the same time that he learned the rudiments of his profession under that able officer, he partook with him in the early misfortunes, and subsequent glories, of the seven years war. Whatever opulence Phillip acquired from the capture of the *Bayanush*, certain it is,

to marry, and to settle at Lyndhurst in the New Forest, where he amused himself with farming, and, like other country gentlemen, discharged assiduously those provincial offices, which, however unimportant, occupy respectably the owners of land, who, in this island, require no office to make them important.

But sailors, like their own element, are seldom at rest. Those occupations, which pleased Phillip while they were new, no longer pleased him when they became familiar. And he hastened to offer his skill and his services to Portugal when it engaged in warfare with Spain. His offer was readily accepted, because such skill and services were necessary amid an arduous struggle with a too powerful opponent. And, such was his conduct and such his success, that when the recent interference of France, in 1778, made it his duty to fight for his king, and to defend his country, the Portuguese court regretted his departure, but applauded his motive.

His return was doubtless approved by those who, knowing his value, could advance his rank: for he was made master and commander into the *Basilisk* fireship on the 2d of September 1779. But in her he had little opportunity of displaying his zeal, or of adding to his fame. This step, however, led him up to a higher situation; and he was made post-captain into the *Ariadne* frigate, on the 13th of November 1781, when he was upward of three and forty. This is the great epoch in the lives of our naval officers, because it is from this that they date their rank. In the *Ariadne*, he had little time for active adventures, or for gainful prizes, being appointed to the *Europe* of sixty four guns on the 23d of December 1781. During the memorable year 1782, Phillip promoted its enterprizes, and shared its glories. And, in January 1783, he sailed with a reinforcement to the East Indies, where superior bravery contended against superior force, till the policy of our negotiators put an end to unequal hostilities by a necessary peace.

‘His equipment, his voyage, and his settlement in the other hemisphere,’ says the Editor of the *Voyage*, ‘will be found in the following volume. When the time shall arrive that the European settlers on

10th of July, anchored at Otaheite. On the 23d they left this island, and, on the 29th, brought to off Owharree harbour, in the island of Huhaneine. Here they learned, that after Omai had got perfectly settled, he found himself under the necessity of purchasing a great quantity of cloth, and other necessaries, for himself and family, of which his neighbours took advantage, and made him pay extravagantly for every article he purchased; that he frequently visited Uliatea, and never went empty handed, so that by these means he expended much of his treasure: he died at his own house, as did the New Zealand boys; but in what order their deaths had happened Tutti could not give information. Upon Omai's decease, the Uliatea men came over and attacked them for his property, alledging that, as he was a native of their island, they had an undoubted right to it. Tutti said they carried away a considerable part of his remaining property, and particularly his musquets, the stocks of which they broke, and took the powder and buried it in the sand. He added, that the conflict had been very fierce, and that great numbers were slain on both sides, nor were they friends even at this time. Three of the natives who came on board, had the *os frontis* fractured in a terrible manner, but they were then perfectly recovered of their wounds. The house that captain Cook had built for Omai was still in being, and was covered by a very large one, built after the country fashion; it was taken possession of by the chief of the island. With respect to the horses, the mare had foaled, but died soon afterwards, as did the foal; the horse was still living, though of no benefit. Thus were rendered fruitless the benevolent intentions of his majesty, and all the pains and trouble captain Cook had been at in preserving the cattle, during a tedious passage to these islands.

On the Happiness of the married State.

To the Editor.

S I R,

I TROUBLE you with an extract from Sir Richard Steele's *Lover*, a work I believe in very few hands, and which many of your readers may perhaps never have seen. The following little essay contains some traits of tenderness which I think are not exceeded by anything in our language, and I re-

vant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come to him. I found him leaning at a table with a book before him, and saw, methought, a concern in him much deeper than that scrupulousness which arises from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has been ever so weighty. He saw in me, I believe, a friendly curiosity to know what put him into that temper, and began to tell me that he had been looking over a little collection of books of his wife's; and said, it was an inexpressible pleasure to him, that, though he thought her a most excellent woman, he found, by perusing little papers and minutes among her books, new reasons for loving her: this, continued he, now in my hand, is the "*Contemplations, Moral and Divine, of Sir Matthew Hale*:" she has turned down and written little remarks on the margin as she goes on. In order to give you a notion of her merit and good sense, pray give me leave to read three or four paragraphs which she has marked with this pencil. He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of some little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; which, to hide new reasons for loving (but he only discovered his grief the more) he began in a broken voice to read Sir Matthew's second chapter, in his *Discourse of Religion*.

"The truth and spirit of religion comes in a narrow compass, though the effect and operation thereof are large and diffusive. Solomon comprehended it in a few words, "*Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the duty of man*:" the soul and life of religion is the fear of God, which is the principle of obedience; but obedience to his commands, which is an act or exercise of that life, is various, according to the variety of the commands of God. If I take a kernel of an acorn, the principle of obedience; but obedience to his commands, which is an act or exercise of that life, is various, according to the variety of the commands of God. If I take a kernel of an acorn, the principle of life lies in it; the thing itself is but small, but the vegetative principle that lies in it takes up a less room than the kernel itself, little more than the quantity of a small pin's head, as is easy to be observed by experiment; but the exercise of that spark of life is large and comprehen-

is, it ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of tincture even to other actions, that do not in their own nature follow from it, as the nature and civil actions of our lives, under the former was our Lord's parable of a grain of mustard-seed; under the latter, his comparison of leaven, just as we see in other things of nature. Take a little red wine and drop it into a vessel of water, it gives a new tincture to the water; or take a grain of salt and put it into fresh liquor, it doth communicate itself to the next adjacent part of the liquor, and that again to the next, until the whole be fermented; so that the small and little vital principle of the fear of God doth gradually, and yet suddenly, assimilate the actions of our life flowing from another principle. It rectifies and moderates our affections, and passions, and appetites; it gives truth to our speech, sobriety to our senses, humility to our parts, and the like.

"Religion is best in its simplicity and purity, but difficult to be retained so, without superstitions and accessions; and those do commonly in time stifle and choak the simplicity of religion, unless much care and circumspection be used: the contemplations are so many and so cumbersome, that religion loseth its nature, or is strangled by them; just as a man that hath some excellent simple cordial spirit, and puts musk in it to make it smell sweet, and honey to make it taste pleasant; and, it may be, cochineal to make it look glorious. Indeed, by the infusions he hath given it a very fine smell, and taste, and colour; but yet he hath so clogged it, and sophisticated it with superadditions, that, it may be, he hath altered the nature, and destroyed the virtue of it." —

Here my friend could go on no farther, but reaching to me the book itself, he leaned on the table, covering his eyes with his hands, while I read the following words on the margin,—"Grant that this superaddition which I make, may be love and constancy to Mr. Oswald!"—No one could be unaffected with this incident, nor could I forbear falling into a kind of consolatory discourse, drawn from the satisfaction it must needs be, to find new proofs of the virtue of a person he so tenderly loved: but, ob-

nothing can mend the heart better than an honourable love, except religion. It sweetens disasters, and moderates good fortune, from a benevolent spirit that is naturally in it, and extends itself to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived, by those who are involved in libertine pleasures, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons who have left all the world, in order to place their chief delight in each other; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reason, urged by religion and duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence; a deviation from the rules of such a commerce would be courting pain; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfactions (to speak of it in the mildest terms) as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.

Once ! A Fragment.

From the French of Prince Baris de Galitzin.

I Had *once* a lovely friend: Louisa was her name, she was beautiful as the morning rose besprinkled with the dew, sweet as the honey of the illustrious bee. I loved my charming friend—I was beloved by her. I *once* was happy!

Soon as the moon arose, we were wont to repair to a clump of shady elms. There, seated on the verdant turf, we said to each other, 'Shall we be always thus happy?' And the birds sang in the thick foliage, and the brook sweetly murmured. Oft did we interrupt our discourse, to listen to it; oft did it seem to suspend its murmurs, as if listening to our tender effusions. Ah! we were happy *once* under the shady elms.

But how solitary now the grove! The nightingale no longer sings! The brook murmurs still, but with a sad and plaintive noise. The melancholy cypress now appears, where *once* rose the lofty elms Louisa is no more. And I - - - I no longer seek the grove.

Anecdote.

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